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# TASTE OF EXPLOSIVES

## Dynamite!

The old African man sneered.

'You say that stuff, which looks like sand mixed with the fat of a goat can split this?'

He spat forcibly and accurately at a grey rock the size of four elephants.

'The words are true, Great One,' said Daudi, one of the key men in the jungle hospital.

'The words are hollow, empty and entirely foolish,' scoffed the old man.

I smiled. 'Let us prove to you that this is not the case. To do so is not a difficult matter. Be here an hour before sunset and see for yourself.'

Daudi nodded. 'This will bring the whole thing to your understanding, Great One. They will drill a hole as deep as from the tips of your fingers to your elbow and as thick as a corn stalk.'

'Into this they place carefully this stuff called dynamite,' I broke in. 'And see, these wires will be pushed into it. They run to this heavy thing we call a battery. This is the handle that when you push...'

There was disgust in his voice. 'Words and words. It is beyond common sense to think that boxes and wires and that goat's fat stuff have power.' He stalked away.

But in the late afternoon, he and a hundred others were back.

Questions and comments came from all directions:

'What is this substance of power?'

'Do you think this stuff will do what he says?'

'The Bwana Doctor seems to have faith in it.'

'It is called dynamite. It has great power.'

The loud-voiced old man laughed. 'Come and watch this thing of small wisdom. Join your laughter with mine when he drops his medicine so carefully into the hole they have made and fiddles with his wires and his heavy, black box. And then, at his word, the rock will be torn apart.' He made elaborate hand movements. His voice was loaded with scorn.

I smiled. 'You describe it well, Great One. Also there will be a noise like thunder; and pieces of stone, small and large will fly in all directions.'

An African schoolboy said quietly, 'That is what happens indeed. I have read about it.'

'Shut your ignorant mouth,' roared the old man.

I turned to all the people. 'I shall count to twenty slowly. Shelter behind strong trees and boulders or, if you prefer it, crouch down in holes. There is small joy in being injured by flying rock.'

There was a general scramble for safety except for the old man who stood legs wide apart, arms on his hips, scornfully watching.

Everything was checked and rechecked.

Crouched behind a substantial tree, I counted. When I reached fifteen I shouted, 'Lie on the ground, Great One. There is danger!'

*'Kah! I have no fear.'*

I called out to the people: 'We have warned him; should anything happen to him, it is his own affair.'

I went on counting, '... nineteen, twenty.'

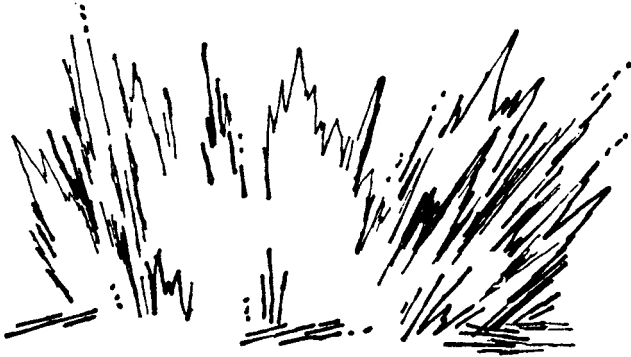
Down went the handle.

There was a loud explosion.

The rock split apart. A wedge of stone as big as his head whizzed past the old man. With a gasp he threw himself to the ground, his hands over his ears. When there was no further explosion he leapt to his feet and disappeared into the thorn bush at surprising speed.

Daudi slapped his thigh and laughed till tears came into his eyes. He turned to the excited watchers holding up two fingers. 'Because you don't understand things and haven't yet seen them, that doesn't mean they can't happen. That doesn't mean they don't have great power.'

'Truly it is the way with dynamite,' came a voice.



'It is also the way with God,' said my African friend.

He was right. When God comes into a person's life, he makes a vast difference to that life and the way it is lived. He brings purpose and power to our existence here and now.

It becomes clear that this is the beginning of something infinitely greater. We become individual, active parts of God's tremendous plan for men.

God's way has been dynamite in my life.

The stone we cracked that day later was used in building a hospital. That hospital was a means of easing considerable suffering and saving many lives.

God's way gives the foundation for life, the building material for character, the motivation for outreach and action, and, as a bonus, deep satisfaction.