

My Third Trip to Uganda

Pastor Randy Conger 12/12/2010



I haven't been blogging, haven't always remembered to take pictures, to be honest I have been trying to catch up since long before I left. But God has been good. Lost (or had stolen) a borrowed computer, spent 4 days trying to get the phone I purchased to work only to discover that I hadn't paid the phone bills at home, so no one could answer even if I did call. So much stress about things I was really beginning to wonder if I had missed God's timing on this trip, ah, but then I saw the kids...

From the very beginning I wished it hadn't taken me 2 years to get back here. While each of the kids genuinely missed me, every one of them had the same first question, how is JOEY... He really made an impression on them. They all asked about Mama Treena and Ryan... To these kids we are part of their family, we told them that we love them and they believed us and love us back. If I don't perform any miracles on this trip or have dramatic meetings, I already KNOW that the most important reason that I am here is to encourage my friends that I still love them.

Everything here in Uganda goes through my friend and partner Pastor Hudson Suubi. Mercy his wife has just had their 5th child and is recuperating from the surgery, I tried to delay my trip considering the baby's birth, and even offered to totally reschedule after the c-section delivery but both Hudson and Mercy implored me to come as soon as I could get here. So I did. One of the young ladies here messaged me on Facebook, "Daddy when are you coming, I miss you". That was all it took, I bought my ticket and showed up here hoping that I had something that would help these friends of mine here in Uganda.



I came with a theme, "Silver and Gold have I none, but such as I have I give". As usual Hudson did not just take me to his own ministries but also to my other friends (most of which he had introduced me to originally). Debora shown to the left is one of those friends and daughters. I am sure that almost anyone has visited Show Mercy's orphanage, school and church has also adopted this wonderful young lady. She is pastor Prossy's daughter and is currently in her first year of nurses training. The cost of education whether for young children or college seems to rank right up there with food and shelter as the most common needs of the people here... Thankfully

someone had given me some money to contribute to a need that I felt God was leading. I could not pay even one fourth of what she currently needs just to complete this year but you don't have to see the tears to know how much the gift I was able to give meant to her and her mother.

On another note another "just as deserving" daughter hadn't received ANY money yet for her next year of school and I didn't have any to give to her yet... My tears were kept inside, she was the one who cried, "daddy when are you coming". Please join me in praying with her for God's plan, and provision. Her name is Ruth.

Debora asked me to teach her a new song and I recorded her singing it. I am going to try and place it on YouTube.



Next we went to visit Patrick and William and the kids... I had no idea how much our visit would mean to them, I truly felt guilty that I couldn't stay longer. These guys along with the help from a couple of ladies here stateside are amazing all of us with what God is doing through them for the impoverished children and orphans in their area...

People in Uganda do not normally have hair like mine on my head let alone on my arms, the kids are all curious and like to pet my hair like I was a monkey or something, sometimes it gets a little out of hand, but I love it. Where ever I go here in Uganda, especially deep into the bush the children get excited just seeing a white man, they run after the car waving crying out "mazoongoo, mazoongoo!" and they laugh hysterically if I just wave at them. I may seem strange but amidst all of this intense poverty, aids etc. If ALL I had to give was the ability to make them laugh, it would be worth my trip. Most of these kids I don't even meet, just hundreds of them that stop what they are doing and point, stare and wave at the car as we drive by.

One example of this happened today. We drove way back into the bush. The road was really just a bunch of mud trails and yet there were mud and homemade brick houses all along it and hundreds of kids smiled and waved. When we got to our location it was a brand new (less than a year old) and yet very small church building on a small cleared area of clay. The church was built of mud and sticks with some plastic sheets over the top for a roof. But it was clean, and decorated. It was their church.

I didn't know it at the time but this is one of the village churches that our church Solomon's Porch supports by paying the rent for the pastor. I was about to speak in one of the churches that we had helped make happen. WOW. It is just so weird to be sitting in a mud hut that strangely reminds me more of one of my childhood "forts" than a church and yet these people get dressed up, come in ready to shout, and sing and dance to the Lord. And they give thanks for ALL that they have... These people amaze me... I told them that we wanted to be their sister church. I told them that they were important to God, second to nobody.

While I was speaking some of the neighbour kids started sneaking peaks through the door and window's, they were chased off a number of times during my short message, and I wasn't offended at this because often these are Muslim children who will get in trouble if they were to come into the church. But at the end, as an alter call I asked for the kids from outside the church to come to the



front. I taught the church that we ALL were at one time “outside” of the body of Christ. And yet because of His love for us He made a way. I asked that they would “make a way”, for their friends and neighbours to experience the Love of God.

Of course I have left out a lot even though it hasn't even been a week but “making a way” for people to receive the “love of God” seems to be my mission. Please pray that I fulfil it.

Yours in Christ,

Randy

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