II SUMMARY

I

1. Johannes King of Maripaston

The book opens with a New Year's day prayer by King. "Lord, be with me and my family. Help me to carry on with the work I have begun — the preaching of the gospel among the Bush Negroes. Do not let me grow lazy in the course of my work on this book. Grant me a clear insight and help me to resist all temptation to neglect my duty."

2. Johannes King of Maripaston (continued)

After this the problems of Maripaston are discussed. Formerly Maripaston had a reputation as a holy place, but chief Noah (my brother) has turned it into a murderers' den. Noah would like all the inhabitants to follow his pernicious example. Moreover, he is putting obstacles in my way.

3. The story of Noah at Maripaston

I am tired of this life of fear under Noah and hope that the Lord will soon send me help.

4. The Prayer of Johannes King, God's Servant

I am feeling sinful and would wish to crawl to my Lord on my knees. I have not kept God's commandments. But God must deliver me from the mire of my sins. A child that has done wrong deserves punishment. But if it asks forgiveness its father must be prepared to grant forgiveness. Strike out my name from the book of the wicked and let my soul rest with Thee.

5. How Noah abused and ridiculed the Church Elders in Maripaston

What happened in Maripaston. Noah returned from town on Sunday.
morning. We helped him unload the boat. He stated that he was too
tired to go to church that night. Then he drew Frederika towards him,
as though she were his own wife. The next day he announced that he
regarded Frederika as his second wife. He ridiculed the native helpers
of the church (lay functionaries in the parish) as well as God. He
vowed that he himself was the most devout man. At first I remained
silent during these boasts. But later on I said, "Chief, you are fighting
against God as King Pharaoh did, whereas you know full well your
behaviour is wrongful." I confirmed these words with a handshake and
added, "Now you are abusing the helpers of the church, but there will
come a time when there shall be lamenting in your own home, so that
everyone shall be able to see the grief reigning in it." Noah did not
think God would punish him. Before long punishment followed, how­
ever. Noah felt giddy while out in the forests and could not find his
way home. He spent the night in the forest, with his body in a pool
from which he could not work his way out. Thus God punished Noah,
but he did not mend his ways.

6. How Chief Noah Adrai persecuted his Brother Johannes King

Noah is using me ill and the parish is taking his side. Noah thinks
I am proud, have had too much good fortune and am accorded too
much esteem. Noah does not agree with my receiving payment for my
church work. He is jealous because of the money I receive from the
church. That is why Noah has ledged an accusation against me with
pastors Van Calker, Kremes and Strom. He accuses me of being the
most wicked man among the Matuari. But luckily the loving Saviour
has prevented the accusation from being accepted. God granted the
pastors insight and caused them to realise that Noah was acting out
of jealousy. The pastors patiently heard the charge, but regarded it as
null and void.

Noah brooded on other ways of getting rid of me or even killing me.
Noah thought that as chief he was entitled to greater prestige, whereas
in reality I was given all the honour. He once said to master Maraton,
"Johannes has found himself a good wife who looks after him well."
"Well", master Maraton said, "Why don't you look for a good wife too?"

Many detest Noah for his evil ways, and also because he is con­
sciously thwarting the gospel. One nonetheless finds many on Noah's
side, all of them parishioners who are of the opinion that I am too
exacting in church matters. Noah would even like to kill me. All this
stems from jealousy. The bible says, rightly so, that jealousy makes murderers of men. Noah wants to serve two masters. He has been christened, but nonetheless wants to honour the teachings of the ancestors. This is turning him into a murderer. Noah wanted to kill me, and no-one except master Maraton warned me. So people were actually on Noah's side. I put a stop to the pagan sekete game and dancing on New Year's day. I prevented people from indulging in worldly pleasures. They were forbidden to have two wives. If I were not here they would be able to do as they pleased. Because I could not agree with Noah his jealousy and anger augmented, so much so that he sought an opportunity to kill me and my wife. But God did not grant him the opportunity.

7. How Johannes King's Kinsmen treated him at Maripaston

That same year he gave the heathens permission to dance in Maripaston. The whole parish agreed that I should stop living in the village. I was removed downstream. When my grandchild died there was no-one who showed the slightest concern. Although they ate and drank with me, in their hearts they cursed me. Three heathens were allowed to come and dance in Maripaston — the most wicked dances, no less — and many communicant members stood looking on. When I heard of this I went straightway to Maripaston to give them a piece of my mind. And they could only agree with me.

8. Story about Maripaston

When Noah became Captain of Maripaston he was a humble man. God gave Maripaston the greatest treasure, the church. This was such a great gift that it had to be shared with the other Bush Negroes. When Noah became chief he summoned all the captains and said, "All the Matuari negroes are under my authority. The forest and all the creatures in it are mine. I am chief over all. I can make or break. I can even have a person executed." So lust of power tempted Noah to grave sin.

9. How Johannes King's kinsmen treated him when Noah tried to kill him

Noah has too strong an attachment to the vain things of this earth. This, together with his jealous heart, causes him to value the things of
this world more highly than that which comes from God. God's bible, which cannot be lying, says that jealousy makes murderers of men.

Maripaston, what is to become of you? You shall be severely punished, for Noah has sown seeds that will bring forth thorny bushes. All those living in Maripaston are relatives of mine, and I have put all my heart into teaching them God's commandments; I have taught them that God should occupy the most important place in their hearts. But even so, brethren, you are killing me in your thoughts. Woe be to you, Maripaston — would you not rather seek the Lord and his righteousness. People are deliberately sinning, and therefore punishment will be deliberately meted out. It were better if you were to seek your salvation in God and not put your faith in men. Woe to those who have betrayed me to Noah with their slanderous lies.

10. 12th May, 1892

My own brother has driven me and my wife and children out of Maripaston. He has seized our garden plots. He has many false witnesses on his side. You show respect to a man who is able to kill the body, even more than to God, who can kill both body and soul.

11. Johannes King's Prayer at Miwan-libi

Oh Lord our God, behold how grief is gnawing at me. They have driven me out, chased me into the bush as a wild beast. Panting, I invoke Thy holy name. Forgive me the sins I have committed, also those of which I am unaware. You know I possess no strength within myself. All my strength derives from Thee. When on Thursday, 26th May, 1892, Ascension Day, I was in Mi-dan-libi, how You allowed me to behold the glory of the deceased who have passed away in Thy name. So help me, too, when my hour strikes, to deliver myself into Thy hands, oh Lord. Prevent me from going astray, from losing sight of the true path which will lead me to Thee. Deliver me from the sorrows of this world which have nestled in my heart. Do so for the sake of the goodness of Thy heart and Thy peace.

12. The evil Thoughts of Johannes King's Enemies

On 12th June, 1892, I awoke in the middle of the night thinking of all my hidden enemies, who were eating and drinking with me. As long as Jesus Christ communes with me, however, I am not afraid of
worldly enemies. They dress up in fine clothes, but judge others with a false heart. When they think they can make and break they become haughty. They are capable of destructive but not of constructive works. Only God can make and break, in the final analysis. One single person can kill a hundred men in one day, or burn down a whole city in half a day, but will he be able to raise the dead or rebuild the city? Well, seeing that man is so powerless, it is much to be preferred to praise God with our foolish minds, for that is His due. But what the heathen chiefs shrank from doing, Noah does. He drinks and raves like a drunken Indian. But anyone who has become a leader and knows the word of God knows full well that the Lord disapproves of the haughty. Though Noah may be chief of Matuari, his soul is dead. No-one fighting against God’s word is of God.

13. How Noah began persecuting Johannes King

Noah has been molesting me, Johannes, for a long time, but did so in secret out of fear for chief Josua. When the latter died it was Zacharias Asonde's turn to become chief.

In these days Noah's behaviour was exemplary and the government thought he would be a just chief.

He had been christened, moreover. Well, when the government noticed that Noah conducted himself well, he was appointed instead of Zacharias, whose turn it really was. At that time Van Idsinga was governor of Surinam.

On 24th September, 1870, we accompanied Noah to town, to the office of the governor of Surinam. The latter had Noah swear on the bible that he would carry out his duties as chief, to which the government was appointing him, justly.

But listen to what happened shortly after Noah became chief. He had stated previously that he would assert himself strongly if ever he attained to the highest power. For this reason Satan found an opportunity for engraving all kinds of evil thoughts into his heart. He lied to the pastors by saying that he would have the church built on the other riverbank in Karoe Gron. In the pastor's absence he said that we would not move, however. And all because of me, Johannes. I would be shown too much honour, for people would think it was my doing. Noah was needlessly picking a quarrel. He lodged an accusation against me with three of the pastors, saying that I was the most wicked man in Maripaston; but they refused to believe him.
14. How chief Noah Adrai tried to shoot Johannes King at Maripaston

I once reprimanded Noah for beating his wife Albertina on the public road. He became so angry at this that he loaded his rifle, opened his door and waited for me to pass by in order to shoot me. But master Thomas warned me not to go near Noah, and his wife informed Magdarena and myself that the chief had closed down the church. If I, Johannes, were to hold a service not a single person was allowed to attend it. Noah would punish anyone bold enough to go to church. The helpers further allowed the church to remain closed and pastor Kersten even had to come to Maripaston to remonstrate with him on his behaviour.

15. The evil Thoughts in Noah's Heart

Even though my brother knew that I was striving for what was good for him, he nonetheless remained angry with me. He was like a savage tiger intent on catching a hound. He no longer had any interest whatever in God's work. His entire way of life had become as that of a true heathen. Wherever I was concerned he would only utter abuse. Why in fact was he jealous of me? He went around daily saying that I enjoyed too much esteem in the country and that everyone loved me. And I was receiving money from the pastors. They trusted me in my work. Reports appeared about me in the newspapers. He, Noah was chief and he would do everything in his power to make me change my tune. Then I would be dismissed and lose not only my good name but especially the money.

Magdarena, my wife, and I can do no good in Noah's eye. Our grandchildren shall read this story and so find out what really happened when Noah was chief in Matoewari. For twenty-two years Noah has been looking for an opportunity to kill me. He no longer wanted a church in Matuari. All those from Kwatahede and Moetoetoe have been removed by him. Many of those christened in Maripaston lost hope altogether, and were going to the wentiman (witch doctor) again to seek relief in their distress.

He kept Frederika, whom he had stolen from Johannes Soengoe, for himself. He would rather evade church discipline than give up Frederika. That is why he closed down the church.
16. The evil Thoughts in the Heart of Noah's Son Samuel Kwakoe

Noah had resolved to put his son Samuel Kwakoe in charge of the church when I should have disappeared altogether. This would be better for the father, for in fact he did not want to remain under church supervision at all.

17a. What Law was laid down by the People of Maripaston

It had been decreed in Maripaston that no-one should be allowed to visit me, Johannes, in Mi-wan-libi. And even the helpers agreed. But God's angels will bear witness against them for me. No-one was allowed to go to church. None of the helpers made any attempt to change this. It was not God's honour, but Noah's praise they wanted. The helpers had forgotten God's word; they had forgotten the responsibility laid upon them by God, a responsibility of a lasting nature.

My family had cast me out. In those days I was a stranger in their eyes, someone they had never set eyes on before. Even those I had brought up from the cradle as my own children were now ignoring me. Despite the fact that I was godfather to some of them. When they grew up they regarded me as an evil-doer. Juriana and Jacob are also conspiring against me. They want to do themselves in because they do not have my consent to marry the man and woman of their choice. Then Magdarena and I would be held responsible for their deaths. Woe be to such children!

17b. How sad it is when your own kinsmen persecute you day and night

The story of Cain and Abel, in which Cain slew Abel on account of his faith, should cause no-one surprise. For after all, is not this how Noah wants to kill me on account of my faith? Anyone trying to do good invariably has many enemies.

18. What Mr. Loosboer, the Jewish Timber Merchant, said to Johannes King

One day Mr. Loosboer advised me to go and settle in town, as Noah was up to no good as regards me. Loosboer was of Jewish extraction and came to buy cedar-wood in our village. But the Lord our God did not allow Noah to kill me.

Noah was an assassin. He and a few others almost beat Amadja to
death and buried him while he was still breathing. It was not long before God's retribution came, for the murderers who assisted Noah died one after the other. One of them even hanged himself.

19. How Noah banished Johannes King from Maripaston

Noah's viciousness was excessive. First he robbed Johannes Soengoe of his wife Frederika, after which he gave him a beating into the bargain. I, Johannes, gave Noah a serious talking to, so that he began to hate me all the more. Even though Noah told everyone that he had been christened and hence was a Christian, his heart was even so full of evil, more so than is the case with heathens. These people have such a wicked heart that no place can be found for God anywhere in it. Our Lord God previously gave many important signs and wrought many miracles in Maripaston, such as he has performed nowhere else in the bush. But still people keep their hearts shut, even so their hearts are still as hard as stone. Woe to those who do not heed God's will. They shall have to mend their ways and seek the Lord our God with genuine faith. Yea, I would like them and their children to change their ways in order to escape God's retribution.

20. How Noah began persecuting his younger brother Johannes King

When Noah became chief, pastor van Calker proposed that Maripaston be transferred to the opposite riverbank. Behind the present site there are swamps, which is detrimental to people's health. On the opposite bank, Karoegron, a fresh breeze blows and there we could build the church, on top of the hill. Maybe in that case a pastor would come from town to live here, from whom we would be able to learn more. Noah pretended to consent to this and Van Calker gave credence to his words. I went with a few other persons to prepare the site where the church was to be built. We even built a 30 by 16 ft. shed there. Later on we discovered that Noah had only been misleading Pastor van Calker. After the pastor's departure my brother summoned the people to him in secret and told them he would not think of transferring Maripaston. If he were to do so, it was I, Johannes King, to whom once again all the credit would go. Noah came to me in anger then, in order to tell me that the people would not leave Maripaston: "No, we are not moving, in order to prevent that you should once again be honoured."
When I, Johannes, lay ill for a whole month Noah did not come to see me even once. Later on he had carpenters come from Paramaribo in secret in order to erect the church in Maripaston. Not one of those with whom he had conferred about this had given me the slightest hint, except for Jonas Agasoe. That was at the same time that I was at the mouth of the Mindrineti with the others for the work in the garden plots there. By going about things in such an underhand way Noah thought he could make a name for himself. But God will not have anything to do with those who only work for the sake of their own glory. Anyone doing so and acting on his own strength cannot but become vain, and vanity gives people a bad name with their environment, without their necessarily being aware of it themselves.

Once it came to pass that Noah beat me. So I used a very uncouth word to him. That was the reason why he accused me with the government, even making a proposal as to what punishment should be applied. Governor van Sypesteijn was to have me shot in the square of Paramaribo and have me buried in the same spot. But the governor acted sensibly in settling the dispute without inflicting punishment.

21. Another Story about Noah

Noah's wish to have my life taken was not fulfilled and so he brought disgrace upon himself. Just as the Lord our God Himself gave David the opportunity to record all the wicked deeds of Saul, so the Lord is giving me Johannes King the strength to commit to writing all the evil deeds of Noah Adrai in Maripaston, so that all of posterity will know how godless chief Noah was and how much harm he caused in Maripaston, yea, that he even was an assassin who strove to counteract the work of God in underhand ways. For he intended that all men should become heathens again.

II

1. Our Journey to the Djuka

On 22nd July, 1865, Noah Adrai and myself and a few others, including five heathens, set out from Paramaribo for Goenka (Djuka). On Sunday someone at Lanfantiri asked me to conduct a service, to which I agreed.
2. **Story about Mi-wan-libi**

After stopping at a few places we reached Neger Creek, a tributary of Wana Creek. In the first Djoeka village we came to we discovered a great many Indians who had also come from Paramaribo and were on their way to the Marowijne river. They were asked by Noah to show us the way along Wana Creek, to which they readily assented. Thus it happened that the Indians did not leave us but escorted us all the way along the difficult Wana Creek. Only at the point where it flows into the Marowijne did they go their own separate way.

3. **Story about the Indians**

If we had not fallen in with the Indians we would never have reached the mouth of the creek, which was strewn with small grassy islands.

We spent the first night near the Marowijne on Neger Creek, and on 29th July were in Albina. The next day, Sunday, I held a church service. After spending the night from first to second of August in the garden hut of a Boni Negro, we reached the first rapid, at Tapoedan. We had scarcely begun hauling our boat across the rapid when it began to pour with rain; but after much arduous toil we succeeded in getting the boat across. Seeing that there were no garden huts along the bank we went into the forest, chopped some branches and leaves and erected three small, simple shelters for the night.

On 4th and 5th August we came upon a number of Djuka who warned us not to utter the name of the next creek which poured its water into the river on our right-hand side. Moreover, we had to offer *dran* (home-distilled rum) if we wanted to prevent the creek from harming us. But I, Johannes King, replied that we would not offer any *dran* and would not observe any other kind of ceremony either. "That's all very well for you because you are church people", said the heathens. When we reached the mouth of the creek we deliberately uttered its name, Gran-kriki, but nothing happened. We even joked about it in order to show our five heathen companions from Maripaston how the devil misleads people. We spent the night on an island directly facing the creek.

Not far from the Manbari rapids we met a man by name of Kwasi-gadoe, who was well dispensed towards us. The garden hut in which we had last slept belonged to him. He was a descendant of the negroes who had liberated themselves long ago. With the gospel in my hand
I taught him the way to Christ. And Kwasigadoe replied to me that he marvelled to hear such stories about God. He said, "God should have mercy on us and deliver us from the devil's clutches, for under the latter's tyranny we are leading a very hard and difficult life. This entire area has been corrupted by the devil and it's up to people themselves whether or not to lend an ear to the message of God."

Kwasigadoe helped us haul our big boat across three rapids, named Manbari, Singatité and Porigoedoe. We spent the night on a small island near Porigoedoe, where I conducted a church service, which was much appreciated by the people. It dealt with the sufferings of Jesus Christ who died on the cross for our sakes. "We wish the Lord would deliver us from the scourge under which we are suffering only too much because of what we regard as God", the people said.

4. How we left Porigoedoe and went upstream

The following day a man and a woman accompanied us upstream to Tabiki and it was Noah who asked the person in charge there whether we would be allowed to hold a short church service. The answer was in the affirmative, and many came and sat down to hear us talk about God. When they asked me what to do in order to be saved I said, "If you really believe, you must cast away all the obeah objects (charms) and rid yourselves of the false god. Then you will enter God's eternal life after your death."

A little further on there were three villages which formed one unit. There I conducted a church service for a large group of people who sat listening very respectfully. In my sermon I especially stressed the Divine curse and grace. The following Sunday many questions were asked after the service, such as, "What did one have to do to enter God's kingdom?"

5. Story about Manlobi

Manlobi is a large village but we did not spend the night there. Instead we did so in Krementi, the village of Salome Affi and my father. This we regarded as our base from which we would undertake our shorter journeys. Many church services were held here.

6. Story about Krementi

In another village, Plouwi, we stayed from morning till night. In the
morning I read from the New Testament and in the evening from the Old Testament. Jesus has suffered for our sins, so I taught them, and I also showed them the picture of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, who had to suffer all this under the cruellest taunts. He nonetheless felt no shame at taking this disgrace upon himself. So I tried to represent the good to them in the way God enabled me to do so.

The captain of the village, Geni, and his younger brother Njan-Kwasa were sensible people. “Even if the chief refuses, our village will nevertheless adopt the new teachings”, they said. On Sunday I conducted a service in Krementi, where many people came, also from other villages, in order to hear the sermon. I was surprised to see the Djuka show so much interest in the word of God. What the Lord had prophesied to me (in my dream) turned out to be true. He had tested people’s hearts in Djuka land and discovered that there were people who would opt for the church although the heathens of this area had sunk very deep.

7. Story about Chief Beiman’s Village at Dritabiki.

We left Krementi in order to go to Beiman’s village. We had been deliberately delayed so that the chief could be duly warned that there were visitors coming. On Tuesday, 22nd August, we were conducted to the chief for the official reception.

8. Story about Chief Beiman

After some desultory conversation chief Beiman gave the sign to come to the point and Noah stated that we had been commissioned by chief Josua of the Matuari people to endeavour to conclude a treaty of friendship with the Djuka. Beiman assented. According to an old custom we now had to hand over all our muskets and matchets, and did so accordingly. “If there is anything else, say so at once”, said Beiman, “for after the conclusion of the treaty there can be no changes whatever. I am prepared to listen to anything except matters regarding the church”, he continued. “I have my obehah and if I become involved in church affairs the ancestors and gods will kill me straightaway. There shall be no church in my village, but I shall not prevent the captains in any way from building churches in their villages. However, I forbid all talk about church affairs in my house.” The others took offence at his refusing to hear God’s word. The captains spoke aside to one another for awhile and then addressed the chief as follows: “You must listen
to the message of God even though you don’t want to enter into any relationship with the church.” When Beiman seated himself again he said, “You had better go and listen to the message our visitors have brought in another house.” All of us — a large crowd — went to another house. But because I, Johannes, had already discussed a great many things with the people, Noah and I said to them, “Let that be enough for today. We shall carry on tomorrow.” They agreed.

9. *God’s Message to the Djuka*

They came early the next day to listen to our message. God himself had caused his church to be built, we told them, and read them the passage about the crucifixion. The audience was deeply impressed and we were struck by the fact that they had never heard of God’s son, though they had heard of Jehovah. They asked many questions about the sermon and were allowed to see the picture of Jesus’ death on the cross. Chief Beiman, who kept aloof, had himself excused through his son. The death of his nephew was imputed to his contact with the church and that is why he, Beiman, kept at a distance. But when the people had gone Noah had to come to him in secret in order to pass on the message to him. If I, Johannes, were to preach the gospel to Beiman in public he would die; his false god would kill him. Although Beiman was a chief he nonetheless thought as a heathen.

10. *Story of the Oath at Chief Beiman’s Village at Dritabiki*

On Thursday, 24th August, 1865, two small groups completed the traditional procedures for the conclusion of a friendship treaty. Atamaren, Majoro and Kansi acted on behalf of the Matuari; and Mefle-Kwakoe, Tinga and Majoro-Gwandra on behalf of the Djuka. This took place at eight o’clock in the morning. Every Djuka rejoiced at this treaty as all the people of Maripaston descended from, and hence were related to the Djuka. Formerly the two were perennially at odds with one another, which was why everyone was so happy about the improvement in relations now.

11. *Another Story about the Djuka and the Matuari*

I shall here go into this matter at somewhat greater depth. In the distant past the Matuari wanted to have nothing to do with our fathers
of Djuka land. Although the Djuka tried in all kinds of ways to win the friendship of the Matuari, it was to no avail. It was also in vain that many Djuka came and settled on the Saramacca, downstream from Post-Saron the Djuka built small camps (temporary garden huts). Now, whenever the Matuari negroes passed by and saw the camps they would go ashore and set fire to everything of the Djuka.

12. *Story about Chief Kodjo or Bojo*

At that time Kodjo or Bojo was chief of the Matuari. He, too, seemed to like this ravaging of Djuka property; in any case, he did nothing to put a stop to it. When the Djuka came home from work they would find everything destroyed: their camps, hammocks, food and clothing. This is how our fathers behaved towards the Djuka. But hearken to how God was to teach chief Bojo — he was my grandfather — a lesson.

Once the chief went to town and was given a great deal of food and other things by the government to take with him, which he loaded into one large boat. On the way back his boat sank in the vicinity of Post-Saron. My grandfather and his people swam ashore and found themselves without clothes, matchets or food, uninvited in Djuka territory. They held only their paddles in their hands. When the Djuka discovered that there were people approaching they thought they were runaway slaves and prepared themselves for a possible enemy attack. Shortly afterwards they saw chief Bojo's dog. On meeting Bojo was asked, “What is the matter?” Bojo replied, “My boat has sunk and I have lost my belongings.” Now the burnt down camps were brought up by the Djuka. He was asked several times, “Wasn’t it you who burnt down such and such a camp?” Bojo replied, “Yes”, although he had never set fire to a camp himself, though he had done equally little to prevent it. “You are a wicked man”, said the Djuka, “today you shall be given your due reward, however.” Many an abuse was hurled at him. He only replied, “Indeed, today misfortune has caught up with me.” Bojo did not retort with a single abuse, but admitted everything and said it was true, he had committed all these offences. This appeased the Djukas’ anger towards Bojo and his people, who were now given boats, food, salt, clothing, in short all they needed for their journey. The next day they continued their journey to Matuari, the chief leaving his dog behind.

When Bojo returned home he called all the villagers together and told them what had happened. They would all have perished if the Djuka had not lived nearby. It was then decreed that no-one set fire
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to any more Djuka camps. If anyone had the effrontery to do so notwithstanding, he would be severely punished. Then boat-loads of food and other gifts were sent to the Djuka, and Bojo had his dog asked back at the same time. Since those days no Djuka camp has ever been burnt down again.

13. How we left Chief Beiman’s Village and went upstream

I, Johannes King, and my companions now set out from chief Beiman’s village for the most distant settlement on the river, where we arrived at six. We were sitting chatting there when a man named Nanah asked Noah if I would be prepared to conduct a church service. I held up the gospel to the audience in a short address. On Saturday and Sunday I held further services, though lengthier ones this time. I could see clearly that God’s Kingdom was near at hand for the people of this area, for everywhere we went they asked for the gospel of their own accord.

At this time God sent me His spirit, who said, “Johannes, your prayer has been heard; these people must not be lost”. This lent me courage.

14. Story about Kisai

After that we went downstream to Kisai. At seven in the evening people came to ask for a church service, which I then conducted. “Johannes”, they asked, “what must we do in order to find someone who can give us permanent guidance on the gospel?” “The Lord our God has begun with the work Himself”, I replied, “He Himself will see to it that someone comes”. Early the next morning I held another church service. From Kisai we returned to chief Beiman’s village again. Here Noah and I tried all afternoon till about five to convince chief Beiman of the truth of the gospel, but to no avail. We spent the night in the village.

15. How Johannes King and Noah heeded the words of Chief Beiman

In our next interview a few questions regarding church matters were put to chief Beiman. “Well”, said the chief, “I give all the Djuka permission to go to church and even to have themselves christened. No Djuka shall say that he was ever forbidden this”. Then I, Johannes King, asked whether a white pastor from town would be allowed to
address the people here. "Also granted", Beiman said. Then I, Johannes, asked again, "Would he be allowed to christen people?" "No, he would not", Beiman replied, "anyone so desiring is allowed to have himself christened in town and is free to return to our village, but there are to be no baptisms here." I, Johannes King, was able to conclude from this interview that God's word would find acceptance here. God Himself would see to it that Beiman's petty law would be set at nought. As regards the Boni negroes, the chief advised us to visit them, though not to conclude a friendship treaty with them. But even so, when we returned to Dritabiki from upstream he himself gave us the advice to conclude a treaty of friendship with the Boni. We had to make friends with the Boni negroes for the sake of the word of God which we were preaching, anyway. If not, it would have been easy for them to say that we were trying to deceive them. For if we concluded a treaty with the Djuka, it would be reasonable to expect that we would want to do the same with them. Thus chief Beiman also gave us some good advice for the sake of the propagation of God's word.

16. *Story about Chief Beiman*

On Wednesday morning, 30th August, chief Beiman said to Noah and myself, "Look, I'll be very frank with you and tell you why I don't want any Europeans to come to my village. My state cloak is moth-eaten. When Mr. Slengat was here he took both the cloak and the trousers with him, with the intention of having a new suit of ceremonial clothing made for me in Paramaribo, which he would send to me. I was cheated; he did not send back anything. Well, I don't want any whites here because I haven't any good clothes in which to welcome them." Noah and I thereupon assured Beiman that we would ask our pastors in town to interpose, so that the governor would send him a new suit of ceremonial clothes.

It had got late, but a large crowd came to ask for a church service, notwithstanding the fact that the chief wanted dancing that night. I complied with their wishes and they were all very happy.

17a. *A Warning given by Chief Beiman*

Early on the morning of 31st August Noah and I went to take leave of the chief. The latter repeated once again that he was deterring no-one from going to church.
17b. *Story concerning Piketi*

We departed for Piketi after conducting another church service. Thence we went to Krementi, where I held a meeting every day and taught the people the word of God at length.

18. *Story concerning the bad Habits of the Maroni People*

Although Djuka Negroes are sensible people, they also have their vices. They apply *wisi* (black magic) — in order to bring down illness on their fellow men — in boats, on the road, in houses and in beverages. And the victims die a lingering death. The Djuka have all sorts of charms for depriving a man of his wife. If a man is strong and able to work hard they become jealous of him. There is much jealousy in the heathen areas and this spoils everything. There is much that I am not recording here, but if there is one thing from which people here must be delivered by means of prayer, it is the immoral life they lead. Desire is tempting people to sin. It is necessary to pray for the bush country where these things are concerned. Our pastors in Paramaribo will have the same experience as I had here. For behold, in town there are many people who dispose over good brains and have acquired much learning; but even so one discovers immorality among them.

How much the more so will this be the case in the bush country among the heathens, where education is out of the question. Here life is utterly corrupt and this cannot possibly please the Lord our God.

In the bush there are also many sick people who probably suffer much sorrow and distress. They are weighed down by heavy burdens, but there is no relief anywhere. When I, Johannes King, visited the sick I was unable to suppress a sigh of distress. But God’s love can penetrate into the remotest corners, even as far as the bush.

19. *Story of Captain Geni from Pouwi*

On the morning of 10th September I held a meeting in Krementi and in the afternoon one in Pouwi. I referred to the evil that was being committed and admonished the people to stop it. It is necessary to believe in order to enter God’s kingdom. Captain Geni asked with regard to this, “When a person who does not go to church but for the rest is guilty of no sinful deeds dies, will he not enter God’s kingdom?” I replied, “Our ancestors who were ignorant, who did not go to church, did no evil and had never heard the gospel, they will go there. But
for you who have heard the word of God all depends on faith. He who does not believe shall not inherit the kingdom of God.” Geni replied, “We have heard these things from the mouths of Europeans, but they remained obscure to us. Now that a Negro has spoken they have become much clearer. If any person refuses to believe, it is his own responsibility; he will see what will become of him. As for me, I believe in order to avoid being struck by God's punishment.” After I, Johannes King, had spoken a word of admonition a few young women began to laugh loudly, but Captain Geni gave them a severe reprimand. Then I began to realise that God's word was already at work to some extent in this man.

On the morning of 11th September I held a meeting with the people of Pouwi, whereupon we returned to Krementi, in order to visit the village of Drai in the evening. Coming from there we went to a village by name of Moeproesoe. It was these two villages that I had not visited before. My companions and I remained in the latter village until night, whereupon we left for Krementi, our starting-point. On the morning of 12th September I again held a meeting there and thereupon set out with my people for Manlobi, where we spent the night. In the morning I conducted a church service and in the evening visited the people living nearby and discussed the word of God with them. On Thursday, 14th September, we assembled for a service in Manlobi. Thence we left for the village of Porigoedoe, where I conducted services once more, though this time at night. We spent the night here.

20. Story about Porigoedoe and the Boni

In Porigoedoe Bari and others asked me what they should do to keep pursuing the correct path of God's word. “For you, Johannes, are going away and leaving us without directions.” “Go home, all of you”, I replied, “and let us sleep on it for a night. Ponder deeply on what you have asked me, and if your wish is sincere we shall put the matter before God on our bended knees.” In the morning all were assembled again. We knelt down and laid our difficulties before God's countenance.

21. Story about Bilon, a member of the Boni Tribe

Porigoedoe was also the place where we met with the Boni negro Bilon. He showed us the way to the Boni territory; without him we should never have got there. Pobi-Jansi was the name of the village
of the Boni chief Adam. People could not talk to us normally as there were mourning rites taking place. Not long before a woman had died. Even so, the Boni were courteous. Whenever possible they would come and talk to us. On Thursday large quantities of food were prepared and placed on banana leaves spread out on the ground. The deceased person was invoked to come and eat, but in the end the children and adults had a feast on it. Thereupon water, sugar-cane juice and alcohol were poured onto the ground so that the dead person might drink. After that gourds, bowls and plates were smashed to pieces for the dead person to take with her.

22. *Story of the Oath we took with the Boni at the Lawa River*

The oath of friendship was sworn at seven in the morning. There were three of chief Josua's Matuari as well as three of chief Adam's Boni who completed the ceremony. Many conditions were laid down at the same time, such as how the relationship should be for many years to come; a friendly atmosphere should prevail between the two parties; each party had to give the other help, and as much of this as possible, when in need. I have not noted down everything.

At four o'clock that afternoon I held a meeting, at which I taught them many things about the gospel; I did so as clearly as possible, in accordance with the strength and ability God had given me to this end. Then they stood aside and deliberated among themselves for a while, whereupon they came to me and said, "We all of us want to join the church." We had to show them the way to enter God's kingdom. Then Noah said, "God sent you Johannes King to bring the message; therefore this is not the work of man. Reflect seriously on that and tell us your wishes before our departure." I, Johannes, added, "God wants everyone to come to Him, but of their own free will. It must be done from love." On Sunday morning I held a meeting at which I told them at length about God. In the afternoon I showed them two pictures, first one pertaining to the Old Testament, then one about the New. So I explained to them how Jesus had suffered and died for us, while He Himself had never committed any sin. An old woman showed herself to be very grateful for the gospel but was worried about not being christened. She wanted the white pastors in town to come soon in order to christen her. She would regret dying unchristened. "Johannes", she said, "if that should happen I would accuse you before God, for you brought us the gospel without providing for an opportunity of
our being christened.” This kind of conversation I, Johannes King, had with the people of chief Adam and this cheered my heart considerably.

On Monday, 25th September, we sailed to the village of Asisi and on Wednesday arrived at the last village Krontibo-Ponsoe, the captain of which was named Kofi-a-kon-baka. In a church service I thanked God allowing us to visit all the villages.

23. **Story concerning the Punishment of Johannes King**

That same evening I had a tooth-ache; it was so painful that I lay down on my stomach and prayed to God to help me. I said, “Lord, I know that you alone can punish me; perhaps I have sinned unconsciously, forgive it me.” That same night God's spirit spoke to me saying, “You are being punished on account of your transgression, for you have slept in a house which you were not supposed to enter.” It was indeed so, for when we were in the Djuka territory, in the village of Nikiri, we were offered a room to sleep in which adjoined the shrine of an idol. This was what had brought down punishment on me, for I had slept there. I had not done so wholeheartedly, but had gone ahead just the same because we could not find another house for the moment. After that it did not happen again until we were with the Boni negroes. Here we were offered a house where obeah objects were kept. So we fastened our hammocks to the orange trees outside. Only Salome and the two children slept in the house. Fortunately my tooth-ache did not last long and I praised God for His forbearance.

On Friday morning, 29th September, we got into our boats again and sailed downstream to chief Adam’s village. I spoke to many people and pointed out to them that the devil can tempt man to sin. They were impressed and asked me not to stay away too long after my departure. They would be happy to be christened, even if only one day before their death. One could tell from their behaviour that they liked listening to the stories from the bible. Hence the question, “What must we do to obtain forgiveness for our sins?” After their death they would accuse me before God if I let them die in sin, unchristened. I said, “The Lord our God has sent me to bring you the message, but I am not authorised to christen people. Only the pastors in town are allowed to administer baptism and they will come to you. I shall write to them about all that has passed here and then they and I shall soon come back to you.”

Early on Monday morning, when we were loading our boats, a man
named Toto-Kwasi came to see me. He said, “Johannes King, you are not to go away before I register for admission as a member of the church: I am not under the influence of evil spirits.” After that another two young men came, who said more or less the same. I noted down their names: Kwakoe and Kwasi. There was also a woman, Aberwa Fosroe, who registered herself. Many others also wanted to register for admission as members of the church, but they were all under the influence of demons. Then I said, “Have a little patience until I come back to you. But you must all of you get rid of the idols at once.”

On Sunday, 8th October, they took us to our boats, constantly repeating that I must not forget them but must come back to their villages, and must remember them in my prayers. We left on 11th October and arrived in Porigoedoe, which lies at the junction of the Marowijne and the Lawa rivers. Here a church service was held for the people on Thursday, 12th October.

24. Story about Augustus and April

On that same day two men, Augustus and April, came to see me. Augustus told me he had registered for admission to the church but had taken to the bush before his baptism. All this was described in Pastor Bau's book. Everything about April as well. They wanted to be christened. But they also requested some old shirts and trousers from town, asking whether the pastor could take these with him for them, as they had nothing to wear. This was the message the two men asked me to pass on to our beloved pastors.

25. How we took Leave of the Maroni and the Djuka

Not all the members of the party accompanied us upstream to say farewell. It was I, Johannes King, Noah Adrai, Isaak Adjani, Atamaren, Asoekoe Boni and the boy Samuel Kwakoe who returned to Krementi. That was on Friday, 13th October. From Krementi we went on to visit Pouwi and Tabiki, to return to Porigoedoe after that. Here I sustained quite a large axe-wound in the left foot while working. I was going to prepare a piece of wood for making a mortar. But God had mercy on me. The bleeding stopped quite soon and a day after the accident I was able to walk again, much to everyone's astonishment. It was evidently our Lord God who had helped me so quickly. In the morning I held a church service.
26. *Story of the Prayer of Adam at Porigoedoe*

I began to sing a song of thanksgiving, whereupon an old man from Porigoedoe named Adam rose to his feet. He was a government negro who had fled into the bush with some others many years ago.

He and the women knelt down and prayed to God. They said they were happy about Johannes King's arrival, but thought his visit was too brief. They therefore implored the Lord not to be angry if they kept King one day longer. Then they addressed me with the words, "As you see, we have prayed to God not to let you leave just yet, for tomorrow you must hold another church service for us." They all thanked God for His mercy and for sending them someone to save them from the hard life of the devil.

27. *Another Story about Adam at Porigoedoe*

On the morning of 19th October I held a church service for them. Thereupon old Adam said to me, "You are a servant of God and therefore you should pay no notice to the worthless things of this world. Do what God wants you to do and do not act against His wishes. Otherwise He may become angry and let you die before your time, which would be a great loss to us. We negroes know nothing; if we knew as much as the white man we would do all the other work for you in order to enable you to devote yourself entirely to the work of God."

The next day I, King, and Isaak proceeded to father Adam's house and removed all his *obeah* objects from it. We spent the night of 22nd October in Feti-Tabiki and on 24th October arrived in Albina, where we rested until eight in the evening. Then we left for Wana Creek, which was dry. But thanks to a light fall of rain we were able to pull ashore our two fairly big boats. At times there was no water at all and the boats had to be hauled across logs. At other times they had to be completely unloaded when we had to drag them across sandy patches. It was hard work for us, even overtaxing our strength. But I shall nonetheless not swear never to pass through Wana Creek again. Our beloved Saviour should have pity on me, however, and arrange things in such a way that the dry season is less severe whenever we have to pass through the creek. For we suffered frightfully under the heavy work.

Even if there were enough water in this creek, the passage would nonetheless not be easy, for there are myriad small grassy islands in it. We spent the night on the Wana and continued on our way in the
morning. Whenever there was too little water we would build a dam so that the water would rise somewhat and then we could travel on for some time. Fortunately we came upon the Djuka negroes here. They were in the same difficult position as we and so we resolved to help one another. This was necessary as we were in the watershed between the Cottica and Marowijne rivers. Here everything was dry. The boats had to be hauled across earth and sand without their loads. But at length all the boats were in navigable waters at the mouth of Neger Creek. After that we reached New Amsterdam, three days' sailing later, calling at a few more halting-places. We sailed on and the journey from Marowijne to Paramaribo was completed in thirteen days.

28. *Story about Maripaston*

Maripaston, 2nd July, 1893.

For as long as Noah lived I, King, and my wife would have no peace. The church work was greatly impeded. Now, when I was appointed captain by the government this aroused Noah's displeasure and he tried to have the appointment revoked. God Himself warned Noah that he would die and that the chieftaincy would be given to someone of God's choice.

29. *Story about Maripaston*

When Noah drove me and my people away we had to go to town for awhile, but no-one appeared to be distressed, for they were all on Noah's side; they were all so hostile to me that I had to be careful for my life. It was a happy day for Noah when I left. Now no-one could help but notice how powerful he was and how high a status the chieftaincy had; he could make and break and do anything he liked. He impressed upon everyone that it was he who was lord over all in the Matuari area and that it was he who had driven me, Johannes King, out. I would simply have to wander around and live in poverty. According to him I enjoyed too much fame, while after all he was chief. Well, no two chiefs can wield the sceptre in the same area. So he raised himself above all persons and things in the eyes of everyone and tried to win himself more honour than God had granted him. Whenever visitors came to the village he would revile me and my wife in a most frightful way so as to get the strangers to spread the tale that my wife and I were wicked people. For twenty years Noah made our lives miserable. But
God was not asleep; he has sent down severe punishments on Maripaston in the form of famine and disease. Noah wanted us to worship him as god before giving permission for our return to the village. Rather than that Magdarena and I went on living in the bush. In the end Noah and his supporters could only lose, anyway.

30. *Story about Maripaston*

When I, Johannes King, took Magdarena to wife we lived in the vicinity of Ganse, namely in Wakibasoe. It was at least a year before we moved to Maripaston, my actual place of residence. The reason for my being in Wakibasoe is that during a grave illness I had gone to ask my relatives for help. When I returned to Maripaston all of us there were still heathens and bowed down under the devil's yoke. And that was worse than being the slave of white men, as on an estate one was given food, drink and clothing. As the devil's slave that was different. God, however, took pity on us and delivered Maripaston out of the devil's clutches. We have all had personal experience of that terrible life. But God helped us, He gave us faith. He wanted to build up His community through my work, His servant Johannes King. No-one in Maripaston wanted to listen; they regarded me as the biggest assassin who had ever sprung from their midst. In that period Noah was my prop and counsellor. Later on he, too, began to fling my religion in my teeth. Even so, God had patience with us and it was six years before people began to have the slightest understanding of the gospel and accept it wholeheartedly. At that time chief Josua was still alive and Noah was captain. The whole village humbled itself before God. Then Josua died, whereupon God let the chieftaincy pass into Noah's hands. That was the moment at which corruption began gradually to gnaw at Maripaston, until the village was wholly corrupt and evil reigned supreme. This was Noah's doing, who was teaching the people all kinds of wrong things.

31. *How Johannes King first went to live with his Wife Magdarena*

It is a good forty years since I took Magdarena to wife. We moved from the Suriname River to Maripaston on the Saramacca because that village was my actual place of residence. We made each other's acquaintance on the Suriname. There I was bowed down by distress, disease and many other disagreeable things. But nonetheless God gave me the
strength to take Magdarena to Maripaston. We were not happy there either, partly because of its heathendom. When our Saviour saw that it was becoming too much He sent His Holy Ghost to save us, as the devil, who knew that I was God’s elect, was making life extremely difficult for us. All kinds of evil spirits haunted Maripaston, but fortunately God kept us out of their clutches. In those days Noah was very fond of Magdarena. The birth of her child was about to take place at the time he was on the point of leaving for Paramaribo. So he did not leave, but celebrated without interruption after Sophia’s birth, a celebration in which the whole village participated. At that time he was anything but proud. Chief Josua was still alive. After his death Noah became chief. Since that time everything has changed: different ideas occurred to him. Now he began to make life unbearable for me and Magdarena. He thought I was having too much luck. Noah and his relatives became so jealous that they could no longer tolerate me. Thank God all the hidden thoughts of the Maripaston negroes have been exposed, revealing that they had no good intentions with me. It was probably thought that after Noah’s death I intended to return his supporters evil for evil, but that was utterly false. Although my brother himself was the leader of those who turned against me, the Lord our God gave me strength to forgive them with all my heart. I was destined to undergo the same fate as Joseph and his brothers. Although they had sold Joseph, even so he did not return them evil for evil. He forgave them.

32. Story about Maripaston

If it were true that I, Johannes King, would try to repay the people of Maripaston in kind how would I, poor as I am, be able to ask our Lord Jesus forgiveness for the thousands of sins which I commit? He forgives me them daily. I praise Him for His mercy. God has caused the disgrace to which Noah and others exposed me to recoil upon them, for Noah confessed before his death that he himself had been disgraced. Together with him, those seeking distinction by pleasing him and the devil were also disgraced. When Noah himself was ill he did not forsake the devil but had help sought from the heathens of Santigron. He kept on wavering up to the time his last hour struck. This had its influence on the parish of Maripaston, who lost heart altogether. People put their faith in the foolish idol at Santigron, whom the heathens called grantata. I, Johannes King, praise God for His mercy. I pray to have precise knowledge of how to serve God.
33. Story about Maripaston

Noah still showed his hostility just before his death. He went to Fini-Santi and asked the local commandant to write a letter to town with the request to remove Petrus Blaka Floeta from office as captain. The authorities in town did Noah this favour because they were not aware of their mutual enmity. Two weeks later Noah died. God Himself had settled the quarrel.

34. Story about the Death of Chief Josua

Noah did not show himself to be a terribly intelligent chief. Although he was more intelligent than his predecessor Josua, who led his people with greater humility, Noah was crueler and even gained a reputation as a murderer. So it was that the parish of Maripaston collapsed. This was of no concern to Noah. He persevered in his vices until God took him away from the world. That should have been a warning. Noah demanded that all the people of Matuari show him more respect than God. He no longer looked upon himself as a humble child of God but as a creature which was superior to an angel of God. And he did in fact enjoy this honour in Matuari. He was shown greater reverence than God in heaven. That gave him the audacity to exact the same respect from me and my wife. But Magdarena and I did not give in to his wishes; we showed him the ordinary respect due to a chief, which Noah resented. The mere sight of us made him furious and he devised all kinds of evil schemes for disposing of us. He unrelentingly put all kinds of difficulties in our way. These bad relations continued a good twenty-two years; then God came and put an end to it all Himself: Noah died. He died in spite of the fact that he had always gone around telling people that I, Johannes, would die before him. The person he wanted to dispose of together with my wife and me was Amadja. But the latter was strong; therefore Noah took three murderers into his service. The person who put him up to the murder of Amadja was Albertina, his wife. Then it happened; Amadja’s murder took place and the accomplices were generously rewarded. But God soon sent His punishment: three of the murderers died in quick succession. Thereupon Noah confessed publicly that Albertina had put him up to this murder; which was a well-known fact. She no longer had any peace either. It was always as though there were a fire raging in her house and her heart. So God punishes those who do wrong.
35. *The bad Habits at Maripaston when the Inhabitants were still Pagans*

When we were all still heathens in Maripaston it was almost always night in our lives. It was like a devil's den. This went on until God saw fit to send His Ghost to relieve us of the yoke. He gave us the church and put me in charge of it. But the people thought this was an evil thing and regarded me as a great evil-doer. God, however, gave me His Holy Ghost and the strength to clean up all the devil's dens. Everyone adopted a hostile attitude to me and my wife and my pagan relatives looked upon me as an assassin. God Himself was mild and forbearing with the people of Maripaston. After six long years they finally began to understand what the Lord's intentions with them were. After so much patience on the part of God a pleasant and agreeable way of life could be noticed in Maripaston in the seventh year. Shortly afterwards Noah was appointed chief by the government. That was the seed of the gradual corruption of Maripaston, for no sooner was Noah chief than he no longer wanted to humble himself before God. He thought he had become lord over people, the forest, game, fish, timber, and so forth, and this made him frightfully proud. King Solomon said that pride is the root of all evil. So it was with Noah; he even claimed divine honour for himself.

36. *Story of Adiri's Money*

When I was still a heathen, in my youth, people usually called me Adiri. Afterwards I was called King. On 20th August, 1867, my spirit left my body and it seemed to me as though I were in a forest. In this dream I was approached by three white men calling, "Adiri, here is some money for you." "I am Adiri", I said, "but the money is not rightfully mine." After that a black gentleman came who also said, "Adiri, this money is yours, take it, God has given it to you and no-one shall take it away from you." I said, "Yes, I shall take it." Only then did the three white men go. The black gentleman showed me the money and began to count. No sooner had he finished than my spirit re-entered my body. What the meaning of it all was I did not know, but God would certainly reveal it to me later.

37a. *Story concerning Patience*

Patience is a virtue. And many people could have taken an example
from me, the servant of God, Johannes King. Noah could have made me lose patience and I could have killed him. But God guarded me against this. He also guarded me against the grantata of the heathens of Santigron, brought here from the Djuka area in order to deceive people. I can only look on patiently. The swearing of oaths is also found here, as it was found among our forbears who imported it from Africa, where they used it in order to render the country governable. There were various formulae, and the many peoples of Africa each had their own, which therefore received different names. They did not all have the same objective. There were those for tracing secret wrong-doers; there were those for making people who were obstinately denying something confess; there were those for exposing fornicators; for apprehending conspirators, liars and thieves. But the most potent charms are those for recognizing or killing witches. Also for subduing an enemy in battle. Some of these charms are odoen, gwamla, hanbla, papakai-sweri, and so on. I agree with God's giving the heathens in Africa these charms; they at least enable them to govern the country, for Africa is a continent where there is much warfare. After battle a treaty of friendship is concluded, at which magic charms are used to ensure that hostilities have ceased. But what takes place in Santigron is a big falsehood.

37b. Story about the grantata Idol which was brought to Santigron

Grantata in Santigron is a falsehood and a folly. The devil is misleading the heathens as well as those who call themselves Christians. The latter are no Christians but heathens. Many communicant members of the church participate, thereby disgracing our Lord Jesus. People come from Paramaribo with boats loaded with presents for grantata, the false god. So people worship Satan in Santigron, instead of bending their knees to God. This is proof that people want to be separated from Jesus. They consciously want to dispatch their souls to hell, as it were, into the everlasting fire.

38. Story about the foolish People in the Church who think that Education makes them clever

What to say about all those foolish people who are able to read the bible and even so worship at Santigron? Some heathens did not go as far; they waited to see what would happen first. It was not only plantation negroes who went running to grantata. Mulattoes and others
from town also went. During Noah’s illness he sent people in search of help in Santigron. After deep inner conflict people from Maripaston also came of their own accord to see the grantata. Less than six months later Noah died. At that time Marianna Abeni was a helper, but she did not lose faith, while Noah was unsteadfast in his. He only trusted to himself and was used to praising himself instead of God. The chief was to blame for causing many people to lose their faith. Fortunately he reconciled himself with me, Johannes King, in time and did so in public. I was rehabilitated in the church work.

After Noah’s death the heathens of Santigron spread great panic in Maripaston by sending us messages while Noah’s body was still above the ground. Kwau-Amidjo of the granata faith had declared that grantata had made Noah ill. If the latter died he had in fact to be cast away into the forest instead of being buried; but as Noah had been a chief he was allowed to be buried in the burying-place, though completely aside from the rest and not in a coffin. Nor should his grave be deep, for that might arouse grantata’s displeasure, which might mean death for many. And no-one was to keep any of Noah’s belongings. Everything had to be kept till later, when grantata would personally come and inspect it. Then grantata himself would appoint a new chief. This caused much trepidation among the people of Maripaston and I, Johannes King, did not succeed in delivering them of their fear, in spite of my exhortations. But God heard my prayers and at last they felt liberated. Ma Lidia Afiba, Jakobus Vos and Samuel Kolokoe were rather unsteadfast at first, but it was they who later on persevered and held to their faith. “Johannes”, they said, “you would die for your faith if need be, weil, because of that we shall not lose heart.” Eventually the fear of most had gone. Jesus is stronger than the devil and has trodden him underfoot.

39. Story of the Death of Chief Noah

After Noah’s death the difficulties I had experienced ceased for four months. But after that they reared their heads again, for Samuel Kolokoe and Ma Lidia began making life miserable for me again. They would have liked to have discovered faults in me in order to prove that I was a murderer. How deplorable that my elder sister Lidia should take part in reviving Noah’s former practices. Samuel Kolokoe, Noah’s own son, had inherited his father’s viciousness. He was making my life unbearable. The first thing Samuel did was concoct a blatant lie against me, so as
to be able to accuse me with the government. He told the superintendent at Posoe-Groeneoe, on the lower reaches of the Saramacca, a host of lies about me. Captain Halki also was told many slanderous tales about me, but fortunately this captain did not believe a single word Samuel said. Halki himself came and told me everything, to which Mr. Kabenda can testify. As far as the Djuka area my name was dragged in the mire by that arrogant Samuel, who thought he was a cut above other people. Chief Oseisi of the Djuka could not hold a candle to him. Perhaps a few people could be found in Paramaribo who surpassed him in intelligence. His pride induced him to ask the authorities in town whether they would appoint him chief over the Matuari. Then he would act as a true ruler, exactly the same as his father. But he was not acceptable, neither to the Matuari nor to the Djuka negroes. Then the thought occurred to him that the government might want to give me, Johannes King, the chieftaincy. That was enough for him to slander me as much as he could, even in the government offices in town. His jealousy was uncontrollable. One Sunday afternoon, when I had just come back from town, I had a meeting with a number of people at the house of Imanuel Moekaba. I had to recruit young labourers for timber-felling on behalf of the government. When the name Samuel was mentioned there was dissatisfaction, as people knew he was dishonest at measuring, a task which he had been carrying out since Noah's death. He misappropriated money to which he had no right. In full view of a crowd of people I now dismissed Samuel. He was not allowed to measure timber any longer. Now his anger with me grew; he clenched his fists and wanted to attack me. Indeed, he wanted to give me a thrashing in the presence of all these people. This way Samuel brought deep disgrace upon me, Johannes King, his father's brother, regardless of the fact that I had stood beside his father Noah Adrai as witness at Samuel's christening. Notwithstanding this Noah and Samuel had tried to shed my blood. God had caused Noah to die, but the son carried on the work begun by his father.

40. Story concerning several Kinsmen of Johannes King's

In the year of Noah's death Lidia Fafi, Jakobus Vos, Samuel Kolokoe, Jesajas Djoni and Timoteus Jaw hatched the plot to accuse me with the pastors on a charge of causing Noah's death. Meanwhile Lidia had secretly sent a letter to Paramaribo inviting the pastors to come to Maripaston, as there was a matter which required discussion. So people imagined they would find an opportunity of talking about me and
pointing out that I was a murderer. Then the pastors would discharge me from the church work, so that I would receive no more money. I, Johannes, would have to live in poverty and also gain the reputation of a murderer. When pastors Sechter and Staler came Lidia began accusing me. I, King, had allegedly had *grantata* and angels come down from heaven in order to kill Noah. It had been arranged beforehand what everyone would say. So Samuel told a pack of vicious lies about me. False witnesses aplenty could be found, but I had no other witness than God. People wanted my dismissal from church work; then everyone would rest contented, for that was the reason for all the deep-seated jealously. If only I could be deprived of the money, how happy my relatives would be! The money was at the root of everything; that was the chief cause of all the difficulties put in my and Magdarena’s way. That was why Noah had expelled me from Maripaston. When that was done he felt some slight relief, for he had carried out the instructions of the devil, whom he worshipped. Let it not be thought that anyone was in the least distressed at my expulsion from Maripaston — no-one was. On the contrary, people rejoiced at Noah’s power to get rid of me. If I were gone they could do exactly as they pleased. That is why they said, “Chief, you are right in wanting to kill Johannes King and his wife; he is acting contrary to your wishes and that is why you are justified in expelling him and his wife from Maripaston.” So the entire congregation bore false witness against me and Magdarena. And chief Noah was pleased with these false witnesses. This way he lost sight of the fact that there was a living God who could see all, and he passed around rum and liquor so that people became so merry that they began singing and dancing. Anyone given to intriguing against Johannes King was a friend of Noah’s. But God’s hand punished Maripaston; disease, famine and death prevailed. In this period Noah died.

41. *A sad Story for the beloved Brethren and Sisters of the Moravian Congregation*

In the age of slavery every negro used to pray for freedom with tears in his eyes. If this were granted they would serve God with all their hearts. Everyone yearned for freedom; they invoked God’s name in the fields, in the crushing-plant, while transporting sugar-cane or digging ditches. Negro blood accused the whites with God, who listened compassionately, seated on His throne. At last God heard the Negroes’ prayers; he gave them freedom on the estates as well as in town. That
is why it befitted them one and all to praise and do honour unto God. Did they do so? Instead of showing gratitude, many an emancipated slave became a murderer or witch. Whenever gold-diggers passed by they would boast about their wicked deeds. The new citizens, the emancipated, did not thank God as was fitting; this I dare assert openly, as our Lord Jesus supports my testimony. The gold-diggers have become the worst of heathen who shamelessly chide and scold. No sooner do they reach the landing-place than they begin to quarrel and fight. The Bush Negroes, who never disgrace one another in the presence of others, often have to intervene to avert disaster. Hence the difference between emancipated Negroes and Bush Negroes is that the latter are ashamed to revile one another, while to the former feelings of shame are of no consequence. If it is true that the new citizens have learnt much from books, such as bible stories, even so — when they are travelling as gold-diggers to the interior — they carry on like the savage beasts living in the bush. They quarrel and abuse one another every day.

But, dearly beloved brethren, the king set you free in the body; if you want to become free in the spirit you will have to set about it yourselves. Now it befits you to teach yourselves the white man's ways. They do not rail against one another in the presence of inferiors.

42. The Emancipated Slaves

All emancipated persons must learn to get on well together and undesirable practices must be given up. All that is bad impedes the propagation of God's work. The gold-diggers are making paganism even worse than it already is. They tell the heathen how many women they have bewitched and what terrible charms they have used to prevent infidelity on the part of their wives in Paramaribo. Any man who could not keep his hands off the women would have ruptures and venereal disease. These things were said openly. The Djuka have heard them. I too have heard them. People forget that in the end God awaits the evil-doer with the everlasting fire of hell. When my "Book of Horrors" is published people will be able to read about all the punishments I have seen in my dreams. Since emancipation life in the bush has become more iniquitous; in which the mulattoes, both clerks and managers, have played their part. When they come across a young woman from the bush it is as though they have lost their heads. Wherever the gold-diggers step on their way they cause much harm; they pilfer, soil the huts and steal away in the night. But there are some who live according to God's
teachings and so set the heathen an example. But the greater majority are otherwise. When the Bush Negroes are in town people not only buy all kinds of objects from them, but also obeah (magic charms). Among the buyers there are also white mulatto women. Many are looking for charms for winning a man's love. Others want charms for killing a man's legal spouse so that they themselves will be in the running. No sooner had people in Paramaribo heard about grantata than they came flocking to Santigron looking for help. Here both townsfolk and people from the estates knelt down and worshipped grantata. Among them were many communicant members of the church; they all forget about the punishment of God most high, which they cannot escape. Well, is it not we ourselves, members of the church, who are giving the heathen the opportunity of railing against us?

Some of Johannes King's Letters

Letter of 26th May, 1893

Mi-wan-libi, 26th May, 1893.

At three in the afternoon mother Mosse Jalsi and Toekoe came to see me. Their message ran, "Granman Noah needs you, come with us." I go into the boat and in Maripaston Ma Lidia and I proceeded to the sick man, Noah. When he saw me he uttered feebly: "Johannes, we have each accused the other; let there be an end to it now. I don't want to decide now who is in the right; it is more important to talk about the great treasure which God has given us, the church. I want the church to be preserved. Johannes, you must come back to carry on the work for the church here in Maripaston. Even though you may have no great success, you must nonetheless give the children lessons. Let us bury the hatchet." After that we had no more conversations. He died shortly afterwards.

Letter of 28th May, 1893

Maripaston, 28th May, 1893. Whit Sunday.

At the invitation of Mr. Bergen, timber merchant, and his companion I left for Maripaston by steamboat. While the gentlemen were in conversation with Noah I visited the people in the village. Albertina was
on her way to Paramaribo. Later on some people came on another steamboat who sat drinking with Noah until deep into the night. When they had gone Noah stole across to Frederika’s in order to spend the night with her. Early in the morning he wanted to go back to his own house unnoticed but could not because his left side was completely paralysed. He did his best to get up but could not. All this came to light when Keeti was sent for. He was carried home and was an invalid ever since that day.

He died a week after Whitsun and was buried on 30th May. Many men spent the night in the dead man’s house, but in the morning Legina Jaba brought news that grantata had entered Jakobus Vos. When I went to investigate I noticed that Vos was indeed possessed. I asked in a harsh tone of voice, “Whence do you come?” The demon replied that he had been sent by grantata. I asked again, “From which heaven do you come, the first or the second?” The demon replied, “I have been sent by an angel.” “What angel?” was my question. The evil spirit again answered, “It is a cherub of God who has sent me.” Upon that reply God caused me to be angry with that nasty demon in a special way. I chided him loudly in the name of Jesus Christ. I said, “Be off with you, leave Vos in peace!” The demon started and cried, “Let me stay awhile longer.” “No,” I said and cursed him. Then I ran outside and fetched a broom, with which I struck Vos on the head. The evil spirit left him immediately. He would have caused much harm in Maripaston if God had not delivered us of him. When he entered Noah’s house he tore off all the women’s white scarves, saying, “You are not to wear any white scarves and must stop mourning at once.” He further ordered everyone to leave Noah’s house. Therefore I, Johannes, said, “On no account do so, in the name of Jesus stay in the house; for you must not obey an evil spirit. All of you stay and sleep in this house, so that you will see for yourselves that the devil has no hold on you if you turn to our Lord Jesus.” So it was that some slept in the house with me and nothing happened to us. In a church service I told the congregation, “A fierce fight with the devil has begun here among us. But do on the armour of God and pray. Let us put our faith in God alone, so that the devil will not be able to vanquish us.”

Letter of 18th February, 1894

Maripaston, 18th February, 1894.

Since Noah’s death the belief in grantata has grown hand over fist.
I prayed for help and God heard me, for the fear of the false god grew less in Maripaston. But in the Matuari area at large it was very strong. Grantata was considered paramount to God. After a meeting here with the governor, Petrus Blaka Floeta and two captains asked for aid against the captains of the upper reaches. The three of them were afraid, but I was to go there in order to set matters to rights. I agreed, as grantata was powerless against me. I trusted in our Lord Jesus.

I asked Timoteus Jaw whether he was afraid to pass on a message from me which contained a severe admonition: grantata worship had to be stopped unconditionally. Timoteus Jaw replied, “I am not afraid; before you arrive I shall tell them to stop doing everything connected with grantata at once.”

*Letter of 23rd February, 1894*

Maripaston, 23rd February, 1894.

Greetings to all of you, beloved pastors. I have recovered from my illness to such an extent that I am able to hold services in church again. My younger brother, Jakobus Vos, does not consider it advisable for me to travel in the Matuari area at present. For there is famine and people have scattered. When the time is favourable again he will let me know.

You should also know that our young men have not behaved correctly towards the governor from town. They demand that the chieftaincy remain in Noah’s family. Alanfanti must not become chief. But Alanfanti’s friends, all of them big tipplers like him, want to land him this post. Then they would be able to do as they pleased, without interference and without Alanfanti’s calling them to order.

The captains on the upper reaches have adopted grantata and Kwogikotroes has asked for a piece of land there as a new abode for grantata. Alanfanti gave them the land asked for in Brokolonke without informing me. When I heard of it I had the whole business counterhanded at once. When the planting of the vegetable plots is finished I myself shall come to town in order to explain the whole matter at length.

I am asking you, kind pastors, to intercede with the governor. May he forgive our youths who did not receive him well. Although the young people do not understand the relationship I, Johannes King, do so all the better. Therefore, dearly beloved pastors, speak to the governor so that we may not be expelled. The Bush Negroes agreed to our family’s being deprived of the chieftaincy, but Noah Adrai’s family took the white
man’s side more than ninety years ago. It is therefore not fitting that the Europeans should bring disgrace upon us. The other Bush Negroes would ridicule us.

Johannes King.

Letter of 25th February, 1894

Maripaston, 25th February, 1894.

I send you, my beloved chief pastor, my kind regards and would like to write to you about one or two things. When I was still travelling around in the interior our Lord caused me to experience some extraordinary things. He would often separate my spirit from my body; then my spirit would burn with zeal to preach His word to the heathen. But this has not happened for a long time, nor have I undertaken any journeys. But on 15th February, 1894, the Lord once more separated my spirit from my body, so that it was as though I fell into a deep swoon. In this trance-like state I saw various people of Maripaston, as well as others from other villages: Noah, Maria Eva, Salome Afi and Margrita Katrina. These people had all passed away. And I heard a loud crying; every one shouted, “The pastors’ boat it coming and the pastors are aboard.” When the boat reached the landing-place many people hastened to welcome the pastors, but I, Johannes, did not join them. I was in a house and set the door ajar so as to be able to look out. Four or five people, among them a stout woman, were approaching. The whole crowd cried, “Greetings to you.” But I could not discover a single pastor, only three dark-skinned men and a woman. The leader said, “Call the people together for a church service.” No-one sat down. Everyone remained standing, many people wearing dirty clothes, as though they had come straight from the fields. Then the slovenly pastor began to speak, but what he said were only lies and nonsense. And suddenly the spirit of God entered my heart and the Lord put a long, sharp sword in my right hand and said, “Johannes King, he is not a pastor, chase him away with the sword; it is the devil come to mislead you.” And impelled by the spirit of God I, Johannes, ran outside and struck the devil in the neck with the long sword, as I said, “Get thee out, Satan, get out!” But the leader had a broad sword with him, with which he thrust at me. The power of God was with me, however, and I said, “In the name of Jesus Christ be off with you, satan!” Now the leader and the others took to their heels. I called to the people to chase them with sticks. And
when I awoke it was as though I was still holding the sword in my hand. It was four in the morning. Ever since that day I have felt much strengthened by God. May He thus also give me the strength to expell *grantata* from the Matuari area, for everyone has left it to me to attack *grantata*. It would be as in former days, when the Lord gave me strength to chase away all the evil spirits causing harm in our environment, and after that *grantata*. The same Jesus who helped me then will help me once again this time. For there is no-one but our dearly beloved Saviour who can help.

Johannes King.

P.S.

Dearly beloved pastor, you are as a great lord who has been put in charge of us. Please do everything in your power; speak to the governor about having a religious chief appointed in Maripaston who can help banish *grantata* worship from our district altogether. The captains of the Matuari area all fear the *grantata*; they can do nothing against it. This I can assert even in their presence.