



JBMS NEWSLETTER

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MUTEMWA – 26TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

It is always a joy to go to Mutemwa – and at this time, in particular, as the jacaranda walk, so beloved to John Bradburne, is now in bloom. I have been up there recently, visiting the lepers and destitute - it was a lovely visit, as the September moon was full in the darkness of the night – and I could hear the drums and the singing of young people who had climbed the mountain, Chigona, for an all-night vigil. Mutemwa is very special to the pilgrims, especially the young who take on the challenge of Mount Chigona.

The 26th Anniversary Celebrations were wonderful this year. They were organised as usual by the JBMS Welfare Organisation, Zimbabwe. As far as I could make out the numbers were the biggest so far. The ceremonies began at the John Bradburne site, at the newly erected altar, at 3 p.m. on Saturday 3rd September. Fr Fanuel Magwidi, OFM, led the Rosary as the crowds began to gather. This was followed by a Penitential Service and the opportunity for the Sacrament of Reconciliation. Many availed of this opportunity for Confession.

Towards evening the Pilgrims were welcomed by Barbara Muyengwa, Chairperson of the JBMS (Zim) and by Auxilia Chiviya, Administrator of the Leprosarium. Testimonies re John were then given. An excellent testimony was given by Mr Chris Kabasa. He knew John when he was at Silveira House, and gave a very fine comprehensive account of John's life and his love for St Francis of Assisi. A beautiful testimony was also given by Colleta Mafuta, a resident at Mutemwa.

After the testimonies, a carved bust of John was presented and placed in the Abduction Hut. As I placed the bust in the Hut I recalled, for the people gathered around, that it was on the 2nd September 1979 that John was led away never to return. In a sense this Hut is a place of Gethsemane. The Hut has now been cleaned and prepared as a place of quiet prayer. A large crucifix will be placed on the wall inside.

Before the Evening Mass, a talk on the Eucharist was given by Fr Kenneth Makamure of Chishawasha Seminary. He spoke of the importance of living out the meaning of the Eucharist – giving ourselves in love in the service of others. The evening Eucharist was concelebrated. The principal Concelebrant was Fr Emmanuel Gurumombe, SJ, who also preached. Concelebrating the Mass with Fr Gurumombe were Frs Makamure, Liam McCarthy OFM, Fanuel Magwidi OFM, Fr Shaun Von Lillienfeld (South Africa) and Fr Thomas Kambire of All Souls Mission. This year the theme of the pilgrimage was the Eucharist – “Stay with us Lord”. After the Mass – celebrated with such fervour – the Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the Altar, and a time of Adoration followed, and concluded with Benediction. It was now time for the many pilgrims to ascent the Mountain. What a spectacle! – the long line of pilgrims with lighted torches ascending the mountain making the Way of the Cross. They had come to remember John Bradburne – the Pilgrim from England, the one who loved and cared for the Lepers – the one who wished to stay at Mutemwa and so

was gunned down as he made his way back to his beloved lepers. When one sees the long line of Pilgrims of Africa – remembering the offering made by this Pilgrim from England who came among them – this for me is surely the miracle of Mutemwa. The pilgrims spent the night on the Mountain. Br Hosea OFM prayed with them and gave an inspiring talk. As the sun rose on Sunday morning – they all came down from the mountain and gathered at the Site for the morning Mass. The Celebrant and preacher was Fr Thomas Kambire. He gave a memorable homily on forgiveness. Among the concelebrants was Fr Shaun from South Africa. Fr Shaun is a faithful devotee of John Bradburne, and travels each year with a group from South Africa for the celebrations. Fr Dove, SJ, sadly could not be present this year. He has made a number of visits since – always making sure that the Lepers have Mass on Sundays. The parish priest, Fr Clifford Netekwa, arranges for Mass during the week.

The JBMS Welfare Organisation, Zimbabwe, continues to care for the spiritual development of the Site. It is hoped to have the Way of the Cross erected near the site, and eventually to have residential accommodation for those who may come to care spiritually for the pilgrims. As time moves on Mutemwa grows as a place of pilgrimage in Zimbabwe. The spirit of John Bradburne continues to make itself present – a spirit of prayer, a spirit of love, a spirit of caring for the poor and needy.

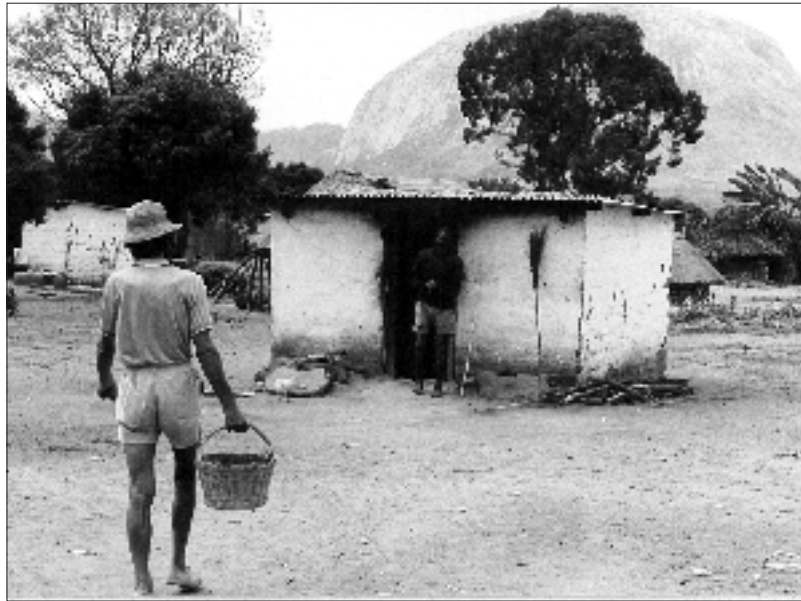
*by Fr. Liam McCarthy OFM,
Spiritual Director of JBMS Welfare
Organisation in Zimbabwe.*

IN THE LIKENESS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI by Fr Mark Elvins OFM Cap

John Bradburne had many characteristics in common with St. Francis, apart from his military background and his love of nature. Quite early on he joined the Third Order of St. Francis (now called the Secular Franciscan Order) and like Francis made the journey on foot to Rome singing and begging as he went, just like the early Franciscan friars. He prayed the Little Office of Our Lady, often in the company of other poor wayfaring men, and identified with the little poor man of Assisi.

John was descended from Godard de Bradburne, Lord of the Manor of Bradburne in the county of Derbyshire, in the reign of King John. As a young man, like Francis, he was fascinated by chivalry but more particularly like Francis he considered it a discourtesy to find anyone poorer than himself. Similarly his chivalry became the service of the poor and the outcast to his dying day. He was a natural itinerant and after Rome he set out for Jerusalem with five pounds in his pocket, living on the providence of God he travelled through the Holy Land and back to Europe. It was in Italy that he pledged his celibacy to Our Lady seeking her as his mystical spouse. Then on the death of his father he returned to England.

He then went to live in poverty at Ottery St. Mary, in his beloved Devon, singing and playing his recorder, calling himself the 'Jester of Christ' and 'Buffoon for the Lord'. Even a local journalist recorded his experiences as follows: "In this delightful backwater of tranquil England I discovered a charming, witty, well-spoken young man, who in a different setting, and a conventional suit of clothes, could have passed for an underwriter at Lloyds...



*John at Mutemwa Leprosy Settlement,
Chigona in background.*

Taken by Jim Drew of the Los Angeles Lay Mission Helpers Assoc.

he reminded me of a medieval minstrel singing his ditties 'neath castle walls, amusing all who passed by with his jests and eccentric routine."

In this, whether consciously or unconsciously, he imitated St. Francis who called his friars the *joculatori Domini* or the jesters of the Lord, and would often play the fool for the sake of the kingdom of heaven. However he was most like St. Francis in his love of lepers. After this period in Devon he travelled out to Africa and finally settled at a leper colony in Zimbabwe where he was to end his days as a martyr. Francis first found his vocation in embracing a leper on the outskirts of Assisi and began his ministry nursing the lepers at the local leprosarium.

John Bradburne, like Francis, was a natural troubadour and would write verses such as the following:

So I sang the great *Laudate* psalm

And so the whole of creation rose up in calm
To praise the Lord on the height of heights
Where the body stands while the soul delights.

(*Laudate Dominum de Coelis* 1971)

Francis sought to live the Gospel life which he interpreted in a chivalric way, as a life of romantic renunciation through the courtship of Lady Poverty. Like a spiritual knight he quested for the Kingdom of Heaven seeking out the poor and the most wretched to serve their needs. John Bradburne would seem to have been driven by a similar ideal, certainly his love of chivalry compares with St. Francis as does his spiritual interpretation of the knightly code. Francis sought martyrdom but instead suffered the mystical martyrdom of the stigmata, but John Bradburne in his search for martyrdom found it in serving his beloved lepers.

Visit To Mutemwa

“None of us lives for himself, nor dies for himself. If we live, we live for the Lord, and if we die, we die for the Lord” (Romans 14: 8).

Almost 20 years ago, whilst working as a priest in Zambia, I became inspired and encouraged by something I read about a remarkable man, John Bradburne, who seemed to embody so much of the Franciscan and Gospel charisms of poverty, love and service. Here, at last, was a modern man who did not just speak about an ‘option for the poor’ but opted! I sent off for the videos and read the fascinating book ‘Strange Vagabond of God’, and found I could not get enough of reading and learning about him. ‘One day’, I thought, ‘I might be lucky enough to visit Mutemwa and there touch his spirit’.

Earlier this year, that wish came true. However, before that, years passed and a time of darkness and brokenness came upon me. Looking back, it was the storm before the calm. During that period of time, to say I was explicitly aware of God’s or John Bradburne’s presence would be fanciful; but in retrospect I am deeply aware of being led through a dry, daunting desert to a place of light and love internally; and externally in the form of the ‘Mother of Peace Community’, a few kilometres from ‘John’s Mutemwa’. As he sat on his hill, Chigona, gazing across to Mutemwa Hill, in the lee of which nestles this special community of ‘Aids orphans’ and carers, I wonder did he see what would be? Perhaps, perhaps not, but I believe he gazes still and helps inspire this ongoing miracle of love and life. In my own ‘heart’s eye’ I too gaze at the MOPC and Mutemwa, feeling deeply privileged and very humbled to be invited, at the end of next year, to be chaplain there and to John’s friends at Mutemwa.

I have a deeply strong sense of John, my brother



Englishman, leading me in a dry and seemingly aimless journey through deserts to this life-giving oasis. Thank you John. As I prepared, earlier this year, to visit a troubled Zimbabwe, I felt as though a dream had become reality, and my heart had finally ‘come home’. Setting off, with friends accompanying me, for Heathrow Airport, I found a bee had made a home in the car and was very loathe to leave; surely a little sign from John of encouragement that he was accompanying me at the beginning of this journey ‘home’. On being privileged to celebrate three masses with the residents of Mutemwa and to spend a night in prayer in John’s hut, I found myself weeping tears of joy and gratitude. ‘When John was among us, we felt that Christ was with us’, said one of the, now elderly, women of Mutemwa leper village.

I find myself introducing John to nearly everyone I meet, in the hope that they too, will come to know and love him. One such person is Christine from Glossop (my last parish) to whom I introduced John, when she came to my house. She now has an overwhelming sense of John’s presence around her continuously. Her good friend Alice (now 84) was diagnosed with cancer earlier

this year, and, critically ill, was given just 3 months to live. Christine explains that during *her* worst anxious moments during the summertime, many bees visited her garden, and she experienced a deep sense of presence, peace and reassurance. She knows it is John, and, as she relates this to me, experiences shivers down her back in a most pleasant way.

Alice has had a very favourable report from the hospital, is very contented, and waits peacefully for God to call her home. Christine is convinced this is through the intercession and blessings of John Bradburne. In the poignant Irish expression she feels ‘the veil is very thin here between heaven and earth’; between herself, Alice and John.

Fr John Sobrino SJ, says not only must we make an option to ‘save the poor’; we must also make a choice to ‘let ourselves be saved by them’. Only through this two-way option can we move forward towards Ernst Block’s ‘utopia’, so that ‘the world can become a home for human beings’. Following the example of Jesus ‘who came to bring good news to the poor’ and the great St. Francis who became one with the poor, I feel John epitomises

the action of the 'Good Samaritan' who bandages the obvious physical wounds and not so obvious 'heart wounds' with compassion and concern. As I mentioned to those residents of Mutemwa afflicted with leprosy, that just as you needed John, so too he needed you, and you helped form him into the saint we believe him to be. It is a two-way street.

Would you kindly pray for the intercession of John, that my forthcoming ministry at the MOPC and Mutemwa will be fruitful.

'Do not wear yourself out trying to be rich, do not dwell on it. Set your eyes on wealth and it no longer exists; it sprouts

wings and flies into the sky like an eagle" (Proverbs 23:5).

An ode to John (Book of Job 29: 11-14)

'Whoever heard me, spoke well of me, and those who saw me commended me, for I rescued the poor who cried for help, the fatherless and the unassisted. I was blessed by the dying man; I turned to peace the widow's pining. I was wearing my honesty like a garment, my integrity was my robe and headband. I was eyes to the blind and

feet to the lame, father to the needy, the stranger's advocate.

(slightly adapted: *headband* instead of turban!!)

Fr. David A. Everitt



JOHN BRADBURNE A VERY ENGLISH SAINT

by Fr Stephen de Kerdrel

A very curious characteristic among the English middle classes, especially those who have been educated at Public Schools is this; they show varying degrees of embarrassment about being English, and long to be something else that is rather more exciting or romantic. I do not think that this was the case for John Bradburne. He saw himself as an Elizabethan, which might give one a clue. What is the problem then with being English, a problem heightened by the appalling behaviour of our football hooligans? Please note that the Scottish football fans abroad are loved. To find an answer to this depressing puzzle we must cast our minds back to the conversion of the English by Gregory the Great's mission to England which was led by the somewhat timid St Augustine. This was the beginning of an extraordinary mission which was to have its counterpart in the mission from Iona led by St Aidan.

However, of the Gregorian mission one thing must be kept in mind, that this was the first Papal mission since St Paul's great missionary work, and it

began a love affair between the English and Rome, which was only destroyed at the Reformation. The great Catholic Church Historian Philip Hughes says of Gregory's foundation of the English Church that it was "the most papal of all extra-Roman Churches". I have heard it said that seven of the Anglo Saxon kings abdicated and made the pilgrimage to Rome. I suspect that this is something of an exaggeration; I counted three or four, which is still an impressive number. We do know that England was called "The Island of Saints", that it was and still is Mary's dowry. And it must be said that the English were an emotional and rumbustious people. On the eve of the Reformation the French were shocked at the English kissing apparent strangers. But what of this; you would see the English walking about saying their rosaries? It must also be remembered that Walsingham was the fourth greatest pilgrimage site, coming after Rome, Jerusalem and Compostella. The English were also in the 15th century enthusiastic church builders. In fact Norfolk has more medieval churches per square

mile than anywhere else in all Christendom.

Then with the Reformation the heart was ripped out of England, that heart was the monastic and religious life, but above all it was the Eucharist. Horrifyingly in the early 18th century Queen Anne, either at her Coronation or before, utterly repudiated the Eucharist and showed that hatred for it was as active as ever. Those who gained from this terrible crime were the emerging middle classes and new rich. Their legacy has, I suspect, affected their descendants the English middle classes; that legacy has been money, pleasure, respectability and an isolation from that Catholic heart which is full of fun and exuberance and a sanctifying of all that is sanctifiable. We can only witness the feast days throughout Catholic Europe and Latin America. Protestant Christianity does not have this life enhancing joie de vivre. If anyone was asked whether they would prefer a Spanish fiesta or go to tea with the local vicar, I think most of us would plump for the former. A terrible materialism was the apparently delicious fruit that was given to

the new 16th century English establishment, but like Eve's apple it was to drive the English from their Eden, which was the Catholic Church.

However the Good Lord has sent us, in John Bradburne, an Englishman to the core, one who loved his cakes and ale, and whose sense of fun re-illuminates all that is English. He was 15 when that other great Catholic Englishman, G. K. Chesterton, died and who in his great poem The Ballad of The White Horse gives us in Alfred The Great the quintessence of what it means to be English. Nowhere do we find what this well spring of English holiness means than when Our Lady appears to Alfred to exhort him to courage

in the face of the ferocious Danes and says:

"The gates of heaven are lightly locked,
We do not guard our gain,
The heaviest hind may easily
Come silently and suddenly
Upon me in a lane

But you and all the kind of
Christ
Are ignorant and brave,
And you have wars you hardly
win
And souls you hardly save.

I tell you naught for your
comfort,
Yea, naught for your desire,
Save that the sky grows darker
yet
And the sea rises higher.

Night shall be thrice night over
you,
And heaven an iron cope.
Do you have joy without a
cause,
Yea, faith without a hope?"

This is the same language that John talked. He had those English virtues of courage, and courtesy, but he had that great mirth of the Elizabethan martyrs, the homeliness of Chaucer, and the romance of Shakespeare, a secret Catholic, it would appear. This English Francis from the exotic chaos of Africa blessed the English with his love of the Medieval, and above all by his devotion to Our Lady, and his magnificent following of Christ which bore that greatest of fruits namely martyrdom.

RECOLLECTIONS AND MEMORIES

The little daughter (aged perhaps 6 or 7) of a Mabelreign couple was abducted and held to ransom. Mabelreign is a northern suburb on the outskirts of the capital, Salisbury, as it was then called.

Shortly afterwards the parents received a note demanding money and stipulating the time and place of the deposit.

After discussion with the police, it was agreed to comply with the note, but the police would find a place of concealment nearby. This was done and the kidnapper successfully arrested. He led his captors to a disused and isolated hut, possibly used by gold prospectors at one time.

The little girl was soon restored to her anxious parents, apparently in good health and none the worse for her ordeal of a week. However, as a precaution, her mother had her medically examined. The local G.P. gave her a clean bill of health but pronounced himself amazed at her composure following what should have been a terrifying experience.

This is what she told her mother at home. The one who took her away to the hut would

bring her food and drink every morning before locking her in for the day. But she was not lonely because a man named John would come to play and talk to her, telling her stories and always smiling or laughing. She described him as tall, thin, with a beard, wore a long brown robe and a red band to keep his hair tidy.

The mother was inclined to think that her daughter had a make-believe friend, until she mentioned the red headband. This jogged the mother's memory and looking through a drawer she pulled out a photo and showed it to her daughter. The little girl cried out with delight "That's him! That's John! He came to see me every day." Since the mother had never mentioned or talked about John Bradburne, their daughter could not have known of him, or subconsciously have transferred her knowledge in the emotion of the moment.

Finally, regarding the half forgotten photograph in colour, was this coincidence or was it not God's way of showing his great love and mercy for each of his children. Not one sparrow falls to the ground but that our Father in Heaven knows about it.

My second recollection concerns an elderly couple. The wife had to stay at home in bed

suffering from cancer, and her husband looked after her. Her bedroom door was always open and gave on to a passage to the kitchen.

One day whilst her husband was making her a cup of tea in the kitchen, she was greeted by a smiling bearded stranger, with a red headband and a long brown monk's habit. She heard that he was called John and thought that her husband had invited him in to see her. After spending a short while cheering her up, he left.

When her husband appeared she asked if he had given tea to their visitor John. The husband denied all knowledge of having seen or spoken to anyone. A visitor would have passed him in the passage.

Unfortunately it was not recorded whether or not the lady was cured but she was blessed by John and certainly felt much better for having seen him. Neither of them knew about John. Perhaps one day there will be some confirmation of this remarkable occurrence, the story passed down to descendants or friends.

Finally, I recall that my late sister-in-law Maryse once nearly sat on John, perched beside the cross on his favourite mountain, Chigona, and gazing down on the leprosy settlement of Mutemwa that he

had graced and sanctified for so long. I can vouch for the incident though I did not have the pleasure of seeing John's spirit.

If God wants to be honoured by adding our dear saint to His pantheon, He will do so in Heaven, where John and many other unknown saints are glorifying our heavenly Father.

**Derek Van der Syde
Bournemouth**

I am writing to fill you in on my knowledge of John as a person. I knew him whilst he was at Mutemwa. He was an amazingly quiet and humble individual, very easy on the nerves and considering his remarkable gifts, most self-effacing. I consider it one of life's greatest privileges to have met him, and have his picture next to my bed. I also pray the novena prayer every day.

John and Fr Dove SJ were both able to involve themselves unreservedly in the work of Jesus here on earth, on whose life they modeled their own. Unfailingly gentle and kind to allcomers regardless of status or rank, true peacemakers. I thank the Lord and His Blessed Mother that Fr Dove is still amongst the living and remains an inspiration in these difficult times.

My question is. What does it do for John Bradburne now to be canonized? I can't see that it would add anything to his happiness. If he is recognized on earth as a saint though, it would show the proper discernment of those now living. If they are not able to see his sanctity, I should say it would reflect a lack of God's grace in themselves.

**Cherry Methven
Cape Town, South Africa**

My association with dear John was brief but most enjoyable. He was a most valued friend and for a short period we both shared the same mission, to get round the world working as seamen. My father's sudden death thwarted the whole scheme

IN MEMORY OF JOHN BRADBURNE

O John, we rejoice as we call on your name,
Remembering 'twas you who ignited the flame
That rendered Mutemwa so holy, so blest,
A place of refreshment where pilgrims could rest.

As we climb up Chigona and follow your way,
Who knows how the Spirit will guide us today?
Shall we dance with the sun, or see colours unfold?
Shall our rosaries turn there from silver to gold?

And what of our souls when your prayer path they see?
Shall they soar like an eagle, or buzz like a bee?
From your place up in Heaven, look down on us all,
And bless the dear children who answer your call.

**By Derek Van Der Syde
Mutemwa September 6th 1996**

unfortunately. It was a daring challenge that 'withered on the vine' in the face of such adversity.

In the Autumn of 1949, John Bradburne and I wanted to go round the world together by sea, and visited Plymouth, Bristol and Liverpool with this aim in mind. "Go to Fleetwood" we were advised... "and get some sea-going experience". So we did, and got work on separate trawlers, the 'Coningsby' and 'The Marinda'. We were Stokers Apprentices.

Both trawlers were away for a week and a half. On completion of my second trip I was into Fleetwood before John, and contacted by the Police, who asked me to meet my family in Worcester, where my father had been in a fatal accident.

Thus ended my sea-going experience. John quit the sea too, and I saw little of him subsequently. But those two trawlers pitched us into a very boisterous Atlantic/North Sea area, briefly and excitingly. I often wonder how we both would have fared if we'd been able to continue our life on the ocean waves unhindered!?

John wrote some lines and music for me to celebrate my short visit to St. Kilda's Isle,

which I treasure. It haunts my dreams.

ST. KILDA'S AIR

Holy Isle oh lone St Kilda's Isle,
Hilly home of gulls and nimble sheep,
Little land of solitude and sleep,
Let me lingering hear your voice awhile.

'Tis the voice of waves and sunsets made,
Wind-wild song of cloud-herd for his flocks,
Sound of seas retreating from bare rocks,
Echoes mingling where your children played.

Centuries of children knew your shore,
Many generations loved you well,
Now your village knows mankind no more,
Undisturbed the great white gannets dwell.

And the Saint who made his name your own,
Still remains and sings amidst your airs,
Ever tunes your anthem which compares
With the music in His Heavenly Home.

JRB November 1947
**Adrian Hardwicke
Glastonbury, Somerset**

ZIMBABWE LEPROSY ASSOCIATION CHAIRPERSON'S REPORT COVERING AUGUST - OCTOBER 2005 By Marge Chigwanda

Mutemwa –

Total number of patients has been averaging 56 since the beginning of the year. Admissions in the last three months 1 (*we now only admit leprosy patients until Social Welfare increase their contributions for the upkeep of patients they refer*). Deaths: 2. One died from HIV and one from cardiac failure respectively in September. Total number to date: 51 i.e. 26 leprosy patients and 25 destitute patients.

Medical –

- Three leprosy patients are in the Tropical Disease Unit for ulcer treatment and care.
- One patient is still waiting to have dentures of which the material is not available.
- The rest of the leprosy patients are in fairly good health except for the frequent ulceration, which tends to be worsened by the extreme heat being experienced in the country. More bandages are required for dressings. The other patients continue to be cared for and monitored closely.

Home Visits –

- Three patients are currently on holiday visiting their relations.
- Food: Prices continue to soar. Two meals are served with beef per week down from three. The rest of the meals vary with vegetables, kapenta (small fish when available).
- The Grain Marketing Board has agreed to allocate Mutemwa 20 bags of maize monthly at the drought relief price of \$Z1000 000 instead of the current price of \$Z5000 000 per tonne at which we have been purchasing.

Donations –

- Water pump donated by Paul Fennes at a cost of \$Z24 400 000 million dollars has enabled a flourishing vegetable garden.
- Dominican convent (Germany) donated parcels of clothes as well as local communities.

- The Standard Chartered Bank (Zim) bought pots for the kitchen which were presented by Chief Mutoko, our guest speaker in October.
- Total cash donated amounted to some \$Z19,000 000 million from various donors who visited Mutemwa.
- SEDCO Loan - Mrs O. Muchena, Member of Parliament in Mutoko facilitated a loan of \$Z10 million for the purpose of starting a small chicken project (50 birds) at Mutemwa. The loan has a 30% interest and should be paid by April 2006.

Water Irrigation –

- Trench digging has commenced. So far 450 metres have been dug out of the 1200 metres. It is hoped that this will be completed by the end of October, before the rains come.

The JBMS Anniversary Celebrations –

- Held 3-4th September. The occasion went well. Very spiritually uplifting with excellent sermons. The administrator Auxillia Chiviya was formally introduced to the pilgrims and also gave a good speech. Thanks to JBMS (Zim) team who organised the day.
- In the future patients felt that they needed to continue to celebrate the day with beer and eats. This has been noted. Thanks to someone who donated \$180,000 towards the purchase of some beer, and patients had a small party.

Staff –

- Robert Panganai who doubles up as Nurse Aid and driver got married to a girl from the nearby Mother Of Peace (MOP) Community. This was a beautiful wedding attended by the administrator, chairperson and some patients at MOP. Congratulations!
- Two of the Nurse Aids attended a refresher course,

in caring for sick patients, at Marondera Hospital.

ZLA –

- Meetings: Members continue to meet monthly at Street Ahead. Thanks to the organisation which continues to give us the venue for free. We are pleased to announce that Fr Liam, as the spiritual director and a representative member from JBMS (Zim) will, from now on, regularly attend the meetings.
- New members: two new members joined. One of the members will be focused on fund raising – hopefully this will strengthen the weak arm of ZLA.
- Fund raising: A street collection coordinated by ZLA raised \$Z13 000 000 dollars. A very good effort considering the constraints of fuel, short notice etc. in organising the event.
- The chairperson represented ZLA at The Leprosy Mission farewell dinner for Stella Rouse who has retired and has been the director for 38 years here in Zimbabwe.

Issues under consideration –

- Sourcing bread from MOP. Donated bread from Lobels is proving expensive re logistics to collect it and store it for Mutemwa. The quality is also going down. Discussions are under way with MOP.
- Bulk buying so far has proved difficult but it is still on the cards.
- Companies to be approached to help with foot items (fund raising committee).
- Adopt a patient project still on the cards.

JBMS

- Finally, as ever, we thank JBMS (UK) for without their ongoing monthly donations Mutemwa would no longer exist.

Note: At current exchange rate £1 = 116,500 \$Zim.

MUTEMWA RESIDENT RAIKA MARUNGA

Raika is a Catholic woman aged 65 years. As a leprosy sufferer she wears orthopedic shoes. She had her left foot amputated due to leprosy. She was married and had two children, but was divorced because of the disease.

Raika is an independent person, and does all her own household chores unaided. She likes always to dress very smartly. Her relatives often come to visit her at Mutemwa.



GRATEFUL THANKS

Once again we thank all those who have contributed so much by supporting the work at Mutemwa throughout the year in so many ways.

We very much appreciate those who make contact by telephone, email and letters offering words of encouragement, and sending donations to help keep the work at Mutemwa going strong, and also our work of bringing John Bradburne's life to the attention of others via the prayer leaflets, booklets and newsletters.

We are especially grateful for the written testimonies you give, which are such a help in promoting John Bradburne's Cause. Without them we cannot progress the process, so please keep them coming in. They can vary from answers to prayers for the everyday things, recovery from illness, help with moving to a new home, help in troubled families etc., to the more 'miraculous', the list is endless. But we do know that in receiving these witness statements that John Bradburne is acting powerfully from above to intercede for very many people. These are being carefully collated for the Cause Dossier.

Deep gratitude for all the kindnesses you have shown in the past year to help one of very many good causes in the world. It is very much appreciated.

Celia Brigstocke – Secretary