

Dear Carol,

Sunday January 20

It is about 10:00 pm on Sunday night here in Uganda. I had a great day today but I am really ready to come home now. I love this place and these people but I love you and miss my family so I am glad Tuesday is coming quickly. We had a quick breakfast around 7:30 this morning and then headed out to the church Rashid has planted in a village near Mucono. The name of the village is Kiyola. The drive takes about 2 hours one way and Rashid makes this trip on Friday and then again on Sunday every week. The road is paved for the first hour and then dirt for another hour. This is the same church I went to on Friday and I was also here last May with Patrick so I know many of these people. Tell Patrick that Robert and Ronnie both asked about him and both asked him to email them when he can. Robert is the head master at the little school in the church. John went to another church to preach about a half hour away so I agreed to talk at the service in Kiyola. I rested yesterday after going to the orphanage and Rashid's school so I did not prepare much. As usual God is merciful and faithful even though I am not at times. I have been reading in the book of Mathew in my quiet time in the mornings and my last two days have been in the ninth chapter of Mathew. The first part is about when some people took a paralyzed man to see Jesus and asked Him to heal him. Jesus responded with a strange statement. Instead of saying you are healed or something like that Jesus said "your sins are forgiven". The "teachers of the law" (the church leaders) heard him say this and were furious because no one but God has the authority to forgive sin. By responding this way Jesus was telling everyone who heard that He in fact was God. Jesus knew what the teachers of the law were saying and so he said to them "which is easier to say? Your sins are forgiven or rise up and walk? But so that you may know that I have the authority to forgive sin rise and take up your mat and walk". The paralytic got up and walked away and the people were amazed. This was Jesus's way of claiming to be God in the flesh and the religious leaders were furious. Jesus could have just said get up and walk but he wanted to make a point about who He was and so he said "your sins are forgiven". After this Jesus is walking and he comes across a tax collector named Mathew. He tells him to follow him and he gets up and follows Jesus. It is strange who Jesus called to be his disciples. He could have called a religious leader or a good attender of the synagogue but instead he called a tax collector. Tax collectors were viewed as traders and thieves. They were sinners of the highest degree but that is who Jesus called to know him that day. Jesus was no respecter of man and he called who ever he wanted to call. It is interesting that when he called Mathew there was no argument. Jesus did not plead with him or beg him. He did not have to convince him. He just said follow me and Mathew did. I remembered a verse from 1st Corinthians chapter 1 that says "But God chose what is foolish in the world to shame the wise. God chose what is weak in the world to shame the strong. God chose what is low and despised in the world even the things that are not to bring to nothing things that are so that no man can boast in the presence of God". God reveals himself to whoever he pleases and when he does they follow him. We don't think this way. We think that good people choose God when in fact God chooses whom ever He pleases and much of the time the people he chooses are not good. They are a mess or they are poor or they are sick and many times despised by many. That is exactly why I think God is moving so strongly in Uganda. People are open to the Gospel here. They are hungry to know who God is. They are not too proud to call out to God for help and God is truly moving in this country. Anyway that was basically what I spoke about.

After church I made popcorn for everyone in the church. We had fed them a full meal on Friday so we could not do that again but I wanted to have something cheap to eat and came up with the idea of kettle corn. I bought the corn and oil and sugar for about 50,000 shillings (\$16.00) and downloaded a recipe for kettle corn. They cook here in these huge deep pans over open fires and they stir their food while it is cooking with a big paddle. Perfect for kettle corn. I burned the first batch a little because I put too much of everything in the pan but from then on it went pretty good. All of the kids from the church and about half of the adults came and watched as I cooked. They could not believe I was doing this. Men don't cook, let alone white men. I was so hot from the sun and the fire that I was sweating like a pig. The kids got a kick out of watching me. They do not have hot pads so when it quit

popping and I had to dump the pan a boy ran and got me some leaves off of a nearby bush and handed them to me. The leaves worked surprisingly well everyone got some kettle corn and I had a blast doing it. I have attached a picture of the kids getting kettle corn. They put it in their shirts to carry.

We left the church around 3:00 pm and drove back through Kampala to Rashid's house in Entebbe. On the way a car coming from our left smashed a bike rider into our car. He was kind of sandwiched in between us and I heard a big bang on our right side. We did not stop so I do not know what happened to the rider. I asked if we could stop but Commander would not pull over. They say that if you hit someone here and you stop the neighbors can get pretty ugly and hurt you so they never stop if the vehicle is drivable after an accident. This is the second accident I have witnessed on this trip.

We stopped at a very nice grocery store in Entebbe on the way home to buy some meat and while I was in the store I saw a 12 year old black girl with down syndrome. I saw her from the back and I knew she was downs by her actions and her speech and when she turned around there was no question. Her mom was white and she had a really cute little girl on her back with curly dark hair and olive skin. I spoke to the mom and told her that I had a downs child back in the U S. She said that she was married to a Ugandan and that they had adopted this little girl. She introduced her to me and I enjoyed meeting her. She reminded me of Jenna so much. She was saying hi and hugging everyone in the store. The mom said that she had a sister in the U S that was downs and that she missed her so bad that they adopted this little girl.

We got home to a wonderful meal of matoky (not sure how to spell it but it is a green banana that they cook in banana leaves and it has the consistency of mashed potatoes). I never liked it before but it has grown on me this trip. We also had chicken steamed in banana leaves, peanut sauce with mushrooms (to die for) roasted pumpkin, potatoes, beans and rice. It was a great meal.

Michael and the little boy from Masindi and the man from Homa arrived tonight for our doctor visits tomorrow. Michael said that they witnessed a fatal accident on the road to Kampala on their way. There were three people on a boda boda and two were dead and one was taken to the hospital in bad shape. As I have told you before the roads here are the most dangerous part of coming by far. We are going to take the boy from Masindi and the man from Hoima to see a good doctor in Kampala tomorrow. Hopefully they will be able to help. I am going to show pictures to the doctor of the man I met in Hoima with the tumor on his face. Hopefully the doctor will advise me as to how to find treatment for him as well. We will send him to Kampala next week with Timothy if we get a good referral. Pray that we do. That is all I know for now. I love you and miss you like crazy. See you in three days. I am counting them. I have attached this in a word doc as well.

Love Mac

