

Surfing The Heart of
NATHAN
MATHIBINI MOYO

A biography of an unsung hero



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CONTENTS

Acknowledgements

Dedication

| | | |
|--|-------|-----------|
| 1. Introduction | ----- | 5 |
| 2. My Roots | ----- | 9 |
| 3. How I Found My Soulmate | ----- | 16 |
| 4. Building My House On a Rock | ----- | 20 |
| 5. Children Are a Ladder Of Success | ----- | 22 |
| 6. Dreams Come True | ----- | 29 |
| 7. Personal Testimonies | ----- | 39 |
| 8. Reflections | ----- | 43 |
| 9. 90th Birthday | ----- | 50 |

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Finally and most importantly, "Thank you Lord Jesus for establishing me in such a loving and caring family. They make me look good."

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to:

- my mum and dad, Olipah and Nathan Moyo
- my brothers and sisters and their spouses
- my nephews and nieces and their children
- my cousins
- The Moyo Clan and friends.

1

INTRODUCTION

My dad's name is Nathan Mathibini Moyo. He was born in Gwagwe Mission on the 23rd of April 1925 to Mathibini Moyo and Kundiwa Nqobile Dube. The name, Nathan, is a Hebrew name meaning "God has given". Indeed God has given us a dad, granddad, great granddad, uncle and brother. In the Bible, Nathan was a tactful Hebrew prophet who reprimanded David when he had gone astray.

Nathan Mathibini personifies the saying, "Character is what you do when no one is looking". My dad is a man of his word. A man of integrity. A man with a firm adherence to a set of moral values. A man with a passion for sincerity and truth. He has a crystal clear moral code that guides his behaviour and hence has that expectation from others. Perhaps this is one area where we, the boys, deviated significantly from his outlook to life, for a season, I guess. My late cousin Cyril used to say of my father, "His honesty is dependable."

Proverbs 20:7 says, "The righteous man walks in his integrity; his children are blessed after him." It is a wonderful heritage to have an honest father. You are never in fear of unknown enemies. You are

never in fear of the messenger of court. You have a role model in your door step. When deceit is convenient, he chooses uprightness. When hypocrisy is stalking, he walks in sincerity. When compromise is enticing, he chooses steadfastness. When immorality is calling, he asks help from the Holy Spirit.

My dad is my unsung hero. His care for us from childhood to adulthood was unwavering. I never heard him complain about raising teenagers or our unreasonable appetite. On the contrary, I saw him age faster as our way of life took a toll on him. But, like a lamb, he weathered fatherhood. At one stage I wanted to change for his sake but partying was just too addictive.

Dad is the cornerstone of the family. He is a quiet man but with a temper that is overlaid with discipline. He loves his children dearly and spent most of his money educating us. Most of his major decisions in life were inspired by the love of his children.

Mom was responsible for all the discipline in the family. She believed that if you spare the rod, you will spoil the child. When talking to her, experience dictated that you left a safe gap in between. Her slaps were lightning fast and flashed at very unlikely times during the conversation. She had managed to keep the other children well disciplined. However, Vee and I exhausted all her parenting skills. At times she would say 'be careful I feel like biting you'. I think it was out

of frustration. She often wondered where she might have erred. Mom got to a place where she turned a blind eye to our misdemeanours.

We played music very loud, turning our home into a miniature night club. Vee and I fought often. We teased our sisters. At times we ate everything in the house. Mom, coming from work would find the lounge upside down, the kitchen in a mess with milk on the floor, sugar on the table and water on the floor. She would scream and rave. We were not moved. Dad would cast a glance in your direction and you felt that something awful could happen though it never turned that way. He never spanked anyone except my brother Vee.

My dad was not a rich man nor a politician. He is a hardworking man who worked his way to the top, a godly man who lived by principles and taught us life principles. Laziness became my enemy. I finish what I start.

My dad has touched so many lives of ordinary men and women. Men and women whose cry nobody wanted to hear. He has been a counsellor to many marriages, a father to many orphans, a shepherd to God's sheep, a coach to junior employees, a mentor to young adults and a volunteer in old people's home. I remember meeting my childhood friend in Botswana. I was a refugee. I asked him why Botswana. He said, 'Your dad told me to flee the war and that there

were better prospects for young people in Botswana. He helped me get a passport and got a contact for me.'

My dad is my unsung hero. He was there for me at Fletcher High School, travelling over two hundred kilometres to attend to my personal problems. He is loyal and patriotic.

He was there to celebrate my school results. I remember him smiling and reaching out for some cash in his trouser top pocket that we called 'vetina.'

He was there for me when I got a high paying job as a sixteen year old. He opened a bank account for me and encouraged me to save for the future. That money became handy when I was a refugee in Botswana.

He was there for me when I left Rhodesia for Botswana, praying for me and my brother at the station until I felt goose bumps. I remember him saying, "Father I have been looking after my boys the best way I could. Now they are on a journey on their own, I ask you to lead them, to protect them and guide them. Be their shadow. I hand them over to you. I pray in Jesus name, AMEN." There were instances in my life thereafter where I escaped death by the skin of my teeth. I remember onetime running into a multitude of skinheads under a bridge in Birmingham. They were smoking pot and having fun. It was like entering a lion's den. I just told them not to worry about me as I was a policeman on a mission. They all froze and hid their marijuana.

I survived. I believe God honoured his prayers. A praying father is more valuable than rubies.

He was there for me even getting university application forms for me to study further. I was too young and too immature, busy with “Mr. Fun Life” to think about my future.

He was there for me in good health and in bad health. He was there for me in my sadness and in my happiness. He was there for me when darkness was swooping around intent on cutting short my life. He was there for me even when I had overdosed with alcohol as a nine year old. I am what I am because of his love, his prayers and his resources, let alone his genes. He is my unsung hero.

My dad is my unsung hero. He was there for my sisters and brothers. He was there as a cheerleader and sometimes as a coach. He was always there for us. He was even there for my mother. How many men would allow their wives to go and study abroad on their own? I will be honest with you, in my case, unless God speaks with a loud voice from heaven and confirms it by two camels in my bedroom, my wife is going nowhere!

The place I called home is a far distant place in the background of my mind called Pelandaba. In this place, I still see my father seated in the lounge behind a shiny oak table and studying. He was studying and we were watching television. He was improving his life. He was

over fifty years and well beyond class going age. This was an unusual attitude for me, one that would shape our lives in years to come.

My father's deeds have been seeds for many. His conduct as husband, father, uncle, grandfather, great grandfather, city father, shepherd and neighbour have had far reaching societal value than we can imagine. That is why he is an unsung hero. The way he walked his life, the way he talked, the way he worked his life was a beacon of hope for many.

Nathan, otherwise nicknamed "Abraham" by his grandchildren, is a committed family man who is always sensitive to the needs of his family and indeed of others. I remember one time visiting the rural areas with my dad. I was four years old and a pageboy in Uncle Percy's wedding. I was thirsty after a long journey travelling in a bus. I asked for water and it took sometime before my request was granted. So I quenched my thirst with an undiluted raspberry juice. The consequences were embarrassing even for a four year old. But my dad played nanny right through.

I also remember meeting a stranger who enquired, "Are you the Superintendent's son? That old man helped me so much when I needed a house. How is he?"

My dad never had a lot of hair from as early as I could remember and was clean-shaven with beardless chinks. His spectacles always hung just below the bridge of his nose. "Abraham" has a deep set of

eyes that speak volumes, especially when staring at a naughty child. He has always been a person who pays attention to how he looks with an inkling to professional attires including dark-coloured suits, striped long sleeved shirts and formal, well-polished shoes.

My home was my laboratory. This is where I learnt about values. My heritage and equipment were handed down by a kind father. Growing up in Pelandaba, survival was a full time job. What mattered was money, food and transport. In the midst of this what mattered to my dad was love, hope, family and career.

At the age of 90, he was asked to tell his story at the request of the family. They wanted to know their generational roots and his family history as their father and head of the family. I was tasked with the honour of interviewing him.

MY ROOTS

Your history, origin and culture is like roots in a tree. The major function of roots is to anchor a plant to the ground and support it. Your history and culture function the same way. They provide anchor, support and identity in life. Every family has a unique journey.

When you are at the doctor's office you are bombarded with questions that refer to your history. Why is that so? Our health is influenced by past behaviours, past experiences and heredity. Doctors and indeed science discourages the marriage between close relatives. A recessive gene within a certain family can remain recessive and hidden until the same members of the same family marry each other. It then manifests in the offspring. A typical example is that you can carry an albino recessive gene for many generations. Marrying the same member of the family increases the likelihood of them having a recessive albino gene. The marriage and offspring then produces a fully-fledged albino. Therefore knowing our roots clearly helps our children and future generation from marrying one another, amongst other things.

Talking to my dad was very fascinating. Hearing his stories and capturing them in ink was an eye opener. Besides preserving our family history, the family traditions of looking after someone other than your children, are refreshingly Christian in outlook.

Knowing that my dad worked extremely hard for a better life is uplifting. More so that there were relatives and friends who acted as bridges makes me grateful and aware that no one is an island.

My dad candidly talks about his genealogy, childhood memories, dating history, wedding, life advice and career highlights.

This was my interview with my dad, Nathan Mathibini Moyo.

Fanele Mba: “So Dad could you tell us all you can about your family history?”

Nathan: “My dad’s great grandfather was Zinja. He had many wives and children,

- Lumbiwa,
- Njoyiyana,
- Ntema,
- Dziyi,
- Matshaba and
- Nkathazo.

They were polygamists who had adopted this culture from Chief Mambo. Our totem is “Bakadzi beza bemwene” which means “women cannot help it when it comes to us. Just a wink is enough to send a girl head over heels.”

My grandfather, Lumbiwa had seven children whose names were:

- Tsheda, Silivano's father,
- Matibini, my father,
- Sikhuphuki, Ivy's father,
- Elimon,
- Job,
- Daisy, Elder's mother,
- The last born was Ndabazomhlaba Hebert, who, when my dad got married, was given to them as their son.
- When my uncle Ndabazomhlaba got married, I was 'given' to him as their son. This was a family tradition.

My uncle Ndabazomhlaba was blessed with eleven children:

- Field Marshall,
- Eugene,
- Ben,

- Zwelonke,
- Abel,
- Sithabiso Gatsi,
- Brilliant Zulu,
- Nomsa Dube,
- Sibongile,
- Margaret.

My father's name is Mathibini Moyo. He was a doting, loving father who was full of wisdom. He loved spending time with his grandchildren. My mother, Kundiwa (MaDube), was a very loving and godly woman. She was known for being a person of forgiveness. People used to say, if you've done a good deed, then you are like MaDube.

She had four sisters and one brother:

- Nehemiah, Elder's mother,
- Petros, Mafavuke's mother,
- Catherine, Masiye's mother,
- The last born was Uncle Gwama Dube.

My Uncle Gwama Dube's children are:

- Percy, Phathi's mother,
- Enlue, Mbonisi's mother,
- Nhlalo, Thembi's mother,
- Esnath, Siphos mother,
- Da, Mandi's mother,
- Two boys, one of them being Othaniel.

There are also the Moyos' on my mother's side such as:

- Thebele, Father of Abi Dube,
- Ncambalala, father of the twin pastors,
- Bhunu, father of Paul. They are all mum's roots as they all come from my grandmother's sisters – the Sibindi Mabhenas'.

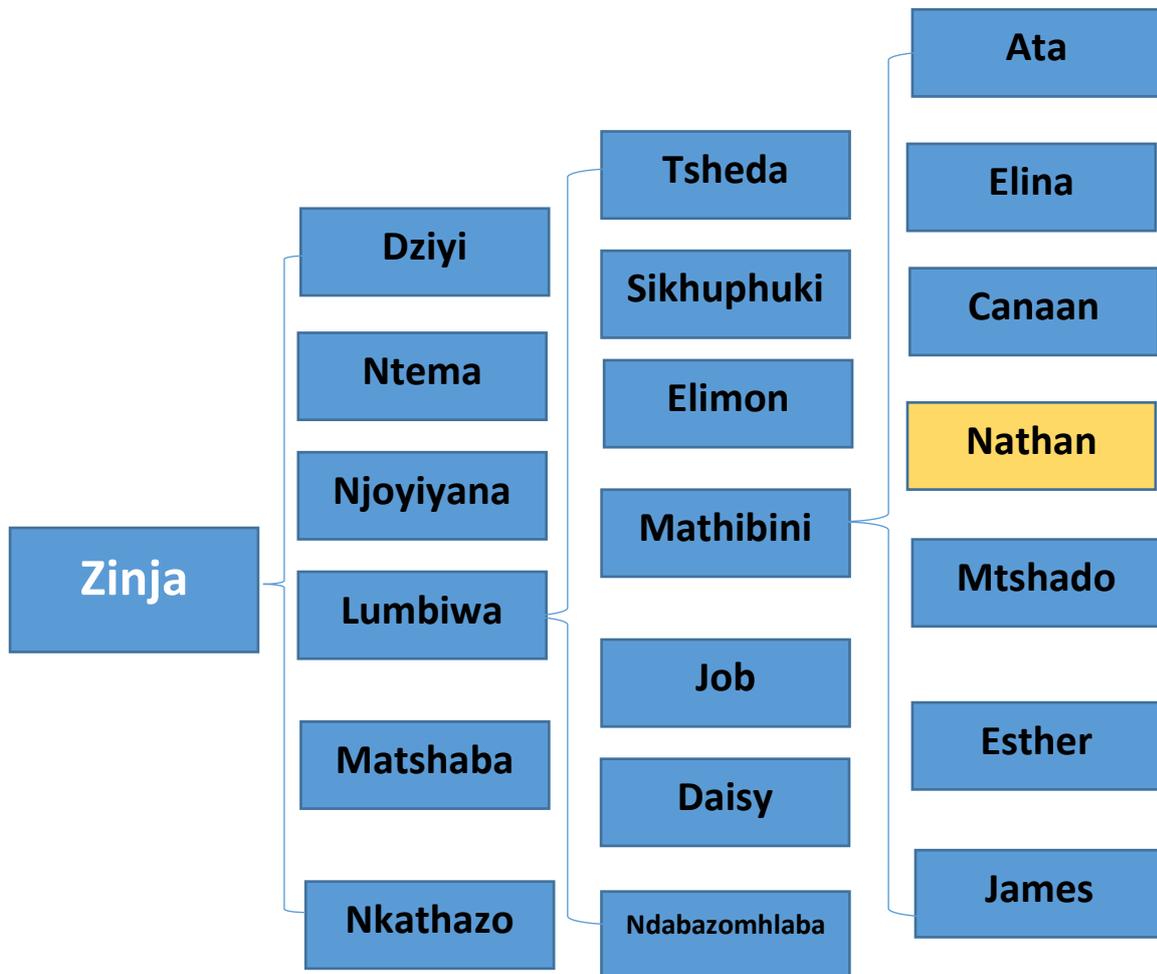
My siblings from my father are:

- Canaan, Siphos father;
- Elina, Cleopas' mother;
- Esther, Boni, Samu and Du's mother;
- Ata, Siphawe's mother;
- Mtshado, Shelly and Spencer's mother. Traditionally, Mtshado was given to me as a daughter when I got married. And I still remember, with appreciation, that I got a share of the "lobola" (dowry) when she got married.
- Then comes the last born, James, father of Dingulwazi, Nqobile and Mgcini. James went to Canada in the early 70s.

Then I have my step brothers and sisters, whose mother was my mother's niece. They are:

- Thandi,
- Fidius,
- Christopher,
- Gilbert,
- Virginia,
- Dan,
- Sinobi,
- Pattison,
- Mapiye and
- Amos.

There are also other different family trees, which are knitted together such as Amon Dube, Novi's father; Liza, Melta and Oscar's father and Ngeleza, Mhambi and Molly's father."



HOW I FOUND MY SOULMATE

Life is a journey full of lessons, ups and downs, special moments and special people. At school we learn and then take tests. In life, the opposite happens. We are tested by life and we learn lessons from those tests. Everybody comes into your life for a reason. Some stay for a short while and others for a life time. Some create a lifelong, lasting impression. For me, it was my brother Canaan and my uncle Ndabazomhlaba who carved a wonderful memory in my heart.

Mba: “Dad you have spoken before about your uncle Ndabazomhlaba and your brother, uncle Canaan and how each of you met your better-halves, can you tell us more about it?”

Nathan: “Yes, my uncle Ndabazomhlaba and my brother Canaan and I were brought up together as triplets and we were inseparable. We shared good times and bad times together. We had our ‘giggle’ moments and serious moments.

When my uncle was preparing for his marriage to Elifa Ncube, I accompanied him to his prospective in-laws. All was successfully done according to family tradition. We were known as the "handsome Moyo boys" who were liquid when it came to "lobola".

Then my brother Canaan's turn came for him to get married. He was getting married to the girl I had hand-picked for him. She was a nurse while I was a teacher at Bradley Institute, Mashonaland. Her name was Thembile Tshili and boy, she was a stunner.

We didn't waste any time. My brother proposed to marry her and I accompanied him. We were given a big, warm welcome by her parents and the neighbours who were invited. We paid lobola in full. The wedding ceremony was a resounding success.

My turn to get married came. I told my brother that I'm ready to settle down. I had some girlfriends but none of them really appealed to me for marriage. Sometimes I wondered if there was anyone for me out there.

We can all agree that finding your perfect, God given match is not easy.

One day, my brother called me from Bulawayo. I was working in Gwelo at the time. Canaan said he had seen a lady teacher at a nearby mission school and she was a picture perfect beauty that suited me. He said the lady said not to waste her time because she was not just another pretty face. In fact she boasted about being rock solid when it came to suitors. I told Canaan to tell her that I will buy dynamite and I will crack the rock into pieces - we had a good laugh! Canaan advised me to go and see her and seal the deal. I took up the challenge and in a short space of time, I visited her.

When I first met Olipah Ngwenya, in her sitting room at Hope Fountain Mission, I just told myself, “This is the girl I want to marry – no doubt.” She was everything I ever hoped for, everything I ever dreamt about. When we greeted each other, she looked straight into my eyes, which was unusual with most of the girls I had met. I liked that. My heart skipped a beat. Her eyes shone warmth. Her lips were moist and glistened in that dimly lit sitting room. I introduced myself, “Nathan is my name and yours?” I didn’t waste time, my heart had found a temporary home. I was in love. She told me not to waste my time since she was as solid as a rock to my advances. The Holy Spirit must have given me some words of wisdom which brought this complex subject to an end. I said, “You are the right one I am looking for. Because you are a rock, I want to build my house and my family on a rock.” Then I told her to read the Scripture, Matthew 7:25 which says, “And the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house, but it did not fall, because it had been founded on the rock.” This message was inspirational to her. Although it still took her almost a year to say yes to my proposal, by faith she was already mine.

When the time was right for me to be known by her parents, I made a blunder and went alone without telling my uncle or brother. I think I was too excited and forgot our traditional protocol.

I visited her parents. Although she had notified them, her father didn't want to see or talk to me. I put up at her brother's premises within the village. I arrived on a Saturday and went back on a Monday. I was very disappointed and humbled and I didn't have a back-up plan. Olipah was also very disappointed but she couldn't ask her parents the reasons why they didn't want to see me.

With my heart aching and bleeding, the following weekend, I went straight to my father's home. I told my father about my bungled adventure with the Ngwenyas. My father said, "Son, how could you do that? All by yourself? That's against tradition. Do you know that Ngwenya is a chief? You cannot just walk through the gate in a chief's kraal by yourself." I said, "But father, I thought he would be convinced by the way I looked. Who wouldn't want a well-dressed and handsome young man like me to marry their daughter?"

Nevertheless, my father made some traditional arrangements with my uncle and my brother to go and appear at the Ngwenyas. We were charged lobola and everything was settled in cash that day."

BUILDING MY HOUSE ON A ROCK

The Wedding

Mba: So how was the big day like?

Nathan: “We took our vows at the Mission Church of Hope Fountain. The church was full with Mission staff and surrounding residents. Many people had attended to say their good byes to Olipah. She was one of their teachers and the first unmarried deaconess of the LMS Church (now UCCSA). Reverend Griffiths presided over the ceremony.

After the wedding ceremony the bus which was hired by the residents took us to Stanley Hall where there was a brief entertainment before we took a long journey to Antelope Mine, Homestead Prospect Ranch area.

The following day was party time: music, food, and dancing and gifts presentation. People gave us gifts in pennies, 5 pence, 10 pence and I remember the highest was 2 shillings. Some gave symbolic gifts like grass which meant brooms, mats and baskets; feathers meant chicken; droppings representing sheep and goats. My father-in-law, Chief Gwezha Ngwenya presented us with two dried cow dung which

represented a heifer and a bullock. Altogether we received £4 and 5 shillings. That was a lot of money in those days and it all came from faithful and loving people.

The following day, Sibabi, my cousin transported the bridal team and the entertainers to my home at Gwagwe, Mtshabezi.

The fourth day, music was booming and blurring at my home. Olipah, who was officially my wife, looked like a princess. Children and teenagers were screaming and chanting songs of joy in front of her. Why? You can guess, because they were not used to brides in veils those days. My cousin, Martha Ncube sang a very inspirational song. The lyrics were “Ngithabe ngithini bantu, bukelani ukuhamba kwes’timela.” (How can I describe my joy, just admiring the movement of a train?) I also danced waltz with my beautiful bride. We were joined by other dancers on the floor. Olipah’s brother-in-law (Vusa Ndlovu’s grandfather) Mtshumayeli Ndlovu danced amazingly well.

When it came to the presents from well-wishers, the amount of money was almost the same as that which was received at the Ngwenya reception. My father and uncle congratulated us with two heifers.

On the fifth day, the celebrations ended with a marvellous traditional dance.”

CHILDREN ARE A LADDER OF SUCCESS

“No job can compete with the responsibility of shaping and moulding a human being” Dr. James Dobson

Mba: “Dad we’ve heard you say that children are a ladder of success. What do you mean by that?”

Nathan: “The first blessing that God bestowed on Adam and Eve was fruitfulness. We see that in scripture, Gen 1:22 *God blessed them saying, “Be fruitful and multiply”.*

Psalm 127:3 Children are an inheritance from the Lord. They are a reward from Him.

Children are a gift from God. They are a loan from God and He expects us to train them in the way they should go in life. Sometimes they can become unmanageable but persevere in praying and loving them and viewing them as God views them. The parent remains the first and very important teacher that the child will ever have. It is important therefore to provide them with dignity, discipline and destiny. Speaking negatively over them is tantamount to a curse.

Every child is unique. They have their own talents and dreams and God expects us parents to nurture, develop and help them to find their calling in life. It is not easy.

One of the best kept secrets in life is the joy of having children. Each child has their 'first' and it is exciting to be a part of it. It is wonderful to hear their first word, to see them crawl and to see them take their first step. It is an amazing realisation of responsibility when you hear someone calling you "Daddy."

Life with children is full of laughter and memories. You start playing again. The child in you is awakened. Loving your children means you care for their physical, emotional, social and spiritual needs.

The love for my children inspired me to pursue my goals with steadfastness. This is what I mean by children being a ladder of your success. As you work and pursue your goals to give them a better life, you are actually going up the ladder of success"

My Major Strides

Life in Gwelo: "Our life in Gwelo was exciting. I used to ride on my bicycle with my wife at the back. I would drop her at her school and then proceed to the town centre where I worked as an Administrative Office and Pay Assistant Master for the City Council. There were few buses at the time and they operated only on major roads. Some people made fun of our bicycle but we enjoyed it. We

just ignored them and told ourselves it was better than walking. So we laughed with them and where always nice. We never took the bait.

During school holidays, my wife left Gwelo to be with my parents in Gwanda, Sibona. I only joined her during December holidays. I disliked the fact that she travelled such a long distance alone with the children.

Gloag Range Secondary School: So one Christmas day, I took her by surprise. I told her she won't be returning to Gwelo anymore because we were moving to Gloag Range Secondary School which is near Bulawayo. I left Gwelo City Council because the safety of my wife and children meant everything to me. I went back to teaching in spite of the poor salary.

My First Car: The distance from Lochview train station to the school was about 10 miles. Mr Jeremiah Khabo, (Njabulo's father) helped me to look for a car. (Jeremiah Khabo and I were brothers because we married sisters). I finally got a Hillman Minx which I nick named "Linda."



This was a relief and joy to my kids. Of course there were sceptics who argued, "Why didn't you buy a van for a business? You could be loading goats or sheep to sell and be rich." However, some, like my cousin, Sibabi Nkala, would say, "Oh, mzawami (my cousin) you have just bought a moving house! Look at your kids – one is asleep and others are just having their fun. Enjoy God's blessing cousin!"

Matopo Secondary School: Before long, I got a post as an agricultural instructor at Matopo Secondary School. The school was near my parents' house. We then moved to Matopo. The place was comfortable and town was easily accessible. This was a place of personal development for me. In my own spare time, I planted and sold sweet potatoes. I also raised livestock.

From Teaching to Farming: I received a letter from the government that I had been approved to purchase and own a 300 acre piece of land in the Thuli area near Gwanda. I accepted and asked if I could have someone who would work and take care of the farm while

I continue with my teaching. This proposal was rejected and it was either take it or leave it and there would be no future consideration should I reapply. My application was a trial run because it was difficult during those days to purchase land and even if you did, the politicians grumbled, “Don’t buy land, you must boycott it. Don’t be a sell-out.” I took the chance in order to fulfil my ambition in farming.

Farming: My experiences were rewarding. I had already hired people to build a five roomed house made from mud and mopane poles. My uncle, Ndaba who was a highly qualified builder, drew the building plans and my brother Canaan provided corrugated iron and zinc for roofing. In the middle of this bush was our lovely house, which stood as a beacon of hope for the neighbourhood.

So my lovely kids and their mother joined me in making a bright and peaceful home. I bought a bicycle for our elder son, Elliot, who had to cycle about 20 miles to Ratanyana Higher Primary School. I also bought a bicycle for my wife and a small one for Dumisani, who had to cycle with his sister Bongiwe at the back. Later I bought another small bicycle for Bongiwe. Dumi now gave himself another responsibility and that was to ride with Sifiso, his younger sister to school. Dumisani didn’t want his mother to cycle with anyone at the back of her bicycle. He never wanted to see his mother do anything that he was able to do himself. It was just over 10 miles each way to Simpene Lower Primary School.

I had two help hands in the farm and my wife had a lady to help her. The sight and sound of cows, goats and sheep, grazing in the green pastures was very uplifting. The fields were flourishing with maize and corn and the garden was full of leafy vegetables, potatoes and sweet potatoes. The helpers were so good, they were always there for us except on weekends.

On Sundays, my wife and I would ride my bicycle to Ratanyana for church services, where I was a lay preacher. So I became a farmer and a *fisher of man*.

There were a lot of jackals around the farm which posed a lot of danger to my family. However we had a very vigilant dog that kept them away and they gradually disappeared. This dog would even chase hawks by following their shadows and not allowing them to rest on the ground and attack our chicken. I can say with confidence that our livestock was protected by God. It is only on one occasion where thieves killed one of my cows but they were arrested and never seen again!

Our farm was a hive of business activity. We sold vegetables and sweet potatoes to the villagers at affordable prices. The community was happy. We were prosperous. Everything I laid my hands on was successful. The Bible says in Deuteronomy 8 that God gives us the power to get wealthy. God says 'Who is the man that fears the Lord?

He will instruct him in the way he should choose. His soul will abide in prosperity and his descendants will inherit the land'. (Psalm 25:12-13)

The future and welfare of my family always inspired me to think and make decisions. I thought about the transport problems that my children would face when they graduated to higher primary school, which was even further from our farm. "Who will be accompanying them?" I asked myself these questions since my wife would remain in the lower primary school. Although there were other children in the neighbouring farms, they used a different mode of transport. I worried and finally told my wife, "Let us call the farming adventure off." "What?" she was shocked! I explained the reasons and she continued, "What about our livestock and the house?" As usual we discussed and came to a mutual understanding since the safety of our children was a priority.

We ventured into the unknown. We chose faith over fear. I had to believe that moving to Bulawayo was going to be a success. I refused to dwell in the past. There was no obstacle too big for me. My God was bigger than anything I could face. I was plugged into a Supreme God, a super power. How could I fear moving into town?

Pelandaba: We left the farm and went to live in the urban area. The Holy Spirit led me to sell some of my cattle at the cattle sale pen. I sold the furniture and house to the school teachers. Some of the livestock and other assets were taken by my brother-in-law Stephen

Gwezha. The rest of our assets were given to my sister Elina Maphosa. I left that farm which was really a gold mine and trekked to Pelandaba in Bulawayo. God was my guide.

In Bulawayo I bought a car – a Vauxhall Velox and then went back and picked up my family. They were excited. It was like we were on tour.



In town, I initially lived in my uncle Ndaba's house. He had just retired and gone back to the rural area. It looked like it was pre-planned but I know that the steps of a righteous man are ordered of God.

Sis Dorcas (nee Ngwenya) Ndlovu was also there for us with whatever we needed. She introduced me to the city fathers of the City Council Department and by the beginning of the year I was employed. Olipah continued with her teaching career without any break of service. Our children found joy at the township school nearby. Later, after a month or two, the house I had registered for was available, so

we settled in the new house. This house I had was fully paid for. The farm was still my cash cow.

We continuously make choices. I believe that God is in charge of my life and that He is taking care of me and my household and that good things are in store. I therefore choose not to worry. I believe I have His wisdom and guidance. Therefore I trust the decisions I make because they are not taken to harm anyone. On hindsight, moving to Bulawayo was about the best decision I made for myself and family.

My career shot upwards. I became a Superintendent for City Council and later a Housing Officer for Magwegwe Township. I helped people buy council houses. My wife became a director for Adult Literacy Organisation of Rhodesia. My children succeeded in the local schools.

TRUE DREAMS COME TRUE

Success means different things to different people. Some interpret success as reaching a certain measure of fame and fortune and to others it is a fulfilment of desires and dreams. More still, others view success as the power to influence people and events.

Very few people start life with the sole aim of failing. I believe no one starts life and says I want to be a prostitute when I grow up or I want to be a petty thief.

Generally all of us start life with noble dreams: a peaceful home, a lovely marriage, adorable children, wealth and prosperous careers and businesses.

As we all know, not all of us achieve what we set out for. Others though, seem to achieve what they set out for. These people tend to possess very similar qualities. These qualities separate them from the ordinary folk.

I spoke to my dad to try and pick his mind on success.

Mba: “Dad tell me, how do you define success?”

Nathan: “Some people view success as having thousands of pounds in the bank. Success for me is doing those things that are fulfilling and also providing a great quality of life for my family and community. Influencing and inspiring my children to fulfil their God given purpose in life is of great value to me.

I was blessed with seven children. All of them did their best in their primary, secondary and tertiary education. You know in life

sometimes when you set goals, challenges do crop up to test your resolve. We encouraged them to be relentless in their pursuit of education. Sometimes your journey can be interrupted by sickness or lack of funds. That does not mean you ought to give up. It is the time to buckle up and fight for your dream. Delay is not denial. When one door closes you must believe that a bigger and better one will open. Some doors close so that your faith is stretched and enlarged. In Hebrew there is no word for coincidence. We do not live our lives by chances. Things do not just happen. Our steps are ordered of the Lord. God allows some doors to close. The children of Israel did not fly non-stop to the Promised Land. They went through the wilderness, a place that was to prepare them to be kings in their own land. It looked like delay but it was a place of preparation. They had to know their God intimately in the wilderness so as to depend on Him in defeating the giants in the Promised Land.

Some of my children are still educating themselves even now when they are grandmothers and grandfathers! This determination, this resolve is really my DNA and it makes me proud. I got my GCE and Bookkeeping through distance education when I was already married. My wife studied in Manchester University in 1978-79 for her Post Graduate Diploma in education when she was already a grandmother. In a way, we have been their role models. My goal was to have very well educated children and I thank God that they fulfilled this desire.

I have been blessed also with seven children,
twenty five grandchildren and nineteen great grandchildren so far. I thank my dear Lord for that. My family tree is as follows:

1. Elliot Vuma – Vuma is our totem from the surname Moyo, meaning “be in agreement with the chief of the tribe.” Elliot & Greta’s children are:

1.1. Sandisiwe who is married to Busisa Moyo, are blessed with four children.

1.2. Siphathokuhle is married to Trever and they have four children.

1.3. Clarence & Greer have one child.

1.4. Fikile is married to Cliff Moyo and they have two children.

1.5. Their last born is Mduduzi Nathan.

2. Dumisani Victor – Dumisani means praise or thanksgiving to Almighty God for His gifts and wonderful works. Dumisani Dianne have four children.

2.1. Norris Nathan is married to LaTyce and they have two children.

2.2. Taeisha.

2.3. Joshua Nathan has two children.

- 2.4. Landile.
3. Bongiwe Victoria – Bongiwe means one who has been thanked or praised and that is our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Bongiwe is married to Aggrey Pilime and they have three children:
 - 3.1. Sijabuliso is married to Simisani Takobana and they have one child.
 - 3.2. Buhe.
 - 3.3. Joshua.
4. Sifiso Vinolia – Sifiso means the one who is desired and longed for. God gives us according to our wishes and desires. Sifiso is blessed with two sons:
 - 4.1. Bhekizulu is married to Kay and they have two children.
 - 4.2. Mzingaye.
5. Vee Vuyo-Thabo – Vuyo Thabo means “gladness; joy.” Vee was married to Constance and he passed on. Vee left behind three sons:
 - 5.1. Philani.
 - 5.2. Mpilo.
 - 5.3. Sean.

6. Fanele “Mba” Vine – Fanele means “fitting; the right one; coming at the right time.” Fanele is married to Lynette and they have 4 girls and 2 boys:

6.1. Nombulelo,

6.2. Mazwamahle,

6.3. Ntombizodwa,

6.4. Valerie,

6.5. Joshua and

6.6. Yanis.

7. Bukhosi Viola – Bukhosi means “Kingdom; the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.” Bukhosi is married to Brian Mpofu they have 2 boys:

7.1. Emmanuel and

7.2. Samuel Phillip.

This is my family tree.”

I am a blessed man. God gave me children to raise and I have done that.

Vee once said, “You know dad, I grew up being sickly from asthma but now God has given me a wonderful life. God has granted me many of my desires. I have had a wonderful life and have had various business enterprises, houses and driven German cars of my

choice. I have also had a lot of ...what may I call it (He laughed). "I said, "What?" He laughed again. He was a funny guy.

Less than two days after he visited us, he bid us farewell. He said, "Daddy, you know what? I love and trust my God. You see these car keys. Before I start my car, I pray first and ask my Lord to take me to the right destination." Before I said anything, he asked us to pray and he led the prayers and that was the end. I never heard his voice again. He completed his journey. He went to be with the Lord.

The journey of life has an unexpected end. We must not take life and indeed our loved ones for granted. You never can tell the time of exit, only God knows.

It's like Vee knew he was going on to be with the LORD Jesus."

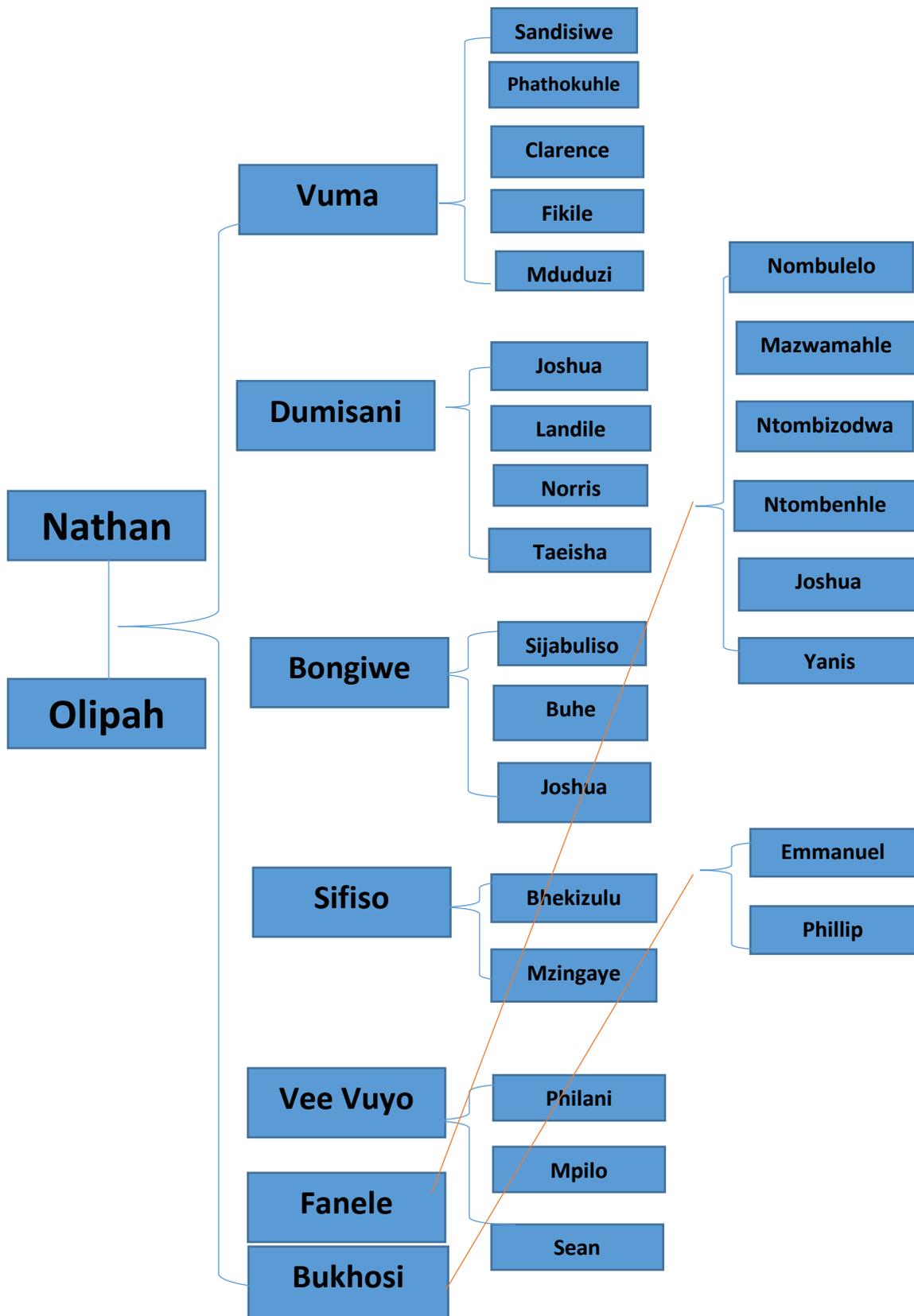
Mba: I remember hearing the news of his death together with our nephew. It was a sad day for all of us. It was the first time I saw your tears Dad. I never thought I would laugh again. I remember crying day and all night. The pain in my heart felt as if it was physical. I thought I would have a heart attack. Every one encouraged me to be strong for my sister and for my parents. I bottled pain. I somehow managed a smile here and there. When the funeral was over and I was back in London, I nearly went into depression. The weight of sadness was on my shoulders. I cried afresh. I asked God some questions that were troubling me. He answered me in a dream and that brought comfort. Indeed, He is a God of all comfort and death has lost its sting.

Dad: There is a lot of traffic in this life's journey and death of a loved one can leave you broken and bleeding by the road side. A separation that comes through death is intensely painful. Actually my youngest brother James in Canada passed on nearly at the same time with Vee. It was so painful. You can have as many deaths in a family as possible yet you still can never get used to it.

When you are a Christian, the strength to go on after the death of a loved one, comes from the fact that we believe the separation is not eternal but only temporary. You have this hope that you will meet in heaven. This is why the Bible says, 'Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting?' 1 Corinthians 15:55.

This is what sustained us in our bereavement: that God will redeem us from the jaws of the grave.

Nathan's Family Tree





Back Row left to right: Fanele, Bongiwe, Dumisani, Elliot, Sifiso and Vee

Front row left to right: Nathan, Bukhosi and Olipah



Back Row left to right: Elliot & Dumisani

Middle row left to right: Bongwiwe, Fanele, Vee and Sifiso

Front row: Bukhosi

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES

Mba: Dad, what are some of your values, beliefs and testimonies on your journey this far?

Dad: “The following are some of my beliefs:

If you give a child a good name, they will live to become that name. It is prophetic. God changed Abram’s name to Abraham. Abraham means the father of many nations. Abraham was called the father of many nations even before he had a child. So people who met him said, ‘how are you Father of many nations?’ when, in fact he didn’t have a child. Today, we believers are also called the children of Abraham, truly making him the father of many nations. God named him what He wanted Abraham to become. So if you name your child Tears you can surely expect a tear filled life for him or her.

I also believe that whatever you sow that shall you reap. When you sow love to your children, relatives, friends and those around you, you will always reap love abundantly. If you sow hatred you shall reap hatred. If you sow mangoes you reap mangoes. I have realised that when you reap, you reap far much more than what you sowed.

As a parent, I have never been stranded mostly because my children have been a blessing to me. I bought one of those expensive and beautiful houses in the eastern suburbs of Bulawayo after Zimbabwe's independence. This was as a result of the many blessings I received from my children.

We joined our children in the UK, because my grandson, Emmanuel objected to the idea of us being left behind in Zimbabwe. He refused to be accompanied by just one of us in order to join his parents in the UK. So his desire was granted. The Scripture says, "By faith Abraham, when called to go to a place he would later receive as his inheritance, obeyed and went, even though he did not know where he was going." Hebrews 11:8.

They say, "out of sight, out of mind" but this is not always true. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. My sister, Nomusa Moyo from Zimbabwe and her brother, Eugene from Gaborone, once visited us on separate occasions. I will never ever forget their love and gifts. We didn't expect that but knowing their parents, I wasn't surprised that they have the same DNA as my uncle Ndabazomhlaba.

My cousin's daughter, Thembi Dube, took nearly fourteen days off from her work, just to be with us during the bereavement of our son and grandson. What a sacrifice from a loving heart!

The list is long but I'm thankful to God for all those who impacted my life in a positive way.

My juniors, including some of my grandchildren always ask me the recipe of having a splendid marriage for sixty four years. The Scripture says, "Wives, be subject to your husbands, as is fitting in the Lord. Husbands, love your wives and do not be embittered against them. Children, be obedient to your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing to the Lord." Colossians 3:18-20. The Scriptures have all the answers to a successful marriage. The Word of God has always been the final authority in our lives. My wife is the submissive helper. It's a partnership of equals. The responsibility of the family is on me. I provide the care, protection and security for my household. My wife helps me in that responsibility. She is the submissive helper. The helper is very important and has different attributes to me. The Holy Spirit is called the Helper.

I am so happy that during my marriage, I have never shouted, pointed a finger or laid my hand on my wife or even any of my offspring. I insisted on mutual understanding and what the Bible says. Prayer and the Word of God can build strong homes and safe neighbourhoods.

In our culture we say, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach (food)." My wife has been beyond comparison when it comes to the food department. "Oh, my mother is a moving bakery!" were

some of the comments made by our children. And for sure we would all be filled with food for the stomach as well as the food for the spirit. Praise the Lord!

Your children have one crack at childhood, make it as memorable to them as possible. I remember how much our children used to love going to the Centenary Park in Bulawayo. There were train rides, games, competitions and restaurants that my children enjoyed. It became an annual event for them until they no longer qualified.

Never have a secret relationship if you are married. Besides breaking up your marriage, you will get broke. The Bible says you will be as dry as a morsel of bread. Now you cannot revive dry bread. You pour water on it and it just crumbles. We are to flee from youthful lusts. Joseph had to flee from an immoral woman. He didn't reason with her. He didn't explain to her the causes and consequences of adultery. He just ran. Run is the key word.

Your family is the most precious thing you will ever have. It is a gift from God. God is a God of families.

Education is very important, not only academic education but learning from life and not making the same mistakes that others have made is a key ingredient. You can learn from the different characters in the bible: the challenges they faced and how they overcame them.

Love God with all your heart and love your neighbour as you love yourself. Jesus says that fulfils the law and the prophets.

Actions speak louder than words. The Bible says dead faith is faith without actions. Be a doer of the Word. A doer in life.

I believe that we are all born pregnant with God's dream inside of us. But like childbirth, delivering God's dream is not in isolation. We need mid-wives for assistance. We need apostles, teachers, pastors, prophets for the equipping of saints for the work of our ministries.

REFLECTIONS

“I used to herd my grandmother’s cattle, goats and sheep with my aunt’s son, David Ndlovu. We were highly favoured by our grandmother, MaSibindi Mabhena. Being a shepherd boy, I didn’t know that one day, I would shepherd God's people.

Pastor Austin Vimba needed someone to preach at one of his Church of Christ branches. At that time, the church was not fully established and as a result, they had no building and consisted of just five families. I volunteered because I had retired from my employment.

The journey to church was seventy five kilometres. The cost of travel and car maintenance was not a problem since my Lord had blessed me with children who were financially supportive. Before I left the country the church membership had risen to over sixty five. For a rural, isolated village, that was a lot. I believe this was the harvest for the seed I sowed back in 1960 when I had a farm in Thuli purchase area. Then, I was a volunteer lay preacher and cycled for more than twenty kilometres to Church every Sunday with my wife at the back. But then at Irisvale, it was different, my wife was beside me in my own car. The congregation was bigger and I had matured in the Word. Praise the Lord for the promotion from a bicycle to a car!

I had experience in teaching the Word of God. I believed in practicing the Word of God. So when I left the country, I asked my eldest son Elliot and his wife, to donate all our moveable assets, utensils, clothing to those in need and to the members of our church at Irisvale. The wife of Pastor Vimba, Miriam, received the gifts with appreciation and blessed us.

Looking back, I feel blessed to have contributed to the launching of the Geriatric Centre near Mpilo Hospital in Bulawayo together with the pioneers, Reverend Musa and Sister Pollyanna Mahlangu. The support we got from the Bulawayo community was outstanding.

I also reflect with fondness my time at our family church in Mpopoma, the Brethren in Christ Church (BICC), where I was re-elected several times as the Treasurer. During that time we had some notable improvements such as providing a security fence, extension of buildings, extra benches and more inventory. I also remember our devoted pastors such as, Rev K. Q. Khekhe, Rev N. Moyo (uSibisibili), Rev R. Mthombeni and Rev R. Mabhena. They fed us with the meat of the Word of God.

Bishop Massah of the BICC once shared an unforgettable message. He spoke about how we don't show love to our loved ones until they have passed on. After they have passed on we then begin to pour out our hearts and gratitude. We buy the best coffin and spend thousands of pounds on the funeral. The Bishop's message was, "Why

don't we appraise our loved ones whilst they are still living. Why wait until they die?" he argued. That message spoke volumes to me.

Mr D. V Ndlovu, who was my spokesman at our Golden Wedding Anniversary in 2001, was so eloquent and inspiring about my fifty year marriage to Olipah. He left an indelible mark in my heart.

Mr George Dabengwa, the father of Dumiso Dabengwa was my senior teacher at school. He was also my cousin. He made all the arrangements for me to go to South Africa and study for a diploma in Agriculture. I shall remember him for his unwavering support and love.

Mrs Ida Maphendla, was always there for me at Matopo secondary school. I will never forget when she used to say, "Mtaka babakazi, come and have dinner with us during the weekends. Uk'uphumule amagwadla." She also said to my son, who was at Wanezi Secondary School, "Mtanomzawami, come to my house every weekend and have good food, utshiyane lemboza le." She cemented our family bonds with love and kindness.

Mr. Michael Ndubiwa was the first African Town Clerk in Bulawayo. I remember him for his wise leadership and sharp administrative acumen. I learnt a lot from him during my tenure as a Housing Officer in Mpopoma, Luveve and Magwegwe.

Then there was Mr. W G Partridge, the principal of Hope Fountain and later the principal of United College. I appreciated him

and his wife very much because they were very instrumental in my wife's education. This encouraged me to aid my wife further with her education.

I was over the moon when I heard that my wife had successfully achieved her desire at the University of Manchester - she had graduated! She posted pictures of herself and her excited well-wishers including family and friends. Some of them were Njabulo Khabo, Mackson Ncube and his wife maSibanda, Liza Ngwenya and her aunty Isabel, Aggrey Pilime, Ntunja Mpoko, Mrs V Mkandla, Veli Simela's husband, Morgan Tafe and many more.

During my heydays, I was nicknamed "Mranda" by Mr. W. Mgqibelo (only he knows what it meant!) and he still does so up to now. We used to nickname his uncle "Utshebetshebe" that meant his money was as numerous as the sand. He showered money on his relatives and friends during Christmas time, saying, "iKhisimusi, iKhisimusi!" That was his way of expressing his love. I value the friendship of Mgqibelo.

I once had a warm conversation with my brother-in-law, Agrippa Masiye. I was complaining about rich people coming to me to borrow money. He laughed very loudly and said, "You know what babazala, people can read through lines. They know you have money because you don't have girlfriends and neither do you play sports (going to night clubs). I said, "What?!" He said, "You heard me, you are

blessed!" Thank you Lord. That was an eye opener from my in-law and I thank God for him.

In this journey, I had other travellers, who I remember with a warm heart. The Bible emphasizes the importance of good neighbours. Just to mention some from Pelandaba and Matsheumhlope: Mr. Kono Ndlovu, Mr Joel Mabhena, Mr William Ngwenya who married my cousin Molly, Mr Poya, Mr Majwabu-Moyo, Mr Mabhodoko and Mr Siminya Makhalisa-Moyo. These were truly my good neighbours.

There were some people who played leading roles during our wedding such as my cousins Amon Dube, Johnson Nkala, and Abby Thebele. My brother-in-law Stephen Gwezha Ngwenya, my sister Esther Moyo, our friends Sirara Selelo, Damy Moyo and Dorothy Ngwenya all played significant roles on our wedding.

When my little girls were going back to Thekwane Secondary School, after their school holidays, they didn't want to buy clothes from downtown shops. They preferred the up market shops like Meikles, Haddon & Sly. This didn't go well with my wife. She believed that I was spoiling them, "Please, please. Don't spoil these girls." I would proudly defend my girls and remind her politely, "I am working for their interests and their upkeep as well as yours. I have never spoiled you my dear, have I?"

I bought a television early in the 1970s, not because it was on my agenda but because my little boys forced me to. They were coming home late, sometimes after six p.m. because they were watching TV at a certain businessman's house. I disliked this behaviour. When I bought the TV, the excitement from my boys gave me a measure of fulfilment. Instead of complaining, I decided to act. Actions speak louder than words.

I am delighted to have travelled with Ndabazomhlaba in this journey. He was constructive and a pillar in my life. However, he completed his life's journey and what a blessing to my family!!

My brother, Canaan, had not seen much of what he had brought to my marriage with the "rock" he had found for my house to be built on. Nevertheless, my wife and I will always cherish the best memories of our hero. His son, Siphon and daughter Sibusisiwe and family are our comfort and joy. His love will always be felt.

The parents of my sons-in-law and the parents of my daughters-in-law, have made my journey very gracious through their love and kindness.

My own parents and siblings were and still are a cornerstone of my house built on a rock. They were all lovely and dear to us.

As I journeyed along, I realised that there will always be needs and only God is able to meet all our needs according to His glorious riches in Christ Jesus.

When my father was sick in Sibona near Mtshabezi Mission, I drove from Bulawayo to pick him up and take him to Mtshabezi out-patients hospital and back. It was a long distance and I had to go there and back three times a week. Petrol was a problem at that time. But I managed, by the grace of God, until his last days. The same thing happened with my mother when she stayed with my sister, Esther, in Mpopoma. I would drive from one end of Bulawayo to the other end just to take her to the nearby clinic. Why I mention this is because everyone needs love in their hour of need.

I do have a lot of adopted children along this life's journey and my family has been extended by the grace of God."

90th BIRTHDAY

The following are messages that came via WhatsApp, e-mail, Facebook and texts for my 90th Birthday:

Hie Mum. Happy 85th birthday and wish you many more years to come. You are the best mum ever lived. I thank the Lord for keeping you in good health. I hope you enjoyed your day. We are blessed to have parents like you. I love you mum. Keep connected to our God. **Elliot**

We wish Gogo & Khulu a long blessed life. May God keep them in divine health. They have been such an inspiration to our family and all of us as grandchildren. What an amazing marriage and well lived lives. We love and appreciate them. We wish we could have been there. Love **Busisa, Sandi & family**

Happy 90th birthday Khulu & 85th birthday Gogo. Be blessed today as you celebrate with family & friends. We are grateful that you have been blessed with long life. Here's wishing you many more happy years. We send our regards from Australia. Lots of love **Clarence, Greer** and your great granddaughter, **Alana** who is now 3months.

Happy Birthday bomalume. I wish I could have been there to celebrate this milestone with you. You are an inspiration to all of us. We are blessed for having you in our lives! May God continue to watch over you! Lots of love from **Bonnie, Misheck & the girls**

It was a pleasure to share your joy on your special occasion. We really enjoyed the time and my husband liked the music. He said if we had stayed longer he would have been dancing. But the young lady was quite tired so we had to leave early. Cheers. **Trina and family**

Happy birthday Gogo.
I am sorry I wasn't
able to come to the
party yesterday. I hear
it was awesome! I will
make up for it. Love
you so much,
Sibongile Dube V.

Happy Birthday banawethu.
Obaba lomama ngabe
bayaphila ngabe
bayathokozakakhuku. On their
behalf I want to say happy
Birthday! Inkosi yengezelele
amalanga enu! From **Sithabiso
Gatsi**

Ku aunt lo uncle, all of us had
such a wonderful time catching
up with all the relatives and
friends. Siyalibonga auntie lo
uncle ukuthi lisihlanganise
ngobuhle obungaka.
Ngaphezulu kwakho konke,
sibonga iNkosi impilo lokuthi
imisebenzi yethu yonke
iphumelele. We wish you many
years of good health and good
life. King regards, **Njabulo,
Eunice lemmuli.**

Bazali abathandekayo, hayi thina
siyazigqajalokuba labazali abayini.
Ngancoma abafowethu labodadewethu
ekwenzeni kwabo konke okuhle.
Siyalithanda lathil labantwana bayajabula
ukulibona. INkosi mayibe lokhu iligcine.
Yithi esibinga kakhulu ngoba
lisikhumbula. Stay blessed. Shalom, **Rev
KQ Moyo**

It was a blessing to see you celebrate your
birthdays. We will always remember the day
27th June 2015. Thanks a lot Gogo & Khulu
for showing us the way. **Kevin Ngwenya.**

Happy birthday to the best grandpa in the
world!!! May you enjoy the goodness and
blessings of the Lord. Love for **your grandchild
and great grandchildren from the Masukus**

Sorry I was unable to attend. Hope you and Khulu's day was great. Love and miss you. **Taisha**

Our king and queen, we love you! **Nitha Mhlanga**

Happy birthday!!! Hehehe you guys look so young!! Nice pics, looks like it was an amazing event and libahle. Gogo you looked like a queen.

Liso

Happy birthday baba lo mama. Umalukazana is bringing some presents for you. I am sorry I am unable to attend due to my mobility problems. That said, you will be in my thoughts during your celebrations. God has blessed us to have you as parents. May we continue to be so blessed with your company. **Albert Mthupha**

Happy birthday my brothers Nathan and Olipah. I wish you the best day. May God bless your day in Jesus' Name. Amen.

Aunt Brilliant Zulu

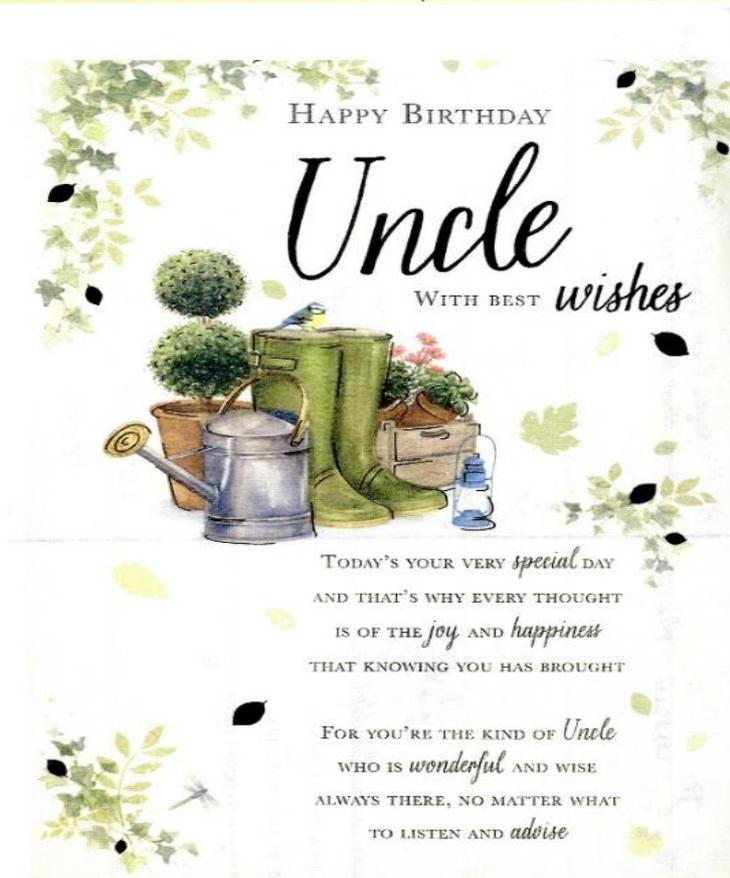
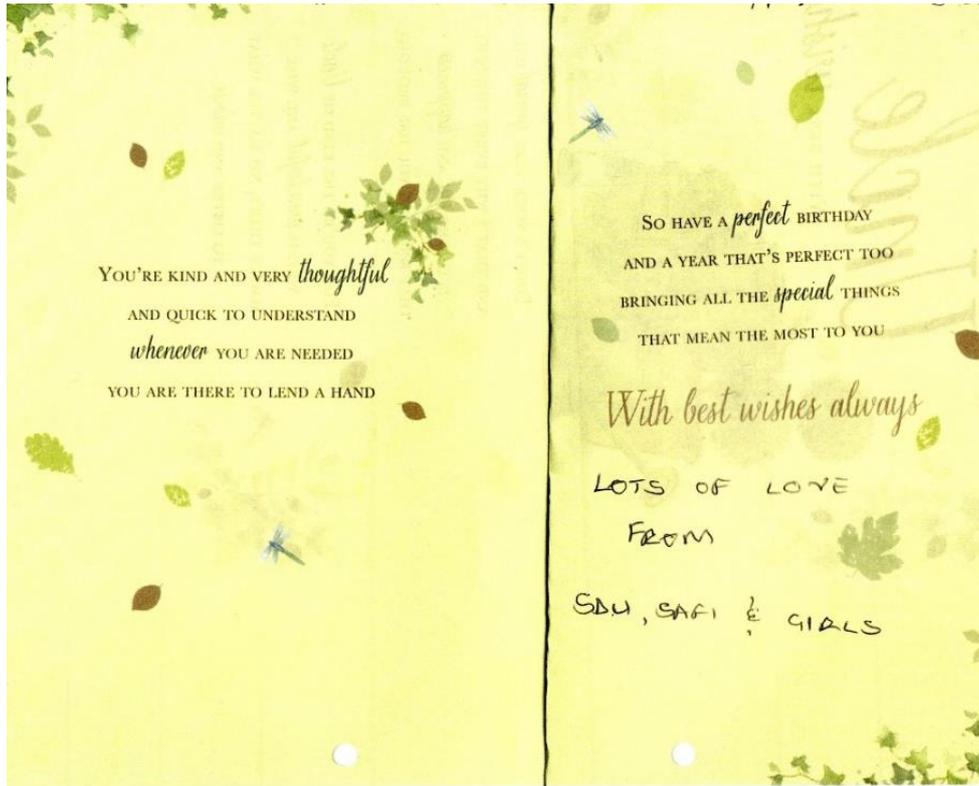
Happy birthday
Mama (Baba)
for
Thandi, Thee
Suni & Yari
Hagos

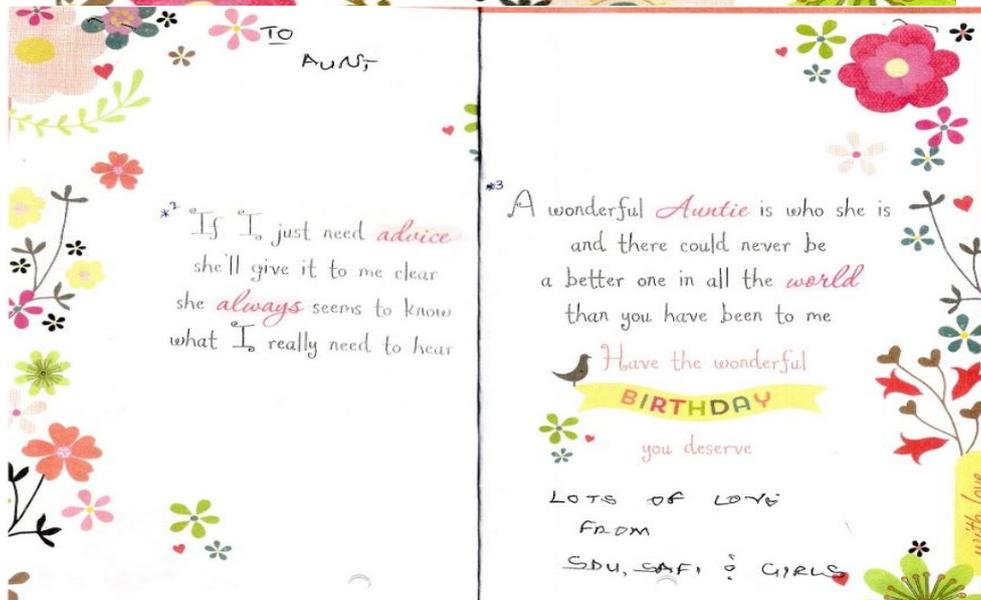
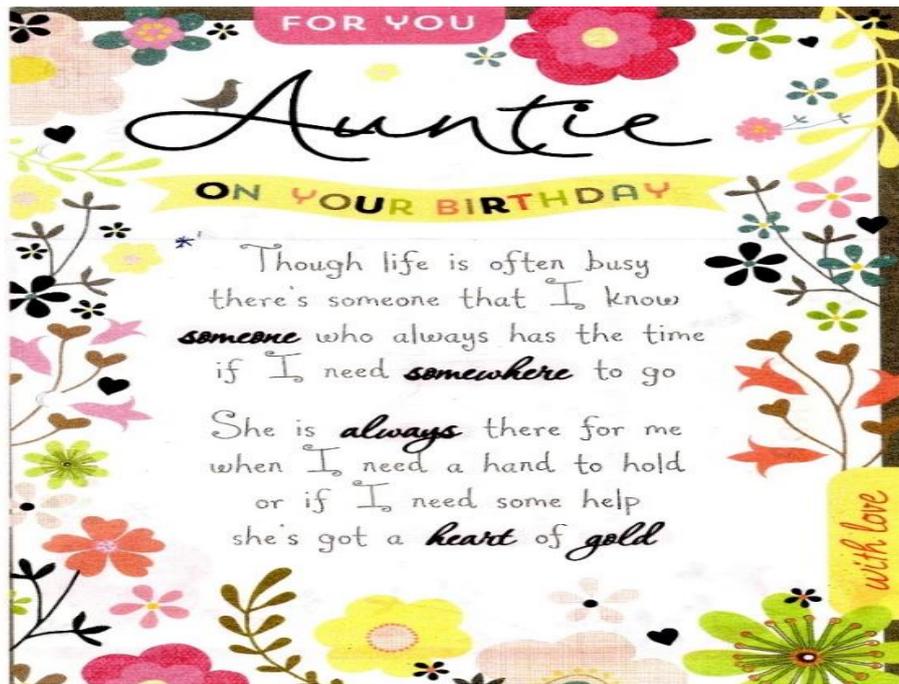
Happy birthday
baba to mama
wishing you many more
blessed years to come
Sama ka Mavake
with love!
X X

Happy Birthday.
May the Lord
Bless you both
with many more
healthy years.
Thandile Dube

Happy birthday
Many more years
Bless you
Khatha
X X

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
BOMALUME!!
WE THANK GOD F
YOUR LIVES.
YOU ARE AN ENK
MAY THE ALMIGHT
GOD BLESS YOU
WE WISH YOU MANY
GOD BLESS YOU
LOTS OF LOVE
FROM
SHILE





Amhlophe Amakhulu
Aunt to Uncle
We cherish all the good
times we have had and
we wish we could have
many, many more.
You have always made
us laugh so much.
Umanina lo baba bathe
balipisela konke okuhle
they always remember
all the good times you
have had in the past
Eunice + Njabulo

Amhlophe Gogo lo Khulu
Sibonga inkosi foh the years
he has given you. Silipisela
many more years to come with
God's blessings empilweni zenu.

Ewan & Mandy
Mungoni Khubo

Amhlophe Gogo and Khulu
Wishing you many
more years of blessings.
lots of love!
Nana Khubo

Congrats later
I wish you all the
Best in your
celebrations of
a milestone may
God continue to bless
you both with many more
fruitful healthy years
Rani Thandekile

Siyabule Khulu lo Gogo
ukuhona lifika umyaka
eminyaka kangaka.
Siyifisele ukhulu -
siyifisele lami.
Lindelwe & Thabis

Congratulations
Gogo and
Khulu. Wishing
you many more
blessed years!
Mzi/JS Khubo

r Gogo and Khulu

Many happy returns on your
very special birthdays.

Stay blessed - always

Much love and God bless you both

Suku, Mammah + Kumbon
+
Children Family

xxxx

Khulu
wishing you a wonderful day

Your birthday is so special,
and Grandad you are, too,
So spend it in a special way
doing all you like to do!

Have a Great Day

From Bhekizulu, Kaye
Mzi and Zanele
Canada

To Nathan and Diphah,

May God watch over you,
not only on your birthdays
but through all the
years ahead

We hope you have a very
enjoyable celebration - you
are 2 very special people!
Sorry not to be with you but
our love and prayers surround
you.

Pastor-Chris + Brian

xxx

* Gogo and Khulu

Sit back and relax on this
great day to celebrate the lives
of two really great people

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

God has given a time to be born, a
time to live life and see all your
children grow up. A time to see your
grand children be born, a time to
see them grow into respectable young
men and women that you can be proud
of. Today on your birthday, God has
given you time to Rest, Relax and
watch all the time you have invested
in our family. VUSA NDLOVU (GATSHENI)

BEST
FATHER

Wishing YOU
so much happiness
on your birthday -
nobody DESERVES it
more than you, DAD.

Enjoy Your Special Day.

ADDY

Bishop Addy Kasi

*

KINI BABA

(FSD + 4000000)

+ Perfum for Mom
+ after shave for Dad
+ wallet.

HAVE THE WONDERFUL

90TH BIRTHDAY YOU DESERVE

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

from

ALBERT, SIMAMBILE, MBEREZELI

+ MTHOKOZISI

MTHUPHA

Sweet
MOM

A day THAT'S filled with
HAPPY THINGS...
Hope THAT'S WHAT THIS
BIRTHDAY BRINGS.

HAVE A
Lovely Time

ADDY

Bishop Addy Kasi

KINI MAMA

Wishing you a special day
that's full of happiness

Happy Birthday

from

ALBERT, SIMAMBILE, MBEREZELI

+ MTHOKOZISI

MTHUPHA

Wish you many
KINYOYO

Baba Thayo La Mama Silerzela
Amlope 90/85 yis May the good lord
be with you. Thank you for your informa
tive life which was enlight & taught
Shalom Elias Mambodale Moyo. 27/6/15

Baba la Mama Moyo, Silerzela amlope
Inkosi ilibusise. We wish you many
more,
May god bless you.
Yimi uMaNcube
Ka Elias Moyo

Mamma lo babq
 Siki fisela impilo ende,
 Sithanda ukubonga
 uNkulunkulu ngempilo
 Zenu. Likhule lize
 likhokhobe mithunzi
 yethu.

Naka Vusa
 lo George labantwana



* Mama,

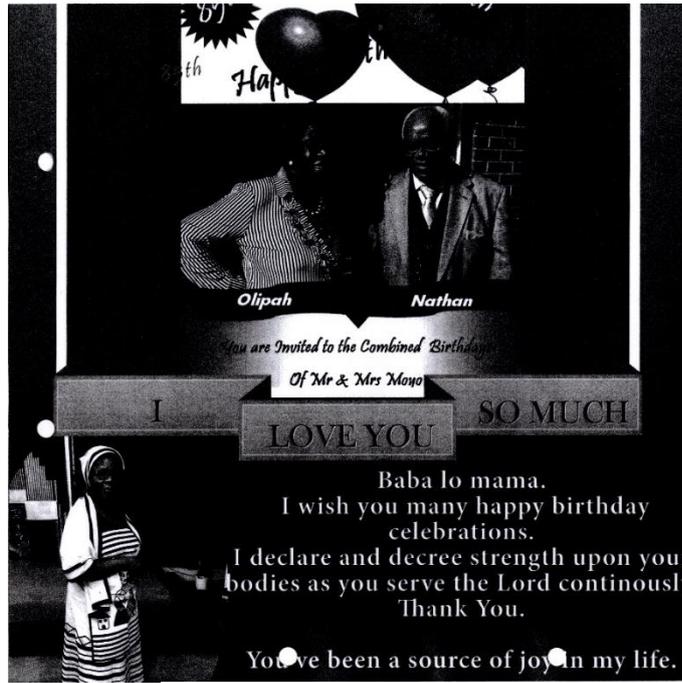
...and eighty-five years
 of wonderful moments
 that make you
 the person you are

*2

Enjoy your day

Novie, Mkhwenyana, Morekhesing
 & Nontobeko,
 Nthando, Sandie & Raymond
 Lokubekozela, Malinga,
 Tugulethu, & Sibusiso (USA)
 Abantwana baka Novie

You are a mother, granny
 (wife of Uncle) Auntie, sister
 to many. We thank God for
 your life. You are our Role
 models. We are proud of
 you. May he provide, Peace &
 protect you Always. On behalf
 of all abantwana baka Lolie



Baba

HAVE THE WONDERFUL

90TH BIRTHDAY YOU DESERVE

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

We thank God for your life, He is GREAT for keeping you, so strong and in one piece. We love you, you are our Parents Our ROLE MODELS; Umthunzi wethu sonke.

All the best

Novie, Neube abazukulu, u more blessings, Nontobeko Michelle Notkando, Sandie, lo Ray. Noxie & family USA

mama Mayo
 Siyabonga ku Twixo yena
 olinike ~~85~~ eighty-five years
 of wonderful moments
 that make you
 the person you are

Enjoy your day
 Sitshaya iblombe "Khulakho"
 ungakholakholo, Gonda Mbo
 Uze uphutshe uhambo
 lwakho!
 Umtanachho
 Mrs Mabuzo F.

Baba Mayo SAMHlophe

CONGRATULATIONS
 IN YOUR
NINETIETH
BIRTHDAY

May the Lord God Almighty
 watch over you! Protect
 you to the end. I pray
 that the last lap of your journey
 be pain free in Jesus Name
 Umtanachho Mrs F. MABUZA

To: Baba
 Siyabonga unlimu



for your great day.

Sikulelwa many
 more blessings

THIS BRINGS CONGRATULATIONS
 ON YOUR NINETIETH BIRTHDAY
 MAY IT BE SIMPLY WONDERFUL
 IN EVERY SINGLE WAY

God bless you
 good.
 Githi Abantwa bako
 Rev. ELIAS La Muli

Bantwabami !!
 Congratulations to both of you.
 you have made it to this time
 through the all mighty, he will continue to bless you
 Love you lots.
 Da.. (Ka Gwama Dube)

Happy Birthday
 bomalume.
 We thank God for
 your lives, wishing
 you many more
 years of good health &
 happiness.
 Mandi

Happy Birthday to
 you both and
 May the Dear Lord
 continue watching over
 you and Blessing you
 with many more years
 of good health.
 Love Mthamris

Happy Birthday
 My dearest
 Uncle & Aunt
 God Bless
 LOVE FREDA
 Kungo

Happy birthday
 godlot gogo
 love
 Monica (Freda)

Happy Birthday hope you
had a ~~big~~ great day
many more.
Melissa.

Happy birthday
Madelon (Freda)

Happy Birthday, Hope you had
a lovely day
God Bless you. (Mongi)
Freda

Happy Birthday
may god bless you,

(Samak)
Freda.

Happy Birthday
Love

EN & NO Freda

Happy birthday
Uncle and Auntie
Best wishes
with love from
Sipho

Happy & blessed
birthday Mr & Mrs,
we thank God for
bringing you this
far. Good health
& great blessings in the
years to come.
Ludi d'Giyani Sola

Happy birthday
Cogo & family
Love you deently xxx
MRS WABELE (LORATO)
AND family

Happy Anniversary
Cogo & Shumba
Ntshelwe ubuzana
Ngumzulu
Buni

Happy birthday
Love
Michaela (Frecha)

Happy Birthday!
Love Joshua Piliwe

17

Happy Birthday
Love OBI

Happy Birthday
Grandma & Grandpa
Love
Shanty, Tameka, Talulla.

Happy Birthday
Love Sam

Happy Birthday
Love Joshua Moyo

Happy Birthday, May ~~your~~
your days be free from
aches & pains. Umalukya
na wenu umsihanda
Unak a Gugu X X X

Happy Birthday
Gogo + Khulu
Stayed blessed.
Gugu Nwile
Ake

Happy Birthday Khulu
hope you have a good
day and wish many more
years to come

Boss

Great to be
here, witnessing
this
being part of
iconic event -
happy birthday to you
both. * now *
miss to see * power *
(Tina's soul)

Happy Birthday Khulu to Gogo
Have a wonderful day
and wish you many
more.
Love
Andrew

God gave us the gift of life -
It is up to us to give ourselves
the gift of living well.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
KHULU LOGOGO
LOTS OF LOVE
MZWAZWA

Gogo & Khulu
Wishing you a
very happy
birthday. Hugs &
Kisses, Noma X

Janet

MR & MRS MOYO
Happy birthday
and enjoy your
day. may the
good Lord Bless
you with many
more.

LOVE
YUSA & FAMILY
SWANA

Gogo Ngithi khala uze
utshi ya yini u Oa.

Happy birthday & a
blessed long life to both
of you, gogo lo khulu
Mbedopi

Wishing you both a very
happy birthday! May
God bless you both.
Roger & Susan Godes

Have a wonderful
Day, stay blessed
- Margaret Family
Wishing you
many more years
happy

Congratulations on
your Birthdays,
Many blessings.
Amhlophe
Morgan & Colleen

Happy Birthday Gogo Lokhulu.
From Kevin and family.

Agony. Ngwenya.
From Mrs Kevin Ngwenya.
- Wish you many
more years To come.
- So Blessed and
- Thankfull of the
fruitful years. God
Bless you Once more.

MR & MRS MOYO
Happy birthday
and enjoy your
day. may the
good Lord Bless
you with many
more.

LOVE
YUSA & FAMILY
SWANA

Gogo Ngithi khala uze
utshi ya yini u Oa.

Happy birthday & a
blessed long life to both
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Congratulations on
your Birthdays,
Many blessings.
Amhlophe
Morgan & Colleen

Happy Birthday Gogo Lokhulu.
From Kevin and family.

Agony. Ngwenya.
From Mrs Kevin Ngwenya.
- Wish you many
more years To come.
- So Blessed and
- Thankfull of the
fruitful years. God
Bless you Once more.

cousin/Uncle

cousin/Auntie

Congratulations on your 90th birthday

We thank God for the years his given to you
may He continue to bless you.
Have a great day.

from
Dah & Mandi
Wama

auntie Olipah,
Psalm 91v1.

Wishing you a special day
that's full of happiness
Happy Birthday

We thank God for your good
life, continue to inspire others.
God bless
From
Dah & Mandi
Gwama

Wishing you a special day
that's full of happiness

Happy Birthday
Hope you enjoy your
special day. May the
Lord bless you and
keep you and make
His face shine on you.
We thank God for your
life and the
love you show us as
a family. God bless
you for the care and
encouragement you
have shown to all

Phathokuhle and Sihle,

Love to Nieces
Phathokuhle and Sihle.

35 + 35
£70.00

MALUME NATHAN,
Psalm 91v1.

HAVE THE WONDERFUL

90TH BIRTHDAY YOU DESERVE
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HOPE
YOU ENJOY YOUR SPECIAL
DAY.
MANY HAPPY RETURNS

We thank God for your
life and the love He made
you to be to us. You are
such a blessing and an
example to us as a family.
God bless you for the love
and kindness you have
shown us as a family.
May the Lord bless you
and keep you and yours

Happy Birthdays
Bomalume
S. Mafu (Arembi)

Happy birthday Baba and Mama.
We will always admire and be
amazed at how well you have
aged. You remain Spring Chickens,
putting us to shame.
Many happy returns.

Njabulo, Eunice & family.

Happy birthday uncle & aunt.
Wish you many more happy returns.
Stay blessed as you are a blessing
to us. Love Sdu & family.

B/D messages

"Congratulation Sisi and Dad. We almost missed this big day
because of pass port delays. However, your celebrations has
been ablesing and a chain link for our families and relatives,
having met my grand nephew Bheké and his daughter from as far as
Canada. May God add more and more years to your
lifespan. Your sister Dolly Gwezha Ngwenya and husband
Trust Tafe Moyo

"Congratulation Sisi Cliphah and Boo Nathan" We thank
God for this day. And also thank our children who
planted for this, God bless them all, yesterday when we
arrived at the air port and today we are here, it
is all a dream come true. Be blessed to day and
the coming years. your brother Trust Tafe Moyo

HAPPY BIRTHDAYS
Khulu 90 & Gogo 85
It is an honour to
be among this large
Celebration. Wishing
you both many more.
I love you both you
even more. Hope you
like your presents I gave
you. Love Thadi Mababke

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
GOGO AND KHULU
MUM

Happy Birth day
makhulu
I love you
fondly
+

Happy birthday
to both of you!
Siyajabulo bozali inkosi
iliphe umpilo ende!
They say grey hair is a crown
of glory! God bless both
of you in abundance
Andie Dhlamini

Happy birthday mum & dad.
Eyes have fallen in
pleasant places in your
life. You have a
gorgeous heritage.
I love you.
Daphne & family

Wishing you all
the best
Gogo & Khulu
Love Carol
Kamago

Happy Birthday
Khulu + Gogo.
You guys are
an inspiration +
you both play
a huge role in
my life. I thank
God for both
of your lives.
stay blessed
lots of love
Blessing xox
Ndebele

Baba Seka Dumisani
We are so proud of you in
life. you have achieved
goals. God has a PURPOSE
about you, its very rare for
our people to celebrate
this milestone Age. May he
continue to PROVIDE, PEACE
and PROTECT you. HAPPY
BIRTHDAY, & wish you MANY MORE
NATIVE PLEASANT ONES
& FAMILY, All Anns
children

Mama Olipha
You are a Mum
a friend, An advisor or an
Advocate to us all. May
the PRECIOUS LORD,
PROTECT, PROVIDE you
with more PLEASANT
years, full of Peace.
We love you all. HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!
NORIE & FAMILY on behalf
behalf of all LILIE'S children

I Love
You
Very
Much
Coco (Mama)
Dorothy (Mama)

Happy birthday Mum & Dad
Love
Lawrence Carol & Melissa

Happy Birthday
May God bless
with many more
years to come
:)

Happy birthday
Mr & Mrs Mayo
Thank u for
looking and
hearing Dolly
for me!

Happy Birthday
Coco. The Lord has
blessed you with so
many years. It surely
lies in the Agweanya
genes. We wish you
many more prosperous
years to come.
from Dorothy & family

Happy birthday
Aca S & Aca (Mama)

Have
a Happy
birthday
From
Cora
X

90th Birthday Pictures











