



Your contributions have helped us to continue providing services for impoverished families who face a daily struggle due to poverty and sickness. Your help makes a real difference in our effort to make lives better for those who are terminally ill without much hope for relief. Taken from some of the interviews of the Care Package recipients, we would like to share a few honest responses, which reflect their gratitude, as well as shedding light into the lives of families who face tremendous challenges. God bless you for caring and assisting us to reach out a helping hand.



George → Recipient of Monthly Food Aid explains: "My family lives in Kibera. My wife, me and our small twins are suffering from HIV/Aids related illnesses. Living on a sparse income as a janitor, the Food Aid Packages are a life saver and I thank all the sponsors for their compassion for poor families like ours."

← **Mama Atieno** tells: "I am suffering from cervical cancer. To support me and my two disabled children I wash laundry for people in Kibera when I feel strong enough. Your Food Packages help us survive."



Phoebe -- "I am a single mother with two children. I was the first to receive aid through the Family Care Package Project. When contracting HIV/Aids, I suffered from TB, lost my job and was not able to pay for medication. I became deadly ill. The prayers, support and counselling from my friends at Family Care helped me to regain strength and a will to live."



Caleb says, "I am HIV positive and on top of that had a benign brain tumor. A sponsored OP saved me. Jobless and weak the Monthly Food Aid has been vital for my life. May God bless you and all the sponsors who help so many."



Our colleague Sally, a professional Community Health Worker, is facilitating our Counselling Ministry and organises teams of volunteers for house visits, carrying the Care Packages to the elderly and the sick who cannot come to our usual distribution places. The **Family Care Package Ministry** isn't the only facet of our work with the poor, but as the above stories reflect an important one -- made possible by **YOU**, our dear friends and sponsors!





I was born in the summer of 1955, in a steel-producing city in the industrial region of Germany, to a family of blue-collar workers. During the tumultuous sixties, I was a young girl, happy and carefree, until a serious health issue altered my view of life in a profound way. My physical condition and my defiance against its grim prognosis devastated me and was perhaps the starting point to my pursuit in search of a deeper purpose.

By the time the seventies came around, the blossoming hippie era spread like wild fire throughout Europe and our village was engulfed in it. All around me, I saw signs of a new style of life and an invigorating liberalism. I was nineteen when my training course as a nurse came to an abrupt end because of the worsening scoliosis I had been struggling with since early teen hood.

In the midst of the emotional turbulence that came with passing through my teen years, I felt a strong desire to leave home in order to chart my own path. I stumbled along at first, fumbling my way into the counter-culture movement.

I had just turned twenty, when together with a couple of friends, I ventured on an unforgettable journey, travelling in an old refurbished camper. Our search for higher values and something deeper took us over 20,000 kilometers through parts of Europe, the Middle East, and onward in a pilgrimage for peace and purpose. It was an adventure that often led us to the edge, where we experienced loss, sickness and danger, which left deep imprints on our hearts.

During various instances along my journey, I sometimes remembered the religious lessons in my last year of school and a treasured song, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" by Martin Luther. Each time I sang that song, my heart warmed and lifted my soul. God was knocking on the door of my heart. I recalled how, as a young teenager, on my confirmation day in the old stone chapel, I had pledged to follow godly principles. But, in the throes of this new type of freedom and nonconformity, this pledge was all but forgotten.

After two years of travelling, still yearning for a fulfilling profession, I came to a crossroad in my life. Empty and disillusioned, I felt that I couldn't keep living our roaming dropped-out lifestyle much longer.

It was 1978, when after an all-night drive from the border of Nepal, we stopped for a rest at a small hostel. My life was about to change. Entering the canteen, I noticed the only guests were a group of missionaries having breakfast. As it was a rare occasion to meet foreign travellers in a town way up in northern India, a lively conversation soon began. Their kindred spirits and simple explanations of Bible verses, led me to dedicate my life to helping others, which marked a new beginning and renewal for my restless, searching soul.

Some years later, I decided to become a relief worker, and I found great satisfaction in service to poor communities in a variety of developing countries. This chosen path was a direct result of the kindness of selfless and dedicated folks, like the missionaries I'd met on my life-changing journey to India.

Throughout more than 40 years of humanitarian work, including three decades working in Kenya, I have experienced unexpected provision at just the right time, protection in the face of danger, as well as Jesus' favour, grace and strength in seasons of hardship. In our demanding work, I have learned -- and am still learning -- to rely on God's strength rather than my own. Since then my life took on a new direction. I have become aware of how every task, challenge, struggle and experience is a steppingstone, shaping me into the person I am meant to be.

Thinking over all that has taken place, I realize that the presence of God was woven into the tapestry of my life from the beginning. At times the threads were obscure and unnoticed, until the moment His presence moved into the forefront and I found my purpose.

***Love has ears to heed the sighs and sorrows of men. It has hands to help others.
It has feet to hasten to the poor and needy.***

