

C H U R C H

P.O. Box 9219,
Eros,
Windhoek.
South West Africa.

P I N K P R E S S

Number Five. 22nd December, 1969.
to
28th December, 1969.

Community of St Simon the Zealot

There are several of us trying to live as a Christian community/commune here in Windhoek. We live, eat and pray together, and undertake various projects. Some are more or less permanent, others come and go. Dave de Beer and Steve Hayes are the most permanent members at present. Jill Bannatyne and Jenny Rodda, two student teachers from the Transvaal, have just left after staying a month. Charles Murcott, an engineering student at Wits, is staying for the summer vac, and has a job repairing tractors in Windhoek. John Ngava is an Anglican ordinand, and also has a vac job in Windhoek. Dick Blair comes from Whitehaven, England. He drove here from Cumberland with two friends in a second-hand ambulance, and now has a job laying a pipeline near Keetmanshoop. He is joining us for the builders holidays.

Another permanent member we hope will be joining us next month. This is Chris Nicholson, a young lawyer. He heard of what we were trying to do here, and decided to join us, and so applied for the job of Public Prosecutor in Windhoek. He was told he could have the job, but later informed that he could not. Perhaps they discovered that he wasn't a Nat. However, he is still coming, and hopes to set up practise as an advocate.

Our biggest problem now is finance. We have been staying in a house belonging to the Anglican Church, as both Steve and Dave are working for the church full-time. However one of the priests in Ovamboland has been very sick, and needs to be near the hospital, and so he will move in to the house in January sometime. We will have to find other accommodation, and pay for it. Accommodation is difficult to get in Windhoek, and very expensive. If we can get somewhere, we will probably have to pay R 120 a month on rent. On a combined income of R 105, we have a problem. Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the followers of the Son of Man have nowhere to lay their heads. He have found a magnificent old house, which we called Lothlorien. It has been deserted for about 30 years, but the owner is apparently unwilling to let it. We hope he will change his mind before the end of January !

Church

We have begun to hold a series of informal agapes at our community centre. They have been ecumenical and a fairly wide variety of people have attended. We usually start the meal with bread and sardines, and read the story of the feeding of the 5000. For variety we are thinking of having milk and honey, and similar eschatological things. We would also like to hear from other groups which have been doing such things in other places, to see what has worked for them.

The Congregational Church in Windhoek held a service of light at the end of November, and there was also an Ecumenical service in the Dutch Reformed Church hall in Khomasdal. A fuller report of these appears elsewhere.

Ikon.

Ikon 2 has been selling quite well. Over 40 were sold in Pietermaritzburg Cathedral after a service. We give discounts on bulk orders, so you could earn a rand or two by selling them round. A few book stores are also going to stock it.

Ikon 3 is in preparation at the moment. It will have articles on Urban Settlements, the Orthodox Church, political theology and theological politics, and more. No more free copies are being sent out, so if you want to read it, and have not already subscribed - please do so NOW!

Ikon 4 will probably deal with drugs, pop culture, spirituality and mysticism. Articles, illustrations, poems are always welcome.

Send editorial contributions to

P.O. Box 9219,
Eros. WINDHOEK,
S.W.A.

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Cosmic.

Ikon has now joined COSMIC, a loosely-woven worldwide fabric of small press magazines and newspapers existing to facilitate co-operation between any UNDERGROUND (radical and non-commercial), UPGROUND (normal channel media) or OVERGROUND (celestial and aspirational) magazines and media. COSMIC arranges for a free interchange of magazines, and free reprints of articles.

Other magazines interested in COSMIC should write to :

Gandalf's Garden, 1 Dartrey Terrace, World's End, Chelsea, London S.W.10, U.K.

Pink Press

We are necessarily rather busy around Christmas, and so news at the end of this Pink Press might well be more up to date than that at the beginning. We have two lists of people we send it to - the short list consisting mainly of personal friends, and people who have written replies to us. Because of the expense, this one is only going to those on the short list. We want to thank all our friends who have sent us Christmas cards, and apologise that because of the cost, we could not afford to send any. We thought the Pink Press would be an adequate substitute. We thank all who have regaled us with 'Put Christ back into Christmas' stickers. In about three months we may be able to produce a 'Put East back into Easter' sticker. For those who are unaware of the symbolism of this, in the early Church and in some churches even today, candidates for baptism have to face west to renounce the devil and all his works. The West is the realm of darkness. The East symbolises the light of Christ, the dayspring from on high. Perhaps it is significant that modern capitalist society has reversed these values, regarding the West as good, and the East as bad, preferring the darkness of materialist greed to the light of Christ.

Mary had a little lamb,
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Jack and Jill went up the hill,
What's YOUR thing?

Hy is Koning

'n Skreieende behoefte bestaan in ons gebied ('n gebied soos hul se waar die Kleurling afsonderlik of parallel kan ontwikkel) om te voldoen aan die vereistes wat so 'n ophoping van mense of sal ons se tweede klas Burgers, bied. So 'n skreieende behoefte bestaan veral geestelik, veral onder die Jeug. Die enigste vorm van leiding wat daar wel gebied word, is ooglopend. In die Kerk moet hul ook gediend wees met die konformerings tot die vereistes van die ouer garde wat glo dat wat goed was vir hul Voorouers, is goed vir ons Jeug.

Dit is dan hierdie omstandighede wat daartoe aanleiding gegee het dat ons 'n diens gereel het wat poog om in die behoefte van ons Jeug te voorsien. Mag ek so tussen hakies byvoeg dat daar bevrees was dat die spreekwoordelike hoofde letterlik sou waai . . .

Die diens het begin met die erkenning dat God die Skepper van die mens is -
HY IS KONING . . . He is King of kings.

As gesange het ons gekies die liedere was simbolies is van die musiek van die "tyd". Klem was veral gele op die hoop wat ons in ons harte koester dat daar vir God's kinders 'n strewe moet wees om EENSGESINDHEID in ons gemeenskap te verkry. Die Boodskap was 'n praktiese voorstelling van Paulus se woorde soos ons did vind in Efesiers 6.10-20, veral die volgende -

"Trek die volle wapenrusting van God aan . . . want ons worstelstryd is nie teen vlees en bloed nie, maar teen die owerhede . . . "

Vir vele was dit so treffend dat hulle nou die volle omvang van die woorde besef en gaan poog om dit uit te leef. God seen hul in hul pogings !

Om ons diens mee af te sluit het elkeen sy kersie waarmee hy voorsien was, aangesteek en die woorde aangeluister soos die Heer dit vir ons gegee het in Matt 5.16. Onder die sing van "This little light of mine" het almal die saal verlaat om te gaan skyn let wel, nie in die kerk, maar in die Wereld.

Die reaksie op die diens was verbasend - Khomasdal het meer sulke dienste nodig "Want ons worstelstryd is nie teen vlees en bloed nie, maar teen die Owerhede, teen die Magte "

Peter Lamoela.

THE COMMUNITY'S CHRISTMAS....(taken from one of Dave's letters)

On Tuesday evening, 23rd, we left in two cars for Swakopmund, the coastal holiday resort, often referred to as WINDHOEK-BY-SEA in holiday season. Steve and Charles were in one car just ahead of Dick and I in the other. Dick and I had got no further than 25 miles out when the car would go no faster than 35 m.p.h. downhill. The brakes had seized, so I pulled off the road and Dick and I, without any recognised tools (except perhaps a bottle opener) proceeded to strip the left rear wheel. One large nut, however, held us up, and after about an hour we put everything together again and decided to head back to Windhoek, pick up Dick's car, and set off again. We travelled back twenty miles, stopped to check the wheel, discovered it was fine, turned round all over again, and set off 1½ hours late. Having done a further sixty miles the brakes seized again. By this time it was dark, so we decided to have supper at the side of the road (one apple each and a can of sardines), and wait until the brakes unseized themselves even though they were so tight that the brake pedal could not be depressed at all. We flagged down a car going to Swakop and asked the driver to take a message to one of the hotels where we were to meet the others. (No message ever arrived). After twenty minutes we decided to push the car, and suddenly we were off again. Why pushing helped I haven't a clue. After that there was no trouble, and we arrived just after midnight. We slept in the tiny little Anglican Church there; it really is just an old converted barn, but inside is very flexible.

Christmas Eve was spent visiting the migrant Anglicans in Swakop. This included being stood lunch in one of the hotels and generally making preparations for Christmas Day. We motored down to Walvis Bay to see the priest there and check on the details of the services. We had taken with us many tins of food and an electric kettle, but we could not use the latter as there was no plug in the Church. No water either. So we skipped breakfast, had the hotel lunch, and then at the last minute were invited to supper (dinner) with a Windhoek family there. There were two other families joining them, and altogether we were twelve and two little boys of three years. A very happy party. We really had a marvellous Christmas Dinner. Charles entertained everyone with his guitar and we went home very replete in both food and drink just on 1 a.m.

Up at seven to prepare the church for the services. The little church was full, and with the exception of a coloured man everyone there was a visitor to Swakop. We had Christmas breakfast at a beachside cottage with yet another family, and then were off to take a service in the location. It was twelve-thirty by the time we were finished there, so we went back to sleep and re-awakened later in the afternoon. The Christmas Eve dinner ensured that we needed no lunch. The evening was quite hilarious. After conducting a small, but very enjoyable Carol Service a group of us gathered ourselves together and made for one of the beached between Walvis Bay and Swakopmund. There we had supper (our first tins - baked beans and viennas) and also the Christmas pudding that my mother had sent me. We had bought half a bottle of brandy to set it alight, but it was so cold that the brandy would not burn, and after many various attempts we gave it up and had a very brandy soaked Christmas pudding. Very excellent. Back to the beachside cottage for coffee and guitar-singing. Again bed at one o'clock.

This time we slept late, and while half the group decided to go back to Walvis Bay, Steve and I decided to leave early and do some sight-seeing on the way back to Windhoek. We aimed for the famous White Lady of the Brandberg and got there (as far as one can get by car at 6.30 p.m.) only to find that a three hour walk was still needed. We decided not to get caught in the dark and so moved on. We were in the wilds of South West when we realised that we would run out of petrol before we reached the next town, Omaruru, where I wanted to stand Steve a beer to celebrate the anniversary of my arrival in South West. (26.12.68). We decided to go as far as we could, run out of petrol, camp the night, and see what the morrow brought us. At that stage it was 8 p.m. we were passing through a Herero Reserve with 40 miles to Omaruru and less than a gallon in the tank. A sign SHELL PUMP appeared and soon a stately Herero was selling us five gallons of petrol....

Ten miles later we stopped in a river bed to make coffee, found the spot so agreeable that we decided to stay the night and celebrate the anniversary with the remains of the brandy after we had prepared supper. Christmas cake provided an excellent first course. Course two was a can of sardines, followed by coffee and rusks, and then part of a tin of apricots. At this stage, having eaten so well, we decided to call it a day and went to be in the river sand, having celebrated without any brandy. Saturday's breakfast was the rest of the apricots, and we were on our way, stopping only to help mend a truck on a very deserted stretch of road. They had already been waiting three hours.... And so we arrived back just before lunch, having made a two hundred and twenty mile trip into nearly four hundred. It really was worthwhile and a good way of ending our Christmas celebrations.

THIS YEAR - AND THE NEXT

Lying on my back watching the stars glitter above the river bed I thought back on my year in South West. It is a year in which I have learnt a lot, both through my own experience and from other people. It is a year in which I have tried to learn the scope of the job that lies before us - only to learn that it is limitless. It has been a year in which I have tried at least to make a start in tackling this task; at this stage I think we could say that we have established contact with people who are doing what they see to be their task and are trying to help them as part of ours; we have joined forces wherever possible, and have attempted to continue the work others have begun. All this has, we hope, been part of our work and witness this past year. A year which has left me with very few regrets.

May this next year be as fruitful to you all, as I feel this one has been to me.

1970's NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

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