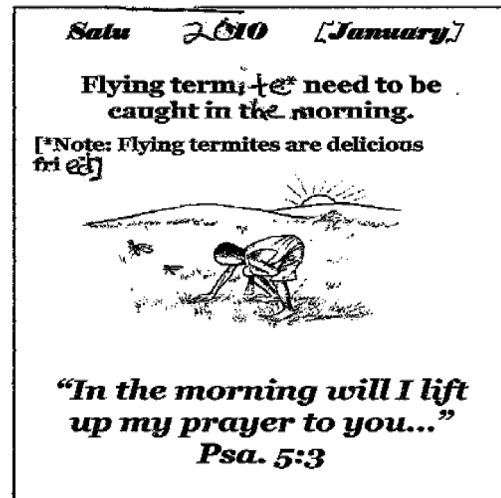


c/o AIM
P.O. Box 1414
Mwanza, Tanzania
East Africa
23 September 2009

Dear Brothers and Sisters at COD,

It has been a long time since I sent you an update because I have been busy meeting a deadline. At the end of this month, the Africa Inland Church (AIC) is celebrating a Jubilee – their 100th anniversary. There will be a week-long celebration where many hundreds of Tanzanians will be gathering to sing and to listen to choirs and messages. What a wonderful opportunity to sell publications!



Up to now the only book we had published was Hapo Mwanzo, the Genesis stories in comic strip form, which was published and dedicated in June. (Cassette tapes and CD's of the entire book are also available, which include Swahili songs composed and recorded especially for the book.)

Anyway, I wanted to complete six more projects for the Jubilee:

- *a recording of Sukuma Christmas hymns that I used to hear when I was a child. (The churches changed to Swahili after independence and Sukuma hymns are not sung in the churches much anymore, although the older folks love them.)*
- *a Swahili translation of the memoirs my father wrote about his first term in Tanzania from 1937-1946. (This is part of the history of the AIC, which grew from the Africa Inland Mission with which my parents worked.)*
- *three little books of Sukuma stories that were written during the writers' workshop we had earlier this year.*
- *a 2010 calendar, with illustrated Sukuma proverbs and Scripture verses. (See example at the top of this letter, which is translated into English.)*

Those were a lot of projects to do in just a few months! We worked all day, and many nights I worked until midnight. It was wonderful to have young, energetic Sulemani (Solomon) Ngallaba as my right hand man. He went back and forth to get illustrations from our gifted Sukuma artist or to Bishop Nyagwaswa to get the Swahili translation of my father's memoirs, worked with different people to get the Swahili translation of the Sukuma stories, took my computer to our computer 'fundu' when it had a problem, and served as my 'feet' in many other ways. Often he would say, "Mama Naomi, let's pray!"

In the end we completed five of the six projects. One of the little story books didn't get done; we will do that after the Jubilee.

As I write this letter, the illustrated book of my father's memoirs has been printed in diglot (Swahili and English), two story books are in press, the calendar is ready to go to press, and the Sukuma Christmas recordings have arrived. (The CDs and tapes were duplicated by one of our Wycliffe members who lives in Southern Tanzania.) The printer says the remaining publications

can be completed by Sept. 29, when the Jubilee begins. I still need to put wrappers around the Christmas CDs and tapes, but the pressure is off and I am feeling much more relaxed.

Sulemani has gone to visit a sick uncle in Dar es Salaam. He will be returning this week, and will be available to help with selling the books and recordings during the week of the Jubilee.

Thank you, dear folks at COD, for your continued prayer and financial support. Thank you, too, for the extra gift you sent me from the Missions Festival. Next year I hope to be with you at the Festival. In fact, Lord willing, I will be living next to the church on and off during the months of April and May next year (2010). I trust it will be a chance to get to know many of you better.

You are an important part of the work here. The projects that you have helped us to complete will make many Tanzanians feel significant, and will hopefully draw them closer to the God who loves them even if they don't speak a language that is considered important by the world's standards.

May God make each one of you a blessing in your corner of His vineyard!

In His love,

Naomi (Glock)

The following is a story from one of the new *Nalizukwa... [I remember...]* booklets. The Sukuma people have very little literature to make them fluent readers of the Sukuma Bible. We hope to be preparing several more booklets to give them additional literature in their own language and culture.

Mbiti

Nalizukwa aho nakatolwa, nene nu ngoshi wane tukigasha ng'wipande Iya Bukandi ng'waka gumo. Ng'waka gumo gwenuyo tukizugila, niyo tubiza kale nu kuko twafuma. Lushiku lomo ngoshi wane wali waja kuma myenda ya shigukulu atashokile.

Huna lulu
alashika lwenilo yali
bujiku. Nubunwa
kububala, nufuma
hanze nasubale. Aho
natali ukububala jiyola
inzwili, huna nibuja ishi
ki? Ikanza ilebe
nuyibona mbiti
yitundaga kunu itnilolela.



Aho yanilolaga henaho, nuduma nukupela.
Nogohaga gete! Tulilola nayo imbiti yenyo. Nayo gashina ukunu yanilolelaga, nu nene nayilolelaga.

Mbiti yenyo yakanoga lulu yubuka yisonga kayila tjile, nguno yali hiki ng'wibalabala. Aho yakingila ng'wibalabala henaho yulibila. Nubuka lulu nali pela mukaya. Nushika nukagwa na kujima kakanza lulu!

Aho kabita kakanza kado, nubamuka kunu naidetema. Nubuka nugushosha u nyango wangu wangu.

Nalikuwila numugati ya numba natalalile.
nogohaga kalekaga ya kusombola! Kufumila ikanza lyenilo noya nukufuma hanze bujiku, kulwa kukangwa na mbiti yenyo.

[Of course the size of type and spacing is larger in the booklet, but I am saving space here.]

The Hyena

I remember when I first got married, my husband and I went to live close to Bukundi for a year. We were far from home and lived by ourselves. One day my husband went to sew clothes for a celebration and he stayed overnight.

That night I needed to go outside to go to the bathroom. Suddenly I felt that something was there. I asked myself, "What is it?" I looked ahead and saw a hyena looking straight at me.

I was so petrified, I couldn't even move. The hyena and I just kept staring at each other.

After a while the hyena went on its way. We were close to the road, next to the bush. When it got to the road, it disappeared. I got up and ran to the house, and when I got inside I fell to the ground in a dead faint.

When I came to myself, I got up trembling. I went to the door and closed it as fast as I could.

I tell you, I was so afraid that I couldn't sleep all night. Because of that hyena, I don't go outside the house at night anymore.