

Paul Williams in South Africa

Note from Joel: I didn't have a computer to send this with when he finished writing it, so I had to wait until today to send it. My family and I have made it to America now.

July 1, 2023

ALMOST DEAD

The trip Zipho and I made to Newcastle was much longer and more strenuous than we expected. Instead of it taking three hours, it was more than four.

The reason for the delay was that the highway department has put many, many speed-calming bumps in the highway. Well, we didn't see any accidents so I guess their goal has been reached, but it was hard on us.

I combined the two lessons which I had prepared, enjoyed Bro. Masuku's remark "Well, he can still preach!", ate a bit of lunch and left for home. Of course, arriving almost two hours late.

The next morning I did well, but on Tuesday morning Zipho came early, a thing he seldom does and brought me some orange juice. Then while he and Bro. Langa (gardener, handyman, great Christian) were talking in the kitchen, they heard strange noises coming from my bedroom.

They rushed in and found me blue in the face, fighting for breath. Zipho and Bro. Langa picked me up (finding out that I was pretty heavy) and put me on the bed. He and Bro. Langa did various things until I coughed and some flem came up—and I began to breathe again.

Zipho reversed his car to our front porch steps and he and Bro. Langa carried me in a chair out the front door. That is when my memory starts again. And off to the doctor's office we went. I vomitted on the way.

At the doctor's rooms I was put on one of those long examining couches—on my back—for several hours. Probably the most painful after-effects of the episode is the sore back which lying in that position gave me.

Dr. Brits came in and said that he had examined my heart and that it was 100%. Later he made a booking for me at the very nice Ballito Hospital, and Zipho drove the hour-plus that it takes to get there.

I spent an uncomfortable night there (they put me in a two-bed ward which was watched carefully by two nurses, and they would not even let down the side of the bed for me to stand up). Then I ate a tasteless breakfast and Dr. Naidoo came in. He released me into the care of Zipho.

I had no way of communicating with Zipho, but we are on the same wave-length. He knew what I had planned, etc., and everything went smoothly. He drove us another hour toward Durban to Umhlanga where I had my second eye injection. Then two hours home.

My lower back muscles have been a great pain, (from the hours on the doctor's couch), and I have been feeling pretty sorry for myself. And thanking God over and over for the loving care which he has shown throughout this time.

I am improving, but I am still not at all my normal self. I hope to go to church long enough to eat the Lord's Supper tomorrow. Otherwise I am resting in bed.

Many, many thanks for the continuous prayers of many of you. And I am looking forward to continuous improvement in my health.

I am writing this on Saturday (July 1), and Joel, Brittany, and their three sons are to leave on Tuesday. I certainly will miss them.

Keep me in your prayers, brethren.

Paul K. Williams (almost 93)