

Dear Carol,

January 18, 2012

I am writing to you on Friday night at 10:30 pm. I know I have not told you about Tuesday or Wednesday of this week yet but I want to tell you about yesterday and today as they are fresh in my mind and I will try to catch up on the happenings of Tuesday and Wednesday sometime tomorrow.

Thursday morning I was still in Hoima. Right after breakfast Timothy brought a man who is a church member to the hotel to meet with me. This man has some kind of open wound on his private parts that has not healed for over a year. It must have been very humbling and embarrassing for him to reveal this to Timothy and to come to see me. He asked if there was anything we could do to help him see if any doctor in Kompala could help him. He had tried the Ugandan public healthcare system but they would not do anything for him. The man looked to be in his late 40s but Timothy told me he was 33 years old. He is the brother to Michael's wife. Michael is the pastor at the church in Masindi. I called John and told him about this man and we agreed to take him to Kompala on Monday to see a doctor. I gave him money to travel to Kompala with and he will be meeting me on Monday there. Please pray that we can find help for this guy.

You remember the young boy I met last year in Masindi who had a problem with controlling his bladder. This boy really moved me when I met him and I told several friends about him and many helped send money so that he could go and see a Doctor in Kompala. Michael took him to Kompala to see a doctor back in June 2012. We thought they would have to do surgery but after doing tests they decided to try medication first. When John went to Masindi last Sunday I asked him to be sure to meet with the boy and see how he was doing. John found out that he was still having problems so when John got back to Kompala on Wednesday of this week he met with an American friend who lives here and she recommended a very good doctor in Kompala. We called and made an appointment for Monday so I am hopeful that we will finally get this boy helped. Back in June of this year Michael sent me the boy's test results and I showed them to my doctor and he said that the decision to try medicine first was probably the right one. Pray that we will find some answers for this boy and the man coming from Hoima on Monday.

I had met the manager of the Bank Of Africa Wednesday night and he had asked me to come to his office and meet him again on Thursday morning at 8:30 because he had interest in our building. In Uganda 8:30 usually means around 9:00 or 9:30 so when I showed up on African time he was walking out the door to another appointment and reminded me that our appointment was at 8:30. Anyway, he was gracious and took Timothy and I back to the hotel and agreed to meet after his appointment. Timothy and I had gone down to the Bank on a boda boda which is a small 100 cc motorcycle. I have attached a picture so you can see what it is like to see two Africans and a Musungu (white man) on one motorcycle. Traveling on these boda bodas is hair raising because in Uganda the larger vehicle always has the right of way. You know how in the states most people will slow down and be careful not to get too close to someone walking or on a bike. Not so in Uganda. If you are the smaller vehicle or you are walking it is your sole responsibility to get out of the way. A larger vehicle will not even swerve or slow down to miss you and that is not an exaggeration. Anyway I have some videos from the back of these boda bodas going around Hoima. I will show them to you when I get home. Back to Thursday - Back at the hotel I packed up my bags and got ready to leave for Kompala and once I was packed we got a ride in a car down to the taxi park. The taxi park is where all of the taxis go to pick up passengers going anywhere in Uganda. I dropped off my big bag at one of the taxi offices and Timothy assured me that it would be safe. We walked across the street to the bank and met the manager again and took him to our building. The bank of Africa is involved with an association of small farmers around Hoima and the association is looking for a building where they can store their corn, rice, peanuts, beans etc. He looked at our building and said that he really liked it and promised to show it to the farmers. If they are interested they would sign a long term lease on the building at a good rate. They are wanting a building to store their crops in so that they

don't have to sell at low prices around harvest time. At harvest time produce is about 40% cheaper than four or five months later so having a way to store produce will allow these farmers to get a much better price. In Uganda there are two harvest seasons per year. One in February and one in August. The best time to sell is in January and in July right before the harvest when everyone is nearly out of supply from the previous harvest.

While we were showing the building to the banker a man came into the building compound on a bicycle. He had a huge growth on the side of his face and neck. He came to see if I could help him in any way. I took pictures of him and a video. I have attached his picture to this email. He said that he has been going to the government healthcare here in Uganda for a long time trying to get help and everytime they just send him away and say that they will put him on a waiting list. The government healthcare here is completely worthless and corrupt. It is suppose to be free for those who can't afford it, which is nearly everyone, but the doctors will not do anything unless people pay them. I am not sure if any doctors even in the states could help this man let alone Uganda but I told him that I would be in Kampala on Monday at the doctors office with two other people and that I would show the doctor his picture and video and find out who we could take him to for help. He was very appreciative and after we prayed together he walked his bike out of the compound. My heart was broken to see this man struggle. You will understand when you see his picture. To struggle with a problem like he has where there is good healthcare would be a tragedy but to struggle with that here in Uganda where most struggle when they are healthy is more than I can even imagine. We will be seeing the very best doctors here in Uganda on Monday so if there is a possibility of help we will find it. We went back with the banker to the bank and we set up an account and then walked back over to the taxi park. So I could leave for Kampala. I said my goodbys to Timothy and got in a taxi to Kampala. I called Rashid in Kampala and told him I was coming in a taxi and asked where I should get out when I arrived. Rashid was not happy with me. He reminded me that he had insisted that I take a bus back and not a taxi.

When I got in the taxi I was relieved to see the Reverend of the main Anglican church in Hoima was in the same cab. You will see when I write to you about Tuesday and Wednesday how I know this man so I won't explain that now but I was very relieved to know at least one person on this cab. There are at least 30 cabs a day leaving from Hoima to Kampala so the chances of us being on the same cab are about zero. He said that he had come to the cab park earlier but had forgotten something and had to go home and get it or we would have not been on the same cab. Both of us knew that God had arranged this because as you will see I needed him. A Ugandan taxi is like a minivan with 4 rows of seats. They fit 5 people per row. They put me in the front seat where there were only 3 people so I had a little bit of room. I had my computer bag and my backpack in my lap the whole way from Hoima to Kampala. The trip took about 3.5 hours and I will never do this again. If I ever have to travel alone again in Uganda I will take a bus and not one of these taxis. These drivers drive like you know what and I was really scared much of the way. I felt like we were on two wheels going around some of the corners and I am sure that the tires were bald as cue balls. They also seem to see just how close they can come to oncoming traffic. There is plenty of room on the left side of the road (they drive on the left side) but they will be as close to the center as possible without hitting whatever is coming from the other direction. The oncoming traffic does the same thing. Big buses will be coming from the other direction and the taxi driver will barely move and the bus driver doesn't even care because he is the biggest thing on the road. Then there are people walking and on bicycles on the left shoulder which is dirt and very narrow. Some of the bikes have large bags of charcoal sticking out 3 feet on either side of the bike. I know there were times we were within inches of hitting a bike or boda boda on the left and at the same time within inches of hitting a bus or a truck on the right. I took some videos with my phone to show you what it was like when I get home. I promise you I will not do this again. I called Rashid when we neared Kampala to see where to meet him and he told me where to get off of the cab. I tried to explain in to the driver where I needed to get off but because of the language he really did not understand me. My friend the Anglican Pastor

translated for me so the driver understood but the driver said he was not going that way and would not drop me where Rashid was. My friend explained this to me and told me to get off with him and we would call Rashid and he would explain where to come and get me. Kompala has over 3 million people and I have no idea where anything is in this city. I also had a backpack, a computer bag and a very heavy suitcase so finding a way around Kompala would be impossible. I took my friend's advice and got out of the van with him at a bussy intersection and called Rashid praying that he would answer his phone. He did and my friend told him where we were and Rashid sent someone to pick me up. My friend waited with me until my ride came and I was so glad that he did. I stick out like a soar thumb here and I would not have wanted to be trying to find my way around Kompala alone. God is good to me and once again bailed me out.

It is after midnight and the mosquitos are getting pretty bad so I need to get under my net and go to bed. I will continue to catch up on happenings here tomorrow.

Love you
Mac

