Today, I would like to share a few stories about Latter-day Saints from the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Each of the stories will be framed in the context of a Christlike attribute.

To begin, I will share some incidents from the lives of Da and Angélique Tarr, whose examples illustrate the power of faith.

**Da and Angélique Tarr: The Power of Faith**

This is a photograph of Nyeda Chea, Da’s biological mother. Da grew up in Liberia. His name was originally “David,” the name of the uncle who raised him, but, when a second brother came along, the uncle split the name in two to be fair. The original “David” became “Da” and his brother was named “Vid.”

During a military coup in Liberia, Da was beaten by soldiers who broke into their house and his back was seriously fractured. His brother Emmanuel was killed. The family scattered to parts unknown and he was left on his own.
Angelique’s family has a rich heritage that spans both Liberia and the DR Congo. Her grandfather left Liberia and came to the DR Congo to take care of his Congolese mother. He ended up staying, and, like his father, married a Congolese wife. Angélique’s father was born in the DR Congo and likewise married a Congolese wife, but he later returned to Liberia. Angélique was born there in 1962.
In 1964, Angélique’s father returned to the DR Congo. There, he became a national deputy in the parliament. In the prolonged warfare that continued after Congolese independence, he was arrested and jailed. Angélique remembers hiding in the bush as a toddler with their family to evade soldiers. Her family was not amused when she would innocently imitate the loud sound of gunfire each time it was heard.

In 1986, Angélique came to live with her sister’s family in Monrovia, Liberia, where her husband had been sent as a Congolese diplomat. Angélique worked her way through her university studies by sewing. She tells her conversion story as follows:

One day I came across a lady who was a member of LDS church who invited me to her church on Sunday. ... I was very excited to go because I didn't want to join the church that my sister's family was attending. I wanted to try something new. That Sunday I felt so happy at the LDS church. The opening hymn was ‘I Know That My Redeemer Lives.” This song just helped me to be converted. Since that day, I didn’t miss one Sunday at church. I remained active and tried to practice the teachings in my life.

At home, everyone was watching me and admiring me. One day my brother-in-law said to his wife, “I notice that Angelique is very committed to that church. Can we go with her this Sunday and see why she is so serious and changing her behavior?” We went to church and they also got interested in the teachings, especially the plan of salvation. They became serious but couldn't decide to get baptized until their first daughter (who was going every Sunday with me) decided to get baptized at the age of eight. Her parents gave their permission. After a short while, they also decided to become members. Since then, they love the church and all their children are members. Their three boys served full time missions and got married in the temple. Their first daughter who got baptized at eight years old also got married in the Logan temple.
Da was baptized a month after Angélique and, due to the persistent encouragement of a senior missionary couple, they became better acquainted. On the 31st of March 1990, Da and Angélique were married by the mission president, Miles Cunningham, in the branch meetinghouse.

Da — still a recent convert — was then serving as a counselor to the mission president. When the Liberian civil war intensified, President Cunningham was directed to leave the country. Da was called as interim mission president. He was told that he could continue with his regular day job but would need to supervise the missionaries and move to the mission home.
Da was happy to serve but balked at the idea of moving to the mission home. He and Angélique had just moved into their own home. They loved their small garden, pictured here. They pleaded with the mission president to allow them to stay, but in the end followed the counsel of their leaders. Da later recounted:

After we moved to the mission home, our own house was bombed. ...

[Some of the rebels who knew me] saw the war as an opportunity to kill me. ...

The rebels who bombed our house went back to their group rejoicing. ... They said they had killed me, my wife, and our baby.

Da remembered gratefully: “We were blessed through our obedience in leaving our home.”
Conditions in the mission home became difficult. Da and Angélique were stranded for about three months without water. They survived by catching rain water in a leaky sink. And to make matters worse, Angélique was expecting their first child.

As rebels advanced to the capital city of Monrovia, they knew they could wait no longer for the baby’s delivery. Da drove Angélique through roving groups of soldiers to the hospital. The doctor quickly induced labor and Da picked up the mother and baby the next morning. Soon afterward, the rebels closed the road, broke into the hospital, and chased everyone out.

Although the baby was not eligible for evacuation by the US Embassy because she was technically Liberian, Da and Angélique pleaded and prayed and, to their great joy, an exception was granted. Angélique and the baby were transported by helicopter and boat to Freetown, where President Cunningham provided lodging. Da saw this incident as “another testimony that God helps us.”
Some of you have seen the LDS film *Freetown* that tells about the evacuation of a group of missionaries from Liberia during its civil war. With President Cunningham absent, Da had to make arrangements with the Liberian government to allow these missionaries to leave for Sierra Leone. Rather than going with them, he stayed in the mission home so he could be available to communicate with the government military commanders if there were problems en route.

About a month after the missionaries left, Da went out from the mission home, desperate for food. He did not know that he was a wanted man. He was arrested and interrogated by hostile soldiers who told their commander that the eight missionaries were rebel soldiers dressed as missionaries so they could help the rebels check on government positions. Fortunately, the commander knew something about the Church, and recognized Da as a good example of what the Church stands for. The commander made the soldiers apologize and let him go.

Da was rounded up one other time and taken to the beach. After writing down his name and profession he was put in a line that was moving toward the sea. As each person reached the sea, they were shot. Inexplicably, a jeep drove up, a soldier got out and took him by the hand, and drove him to safety. He was delirious from hunger and confusion for the next week, thinking perhaps he had died and left the earth. In his state of mind, he could not believe that at one moment he had been in line to be shot and then had had woken up the next morning safely in the mission home. In 1992, Da returned to the beach with President Cunningham. As they walked they saw bones strewn everywhere. Hundreds of skulls. He said: “My head, my skull, could have been like that.”

About a week later, he heard rumors of a rescue ship. After waiting several hours for the ship to arrive, he felt “very weak and could not wait any more, [and] decided to find [his] way back home.” Within the hour, three rockets dropped at the port — two on the ship and one on the place where he had been standing in line.

Two months later, another rescue ship arrived at a distance offshore. Some people had been waiting for months without food or medication. Some people swam to the ship in desperation. Others hired people to drag them by rope to the ship. After a 29-hour voyage on which many sick and weak individuals died, the ship arrived in Sierra Leone.
President Cunningham went to the port in Freetown to learn whether Da had made it on what was to be the last rescue boat. After seeing the many dead bodies being removed from the ship, he went to comfort Angélique, telling her that Da was not aboard.

As he arrived back home, President Cunningham saw Da sitting on the porch. He shouted, “Come with me in the car right now! We're going to see Angélique!” Da recounted:

Angélique heard our knock on the door. She didn’t want to come. She ... thought that somebody had come to disturb her [in her grief]. We knocked and knocked and knocked and knocked. Finally she came with one of the missionaries. ...

She saw the mission president, and then she saw me.
Angélique added: “It was like a dream ... when I saw him. ... I couldn’t believe that it was him. ... I cried, and ... so many things came to my mind at once. It had been six months. He was so slim, and his pants were so baggy [and full of] so many holes.”

Da and Angélique went on to raise a faithful family of four children in Kinshasa, DR Congo, to whom they were sealed in the Johannesburg, South Africa temple. They have blessed many lives through their dedicated service to God and their neighbors. No longer a hunted enemy of the Liberian soldiers, Da recently served his country as an advisor for an important national economic development mission. As a capstone to that mission, he was hosted in August 2018 by the president and first lady of Liberia at an Independence Day reception in Monrovia.
Having seen the hand of God repeatedly in the lives of his family, Da is a witness to the power of faith. He testifies:

God is doing things ... for Africa. ... I always say to people, “The more the situation threatens, the more God draws near.”
I will now share some incidents that illustrate the charity of ordinary but extraordinarily caring families in the DR Congo.

Certain regions of the DR Congo suffer from near-constant warfare. Since the country’s independence in 1960, there has never been a peaceful change of government. At least seventy armed groups are currently operating in the east of the country. As elsewhere in the world, the suffering is intense and death is commonplace, especially for children caught in the crossfire.

Through contributions from members of the Church, LDS Charities recently was able to offer a million dollars toward alleviating hunger in war-torn areas of the DR Congo. In addition to these significant financial contributions, the Church is promoting helpful changes in the philosophy of giving that will allow these contributions to be more effective and long-lasting. For example, at a recent gathering in London, Elder Jeffrey R. Holland called on non-governmental organizations (NGOs), governments, and faith groups to re-focus their efforts, saying: “In the past charitable institutions have provided financial support, medical treatment, and other physical needs for refugee victims, all of which are still needed. But we now understand that we must look to emotional and spiritual needs as well.”

Often, the emotional and spiritual needs of individuals are best addressed through the humble efforts of ordinary but extraordinarily caring families. Though less visible to others than the financial and logistical help the DR Congo receives through generous friends in many nations, evidence of the spirit of the Christlike charity of the Congolese people themselves blesses their country in intangible but highly significant ways.
This is the home of Alain Mota in M’poke N’sele on the Bateke Plateau. Alain, not yet a member of the Church, is a schoolteacher in another village that is an hour away by motorcycle. At left, Alain’s wife interrupts her laundry chores to bathe a child.

Alain said he had four children. I decided to capture them on film individually, from youngest to oldest. Here is the first child I saw.
Here is the second child.

This is the third child, his daughter.
And this was, as I understood it, the fourth, a son.

But wait, if he has four children, who then is this toddler, a fifth child?
When the parents finally gathered everyone for a group photo, we learned that there were at least ten children living in their small home — their own four children plus six others.

A friend observed that the unsponsored, domestic charity of individual Congolese families is a significant contributor to the welfare of children at risk. Indeed, given pervasive war, famine, and poverty in many parts of the Congo, there are far fewer “orphans” in institutions and on the street than one might otherwise expect. So many people, even the very poor, take abandoned children like these into their homes out of pure goodness. We who are so richly blessed in material ways must learn to emulate the giving in kind of such families, impoverished in means yet rich in the spirit of love.
Who can say what form of charity will produce the most significant and long-lasting results — the financial and technical support of generous international friends or the rigorous toil of our Christlike Congolese neighbors who sacrifice what little they have to secure the future of Congo’s children?

As we shared a small stack of pass-along cards with an image of Jesus on the front to the thrill of the children, it was clear from the expression of this saintly mother that she knew, as we knew, something of the inexhaustible goodness of the Savior on whom they relied. He was not only the source of the “daily bread” and daily breath that allowed them to “live” but also of the daily strength that inspired them to love.
Other children are not so lucky. The United Nations envoy responsible for rescuing children from difficult, exploitative situations in our part of the Congo told us that there are at least 30,000 street children in Kinshasa alone. He said that about 70% of them actually had parents, but were expelled from their homes by mothers and fathers who have become convinced that they are possessed by an evil spirit. Such parents, desperate to find the source of troubles and tragedies in their homes, are victims of ill-founded confidence in exorcists. These exorcists are typically motivated by large payments to find a scapegoat in one of the family’s children.

Here Moïse (French for Moses) a street child we came to love washed himself on the street. Elder and Sister Romney, our public affairs couple, always had a soft spot in their hearts for these children. For various reasons, these children were often short of clothing.
Elder and Sister Gates, our temple construction couple, decided that Moïse needed a new shirt and gave him this one. He really liked it, but, understandably, it did not stay clean for long and soon disappeared.

One day, Elder and Sister Huber, our humanitarian couple, found Moïse lying on the street and bleeding profusely. A man had made him carry some glass, but in doing so, a piece cut his hand deeply. The man had fled. Had the Hubers not found him he might have bled to death.
Because “Good Samaritan” laws are of limited effectiveness in the DR Congo, the missionaries have to walk a fine line: offering help in a crisis while not putting the Church or themselves in a situation of liability. In this case, the Hubers made sure Moïse got urgent care. Here, Sister Baehrel (the wife of the mission president and a trained nurse) put on a clean bandage.

Of course, many of these children do not make it to adulthood. Those who survive on the streets are at risk for drugs, crime, abuse, and exploitation.
Moïse and others would watch for us as we walked to Church on Sunday mornings. Sometimes they would attend Church with us. When Moïse would see my wife Kathleen coming, he would run to her, jump up, hug her tight, and would not let go. Kathleen returned in kind. He had no mother of his own who could give him such a hug.
This scene came to mind later, when we were introduced to this painting by Liz Lemon Swindle of a group of children from Zambia greeting an artist’s model for Jesus.

The painting served as a reminder that some of these boys may grow up to be missionaries. Vincent Sakala, at right in the painting, later served in our mission. His twin brother Victor served a mission in Uganda at the same time and both were released the same week. Kathleen arranged for them to meet at the Nairobi airport on their way home to Zambia.
We also remembered the story of Bernard Balibuno. As a teenager, over a period of several months, he made his way alone from the DR Congo to South Africa with no money and no passport during the turbulence of the last days of the Mobutu Sese Seko, the notorious dictator. Homeless and hungry, standing with a group of friends outside a bus station, the mission president spotted him and felt moved to approach him. Eventually, Bernard joined the Church, and through the support of member friends in his ward, was able to attend BYU-Hawaii.

Eventually, he convinced Yaya, a childhood friend still living in his village in the DR Congo, to come to Hawaii. She also joined the Church and they were married.
One child later, Bernard received his diploma and was asked to speak at the graduation ceremony.

After finishing a graduate degree at George Washington University and the BYU Marriott School of Management, Bernard returned to the DR Congo. This once-wandering waif now serves as the national director of the Catholic Agency For Overseas Development (CAFOD), responsible for a large portfolio of humanitarian projects. Recognizing how others have blessed their lives, Bernard and Yaya have helped raise several children of extended family and friends in addition to providing for their own large family.
The Congolese saints are on the whole a faithful and obedient people. This is epitomized in the fact that, according to Elder Joni Koch, the DR Congo Kinshasa mission is not only among the fastest growing in the world, but also has the highest rate of sacrament meeting attendance — double the percentage of a typical stake in the United States.

Quiet evidence of this faithfulness and devotion is to be found everywhere. While waiting for a meeting in the mission office, Brother Tito Tshibanda quietly made notes on a beautifully printed document of perhaps twenty pages. I asked him what he was doing, and he said it was a draft of the plan that had been drafted by their ward council for the coming year. As a counselor in the bishopric, he was adding some personal suggestions before the plan was finalized.
We enjoyed shaking hands with the young men of the Aaronic priesthood who came early to line the walkway with Bishop Aimé Ngoy and greet the members of the ward before sacrament meeting.

We loved the innocence of the little children and the dedication of their teachers.
We were thrilled with the joy of singing the hymns together with heartfelt enthusiasm and the evident love these Saints had for one another.

In the mission office, we regularly received visits of members of the Church from remote areas of the mission that had no organized branch in their city or village. Because of difficulties in sending these donations by other means, they often came long distances to bring their tithes and offerings in person.
Pascal Lomboto, a beloved associate in the mission office, serves as a bishop. He told movingly of the example of a widow in his ward who walked long distances to be at Sunday meetings each week and to pay her tithes and offerings. He said that 60% of the people in the DR Congo — particularly those who live outside the major cities — live on a dollar or two per day and that 90% eat only one meal per day.39

One day there was a vigorous discussion in the mission office among a group of local brothers who were waiting to meet with Bishop Pascal.41 They were discussing the passage in the Handbook of Instructions 2 where members are taught that “proper fast day observance typically includes abstaining from food and drink for two consecutive meals in a 24-hour period.”42 Some who only ate once each day had been wondering if their fast should last 48 hours rather than the prescribed 24 hours. Fasting for 48 hours would allow them to fast and donate the equivalent of “two consecutive meals” to the poor. Bishop Pascal assured them that a 24-hour fast was sufficient.
Doctrines and principles relating to the family play a very important role in a place where marriage and children are so highly prized.

Kefa and Célestine Milambo have been faithful members of the Church almost since its beginning. Brother Milambo served as the first stake president in Lubumbashi, the most important city in the DR Congo after its capital, Kinshasa.
Here, as a traditional sign of respect, Brother Milambo poses for the photo not by looking directly at the camera but instead by gazing in deference at the wife he loves and honors.

They have been married for over sixty years. Sister Milambo became a bride at age twelve.
Nowadays, the marriage of young children is rare. This is the invitation we received to the reception of Bijoux Kadikiulu, a sister who served in our mission, who was about to marry another returned missionary.

Marriage in the Congo is still a complex business. Typically, families insist on traditional marriage ceremonials that precede the civil marriage, including a substantial dowry. For some, the traditional marriage is sufficient. However, the Church, in addition, requires a civil marriage before a church marriage at the meetinghouse can take place. Temple marriage in the Johannesburg South Africa temple follows the civil marriage, as soon as circumstances permit — including the considerable expense of passports, visas, airfare, and lodging.
The various implications of marriage law are sufficiently difficult to comprehend that our ward held a two-hour fireside featuring Bishop Aimé Ngoy, Brother Stan Kalala, an expert on Congolese marriage law, and Brother Daddy Kampoy, a seasoned church leader, to explain their details to young adults.

A persistent concern relating to marriage throughout Africa is the requirement of large marriage dowries — essentially a bride price. The Church teaches members that dowries are harmful and degrading to women, lead to couples postponing marriage and family, and handicap them financially as they are trying to make a start in life. Eliminating the practice is difficult because even if a member couple wants to do away with these traditions, extended family can exert great pressure on them to conform.

The courtship story of Thierry and Nathalie Mutombo that follows is an example that runs in countercurrent to traditional dowry practices.
Thierry comes from a faithful LDS family whose members now span three generations. Here Thierry and Nathalie’s son Jason Kalombo Mutombo is shown with Elder Neil L. Andersen at the groundbreaking of the Kinshasa temple.

Thierry’s father (at left) and mother (shown at right with Thierry and his little sister Fifi) had each attended many different churches, but a dream about the Book of Mormon settled the question for his father — he knew he had found the truth.
Thierry was baptized, along with his father and mother, in the cold waters of the swimming pool of the Hotel Okapi on 22 June 1986. This was only the second baptismal service to be held in the country.
After returning from a mission to the Ivory Coast, Thierry began to prepare for marriage.

His mother was the first to mention his future wife to him. She said, “We have an exceptional missionary serving here, Sister Sinda. She’s very nice, she’s unbelievable. If, one day, you found a way to marry that sister I would be the happiest woman in the world.” But Thierry’s mind was on other things at the time and he didn’t follow up.

However, one day a former missionary companion convinced him to come along on an outing and, unexpectedly, he found himself at Nathalie’s doorstep, the day after she had returned from her mission. Thierry and Nathalie hit it off and before long began to make marriage plans.
Nathalie was an orphan and her uncles were responsible for her upbringing. They asked for a very large dowry. Thierry went to his father with the little money he had saved from working here and there, but his father said: “No, no, no. You can’t go to them with that. They won’t accept it.” Nathalie and Thierry continued to make large sacrifices to buy little things on the long list of dowry items the uncles had given them.

Thierry again went to his father and pleaded with him to write Nathalie’s family the formal letter that would allow them to start negotiations. It had gotten to the point where the couple felt they had no more they could give. Finally, Thierry’s father relented.

When Thierry’s father presented Nathalie’s uncles with what little they had been able to scrape together, they were very angry and said they would not accept it. Then, according to Thierry:

That day I learned that my wife really loved me. She went back to her uncles and told them three things: “1. What you are asking this brother to pay you, he doesn’t have. 2. The marriage is about him and me, it’s not about you. And, 3. If you don’t want to accept what he brought, I will no longer be your child.” ... And her uncles came back and said, “We are going to take what you brought after all. But we will not organize a wedding reception. There won’t be a wedding reception.”

I looked at my father and said, “What’s important for me is the marriage, not the reception.” So they took what little we had given them. We had our civil marriage, and after that we had the marriage blessed at the Church. I told the bishop: “We’re not going anywhere after the Church wedding because we don’t have any money to organize a reception. Those who want to wish us well will just go home afterward, because I don’t even have the money to buy soft drinks.”
[After the civil marriage,] the members of the ward organized something. The brothers of the Elders Quorum bought some juice. And the Relief Society sisters made beignets [similar to scones] along with some little sacks of peanuts. And those were the refreshments for our marriage.

Two years later, Thierry and Nathalie were sealed in the Johannesburg temple. Thierry said:

The lesson I learned ... is that we need to focus on what is most important. And for me, the most important thing was my marriage to my wife.
In the spring of 2018, Thierry was released from his call as president of the Masina stake. That summer, he began service as the president of the Baltimore, Maryland mission.
Family history work in places like the DR Congo calls for a particular kind of diligence. This story illustrates the quiet work the institutional Church and the local Saints are doing on an impressively large scale to preserve vanishing family records.

Some of this important work is taking place with little fanfare within the “Hôtel de Ville” (Town Hall) of Kinshasa.
The non-descript entrance to the room assigned to the family history team is on the third floor of the well-guarded building.

Though, in entering, there was nothing impressive to the naked eye, a sweet and temple-like spirit of quiet diligence filled the room. The deliberately darkened windows shut off and set apart this space from the clamor of the city. Two returned missionaries and one city employee were working full-time to digitize government records.
The team was supervised by Sylvestre Muzengo Mambasah.

The records in question were applications for government identity cards from 1925 to 2015, the last time such cards were issued. The importance of preserving these applications is made greater by the fact that there has been no census in the country for more than thirty years.
This record from 1942, still the era of Belgian colonization, contains personal information about Manuel Zuzi, whose profession is listed as “travailleur” (worker). Information about his parents is also listed. Often parents and children have completely different family names, making it very difficult to trace family ties between without such evidence.

Each week the hard disks are shipped to Salt Lake City for further processing and, eventually, indexing by volunteers. A copy of the records database will be given to the government.
In the *World Report* of the Church from the April 2018 General Conference, you may have seen Thierry Mutombo, among others, speaking about a new and urgent initiative to gather family histories in Africa in places where the only records are those of human recollection.

Brother Mutombo wept as he told me about an elderly man who told him he had come too late because many of those who could have reconstructed their family history from memory had already passed on.
A trip to gather oral histories from a village chief relatively close to Kinshasa was being planned for early May. The lead for the team was Daniel Tusey Kola, an early member of the Church who was the first stake president in Masina and the first Congolese Area Seventy. He and his wife Thérèse seemed a perfect match for each other.

They had witnessed some of the most important scenes in DR Congo church history. For example, more than twenty years ago, they participated in the first temple trip of Congolese saints to Johannesburg, while Thérèse was expecting their first child.
This portrait includes the youngest segment of the Kolas' twelve children. They are living proof of the fruits of gospel living in the home. Blaise and his wife, the couple in a white t-shirt and a blue dress on the back row, were expecting a child at the time. Because work is scarce, the family lives largely off what their garden and chickens produce. Brother Kola has also labored many years to build and operate schools for the children in this rural district of Kinshasa.

The picture above the dining room table was consistent with the Christ-centered nature of their home.
President Kola’s profession as a schoolteacher is evident in his careful record-keeping, his pains for perfect French grammar, and his meticulous handwriting.

Brother Kola is an enthusiast for family history and the steward of unique treasures of Church history in the Congo. Irreplaceable photographs, myriad documents and letters, and a handwritten draft of a manuscript with details of thirty years of Church history in the DR Congo. One treasured letter sits in the center of the table — from Carol, a sister in Salt Lake City whose address was in a Book of Mormon given to President Kola when he was investigating the Church.
Family Search International has contracted with Brother Kola’s non-profit group to do the oral history work.

The village chief we were to meet with lived in M’poki N’sele, in the heart of the Bateke Plateau. A first effort to glean detailed information about the location from Google Maps was of little help.
Traveling in just this small region of the DR Congo gave some sense of the vastness of the country, relatively little of which is penetrated with transportation arteries. Though on the map you would think we were not very far away in inches from Kinshasa, we were in truth a world away.

After a while, we left the paved highway. Apart from an occasional motorcycle or large truck, we were the only vehicle on the road.
Not far from our destination was this little “lake” of unknown depth that we had to cross in order to turn onto the fork of the “road” at right. Our intrepid driver did not stop to measure the depth, but simply plowed ahead.

The engine and exhaust were underwater. I don’t know what we would have done if the engine had stopped.
Transportation in this beautiful village was mainly by footpath.

Little children eyed our truck curiously.
An older son of the village chief removed the log barriers from the gate of the compound and we were escorted to this shady bower to wait for his arrival.

A handful of children and adults began to gather.
Finally, Nkie Ngamutsho, the “chef coutumier” (traditional chief) arrived.

In his hands he held the staff of his office fringed with buffalo hair and topped with the image of a man and a woman.
Speaking in the Lingala language, Brother Kola introduced the efforts of FamilySearch International to gather records worldwide. He said that these efforts would allow their family history to be preserved safely forever, to the end of the world.

The chief was grateful for this effort and gladly expressed his willingness to help. He felt that the effort would also assist in resolving some local issues, such as disputes over tribal leadership or when people might mistakenly marry cousins who were too close.
Earlier in the visit, the chief had already begun to discuss his lineage with the elder to his right, counting generations on his fingers as he spoke. Without help, he was unable to remember any progenitors beyond his grandfather. Eventually family members in this and other villages would be consulted in order to verify and fill out the record of ancestors and descendants.

After the discussion, the chief had the Tam Tam (drum) brought out. Note the wide-eyed expression of the little girl at left. The chief explained that in their village, Friday, the day we were visiting, was the day in which the ancestors were honored. No one goes to work in the fields on Fridays. When he sounds the drum, the people assemble. On Fridays, the chief may experience “dreams” that provide direction for his people. For example, he may receive warnings that the people should not go into a certain part of the forest, or that the women should not go alone to the stream before a certain time of day.
The chief also brought out a leopard skin associated with his office. The eyes of the little girl opened even wider.

The hope is that someday these beautiful children will be blessed by Brother Kola’s diligent efforts.
The distances and other complexities of this massive gathering effort make it a daunting task. In all, there are seventeen different non-profit groups who have won bids to deploy to different parts of the Congo. Brother Kola’s team alone, including those shown here as well as others, has contracted with FamilySearch to collect 400,000 names in twelve months. The audacity of it all is a tribute to the faith of those whose vision initiated the effort and the diligence of those who ultimately will make it successful.

“Continue in Humility”

As I think about the many steps, each one small but necessary, that have been required to prepare the Church in the DR Congo for a temple, I remember the scripture: “Out of small things proceedeth that which is great.”

The story of Norman and Jinky Kamosi describes one of those steps, made possible by events that the Lord had put in motion decades beforehand.
Norman Kamosi was born in 1939 in Kikongo, an American Baptist mission where his father (who had been orphaned and raised by missionaries) took care of a group of several churches in the area. Because Norman was the oldest of ten children, as a boy of 6-9 years old, he had the responsibility of foraging and fishing for the family’s food. Later, his father was transferred to a Baptist elementary school in Kinshasa. They were very poor and often went without eating. They lived in a small, one bedroom “house” where he and his brother slept on the table because there was no other place to lie down.

One day Norman’s father told them to pack their bags quickly because they were leaving the house immediately. Worriedly, Norman asked his father where they were going, but he wouldn’t say. After walking a long time, they entered a large home in one of the neighborhoods of the Belgian colonists. As they entered, his father told him that he now needed to pick out his bedroom. Norman couldn’t believe it — indoor plumbing and all the other amenities. Somehow his father had been able to make this happen — he never explained how.

The next day an ever more astonishing thing happened. A Belgian man entered their home and began following the family everywhere in the house, taking notes as he went — during meals, as they made the beds, as they got ready for school. He later learned that to be authorized to live or even to travel through Belgian neighborhoods, it was required that they pass a qualifying evaluation. To make a long story short: They passed with flying colors and, before independence, his father became mayor of Leopoldville II — the newer section of what is now the city of Kinshasa.
Norman was a gifted student and was continually selected for higher educational opportunities, eventually completing graduate work in engineering and finance in Belgium. When he returned to the DR Congo, he joined the newly formed Air Congo.

He became a director for the airline in different capacities and opened up offices for them around the world.
He ran his own businesses as well and eventually became a member of the national parliament, sometimes traveling to other African countries to negotiate strategic alliances. They became wealthy.

Then in 1997, Laurent Desiré Kabila (whose son became president when he was assassinated in 2004) came in with troops from the east. Because they were part of the
old government, their lives were in danger. His family escaped their compound using tall ladders. Everything in their house was looted.

Because no Congolese were permitted to leave the country during the crisis, he had to use his airline connections to sneak his family through the hosting kitchen and board the last flight out to South Africa before the airport closed and no one would be allowed to come or go. Providentially, the soldiers inspecting the plane did not find them.

Norman and Jinky and their children eventually got to Washington, DC as refugees. He went from red carpet receptions at hotels to selling vegetables on the street and other odd jobs. They had little food, and little hope.

After seeing an ad on television, one of Norman’s daughters sent in a request to Church headquarters for a copy of the videotape “The Lamb of God.” It wasn’t long before they were visited by Elder Kyle Houghton and Elder Jared Banner. Norman recounts several instances of inspired service and teaching that accompanied their unexpected and somewhat reluctant journey toward baptism.
Both Jinky and Norman received powerful confirming witnesses that they should join the Church. Jinky’s answer came through the fulfillment of a dream. Norman’s answer came while pondering, praying, and walking the grounds of the Washington DC Temple with his family and the missionaries. As the others walked ahead, he felt compelled to stop. Then, “A voice came to me, telling me, ‘This is the true Church of Jesus Christ. Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God,’” he remembers. He immediately shouted to the missionaries down the path and said, “I’m ready for baptism!”
Four months later he was called as branch president for a small inner-city group of about 24 members. Attendance grew to 200 quickly under his loving leadership. Matthew Bowen, who was later a member of his ward, remembers his booming voice as he conducted meetings, saying: “Welcome to the true Church!”

Then, in 2012, another unexpected event took place. According to Kyle Houghton: “My Dad and I were having lunch with Brent Roberts and Jared Doxey. They mentioned the difficulties and cost of building in Kinshasa. If only they knew someone from Kinshasa with connections! I mentioned Norman’s name, and that was it!”
Kyle and his father Stan, the owner of Westland Construction, knew that the Lord had put Norman where he needed to be so he could come and help them.

Norman, in his turn, tells many stories of how the Lord has connected the dots in his life’s journey to bring him to the happy point where he now is.
With great enthusiasm, Norman says: “It is a great joy to be involved with building the Kinshasa temple of the Lord. [Although Kyle and Stan] were the ones who reached out to get us involved, it was already planned that way by our Heavenly Father.”

“Because I speak the local languages and know the culture, I was given the responsibility of dealing with government agencies, Congolese subcontractors, business leaders, and shipping companies. Things are sometimes done very differently in the DR Congo than in the United States or Europe. My experience as Airport Director has helped me to smooth out travel and visa challenges.”
There is always great joy in the face of Norman as he speaks of the temple.

Through his humble acceptance of the Gospel and his willingness to follow the promptings of the Holy Ghost wherever they lead, he has been brought back home — to Kinshasa and to the Lord’s Holy House.
This story is one of joy, but even more so one of hope. Of course, as Brother James E. Faulconer reminds us, the kind of hope described in scripture is not a “natural hope” for “bodily and worldly matters — the hope that our job will be rewarding, that our children will do well in school, that we will get a raise. Christian hope is the hope for salvation.” Moreover, Christian hope is a palpable divine gift, not simply a vague and wistful longing. Those who have proven faithful obtain an initial hope of attaining God’s kingdom when He grants them the “earnest of the Spirit in [their] hearts.” Such hope provides an “anchor … sure and steadfast” to those who suffer indignity and injustice in this life, allowing them to see God’s promises with absolute confidence from “afar off,” and to be “persuaded of them,” and to “[embrace] them,” knowing that “God … hath prepared for them [the supreme inheritance of His celestial] city” in His own due time.

The outside of the shop we are visiting is nothing remarkable. A tiny building measuring perhaps two meters square, inconspicuous among a crowded row of small businesses along the side of a busy, noisy road of packed dirt. Inside the building, a family of five people — a mother, a father, and three children — live and work. There is no electricity and no plumbing.
The sign on the wooden door bears a painting of a wheelchair, indicating that a disabled person is within.

Inside a man works busily on a child’s garment using a pedal-operated sewing machine.
The manual pedals for the machine give him the complete control of the speed of the machine he needs.

Luvualu Mwinza David deftly puts the thread through the needle and cuts it with his teeth. He is totally blind in both eyes. He lost his right eye at two years old when it came out of the socket after a bout with the measles. He lost his left eye at the age of twenty.
Customers select the style they want from the chart on the wall behind David’s machine. His wife, Ndotoni Josephine, herself suffering with a motor handicap, tells him the number corresponding to the style chosen. He takes it from there to create the garment.

The most amazing part of the work was watching him measure the clothing, here shown measuring Nephi Kaluwa’s daughter Délice. Our friend Athanase Ngandu told us that he did not believe that David was really blind until he noticed his wife giving him small corrections with the measurements as necessary (e.g., 52 vs. 50 centimeters—an impressive accuracy of 96% in this case).
David is very talented. He holds up a child’s garment with President Ephraim Zola, at that time a counselor in our stake presidency. President Zola is wearing a suit that David made for him. David says: “There are those [who leave me with an order for clothing here] who don’t know that I’m blind. Once [they learn] that I’m blind and ask an opinion of my work, people tell them they will be very happy with what I am making for them. And I share in that joy.”

At the request of the Church History Museum, David made matching outfits for Maguy Meta Kadima, R. Nephi Kaluwa and their children Délice, Prémices, and Icon.
In May 2005, David had a dream in which God asked him: "Why are you still alone? Why don't you marry?" Three days later he was sleeping, and God spoke to him again. He said: "Look at the wife I have chosen for you. She is from the same tribe. She has studied and received a degree. And she is a tailor." I woke up, and I thought, "Ah!" David began looking and eventually was led to Josephine. She was from his tribe, she had a degree, and she was a tailor. But she did not believe that he could sew. "Impossible!" she said to herself, "A blind tailor!" She came to his shop and was astonished to see him at work with some of his students. He asked if he could come to her shop to be sure she was really a tailor, too. When he arrived and met her there, he asked her to marry him and she said no. But during the visit she gave him a broken sewing machine to repair. He brought it back and she was again amazed to see that he had fixed it. After that, she started to visit him regularly. She learned that he was a committed Christian — that was something she had been looking for. They were married.

Josephine’s friends asked her, "Why did you fall in love with a blind man, you who are already handicapped yourself? How are you going to manage?" Josephine said "None of that matters. The Lord knows these things. What I can't do myself, he can do for me. And what he can't do for himself, I can do for him. That's how we will support each other."
David and Josephine heard about the Church in about 2008 and began studying the Book of Mormon and other Church literature. But the only church building they knew about was far away on the other side of the city. In addition, their friends and family discouraged them, saying it was a church of witchcraft and sorcery. Relatives said if anyone died in their family, they would blame David and Josephine for it.

Eventually, they found out there was an LDS meetinghouse near them in N’Djili. They began attending and were baptized. David said he found inspiration and a testimony in the story of Joseph Smith. He was impressed by the fact that even though the Prophet had to move from place to place because of persecution, he never wearied or stopped bearing his testimony so long as he lived. Remembering Joseph Smith keeps David from getting discouraged himself. The family studies the scriptures together, sometimes lengthily when business is slow. Josephine and the children read and he listens.

Josephine’s favorite scripture is in the Gospel of John, chapter 9. When the apostles asked Jesus whether a man they saw had been born blind because of his own sin or for that of his parents, Jesus answered that both reasons were incorrect. Jesus said it had happened in order “that the works of God should be made manifest in him.” Josephine also loves the revelation of the Lord to Emma Smith in D&C 25. She says that Emma was told to be strong in prayer so that she could fortify Joseph Smith. In the same way, she said, she needed to be strong for Brother David.
The family has a testimony of tithing. David says: "With the little that I earn with my work, we strive to pay our tithing. Even though the business isn't working out [as well as we'd like], we are still here. And I hope things will get better one day. This is why we are in our current situation, but we have no other choice. ... Even when there is no money, we get along fine and we find a way to manage." They are looking forward to being sealed as a family after the Kinshasa Temple is dedicated.

Said Josephine: "The greatest blessing of the Gospel in our life is, first of all, peace! Every day, God spares us: [we are grateful for] our home where we sleep — we don't have any choice — even if there are some rough people around us, even if there is water all around because of the rain, our good roof keeps the rain from coming down on us. Our health is good. We don't have any sicknesses. ... We don't have any worries. God truly watches over us with tremendous care ever since we accepted the restored Gospel."
She continued: “[We’re sometimes concerned] that we don’t have much of a place to sleep. To live here with our children is not an easy thing sometimes. Living next to the highway is also dangerous. We are not really safe here. We try to save up so we can have the means to pay for transportation to go where we need to go. With great difficulty we are able to pay for the children to stay in school — we can’t always pay their fees, but we are striving to do so. These are the only concerns we have in our lives.”
Said David: "When I was losing my sight, I continued to pray although there was no real solution. I went to see doctors, hospitals, examinations, until they finally told me that whatever they might try, I was going to be blind anyway. And I was determined from then on and I was given a grace from then on, and I thank the Lord now that I am in this Church and that I have a talent I can share with others."

Josephine added: "Our concern is that we are handicapped, but we don't have much work. We are also concerned for others who are handicapped who don't have any work, who can only get by through begging. [We worry about] handicapped children who are often labeled by their families as being ‘bewitched.’ Our concern is [finding a way to] do something for these children, [to find a way to] teach them skills that will allow them to work, that they can do useful things as we have been able to do. It's also a means to share the Gospel with others. That's why we [dream of being able to create] a Training Center to help our handicapped brothers and sisters."
Josephine’s favorite hymn is “We gather together to ask the Lord’s blessing.” She said: "I love ... the last line [of the hymn] that says He remembers us. ... When it says He remembers us, that includes all of us, without exception, including the handicapped.

I know that God remembers us because He gives us the breath of life. From January until now, the month of December, we are in good health. And today, he has allowed us to be face-to-face with you."
David said: “My greatest blessing is that God continues to grant me the breath of life. Many who were born when I was are already gone. But my life has been preserved. And if I’d never learned this trade, I wouldn't have been able to share this talent. But because I was able to learn this trade and to apply my talents, God gives me my daily bread. ...

I love the hymn 'Count your blessings' because when I hear the words ... it reminds me of all that God has done for me. God has done so much for me. First, He closed my eyes so I don't see evil. And I do not sin. And I think it's a good thing that now I don't see evil and I don't sin. And I don't have any worries or difficulties. ... I count the same [blessings that you do]. I am full of joy like you.”
As I think about the faithful Congolese Saints, I realize that what I love the most is that they take the Gospel seriously. For them, the Gospel is not simply a part of life, it is their life, their hope, and their joy.

Not long before the end of our mission, I met with a Congolese church leader who is a great example of devotion and diligence. He had scheduled another meeting later that morning. He called the Congolese brother who was in charge of this meeting to confirm the time. But the brother told my friend that he had just returned to Kinshasa by plane and for that reason had had to cancel the meeting.

After my friend hung up, he gave the situation some more thought. He realized that it couldn’t be true that this brother had just returned to Kinshasa because there were no flights that morning. He must have come back the night before. Because this brother had returned the night before there was no reason he couldn’t have been available for the meeting that morning. My friend called him again and took him to task for having canceled the meeting.

I felt compassion for the brother who had been corrected. But I also felt the power of the sincerity and earnestness with which my friend had spoken. D&C 121:43 speaks of “reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost.” According to Elder H. Burke Peterson, this “means reproving with clarity, with loving firmness, with serious intent. It does not mean reproving with sarcasm, or with bitterness, or with clenched teeth and raised voice. One who reproves as the Lord has directed deals in principles, not personalities.” Among other things, my friend had said in a spirit of
love and inspiration, with directness and without guile: “You like to sleep too much. You cannot sleep when the work of the Lord awaits you.”

After he hung up for the second time, my friend looked me straight in the eye. He said something like this: “You can sleep, but I can’t. You have great-grandparents who were members of the Church and who gave you the rich legacy of their example and the blessings of the Gospel. But we who are of the first generations of the Church in the Congo must build this legacy for our posterity from nothing. We don’t have time to sleep.”

His words touched me deeply. I knew he had spoken truly about the urgency of the work that had to be accomplished by pioneering members of the Church in the DR Congo. But I also knew that I had no more time myself for sleep than he did. I remembered that Elder Dieter F. Uchtdorf spoke to every member of the Church when he said: “We [must] not sleep through the Restoration.” “Let us be awake and not be weary of well-doing for we ‘are laying the foundation of a great work,’ even preparing for the return of the Savior.” I also remembered the words of J. Reuben Clark, a former member of the First Presidency:

In living our lives let us never forget that the deeds of our fathers and mothers are theirs, not ours; that their works cannot be counted to our glory; that we can claim no excellence and no place, because of what they did, that we must rise by our own labor, and that labor failing we shall fail. We may claim no honor, no reward, no respect, nor special position or recognition, no credit because of what our fathers were or what they wrought. We stand upon our own feet in our own shoes. There is no aristocracy of birth in this Church; it belongs equally to the highest and the lowliest; for as Peter said to Cornelius, the Roman centurion, seeking him:

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.
Traditionally, the West sent Christian missionaries to evangelize in the Global South. In 2018, should it be the other way around?

To most of us reading this article — comfortable and sometimes sleepy Saints living among long-established stakes who are accustomed to thinking of ourselves as keepers of the flame of global faith — the growing strength of the members of the Church in places like the DR Congo should provide an urgent wake-up call, encouraging us to reassess the depth of our discipleship. While the more abundant tangible resources of Western nations remain essential to the leadership and logistics of missionary operations worldwide, the spiritual vitality of the “Global South” is becoming an increasingly important dynamic in the growth and ongoing nourishment of faith among all nations.

To first-world countries who have long sent missionaries to bring Christianity to “the ends of the earth,” the examples of faithful members from the nations of Africa, Latin America, and Asia can serve as striking models of what Latter-day Saints worldwide are striving to become. As their growing presence in the West becomes a leavening influence in wards and stakes, the service of these “missionaries-in-reverse” lifts and blesses not only those from their countries of origin, but also the peoples of the “New Dark Continents” of Europe and North America.

As in the days of Samuel the Lamanite — perhaps the most obvious scriptural type of a missionary-in-reverse — avoiding disaster in the crucial coming days is not so much a matter of adapting the institutional Church to a changing world (though sometimes changing policies, programs, and organizational structures can help focus our awareness and increase our collective effectiveness) but ultimately will be the result of the deepened conversion of individuals and families. As President Russell M. Nelson has reminded us, the salvation of the world, both individually and collectively, is a matter of
“cultivat[ing our] own covenant of consecration”superscript 134 and ministering to each other in a
“higher and holier way.”superscript 135

May God help us to emulate the example of the faithful Congolese Saints.superscript 136

Thanks to Matthew K. Heiss of the global support and training division at the Church
History Library for his encouragement and support in the publication of this
transcript, for affirming permission on behalf of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-
day Saints to use oral history-related material found in this article.

References

Bradshaw, Jeffrey M. "Faith, hope, and charity: The ‘three principal rounds’ of the
ladder of heavenly ascent." In “To Seek the Law of the Lord”: Essays in Honor of

Clark, J. Reuben, Jr. 1947. "To them of the last wagon (October 5, 1947)." In J. Reuben
Clark: Selected Papers on Religion, Education, and Youth, edited by David H.

da Silva, Oseias. "Reverse mission in the Western context." Holiness: The Journal of
Wesley House Cambridge 1, no. 2 (2015): 231-44.
(accessed October 13, 2018).

Faulconer, James E. The Life of Holiness: Notes and Reflections on Romans 1, 5-8.
Provo, UT: Neal A. Maxwell Institute for Religious Scholarship, Brigham Young
University, 2012.

(accessed October 13, 2018).

"How Africa is changing the face of mission." Sedos Bulletin
(accessed October 13, 2018).

Imtiaz, Saba. 2018. A new generation redefines what it means to be a missionary (8
March 2018). In The Atlantic (Global).
https://www.theatlantic.com/international/archive/2018/03/young-
missionaries/551585/.
(accesed October 13, 2018).

2011)." Transformation: An International Journal of Holistic Mission Studies
2018).

Kim, Rebecca Y. 2015. Why are missionaries in America? In OUPblog: Oxford
University Press’s Academic Insights for the Thinking World.
https://blog.oup.com/2015/02/missionaries-america/.
(accessed October 13, 2018).


---

1 Unless otherwise noted, the material in this section has been adapted from “The More the Situation Threatens, the More God Draws Near”: The Story of Da Monyson Tarr and Angélique Kabongo Tarr,” an edited transcript from recording of oral history interviews made on 2, 7, and 17 February 2017. My sincere appreciation Brother and Sister Tarr and
their family for sharing their inspiring stories and for their suggestions, additions, and corrections.

2 Email message from Angélique Tarr to Jeffrey M. Bradshaw, 31 August 2018. Lightly edited for clarity.

3 Da gives the date of this photo as 1991. Angélique dates their departure to Monrovia to 1992. The coup d'état that sparked rumors of Liberian complicity took place in April 1992.


5 Da Tarr had gone to the US to visit family and for training meetings in Salt Lake City. He was in Utah for ten days and saw many missionaries there. Elder and Sister James Haggard Bodell (1923-) and Maydene Brown Bodell (1925-), the parents of Sister Kriss Gates (who later served three senior missions in Kinshasa) had served a mission in Liberia and gave Da a tour of their ranch in St. George. They suggested he visit the Cunninghams who lived in the area.

6 Photo by Jeffrey M. Bradshaw. Image ID: DSC2786.jpg.

7 Moroni 7:46. Some of the material in this section has been adapted from oral history interviews of Bernard Kateka Balibuno (6 January 2017) and Yaya Balibuno (19 January 2017). My sincere appreciation to the Balibunos and their family for sharing their inspiring stories. The visit of Daniel Tusey Kola and Jeffrey M. Bradshaw to the home of Alain Mota in M’poke N’ sele on the Bateke Plateau took place on 4 May 2018.


11 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.

12 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.

13 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.

14 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.

15 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.

16 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.

17 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.

18 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.

19 Matthew 6:11.


Photo probably taken by Ed and Kriss Gates, Avenue OUA, GB, Kinshasa, 29 April 2018.

From Congo Mission Item ID: 0179, 8 April 2018.

From Congo Mission Item ID: 0179, 8 April 2018.

From Congo Mission Item ID: 0200, 16 June 2018.

From Congo Mission Item ID: 0200, 16 June 2018.

From Congo Mission Item ID: 0200, 16 June 2018.


From Congo Mission Item ID: 0200, 16 June 2018.


From Congo Mission Item ID: 0011, 6 September 2016.


Jeffrey M. Bradshaw. Image ID: SCAN0000.PDF, 14 June 2018.

Pascal Lomboto family photo. Image ID: IMG_20180408_145541, about the time of the baptism of his son on 7 April 2018.

Jeffrey M. Bradshaw, Oral history interview of Pascal Lomboto, 18 May 2018.

Jeffrey M. Bradshaw. Image ID: DSC08149, 11 June 2018. The discussion among the brothers in the office referenced in the text actually took place sometime before 25 April 2017, while the mission office was still located in the Commimo building on Avenue du 30 Juin, Gombe, Kinshasa. See Congo Mission Item ID: 0201, 25 April 2017.


Church Handbook of Instructions, Volume 2, 21.1.17.

From Image ID: DSC03957. Family of Paulin APALAMONGANZI NDJOLI (finance, Kinshasa Service Center), wife, son Ryan, and new baby.

Célestine and Kefa Milambo, Image ID: DSC03950, ca. 9 June 2017.

Célestine and Kefa Milambo, Image ID: DSC03949, ca. 9 June 2017.

Célestine Milambo, Image ID: DSC03946, ca. 9 June 2017.


Elder Andersen—speaking in French—shared written testimonies of three generations of a family. First, the Apostle shared the words of Brother Antoine Kasuangi Mutombo, who was baptized on June 22, 1986, after he had a dream about a beautiful, clean house—a temple—as he was meeting with missionaries.

Then, Elder Andersen shared the words of Brother Mutombo’s son, President Thierry Kasuangi Mutombo, who serves as president of the Kinshasa Democratic Republic of the Congo Masina Stake. He spoke of hearing about the temple during family home evening lessons when he was a child. Since then, he decided he would never lose sight of the temple and wanted to be worthy to enter.

Elder Andersen then shared the words of President Mutombo’s son, Jason Kalombo Mutombo, who spoke of his love of the temple—the Lord’s House—where his family was sealed for all eternity.

See also Kinshasa temple groundbreaking video.

Thierry, his parents, and his sister Fifi are here pictured with President and Sister Hutchings.

Thierry is pictured here with James O. Mason, then serving as Area President, at Bouake, Ivory Coast, 1998.


Photo taken following the Masina stake conference 29 October 2017. L to R: Thierry, Harvest (1), Blessing (10), Jason (13), Nathalie, Marvel (4), Ariel (6).

1 Nephi 16:4: “And it came to pass that I, Nephi, did exhort my brethren, will all diligence, to keep the commandments of the Lord.” Some of the material in this section has been adapted from oral history interviews of the family of Kola Tusey Kapumba Daniel and his wife Thérèse on 8 July 2017. The visit of Daniel Tusey Kola and Jeffrey M. Bradshaw to the village of M’poke N’sele on the Bateke Plateau took place on 4 May 2018. My sincere appreciation to Sylvestre Muzengo Mambasah, Thierry Mutombo, and Daniel Tusey Kola and his family for sharing their inspiring stories. The visit to the digitization team in the Kinshasa Town Hall took place on 29 August 2017. I am grateful
to Sylvestre Muzenga Mambasah and Daniel Tusey Kola for reviewing the material in this section.

60 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0114, 30 August 2017.
64 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0101, 10 July 2017.
66 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0101, 10 July 2017.
67 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0101, 10 July 2017.
68 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0101, 10 July 2017.
69 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0101, 10 July 2017.
70 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.
71 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
72 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
73 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
74 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
75 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
76 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
77 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
78 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
79 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
80 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
81 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
82 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
83 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0190, 6 May 2018.
84 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.
85 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.
86 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.
87 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018.
88 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0191, 6 May 2018. Taken at the Kinshasa mission office.
89 D&C 105:12: “For behold, I have prepared a great endowment and blessing to be poured out upon them, inasmuch as they are faithful and continue in humility before
me.” Some of the material in this section has been adapted from oral history interviews of . My sincere appreciation to Norman and Jinky Kamosi (oral history interviews, 1, 4 September 2017; 2 May 2018), Stan (oral history interview, 3 November 2016) and Kyle Houghton, and Charles and Kriss Gates (oral history interviews 30 April and 17 May 2018) and their families for sharing their inspiring stories and for reviewing the material in this article.

90 D&C 64:33.

91 Photo by Ed and Kriss Gates. From Congo Mission Item ID: 0200, 16 June 2018

92 Image ID: ??.


96 Image ID: ??, 2 May 2018.

97 Romans 15:13: “Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.” My sincere appreciation to Luvualu Mwinza David, Ndotoni Josephine, and their family for sharing their inspiring stories (oral history interview, 3 December 2017), and to Nephi Kaluwa for reviewing the material with David. Thanks to Ephraim Zola for introducing us to David’s family. Thanks also to our dear friends Athanase Ngandu, R. Nephi Kaluwa, Maguy Meta Kadima, and their children whose positive spirits are an example to us and who helped us in so many ways during our visits.

98 J. E. Faulconer, Life of Holiness, p. 207. For more on this subject, see J. M. Bradshaw, Faith, Hope, and Charity, pp. 94-100.

99 2 Corinthians 1:22, 5:5. Cf. Ephesians 1:14. Just as a purchaser pledges eventual full payment by the initial deposit of an earnest money, God gives a first installment of hope to believers through the confirmation of His Spirit, promising that He will provide their full inheritance as sons and daughters of God if they endure to the end.

100 Hebrews 6:19.


102 Hebrews 11:16.


106 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0176, 8 April 2018.


109 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0176, 8 April 2018.


111 From Congo Mission Item ID: 0176, 8 April 2018.
D&C 88:124: “Cease to be idle; cease to be unclean; cease to find fault one with another; cease to sleep longer than is needful; retire to thy bed early, that ye may not be weary; arise early, that your bodies and your minds may be invigorated.”

H. B. Peterson, Unrighteous Dominion.


J. R. Clark, Jr., Last Wagon.


S. Imtiaz, New Generation. Photo from Stefano Rellandi / Reuters.

The presence of missionaries-in-reverse, with newer Christians from Africa, Latin America, and Asia serving older Christian nations, has been met with varying degrees of discomfort by Catholics (How Africa, How Africa) and Protestants (O. da Silva, Reverse Mission; S. H. Kim et al., Korean Diaspora, pp. 147-151) in countries such as the United States (J. D. Payne, Missions in Reverse; R. Y. Kim, Why Are Missionaries in America?), the United Kingdom (L. Kuo, Africa’s Reverse Missionaries; I. Olofinjana, Reverse Mission; K. R. Ross, Non-Western Christians in Scotland: Mission in reverse; I. Olofinjana, Reverse Mission; I. Olofinjana, Reverse in Ministry and Missions), and Germany (C. Währisch-Oblau, Mission in Reverse). Noting the numerical significance of this trend, one writer observes that “on any given Sunday, at least half of all churchgoers in inner London are black, of African or Caribbean heritage, a group that accounts for only 13% of the capital’s population” (L. Kuo, Africa’s Reverse Missionaries).

S. Imtiaz, New Generation provides an apt summary of the current state of affairs in the perception and practice of missionary work among Christian denominations worldwide:

Christianity is shrinking and aging in the West, but it’s growing in the Global South, where most Christians are now located. With this demographic shift has come the beginning of another shift, in a practice some Christians from various denominations embrace as a theological requirement. There are hundreds of thousands of missionaries around the world, who believe scripture compels them to spread Christianity to others, but what’s changing is where they’re coming from, where they’re going, and why.

The model of an earlier era more typically involved Christian groups in Western countries sending people to evangelize in Africa or Asia. In the colonial era of the 19th and early 20th centuries in particular, missionaries from numerous countries in Europe, for example, traveled to countries like Congo and India and started to build religious infrastructures of churches, schools, and hospitals. And while many
presented their work in humanitarian terms of educating local populations or assisting with disaster relief, in practice it often meant leading people away from their indigenous spiritual practices and facilitating colonial regimes in their takeover of land. Kenya’s first post-colonial president Jomo Kenyatta described the activities of British missionaries in his country this way: “When the missionaries arrived, the Africans had the land and the missionaries had the Bible. They taught us how to pray with our eyes closed. When we opened them, they had the land and we had the Bible.”

Yet as many states achieved independence from colonial powers following World War II, the numbers of Christian missionaries kept increasing. In 1970, according to the Center for the Study of Global Christianity, there were 240,000 foreign Christian missionaries worldwide. In 2000, that number had grown to 440,000. And by 2013, the center was discussing in a report the trend of “reverse mission, where younger churches in the Global South are sending missionaries to Europe,” even as the numbers being sent from the Global North were “declining significantly.” The report noted that nearly half of the top 20 mission-sending countries in 2010 were in the Global South, including Brazil, India, the Philippines, and Mexico.

As the center of gravity of mission work shifts, the profile of a typical Christian missionary is changing—and so is the definition of their mission work, which historically tended to center on the explicit goal of converting people to Christianity. While some denominations, particularly evangelicalism, continue to emphasize this, Christian missionaries nowadays are relatively less inclined to tell others about their faith by handing out translated Bibles, and more likely to show it through their work — often a tangible social project, for example in the context of a humanitarian crisis. Humanitarian work has long been part of the Christian mission experience, but it can now take precedence over the work of preaching; some missions do not involve proselytizing in any significant way. “It’s not to say that no one ever does any preaching—of course they do,” said Melani McAlister, a George Washington University professor who writes about missionaries, “but the notion that ‘our main goal is to convert people’ has been much less common among more liberal missionaries.” Instead, undertaking mission work can entail serving as a doctor, an aid worker, an English teacher, a farmer’s helper, or a pilot flying to another country to help a crew build wells. Many missionaries I’ve spoken to say they hope their actions, and not necessarily explicit words, will inspire others to join them.

“When I’m abroad I don’t use the word ‘missionary’ because of the stigma that it carries with other communities,” Jennifer Taylor, a 38-year-old missionary in Ukraine, told me recently. “I just usually use ‘volunteer’ or ‘English teacher’ so it actually sounds like I’m there with a purpose, and I’m not going to make you believe something you don’t want to believe.” She considers it her job to model a life with purpose, which she hopes can lead people to embrace Christianity without it having to be forced down their throat.

Beyond faith, Christian missionaries’ motivations can vary widely, in part because they come from diverse denominations. Mormons, Pentecostals, evangelicals, Baptists, and Catholics all do mission work. The work is particularly central to Mormonism, which encourages observation of the scriptural invocation to “preach the gospel to every creature.” Pentecostals and evangelicals are also among the more
visible. (By way of comparison, at the beginning of this year, 67,000 Mormons from around the world were serving as missionaries, while the U.S.-based Southern Baptist Convention reported having sent only about 3,500 missionaries overseas.)

They may be driven by their faith, the wish to do good in the world, and an interest in serving a higher purpose. But their motivations, according to young Christian missionaries I’ve spoken to, also include everything from the desire to travel abroad to the desire for social capital. Often, these are mutually reinforcing.

Faith, of course, remains a primary driver. Many feel that they’ve been “called,” that they’ve received “a transcendent summons,” said Lynette Bikos, a psychologist who has researched children in international missionary families. For some, the sense of a calling might lead to joining the Peace Corps or a non-profit, but “what distinguishes missionaries is this sense of transcendent missions; they’re doing it for religious purposes—to dig wells, but to do it in a Christian context,” Bikos said.

Among the new generation of Western Christian missionaries, the so-called “white savior complex”—a term for the mentality of relatively rich Westerners who set off to “save” people of color in poorer countries but sometimes do more harm than good—is slowly fading. “I think for many missionaries today, contrary to when I was growing up, missionary experience is primarily seen through the lens of social justice and advocacy, with proselytizing as a secondary condition,” said Mike McHargue, an author and podcaster who writes about science and faith. “I think young Christians today have experienced and internalized some critique of that colonial approach to mission work.”

Sarah Walton, a 21-year-old Mormon from Utah, went on a 19-month mission trip to Siberia when she was 19; she said her desire to go emerged from her belief in God. “I was really lucky to have the experience to go outside the United States,” she told me. “Since then I’ve become addicted to traveling and going outside the U.S.” She’s studying in Israel this year. …

Meanwhile, missionary life looks very different for people coming from outside the West. “To a surprising degree, third-world Christians, or ‘majority-world’ Christians in the language of political correctness, are not burdened by a Western guilt complex, and so they have embraced the vocation of mission as a concomitant of the gospel they have embraced: The faith they received they must in turn share,” said Lamin Sanneh, a professor of Missions and World Christianity at Yale Divinity School. “Their context is radically different from that of cradle Christians in the West. Christianity came to them while they had other equally plausible religious options. Choice rather than force defined their adoption of Christianity; often discrimination and persecution accompanied and followed that choice.”

At the Jordan Evangelical Theological Seminary in Amman, for example, two-thirds of the 150-odd student body comes from within the Middle East, according to the founder Imad Shehadeh. The curriculum focuses on understanding Arab culture, the role of Arab Christians, and how to minister in the region. The majority of the students are setting out to be church leaders, build new churches, and proselytize; students are asked to serve in Arab countries. “We had a couple go back to Aleppo” in Syria, Shehadeh said. “They’d lost everything, came here, studied here. They did so well. They returned to Aleppo—they’re leading a church there. They said, ‘We
cannot go back to our countries when things are okay. We need to go back when things are tough.” ... 

While mission work may have evolved in some countries and denominational groups, several organizations still offer trips to countries where proselytizing can be ethically dubious, applying religious pressure to vulnerable groups. ... In Jordan, Father Rifat Bader, the director of the Catholic Center for Studies and Media, said that missionaries can harm the image of existing Christian communities. “When the Syrian refugees came to Zaatari camp, many missionaries or evangelizers came to the camp and they were speaking frankly: ‘You want to regain your peace? Join Jesus Christ.’ These are vulnerable people. Some were trying to attract them [by offering] visas or money to change their religion.”

In some places, accusing people of performing missionary work is a way to target Christian communities. In India, for instance, Hindu right-wing activists have accused Christians of being missionaries or attempting conversions, using this as a pretext to attack Christians.

And missionaries themselves face danger in some countries. Last year, for instance, two Chinese 20-somethings reportedly working as missionaries in Pakistan were kidnapped and killed in an attack claimed by ISIS. In other cases, missionaries confront political and cultural barriers. During Walton’s mission to Siberia, Russia barred proselytizing. She and her group shifted their focus to working with local church members instead.


129 “Reverse mission is when non-Western churches return with the Gospel to societies that initially brought the Gospel to them. ... Non-western missionaries view ... ‘reverse mission’ as the mandate to bring the Gospel to the whole world including Western society. ... [T]he new Christian immigrants and their descendants come from the center of vibrant Christian growth and embody a brand of Christianity that is strongly ... conversionist” (S. H. Kim et al., Korean Diaspora, p. 148).

130 E.g., D. Killingray, Passing on the Gospel.

131 Cf. M. Priest, On Reverse Mission:

“We’re sending Gospel workers to the Dark Continent!”

Praise the Lord, right?! But what exactly does this seemingly simple statement mean?

Its meaning used to be plain enough. For over 200 years it meant that western churches were setting aside people, resources and prayer to send Christian missionaries to Africa, or some other continent where the Gospel was not yet known. This is still happening, and rightly so.

But we wouldn’t dare use the term “Dark Continent” for Africa, or Latin America or Asia today! The reasons are a complex mix of political correctness, delight in a mission task nearing completion and embarrassment that in the West we’re no longer feeling so ‘Enlightened’.

In fact, if you still want to hear the term “Dark Continent” used, you’ll probably have to go to a mission conference in the Global South. As mission agencies springing up
south of the Equator seek mission recruits, “Dark Continent” is how they are
describing Europe.

How does that make you feel? How do you feel about African Christians in Nigeria
putting up a world map in a mission meeting in a church in Lagos and pointing at
Europe to single it out as the spiritually most needy continent? It’s a bit shocking
really, but at our most honest we’d have to agree, sadly, with that description. We’re
living in the “New Dark Continent.”

132 Such changes have been a hallmark of the administration of President Russell M.
Nelson. For example, as in the changes in quorum organization that have pointed our
attention to the need for unity of effort among Melchizedek Priesthood holders, the
changes in member ministry that have reminded us all of what matters most when we
seek to love and support others while also recognizing the young women of the Church
as a vital resource in that service, and in a home-centered, Church-supported approach
to Gospel learning that emphasizes the essential responsibility of individuals and
families for their own spiritual growth.

133 B. Hearne, Reverse Mission, p. 286.
135 Ibid., 12 April 2018, p. 206.
136 To be sure, members of the Church in the DR Congo face challenges that are both
common to all people and unique to their own situation. For example, on a personal
level, cultural traditions fostering tribalism, promoting greed (e.g., large marriage
dowries), or hampering a spirit of self-reliance take time for some new members to
throw off completely. And, on a societal level, the deep and long-standing effects of
poverty, disease, corruption, despotism, and restricted opportunities for education and
experience continue to cripple many in the country.

However, B. Hearne, Reverse Mission, p. 285 has observed that the ignorance and
inaction of the West continue to contribute to such problems:

An example that came home to me recently: BBC 2 is presenting a series of African
films. Of the many missionaries I asked, only one showed any interest in this series.
Similarly, how many missionaries have read the worlds of writers like Chinua
Achebe, Nguiga wa Thiongo, Wole Soyinka — even among those who would flock to
support Nelson Mandela or Desmond Tutu? ...

Today we all eat Chinese food, Indonesian food, Japanese food, when [some decades
ago] Italian food would have turned our stomachs. But our mentalities don’t seem to
have changed as much as our digestive tracts. You hear people blaming Africa’s
economic woes and famines on mismanagement, corruption, and incompetence. You
don’t hear very much about economic colonialism, multinational firms, the abuse of
labor and raw materials. Even international aid has easily become an instrument of
oppression, with rival agencies competing for money and publicity, and doing very
little to change the order of things.