

*Forgiveness From
The
Heart Of Africa*

by Sally Pickard

Lessons Learned About Forgiveness In
Southern Africa.

*This is how my heavenly Father will treat
each of you unless you forgive your
brother from your heart.*

Matthew 18:35

African animal photos used by permission by Gene Theiszen

Copyright © 2015 Sally Pickard

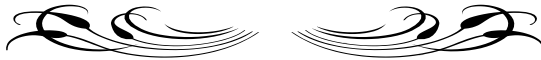
International Standard Book Number - 0-9761375-3-4

All rights reserved. Written permission must be secured from the publisher to use or reproduce any part of this book.

All Scripture quotations, unless otherwise indicated, are taken from the HOLY BIBLE, NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION®. NIV®. Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984 by International Bible Society. Used by permission of Zondervan. All rights reserved.

IN DEDICATION

To my friends I met in Africa,
Joyce Brockway, Ruth Saulez, Joyce Rolands,
Janet Gregory, and Edie Cockrell



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you Bryan Jamros and Penni Martin for nudging me and encouraging me to write this book about forgiveness. Thank you Peggy Mills for your excellent expertise in editing this manuscript.

Thank you Joyce and Ed Brockway for locating the great photo of our sweet gals who attended the Ladies Bible Study in Umtata which is on the back cover.

And many thanks to my many dear friends in Transkai and Botswana, Africa, who helped to teach me so much about ministry and the Christian walk.

FORWARD

by Steve Sampson

The simplicity of the gospel never ceases to amaze me-how God takes the things that seem to confound us and make them so simple. But these truths are not only simple; they are life changing and bring glorious freedom!

My friend, Sally Pickard, does a wonderful job of chronicling her own story of the wonderful truth of forgiveness. You will have to fasten your seatbelt as you read her amazing experience, as the Holy Spirit unlocked this truth to her. You will be blessed and encouraged as Sally unwraps this gift of truth, packaged in her own personal experience.

Be prepared to have your perspective challenged as you hear her experiences of being a missionary with her husband, Maurice (a missionary pilot), and the challenge and sacrifice of living in parts of the world you may have never heard of. You will feel your heart being tugged with compassion and an appreciation of the love God has for the entire world, and how the Lord led her into counseling women who were bound by unforgiveness, which caused them to have a hard time fathoming that God loved them personally.

Speaking out of the parable of forgiveness from Matthew 18, Sally addresses the need to not only to forgive the offender, but also to forgive yourself, and even to forgive God.

She explains, "Forgiveness does not justify what was done. It does not mean that they were right and we were wrong." And, "We are forgiving not so much for that offender, we are forgiving for our own obedience and cleansing and healing and freedom. We deserve as much. We have carried that load long enough."

So, I challenge you to read, absorb, and let the Lord bring you to a new freedom as you apply these truths in your life.

Steve Samson, a conference speaker and author, has been in ministry for more than four decades. His many books, including the classic *Confronting Jezebel*, have become staples for the Christian walk.

FORWARD

By Brenda Dulmage

“A friendship made in heaven.” That is a good description of my relationship with Sally. I believe it was divine intervention that brought us together for His reasons and purposes. I believe Sally would agree it has been a wonder-filled trip!

We are different in so many ways. She is more reserved. I am more outgoing. Sally’s education was in the field of speech and drama. Mine was in the medical field. Sally’s youngest child is older than my oldest. Sally has lived all over the world in her missionary journeys. I have been to Canada and Mexico both for brief tourist trips. But the first time we met there was an immediate attraction. For me, I sensed something familiar, comfortable yet challenging in Sally and we fast became kindred spirits. We had both come to know the Lord at an early age and were seeking to know Him more.

I loved to listen to Sally tell about her missionary experiences. I noticed that the word “ministry” came up frequently. I was intrigued, but really didn’t have a clue to what she was talking about until, when in a difficult time in my life, she came along side me and showed me how to forgive in a way I never knew.

I experienced the power of forgiveness- given and received, then the freedom it brought to my life. God had given Sally insight in Africa and now I was on the receiving end of that gift.

Through the years I had the privilege to minister beside Sally and see the amazing changes God brings to those that biblical forgiveness brings. We spent two years writing a book together that gave us plenty of opportunity to walkout the principles she taught me. Knowing Sally as I do, she would say God used me also in her life. Friends do that. That is one reason why I was overjoyed to write a forward to her book.

Since then many have said she should write about her missionary journey. A few years ago, while visiting with a group of our friends, someone commented she should write a book about forgiveness. We all agreed. She asked what she could write that hadn't already been written. You will see as you read her book how God intertwined her unique missionary calling with her understanding and experience of "*Forgiveness from the Heart of Africa.*"

Brenda Dulmage has co-authored books with Sally entitled, *Vessels & Flowers*, and *Vessels of Honor & Flowers of Splendor*. She is a Registered Nurse with an AD in Nursing from Rhodes State College. Her nursing experience has been mostly in Home Health and Hospice, specializing in Geriatrics. She has presented seminars, women's retreats and Bible studies on various subjects including Grieving, Friendships of Women, and Temperaments.

PREFACE

Years ago God began to teach me about forgiveness when we were serving God with Mission Aviation Fellowship in Africa. He guided me through many unusual experiences in many unusual places, mostly in Africa. Since then, over the years I have used these principles when ministering to people.

Even though God had been encouraging me to write these principles down, I was hesitant to do so. There are so many wonderful books about forgiveness. However, just recently my friend, Penni Martin, encouraged me to write a book about forgiveness. She did not know that God and others had encouraged me to do this earlier. Her nudging was the impetuous to get me started on this adventure. And then another dear friend, Bryan Jamros kept asking me just when this book would be available.

I have always been amazed how these simple principles from the Matthew 18 parable about the unforgiving servant have helped people to finally be free from the effects of unforgiveness. I do hope that these principles will help and encourage you also.

Chapter One

A Missionary Calling

I don't know why I had to go to Africa to learn about forgiveness. I would think that God could teach me these lessons here in the good old U.S.A. However, it was His choice to arrange many unusual circumstances for me to go to Africa.

My husband, Maurice, is a pilot and aircraft mechanic. And we have three wonderful sons.

I should let you know that I had a rocky beginning when I agreed to become a missionary. Maurice had read the book, *Jungle Pilot*. It was the life story of the missionary pilot, Nate Saint.

Nate was one of the five missionaries martyred by the Aucas in Ecuador in 1956.

Maurice was moved and felt that God was calling him to become a missionary pilot. When he told me, of course, I was that wonderful Christian woman and said, “NO WAY!” There was no way I was taking our three little, wonderful sons to places unknown.

Perhaps I felt that way, because years earlier, I had seen a missionary’s film about how the missionaries had left their small son and daughter in the arms of two African women and were walking away from their children into the Jungle. The children were screaming and crying, and the two missionaries just kept walking and laughing. Even though I was a teenager at the time, I was appalled. I could not even imagine doing that to our sons.

Also, when I was in college, I had a Missions professor who had served most of his adult life in Africa. He and his wife had five children who did not even speak to their parents any longer at that time. They had felt abandoned by their missionary parents.

Maybe that it was because of these experiences I was against this idea of missionary service. For about one year the Lord dealt with me.

Maurice never pushed me about it. We talked about it a couple of times, but he never made me feel bad. He just faithfully prayed.

About a year later, one Sunday evening after watching a film about the life of a missionary doctor who had lost his life in Africa, I finally had enough of knowing I was out of the will of God and surrendered to His will.

We then began our journey of contacting mission agencies and becoming MISSIONARYS. Little did I know at that time the great adventures ahead of us.

Surprisingly, I found out that I loved being a missionary. I enjoyed the different cultures, environment, food, people, languages, and constant ventures. Of course I did not enjoy being away from family and friends. And especially I did not enjoy it during our second overseas assignment when our sons had to go to that dreaded place called BOARDING SCHOOL in the Philippines.

We have been on three missionary journeys with two mission agencies.

Our very first missionary venture was with Missionary Aviation Fellowship (MAF) in Irian Jaya, which is the western half of New Guinea. Talk about being in the JUNGLE.

We lived on the MAF base in Sentani, and had many wonderful adventures there. I missed my family and friends at home, but enjoyed living in such an unusual place in the midst of an interesting culture.

Toward the end of our two-year term, I became ill. I was very tired and even became quite dizzy. The mission doctor checked me out and told me that I had the metabolism of a pregnant woman. That made me chuckle. He then sat back and began to counsel me. He said that it seemed to him that I was suffering from some anxiety because of something I had against someone or some ones. I had never heard before that having unforgiveness could cause anxiety that could cause physical distress.

I tried to recollect if I did have some unforgiveness and immediately forgave anyone that I held something against. It was a bit embarrassing, because we missionaries should not have conflicts; we should “just get along.”

Probably the most hurtful experience I had there was when my missionary women “friends” became upset with me and were unkind. I was in charge of “Veggie Day.” Every Tuesday, a missionary plane would bring back vegetables (veggies) from the interior.

They would get to our base, Sentani, early afternoon. It was my job to meet the plane and oversee the Dani boys in getting these veggies out into bins. We did this in a room that was really a porch that had been enclosed by wire mesh. I had been instructed to never - again I say **NEVER** - allow anyone to come onto that enclosed porch until the boys had finished sorting the veggies. If people came in, the boys would get upset and would get discombobulated in their work.

One Tuesday the plane was late coming back from the interior, and the women had gathered outside the room as usual. It was hot and they were tired and they wanted their veggies. I helped the boys with their work while the women became hot and surly. All at once, one after another began to say unkind things about me because I wouldn't let them in the room. Because the room was surrounded by wire mesh, I could hear every word.

These women were the only friends I had in this foreign country. Of course I was hurt. When the sorting was done and I opened the door, I didn't even get my own veggies for the week. I just hurried on home and cried.

So, I guess, that would have been one area where I needed to forgive. I will share my forgiving experience later in Chapter Nine.

Our next missionary adventure was in the Micronesian Islands with a German mission, the Liebenzell Mission. We served there for six years without a furlough of any kind. Very tiring.

Five of those years were spent living on a small island named Yap. And the last year we lived on Guam. While there, Maurice developed flights between Yap and an atoll named Ulithi. And it was while in Micronesia our sons needed to get their education by going to the Philippines to a boarding school called Faith Academy. It was probably the hardest thing I have ever had to face.

Of course, I did worry that it would greatly affect them. I did not want them to have bad reactions towards us like other children that I had heard about.

Actually once, after sending them off on the Continental plane to Guam to then go on to Manila, I lost it. I hurt so bad that I told Maurice that I couldn't stand it anymore.

We told our missions director on Yap that when the boys came home for Christmas, we were going home. He told us that he respected our situation and asked us to please pray about it again, and if we felt we should leave, he would help us.

Well, we hadn't prayed about it in the first place, so when we did pray, we knew that the Lord was telling us that He had called us here and had not changed His calling. He assured us that He would take care of our sons.

That moment became an important time for me. Did I trust the Lord with our sons, or not? Well, I did.

We stayed on Yap and finished our six year term.

Our sons even lately have assured us that although sometimes it was hard, they knew that it was necessary at the time, and they feel it made them who they are today.

Over the years while serving with other dedicated Christians, I found so many of them having so many personal problems. I always wanted to "help," but didn't know how. I felt that I had the wisdom to help them at times, but did not know how to get their confidence to step out and help them.

I came home from our second missionary adventure in the Micronesian Islands with a desire to be more help to the other missionaries.

Shortly after we returned from Micronesia, we were living in Phoenix and I chose to take two post-graduate courses in counseling from a Fuller Seminary extension that was being offered there. I already had a BA from the University of Northwestern, majoring in Speech.

I loved the counseling courses. I learned a lot. I even got an A in both courses. What surprised me was that I really did very well in counseling. What I lacked was not the confidence from others, but confidence in myself. These courses gave it to me.

For the final grade in the second course, I needed to counsel someone and tape it, and then the teacher would grade it. I asked a friend, which we will call Sheila, (which of course, is not her real name) if she would help me. We met together and I listened to an account of how she was unhappy because her Dad had not given her loving acceptance most of her life.

We talked together, and I led her to forgive her Dad. Several days later I was awakened early in the morning by Sheila pounding on my front door.

When I opened the door, she threw herself into my arms and exclaimed, “Guess what!! My Dad just hugged me for the first time in forty years!!!”

This was my very first experience in helping someone be free from the confines of unforgiveness. I had so much more to learn.