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*The following letter, first published in Safring News 2 (1), is reprinted here because its message is as topical today as it was thirteen years ago. (Ed)*

Dear Sir/Madam,

Greetings in the name of Jesus.

Usually on a Sunday morning we go down to Grassy Park where we have our Sunday school and open air church meeting. But on this Sunday 4.2.73 I had a bit of throat trouble so by 9.15 I was still in bed when some of our children come in the kitchen with a story that some little birds is hanging from a tree in somebody's back yard (next street). So I looked through our

bedroom window and (sowaar) there was two little mossies hanging on cotton thread from this tree and when I saw this I jumped from my bed and my trousers and shoes was on in no time. I was on the people's roof in 4 minutes flat, with nothing to hold onto and a strong South Easter blowing, the two little Mossies hanging above my head about 12 feet (? metres). "Bring me my fishing line". Then I tied a stone on the end and started swinging then I brought the cotton down breaking it away as it was suspended from tree to electric post. But still the birds was swinging from the tree. "Go and fetch me the crow bar", but it was to short when they tried to hand it from the ground. So I told them to fetch the stick on our washing line and I joined the two together. Offcourse with that also I could not do a thing so I tied a piece of gut on the end and tied a stone on the end and started swinging it above the birds. With that I managed to break the thread and so brought them down with the streets children shouting with joy and calling me David (with the sling). Then I climbed down and was handed the birds 1 dead and one alive. The dead one was wound with thread round the wing and legs, the live one was caught with thread through the slit in the ring and also over the wing and round the body. (i.e. caught by ring). I took them both home and buried the dead one after taking off your ring and let the live one loose first inside our house to see if it could fly. So my son caught it and let it fly away with a Chirp-Chirp as if to say, "Ta and thanks".

So here I enclose your ring also advise you to see if you can close it so that not even cotton thread can go through.

God bless you. I remain your servant.

Johnnie Cloete.

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