

**Recollection of Mr. Edward Morrow,  
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I want to talk about 1930 in springtime. Mr. David Rough and I left Tibiri to go to Zinder because Arthur Lee was leaving for his holidays and we were going to replace him and his wife, but Mr. Rough didn't stay long in Zinder. We understood that the Lord did not call him to work in the Muslim area and he did not know how to deal with the work there. I got married in August 1930. My wife and I and served the Lord in Zinder and we returned back home 3 times, so that means we were in the field at Zinder for 15 years.

It was Mr. Ed Rice, who was called Daniya, who started the work of the Lord in Zinder. He visited Mr. Rough and me. He was the one who talked to me about Mr. Abba Moussa as a Hausa teacher. I had not yet spent one year in Africa. According to the mission policy, it was a priority to learn Hausa before I got married.

The first thing I remembered from Abba Moussa was not very good. He was working at M. Dufour's store, who was not a good man. He led him to drink alcohol, which Dufour should have known is blasphemy among the Muslims. One night I heard a call. We were sleeping on the second level of the old mission house. When I looked down, I saw Abba Moussa drunk and his wife was holding him. It was a pity. She helped him get to our neighborhood and he asked me for help. I refused and it was the first and last time I saw him drunk.

When we first started working together, we were quite satisfied with each other. We came to know that we have the same age, which means that we were born at the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. He spent some years in a government school. That is how we first started talking in French, but he was a wise teacher. He was so wise because we started talking very early in Hausa and I was able to pass all my SIM Hausa exams. I heard he practiced divination and astrology, but I could hardly accept this news. I also heard that he had started to doubt Islam. His father was an El Haji who had gone to Mecca. He had started to doubt when he heard that Muslims bowed down before the black stone at Mecca (in the Ka'bah). We were lucky to have him work with us since Zinder was a difficult area. The Muslims told everyone not to go into our house. Children were told not to approach us. Even adults were told not to come to us unless it was an emergency case. Abba Moussa did not pay attention to this. We were giving him some money for the Hausa lessons.

It was Mr. Lee who gave him a Bible in French. I had heard that Abba Moussa could read Arabic and I gave him an Arabic Bible too. He was very good at reading. He could have been a good Mallam (teacher) if he hadn't been drinking. At that time we received the New Testament in Hausa and we gave him that one as well. He really knew how to read. So he found himself with a Bible in three languages: Hausa, French and Arabic. From the Nile Mission Press, I received the Koran that contains some Bible passages in each surah of the Koran. I heard that he was really reading and trying to know all the

messages in the Bible. These Bible readings got his attention and later they won his heart.

We then left for our first furlough. We had left with a broken heart because we did not know if our work had any worth in Zinder. Why were we suffering so much? We were working with hard-hearted Muslims. Then we found out that there are other African people that want to hear the Gospel and to accept it. At first, we told our Mission superior that when we return back to Africa that we didn't want to go back to Zinder. But God had His will for us in Zinder. He's the one who led us to read Samuel Zwemer's and Lillias Trotter's books (on Islam evangelization). Their books were helpful and we felt that we had a burden for Muslims. We wrote letters to our supervisors that we now understood that we should indeed return to Zinder.

As soon as we came back to Zinder, Mr. Abba Moussa came to greet us. We were friends even though we didn't need him to teach us more Hausa. He continued to come to our house each day. We were discussing all of the time about God's word. He was always very calm, but one day we saw that he was troubled. He told us that he had had a dream the night before. He told us about his dream in which he was in a place that became dark. He said he was afraid of this darkness. Through this darkness, he saw someone who was veiled in black. He approached Abba Moussa. He knew it was the Prophet Mohammed. He said he was scared and he awoke with a shout. When he found out that it was just a dream, he returned to sleep. And then he had a second dream. At that time he was in a different area with a lot of light. He felt peace. At that time, in his dream, someone came to me wearing white clothes that were shining. He knew it was Jesus Christ.

Another day, Mr. Abba Moussa came with the bad news of his father's death. He had four brothers and he was the eldest among them. I did not know if he had any sisters since he never spoke of them. Because he was the oldest, it was his responsibility to divide his father's estate. Among the items was a farm east of Zinder. According to tradition, this farm would go to the sons and Abba Moussa invited me to the farm. We took horses to visit the farm, since there were no bicycles available at that time. I found Abba Moussa waiting in a hut near the road and so we went together to the farm. Abba Moussa revealed that he had walked the boundaries of his farm and had delimited one section into the shape of a cross.

We went on top of a hill at the farm and he showed me his father's land and he told me that he must divide it among his four brothers. He was going to give the two elder brothers here in Zinder the right half and the younger ones would get the left half and he would keep the middle. His parcel was shaped like a cross. I told him that I was happy for him and that I thought it was great that he kept the part that was shaped like a cross. Abba Moussa said in secret that he did this division on the farm because he loved the Master of the Cross. I told him that it was a good thing to love the Lord and I asked him if it is such a good thing to love the Lord, why don't he tell his neighbors, friends and brothers that he loved Christ. He then showed me one thing that he had planted and I felt

ashamed for pressuring him in this way. I had forgotten all the things I had learned from Muslims and it was evident that Abba Moussa wasn't yet ready to give his testimony.

Abba Moussa had been receiving answers to his prayers and I can assure you that he prayed in the name of God and in the name of the Prophet Jesus. There were two big events that happened on his farm and he came to the mission station to tell us about them. One day he had sent his wife and his children to the market in Old Zinder and he was alone in his room. He heard the thunder of locusts and he went he went outside where they filled the skies like a cloud. They were coming so fast that he could neither shout out nor move. When he returned to his room, he fell on his knees and he cried to the Lord to save his fields. The next day he went to the farm and saw that all had been preserved, but the locusts had eaten everything around it.

A second story deals with the rains. The rainy season had apparently come to an early close and Abba Moussa's crops were dying from lack of rain. Because he was impatient, he once again fell down on his knees to the Lord and spent a lot of time praying. Suddenly he heard the rains coming. He ran out of his room and looked at the heavens and he saw a cloud over his field. The cloud rained on all of his fields.

Now it was the second time for my wife and me to return for their furlough. We were also working at that time with the Congo boys. These were young men in colonial service from the French colony of Congo-Brazzaville. They were atheists, but considered themselves Christians from French Congo. They served the French military. There were many French soldiers from the French Congo and they arrived with their servants. It was tough to work with them because of language limitations and they did not understand Hausa. They only knew a few Hausa words that they needed for their work and their French wasn't very good. Those who saw themselves as Christians came to worship on Sunday morning. We were not certain that they benefited from what was said in church. We saw that some fell in their sins. They did not stay in Niger for a very long time and it was difficult to build a church from them. We kept seeing these men and they often needed our support and we helped them as we could. So when we returned from furlough, we arranged to have a meeting room for worship. There were some missionaries that wanted this for worship time. On Sunday, some Congolese had been coming to worship with their wives, so we really needed a place.

Among the workers we found Dan Kunduli. He was a good and serious worker and we took him to work in our house. We prayed each day with all of the workers and we were willing to teach them to read and write. Soon this Dan Kunduli started reading the Bible. One day he came to us and told us that he wanted to follow Jesus. We were so happy that we praised the Lord that we had found a Hausa who wanted to be a Christian. So we started teaching him with the baptism courses. When the time came, we baptized him. When we left Zinder after our third term we sent him to Bible School in Kano, but this is another story. We knew he succeed at the school and he returned to Zinder, where he was a trustworthy pastor.

The story did not change about Abba Moussa. He had reduced his visits to the missionaries during the rainy season because he was spending time at a village close to his farm. This was now seven years since he had studied the Bible in three languages. We had started to hear about him from others that he had become a Christian. They started to say that he is now a follower of Jesus. They assured me that he is on the path toward Jesus. I asked them “How did they know? Why did they say that he is a follower of Christ?” They told me that the marabou (traditional Muslim sage/healer) from his farming village had been having discussions with Abba Moussa and had compared with them the Koran and the New Testament that says it is only through Jesus that one can have forgiveness of sins. I kept all of this news to myself until the day when I saw him. I had mentioned all of the rumors about him and I asked him to confirm if he was a follower of Jesus. “Do you believe that Jesus is the son of God?” At first, Abba Moussa was quiet. Then he answered, “I believe all of the Scriptures in the New Testament about Jesus.”

So through this I knew that he was one of two people who followed Christ in the fifteen years we were in Zinder. At that period he had only one wife and he was living a normal life. We continued to hear good news about him. He started going to Old Zinder with the Congo boys on Sunday to church. That showed he was growing in Christ. According to his custom, he wasn't supposed to talk to those Congo boys since he came from a prominent family and they were servants. But he showed humility because he accepted them as brothers in Christ, and he worshiped and prayed with them. This helped many people from various ethnic groups become saved because they saw how this noble interacted with them. He showed that he loved Christ more than he loved status and riches. People would gather at his old house in Old Zinder to throw stones and they accused and insulted him. One day Abba Moussa fell sick and we were told that someone had tried to poison his food because he had become a Christian.

Again, it was time for us to leave for furlough. We were sure that God wanted someone else to continue our work in Zinder, although we knew we wouldn't return. We were led to work in Dahomey (now Benin). When it was time to leave, Abba Moussa came to say good-bye. We prayed with him. I'll never forget his prayer. He said “God if you see me going back to darkness, kill me. It is better that I die than to go back into darkness again.” Abba Moussa was walking in the Light. “But if we are walking in the light, as he is in the light, we are all united with one another, and the blood of Jesus his Son makes us clean from all sin.” (1 John 1:7)

Someone would often tell us what else happened to him. I know that he sometimes would visit Jos., Nigeria. He was working at SIM and wrote some papers in Ajami (a Arabic script for writing Hausa). I knew that he went through some tribulations when his house burned. He lost his favorite books. He wrote me a letter when I was in Dahomey. He was asking if I could help replace the books he had lost. At that period, however, I was not working with Muslims and didn't know where to get those books, as the Nile Mission Press was no longer printing them. I was sure I wouldn't be able to find them if I tried. I even knew there was a time when he and Pastor Dan Kunduli weren't cooperating together and he had stopped going to the church service. I also heard that he

even forbid his household to go to services. Later I received a letter that SIM missionary Gordon Bishop reconciled them. I even heard that all of his children were going to church. I heard that his son Mustafa had become the General Secretary for the Evangelical Church of the Republic of Niger. Mrs. Playfair told me the story of all of his children, saying that some had great jobs and were growing in the Lord. I hope this is true. Because of them, I am writing this story even if the events happened a long time ago.

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Santa Barbara, CA  
May 26, 1980

Translated from Hausa to English by Aïchatou and Thomas Johnson