Journal Pages from Africa

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Happy 2010 everyone!

Thus begins a new year, and a new purpose, and my spiritual journey comes to a fork in the road. I am sitting here in Cape Coral Florida, pondering the changes before me in the coming year. I will be returning to Uganda much later than I had originally hoped, for expenses have become such that I am going to have to save a lot of money before I can return, and without support I am likely going to have to do it using my pension monies.

I remain in Florida, where I hope to make visits to various churches and small groups to speak to others about my life and the projects that I have become involved with while living in Uganda – in hopes that some financial support for these projects will be forthcoming. My recent illness reinforced this need, so that the things I have been able to do while I have lived there will not cease upon my death. I’m afraid that I have not considered my own “humanity” that much and my recent illness was a rude awakening.

Farewell America - May 5, 2010

Well, I have been in the USA for about six months and it is time for me to return to my home in Uganda. The image above is of a morning sunrise as seen from the back porch of my son’s apartment in Cape Coral, Florida. My time here has been quite "eventful" in many ways. I was encouraged to come home and visit with my children and to rest and get some medical care. I have been living with my older boy, but have been unable to visit with my younger son - neither of us has the money to travel, and so I will forever miss the hug I wanted so badly, but will not have.

As for medical care? Well, that in itself is quite a story. While in Uganda, I had my friend Connie mail me “care packages” that included drugs from the drug store - over the counter ones - and if I ever needed anything really serious that I was unable to get in Uganda, then my family doctor was available by email. Doctors treating patients by email? Well, don’t laugh, but I’ve corresponded with my doctors for the past four years when I had problems or questions. I have seriously tried not to take advantage of the availability, or the good will. I have been singularly blessed in being able to have my kidney stones checked for free, and to have a basic physical for free.

The real comedy has arisen over my age and lack of having health insurance. When I turned 65 years of age, I was living in Uganda and since Medicare does not pay anything out of country, I did not get it. When I arrived in the USA, I found that I could only “enroll” in January - March of the year, and that after paying monthly premiums I would be eligible for benefits in July of the year in which I enrolled. Now I had planned on being back in Uganda, so I did not enroll. What happened? I got really sick again, and was trying to take care of it using over the counter medicines, and resting and doing what I’ve always done. This time, my oxygen levels dropped to extremely low levels and I was anticipating having to go to the hospital - and then one day while sending email to a friend of a friend who wanted to send something to Uganda, I discovered the person I was writing to was a physician and he called in medicines for me at a local drug store, and I was able to go get them filled. The drugs helped tremendously! God answers prayers, often in unanticipated ways!

Dilemmas While being sick, I’ve also had several big things to stew over - one is the purchase of a ticket back to Uganda, and the second one is finding enough money to purchase a vehicle upon my return. The car I had been using was reassigned and I was told in December that I needed to find funds to purchase my own vehicle. Well, to a lady on a pension, that was rather daunting. Trying to travel around and give talks about my work in Uganda was frustrating as well - no one seemed interested in having me come and talk and I was told almost everywhere that no funds were available so not even to ask. I could not afford to travel around and so I have basically been attempting to just save money from my pension. I did sell my life insurance policy - a little one that my father took out on me but every little bit counts. I managed to save just enough for a car - but now I needed too get a ticket as well. I decided to go ahead and purchase a ticket, and one was quoted to me at $759. Then I got sick, and the volcano erupted in Iceland and tickets rose from that amount to $2000-3000 for a one way ticket! I finally managed to get my original date and original price, and so therefore had to take it, and I wired the money as fast as I could. Now I have a ticket back, but am running the possibility of being too sick to travel. Well with the medicines, things have improved and I am going to seek airline assistance so that I don’t have to walk miles carrying 3 large suitcases. How I will make it through the airports in London is something that I will just have to face when the time comes! It should be interesting though. One good thing though - I will have money deposited into my bank account on the day that I arrive in Uganda, so I will at least have some
money to buy food when I get home. 😞 I’m not certain I will have enough to buy a car though - and so that one is still up in the air. But at least I’ll be home. Maybe I’ll just spend less money and buy a motorcycle and become a “Harley Granny” or something. That would be quite a site in Uganda - a grey haired woman flying around the countryside on a ‘boda boda’.

A young Ugandan friend living in Tallahassee is in Uganda right now - hoping to buy land and build a house for his grandmother who suffered loss of her property when the Tanzanian-Ugandan border was redrawn. He and his girlfriend are in Uganda, and I am hoping to drive down to where he will be and visit with him and his family, and then we all will go over to Masaka to visit a World Vision child, and then perhaps go to eastern Uganda to visit his cousin Moses who is a physician in Butaleja. So, the next couple of months will be a little more than exciting.

And at the same time, I will be settling into my new responsibilities with Base Camp United Christian Foundation. I am also terribly excited about getting involved with a group of high school students to whom a group of astronomers here in the US mailed two telescopes. I hope to establish an astronomy club - and along with some texts and star maps and things, we will all learn a little more about the wonderful universe in which we live. I have never seen the moon through a telescope and I’ve been assured that I can see the Orion Nebula and Saturn’s rings and the moon’s craters - and will be able to view the night skies in a part of the world where nighttime light pollution is not a problem.

Stay tuned for more - after I return.

Two Goats for Base Camp United Christian Foundation

In September 2009, Sebeya Peter (the head of BUFO) and I went to town to purchase two goats for BUFO. The money was generously donated by an old friend I had not seen in 40 years, but who had found me using “Google” on the internet.

These goats will be added to the two already purchased, and I believe three of them are pregnant. The organization has built a corral/stall for housing up to 7 goats, and as time goes on perhaps they can enlarge it. Male goats will be sold, and will be a source of income for the organization. The primary goal of this project is to provide female goats for the production of milk for the children. Children in Uganda generally get no milk at all - at least the poorer ones do not. It is too expensive. This is probably the reason they are all so malnourished and most of the little ones are bow-legged as well. The poor families here live on less than $1 a day - many have no income and have to forage for food - in garbage dumps and some steal food from nearby gardens.

I want to explain a little more about BUFO, the children, their home situations, and how they come to be associated with Base Camp.

BUFO - The Organization  
Base Camp United Christian Foundation (BUFO) is a non-funded, nongovernmental organization located in Kasese, Uganda, which takes care of orphans, vulnerable children and older persons. The offices are in Base Camp Parish, Kasese Town Council. The organization was formed in 2003, in order to bridge the church and the community, with its primary interest being the mobilization and sensitization of vulnerable children and older persons about community development, and children’s welfare (for street children, orphans and adolescent mothers). The organization puts great emphasis on the needy children and older persons, without discrimination with regard to religion or tribe. I have been offered a honorary position on the Board.

High Levels of Poverty 
Street children, orphans and adolescent single mothers, the disabled and older persons are the poorest members of the society according to research in 2006-2007. These groups are the most vulnerable groups in the Rwenzori region and especially in Kasese. Disabled and older persons normally walk the streets begging for money and food, while vulnerable children suffer in the community because they have no chance of coming to these activities, to attend schools or even church.
services. They lack productive assets, have no reliable sources of income and are unable to exploit available resources and often live in poverty. Most orphans in the Rwenzori region are being cared for by their grandparents, most of whom are the poorest of the poor due to a lack of financial support and social support and lack of resources to meet their own basic needs. Some are cared for by older siblings, or by aunts and uncles - often in abusive situations.

**Widows** Most widows are aged 40 and above. Most of them have come to live in towns and at lake shores where they can meet life easily, especially food, which they get from garbage collection. Others live near the national parks and they depend upon the collection of firewood, where they face many death risks. They do this in order to look after their children and orphans.

Over the last two years, 15 women have died in the national parks - some were eaten by lions, some were killed by unknown people in the park, and others were bitten by snakes - all due to a lack of financial support to meet their most essential needs.

**Housing** Street children live and even sleep on the streets and eat from garbage collection sites in town and at the lake shores, after facing problems in their homes. Most of them are harassed and/or are abused by their step-mothers and caretakers. Some are total orphans (having lost both parents) and some are abandoned by prostitutes. This has affected the general health status of towns, as these children use streets and roadways as latrines. Sometimes these children go to sleep on an empty stomach after failing to get food from the garbage sites. This contributes to the poor nutrition of both street children and orphans. Research reveals that the lack of clean water is another crucial problem for street children, vulnerable children and the disabled, both in towns and on lake shores.

According to the research made, we found out that most of the children living on the streets and at lake shores are orphans due to HIV/AIDS, and tend to have malaria frequently. Many of them are being brought up by sexual workers, and after having the unwanted children who have no fathers, the mothers often die of AIDS and leave the children with no one to look after them. Some of the children lucky because there are organizations like BUFO which look after them; some are brought up by older children in the bush or in culverts.

BUFO has tried to look after some of these children. As soon as we come across them, we start giving them food. Following nutrition guidelines, we always try to give them bread, eggs, juice, g-nuts, milk, rice, vegetables, and other local foods. As time went by and the number of children grew, these foods became too great an expense to us and we were unable to provide all of these foods for them. We ended up giving them two types of foods - beans and posho. Posho is maize flour mixed with water. We are giving them food once a day and sometimes we fail to provide breakfast in the mornings. Other expenditures which must be met include clothing, house rent, health care services, school supplies/funds, staff salaries and office maintenance.

**Activities**
- Training and education
- Malaria prevention
- Hygiene promotion
- Agriculture
- Construction of settlements
- Information system / programme

**Achievements**
- We already have in place a small carpentry training workshop and this provides a small monthly income for the organization of about 100,000 Ug shillings (about $50)
- Bible courses are offered by Mail Box Club in the UK
- We are sensitizing children and their guardians, and older persons about HIV/AIDS
- Fumigation of houses / personal hygiene is taught
- We have trained women’s groups in hand crafts and in a savings and loan scheme
- We are training the community in sustainable agriculture

Won’t you please help our efforts? Contact us at mailto:basecampngo@gmail.com for information on how you and others may do this. God will surely use you to bless these people. Thank you.

**June 28, 2010**

**Home Again!** Answered prayers! I managed to get through all airports with my luggage, and it arrived with me at Entebbe – which was not the case with most of the others who were rescheduled with me through Nairobi. I was met by my friends, and went to a hotel and had tea before going to bed. The next day we shopped for a car, and I went to the Ugandan Embassy to see about my work permit. Wednesday evening, I took all of my friends to the Chinese restaurant for dinner and we had a wonderful time visiting. Thursday morning we finalized the papers on the car which I bought and we began the
long journey to Kasese. There were road repairs for 70 kilometers and that was an awful time - we were mostly stuck behind heavy diesel trucks spewing out black fumes. Ugh!

When we arrived in Kasese – around 6:30 PM, we stopped at the supermarket to run in and get some things that I knew I was going to need the next morning, and then we drove on to the house, where we were met by about 10 people who had come to prepare a welcome dinner. It was so nice to see old friends, and for them to take the time and effort to do this for me.

The next week was spent trying to unpack bags, clean closets and shelves, and buy things needed to maintain the large garden we now have. I've had many technological problems with printers, computers, electrical fittings, plumbing leaks, “lost items” – but have gradually managed to rest and gradually balance my day a little better. Peter's father had a stroke and is very ill. Peace visited with me one weekend and we are did “girl things.” I’ve missed her since she married and moved to Bwera. I hope to visit her mother and the rest of the family sometime next week. However, James Arinaitwe and Erin were here in Uganda and we went to visit a World Vision child in Masaka and all of my plans had to revolve around that. We had to visit the child in the presence of the World Vision personnel (after having security background checks done on us), and James has had difficulty getting the American Embassy to give him an appointment for his visa renewal in time for his return flight on June 23rd. So basically we were in a 'sit and wait' pattern. We were finally able to visit the child on the 18th of June - which was the morning he was able to go and pick up his visa.

I picked up one of the telescopes which were sent here to help start a fledgling astronomy club, but the weather has been rainy and overcast every night since I picked it up. The night sky here is beautiful – so many stars can be seen and I'm excited to begin learning more about them. I was finally able to use it on the 22nd of June! Saw craters and lines on the moon. It was exciting for me, and Godfrey, my young neighbor – a boy of 15 years who has been helping me while I've been ill here in Uganda. I visited a woman who thought that she had allergies, but it seems she had a virus, which she “shared” with me. I am now better and looking forward to visiting the street children at Nyakasanga. A group in the UK has donated funds to build them a hostel, and 2 acres of land has been secured and the building is now at the roof beam. This is such a wonderful thing - there is enough land there for the young people to grow their own food, and actually live inside a building with a roof for the first time in their lives. Next we need to see about training them so they can obtain paying jobs. Visit the blog site for more information on this project - http://www.kasesestreetkids.blogspot.com/. I have secured a domain name, and Base Camp now has its own web site: http://www.basecampngo.org/. It will no longer be maintained on the diocesan web site. Please visit it in coming weeks, and see what is going on. I hope to put up more material on the plans for the next few years, plus some articles of interest on past events.

Till next month, I remain,
His servant,
Mama Mimi

July 11, 2010

Exciting News  Rev. Chris Jenkin and his wife Mary, a couple from the U.K., following a visit to Kasese in 2009, became involved in establishing a hostel for the street kids of the area. When I visited the site on June 11, 2010, it was almost up to the roof (See Figure 2). They are putting up the roof beams as I write this. I wrote briefly about this in my last message. On August 1, we are planning on having a community-wide gathering of business leaders, church leaders and townspeople, as well as some of the street children who will populate this hostel.

The site is called the SKILL – Street Kids Information and Learning for Life – Centre. The purpose of the gathering will be to get the community involved in the continuing development of the
centre, and providing funding as well as job opportunities and training for the youth who will live there. They have purchased 2 acres of land at present, but need more in order for the youth to have enough land to grow their own food. There will be training for job skills – a carpentry workshop, tailoring workshop for the girls, and we hope to have the community ‘adopt’ one or more of the youth to train them in other areas of work – auto mechanics, electrician, plumbing, etc. This is a major effort at getting the community involved in the project.

![Figure 3: Provisional floor plan](image)

There will be room for 60 youth – 30 girls and 30 boys. We have visited the street kids at Nyakasanga and asked if they would be willing to go out there and slash the drive into the site, and the surrounding areas - and we will pay them to do this. They said yes! Since there is much still to be done with this project before it is actually livable, we hope to involve the youth in part of the construction and finishing of the hostel. They can do beginning carpentry, and learn how to make the bunk beds, and then cut the wood which will be taken to the site and assembled there by the youth, under the supervision by a master carpenter. This is the sort of thing I have been praying for and God has provided and made this a reality. Now it is up to the rest of us to see it through to completion, for this is a “community” project – not one by just a small group of foreigners. No matter how well meaning foreigners are, all hope of success of such a project rests with those who reside within the community. We, the community, must own the project! We ask your prayers in this endeavor.

Stay tuned!

**August 6, 2010**

**Launch of the SKILL Centre** I have posted on my Facebook page news of the creation and launch of the SKILL Centre in Kasese – a home for street children and orphans. I’ve received more credit for doing things that others have done, and need to correct the assumption that I have had more to do with the project than I really have had. Most of the fundraising took place while I was in the USA. The bulk of the effort has been shouldered by people here in Kasese – people without resources but with great heart and will for this project. It is they who should receive the plaudits, not I. I have simply tried to make others aware of what is going on here, and try my best to raise awareness and let God touch the hearts of others. My heart already weeps at the overwhelming need. My eyes daily are filled with images of dire circumstances, and yet they are also filled with visions of great love and compassion and a community effort to create positive changes – regrettably without the necessary resources. I am constantly aware that the most giving is done by those with the least to give. I’m reminded of the woman and the two small coins - she gave all she had. The sense of community here is most humbling.

![Figure 4: One of the street children foraging for food at one of the dump sites.](image)

The project funding was begun by retired Rev. Chris Jenkin and his wife Mary, from Cumbria, UK. Visit their blog site for a history of the project: [http://www.kasesestreetkids.blogspot.com](http://www.kasesestreetkids.blogspot.com). I call attention to the fact that these two visited the area, and saw something and their hearts were touched – nay, bludgeoned – by the need seen, and decided to do something about it. On Sunday, retired Bishop Masereka admitted that when he was bishop of South Rwenzori Diocese, he saw

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the need and thought about it but did not have the courage to undertake establishing a project, and he was so glad that someone had done something about it. Speakers ranged from one of the homeless boys, to the local chairperson, Rev. Canon Julius Kithaghenda, who vowed to look into government funding for the project. The young boy spoke of the reason he was homeless, and said he was grateful for the project and looked forward to living in a real building with a roof.

Figure 5: Retired Bishop Zebedee Masereka speaking to the group

We received pledges from everyone there, some in cash, and donations of a door, 13 bags of cement, sheets and cooking utensils. There is still quite a long way to go though. There are still many things needed before the place can be lived in. We ask for prayer that funds will become available for these. It is amazing how small donations by many can add up to provide a huge blessing for others.

More disturbing news is that anthrax has killed 82 hippos and is located around Lake George and Lake Edward. This involves the Q.E. national park area. I heard from Canon Semu today that there is a reported case of anthrax near Kisinga. I ask your prayers for this situation and that it does not get into the food supply.

Till next time –

20 August, 2010

A man near Base Camp has offered 5 acres of land to BUFO for purchase - and does not require payment in full up front. He simply wants to have money to send his children to school - a monthly payment of 500,000 shillings (about $225) for ten months. I am only one person, and I want badly to do this, but may not be able to because of prior commitments. My needs are few and I am grateful to be able to help where needed. The Bible says worry not about what you will eat or what you will wear; it is true,
for like so many others here, my very basic needs are met. Too often I find my "need" is really a "want."

I have had no financial support while here, and I have also occasionally needed funding for myself - but was told not to ask my own church for funds as they are in the middle of a capital drive and need money themselves. I carry no health insurance, no automobile insurance, and have no savings. Unexpected expenses are varied and occasionally problematic when they occur:

- Automobile expenses – are a constant and ever present need here and vary from month to month. I had a theft recently, requiring replacement of automobile parts. This car, belonging to BUFO, is used by others when none is available to them, and needs to be maintained in safe condition.

- Medical expenses – I have a chronic condition which requires medicines to be shipped to me periodically from the US; their cost and the costs of shipping them are rather high.

- Almost weekly, I am confronted with a dire need by someone here – and something within me is unable to say "No" - which I have had to do recently, painfully. As a white person I am expected to have money - it isn’t that I am a target, it is just that when all else fails, some come to me for aid because they know that I will help them if I can. Here, it seems to me that the very survival of someone I love is more important.

When in the USA, I was overwhelmed by the spending done on things which were not necessary! It was actually painful to me. The advertising barrage to get you to spend more, get more, be more, do more was so offensive to me. Look around you and see just how much "stuff" you have that you do not need.

The purpose of this note is to ask you to please join me in some small way in providing funds for the Base Camp United Christian Foundation. They badly need land, and money to build a hostel on it so that they can gather these children under one roof. The loss of a child in February because the elderly woman caring for him was afraid to go to take him to the clinic after dark is a monstrous tragedy. Too many children die here of preventable causes. I ask you to open your eyes and see that you have so much more, and that you can afford to give a little to those who have nothing. God will surely reward you.

I've managed to be sick again, and this time have been sticking to the house and not moving around too much. My son mailed me some asthma medicine the first week of August, but the government is intercepting all incoming packages and I may never get my package. This has certainly limited my access to various offices that I need to go, but people have been very kind and have come by the house and I manage to work in my extra bedroom. The illness has definitely ‘brought home to me’ the fact that our time on earth is temporary, and whatever I had dreamed of accomplishing now is at an important point. What I have wanted to do here may simply cease when I die.

I’ve never really thought about “age” per se, and haven’t really felt all that old even though I do
move more slowly, but I will be 69 in November, and I have not respected my body as I should have, and therefore am paying the price. Unfortunately, my sins affect many others as well – something we should all think about. Our sin wounds God, surely, but far reaching consequences also affect our children, our neighbors, our church, and often many strangers that we may never even know. I have understood that I was in God’s hands, having a deep belief that I am here because He brought me here. I have survived some situations in my life for no known reason other than God’s will. There is something that God wants me to do here, and He will determine when my job is done. His timing and His reasons are not always clear to me, but I am comfortable in the knowledge that He will accomplish His aims with or without me. His will be done, in all things.

My life has been impacted so greatly by many of the people I have come to love in this country, and I thank God every day that He brought me here; not so much for others’ benefit, but for my own benefit. I have spent much time seeking God’s will, and seeking to see life through the eyes of Christ, and I believe that I have grown in my faith here. I have actually done little here – but I have been able to return God’s love and grace to others and for that I am thankful. As I keep saying to everyone, “The blessings have been all mine.” The pain of living here and not being able to do more is overwhelming sometimes – for alone I can do so little. This is why I have sought involvement by others. Those who profess to call themselves “Christian” cannot live life with blinders on, living only for their own desires and wants. We are commanded to share the burdens of our brothers. It simply is not optional.

I see so many ways that people could help here – electricians, plumbers, engineers, and teachers at all levels. The people here need money – that is true – but more than that they need real assistance in working their own way out of a life of poverty and ignorance. The government is inadequate to the task of this, and there simply is no resource available to the people who live in this situation. We need people willing to come and work here for six weeks, six months or a year to provide the basic training and skills to enable the people here to take charge of their own lives and provide a better future for themselves and for their children. I feel education is the answer to all of the country’s ills – but that will take a generation or more to accomplish, but in the meantime, poverty and ignorance remain the constant in their daily lives and can only perpetrate another generation of the same.

My plea in my last letter for assistance in helping Base Camp achieve its mission to buy land and build a hostel for the 67 orphans and vulnerable children under its care has sadly not been too effective, though I deeply appreciate the offers of support made by three people. I have tried so hard to write in such a way that others could see and feel the pain – and the joy – in the lives of some here. I evidently am an inadequate advocate. That new car, or new house, or new t.v. seems to get in the way and my poor little letters are read and the reaction seems to be similar to that here in Uganda: “Bolo bolo” (so sorry). The next day arrives, and the thoughts – whatever they were – are lost in the busyness of getting through the day. I am confronted by the misery everywhere I go, but I also get to see the joy, appreciation and improvement here, and I try to get photos and post them somewhere so people can see for themselves. The people here, with such great needs, are so deeply appreciative of small acts of kindness.

Surprisingly, I have received donations from people I do not even know! They seem to have seen my web page or my FaceBook page and responded to the pictures or stories there. Base Camp received a box of books for the children from someone I had never heard of; I did a ‘Google search’ and found a web page, and also a FaceBook page, and I wrote asking if he was the person – and he said yes.

I have been criticized by some for giving away so much of my own money. We rarely understand our own intentions and there is a tendency to ‘justify’ things in such a way as to bolster (or justify) our own desires. However, I have long felt that perhaps I was “part” of God’s provision for some of these people. I cannot help them all – would that I could! This past month, I had an unusual financial shortage – and yet was able to offer to help bury three people. The families did not have any money at all, and though they did not ask, I could not turn away from their need. I was provided for and came through the month without problem. The Bible says “be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat...” (Matt 6:25-26). So true. It is always a struggle to determine how much I can afford to do during a month, but my response to that has been one of faith that God would provide for me as well. What do you do when you have no one? Here, too many die. There are no governmental agencies to help.

In the USA, you become homeless and must depend upon the social services that are available in your area. What do you do when you are ill and have no money to afford the expensive medical care in the US? Hospitals in the USA cannot refuse care.
In Uganda, you pay before you go in, or else you don’t get in. I had to laugh – when I returned to the USA last year I had no insurance, and when I thought to apply for Medicare (in Oct), was told that I would have to wait until January to apply, and that it would only take effect in June or July of the next year. That was “helpful” during a time when both my son and I were wondering if I was going to wind up in the Emergency Room some night. 😞 I’ve been reading with great interest the “medical reform bill” information – it is a laugh to me. If I understand things rightly, in 2014, if I still don’t have medical coverage, the government is going to fine me over $600 a year. That will be a big help! I don’t live in the USA and Medicare is useless to me here in Uganda. The term bureaucratic morass takes on a whole new meaning for me.

I’d still rather live here! Live here may seem more primitive – only by modern standards – but each day is full of purpose. I do not have to support payments for non-essential items that only provide ‘comfort’ to me. Most activities here seem to have more “purpose” than they do in the USA. Things take longer and there is much less time for entertainment and relaxation.

However ‘primitive’ things may be here, I can only say that the satisfaction is immense. I truly love sitting outside around sunup and sundown – watching the colors unfold upon the great tapestry of God’s skies. I cannot describe how much my heart swells at the smile of a small child, or the gratitude I feel when I am able to render assistance to someone in need. I cannot adequately express my gratitude for all of the love shown to me by so many here. Four years ago, when I drove down the road, I would hear shouts from children in the area of, “Hey muzungu!” Now, when I drive the same roads, I hear “Hey Mimi!” Not sure if I am ‘famous’ or ‘infamous’. 😃

I would like to challenge each one of you to seriously and prayerfully consider what is your purpose in God’s scheme. Is God possibly calling you to sacrifice to provide for others in need? The Christian life is a sacrificial life; it is not one of comfort and ease. Ask what you can do to truly reflect God’s grace and in so doing, give glory to God.