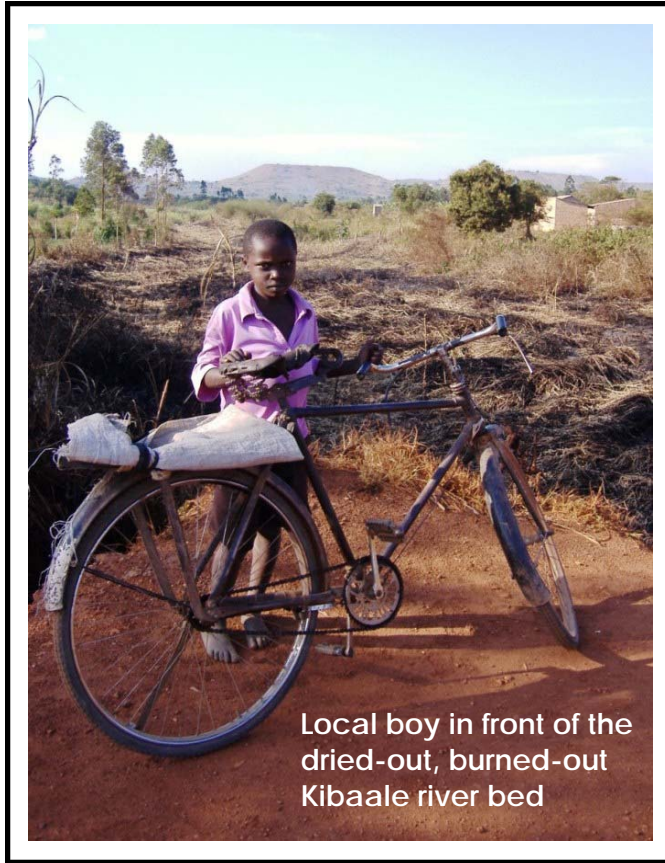




Aunt Jack is down, but not out in Africa



Local boy in front of the dried-out, burned-out Kibaale river bed

The community is resounding with thanks to all

who contributed to the food relief efforts that took place from our Centre. And especially to our Canadian Director, Ray Sutton, who mobilized thousands of dollars to help.

The “old-timers” of the area said they had never, ever seen anything like it. Although Africa is often in the news because of drought and famine conditions, it had never happened in this area to the extent that we saw in this past year. It was a very tragic situation. In the past couple of years rainfall was insufficient—the first growing season of 2006 saw crops being planted, germinating, growing, then withering. By October almost every family connected to our Centre was in a desperate state.

Thankfully we were able to give out thousands and thousands of kilo’s of maize flour. Once in a while we were also able to distribute beans in order to boost the nutritional value of the food. In hope and prayer, we prepared and distributed hundreds of seed packets to these same families. Because of so many failed crops, many had no seeds left for planting. The seeds were given out in October and within a short time the seasonal rains came. And came. And came. We were thanking the Lord that crops were coming to maturity. In mid-December I received my first basket full of potatoes and beans. Hallelujah! It was such a significant gift and a sign that the people were going to survive. The river is slowly coming back to life. One home I visited in September had a plastic bottle full of what looked like watery chocolate milk—it was water that they collected from a pond and the only source of water they had.

Just writing and thinking about what these people have endured... the unfairness is incomprehensible. An elderly lady was found dead in her hut with many cloth belts she had tied around her waist—to ease the physical pain of her stomach’s demands for food. Thankfully we were able to help hundreds avoid such indignity. It has been a really tough year. Some mornings there were dozens of ladies waiting at our offices coming in humility to try and save their children’s lives. It was also really tough on our staff who were trying to do what they could to help the community.

I hope never to go through such again—and I had all the food I wanted. I recalled the jokes of “Jimmy eat your peas; do you realize there are children starving in Africa?”. This time they were my neighbours and it was a real honour and privilege to be able to help them.



Maize flour donation to a local church

How to wine and dine your boss, Kibaale style....

A couple of months ago we were so pleased to be able to host many of the board members of Pacific Academy School. This is the board of Pacific Academy Outreach Society, the organization behind Kibaale Community Centre. Some members came with spouses and two brought their grown children- it was a first for all but one of them. They were in Kibaale just under 48 hours and a packed 48 hours it was!

Upon arrival, they were entertained by students with song, dance and speeches. I slipped away from the festivities to go into Kibaale town and pick up a couple of sacks of beans which we (Community Dev. Dept) had planned to give away to some people in need. Each bag was about 130 Kg. The man who loaded them into the Landcruiser put each bag across his shoulders and walked about 20 metres to the vehicle. Unbelievable.

We went back to the Centre to organize our expedition. Laura was to drive the Landcruiser and I the Landrover (being the veteran driver in such conditions, I took the lousy vehicle) with about 8 of our visitors and a couple of staff, to a lake-side village about 10 km's away. Laura asked me if I thought it would be okay to travel there as it had been raining all day and the road is very bad. Ever the optimist I replied, "oh, no problem!" Ha, ha, ha - you know what's coming don't you!

Yes, with the chairman of the board in the front seat next to me, I spun and fishtailed and flew along the muddy track and eventually got quite stuck in a ditch along a ma-



KCC staff visiting group of HIV + individuals

tooke (banana) field. "Everybody out!" Back and forth spinning and flinging mud. Four wheel drive just didn't cut it in the sticky clay. O.k. "everybody push!". Mud spattered the pushers, but they pushed the harder with lots of cheering and "who-o-hooing!" What a hoot.

We did get out and reached our destination after a very scary descent down a rutted, slippery slope with a sharp drop-off on one side.

We found a group of about 15 ladies and 5 men all who are HIV positive and who meet bi-monthly for support and encouragement. We also visited a small school run by volunteers - many of the young children are also HIV positive. Our gift of a sack of beans to the group seemed a pathetic gesture, but they appreciated it greatly. They also so appreciated that we (Kibaale Centre staff) thought enough of them to bring visitors to the outcasts of society.

As we were hanging around, Laura asked me, "how are we gonna get back?" I replied, "I don't often get worried, but I am now definitely wor-

ried." Here we are with our "bosses" with an almost impassable hill, it is soon getting dark, and it will be a long walk back. Putting on my "cool" façade, I tried to get everyone to hurry up.

It was a scary drive back, but mostly there was a lot of laughter from my passengers. At the worst point, I had everyone get out so it would only be me plunging over the cliff if I slid off. On one gentle slope, the vehicle slid completely sideways (these mud roads are not much wider than a van). With gentle persuasion I managed to get pointed straight and we reached home about 20 minutes before dark.

Toward the end of the board member's visit in Kibaale, comments were being made about all the activities they had participated in such a short time. We (Laura, I and others) were being thanked for all the hosting and were told emphatically that our trip to the lake was definitely the "most unforgettable". As I said, wining and dining Kibaale style!

Thanks again to all who have faithfully contributed to My being here.

Some of you heard about my friend Rosebell coming to live with me last June. We had a mostly wonderful time together and on August 21st a beautiful boy was born (the story included a 10 pm drive to the local clinic only to find it locked and Rosebell's water breaking while her sister had gone looking for the nurse—eeee). It was with mixed emotions I helped them move into staff housing in October when Rosebell was given a teaching position at our school.

Comfort is my little shadow and calls me jjaja (I'm not telling you what it means). Over Christmas he was sick and his mom called me so I could talk to him. She later told me that he just cried for me all day; they couldn't even appease him with pop or candy. I have found that this year I haven't

interacted with so many people as I had in past years, but have been given the privilege to be used in individual situations like Rosebell's . I now have 2 grandsons and I don't look a day over 40!



Comfort, Jjaja, Rosebell & baby Justice

Prayer requests update:

Last newsletter (Apr/May) I mentioned the need for good staff in our clinic. Thankfully it looks like our prayers are being answered. After months of searching and many interviews, we have hired Liz, a full-time clinical officer/jr. doctor, who seems to be whipping things into shape. One of our "dud" nurses left just before Christmas (o.k, she was fired) and it seems our new hire, Dennis, will do well. It has been a very frustrating year in the clinic, but hopefully we are now on track.

Please pray for grace and strength for the missionaries here. It is often extremely frustrating working in a very corrupt country. We face daily frustrations in trying to get very simple tasks done. Sometimes you feel like your head is going to pop off, but you just have to keep smiling and have the patience of Job!

Kibaale Community Centre

Is an overseas ministry supported by:

Pacific Academy Outreach Society

Director: Mr. Ray Sutton

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Please consider sponsoring one of our children. Your donation comes directly to Kibaale and we work very diligently to see that every dollar is used maximumly to help these children

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous,
but the Lord delivers them out of them all"

Well, I can't say that I necessarily feel righteous, but I sure feel like I have had a lot of afflictions this year. (Thus, the title of this newsletter, "down, but not out") Around Easter, a motorbike crashed into me in Kampala and tore muscles on my leg—it ached for 6 months. Since Sept. up until now, I have been sick . I had treatment for malaria three times ending with a very brutal couple of days on 3 i.v.'s of quinine. It was horrible. Still, I didn't feel better. Lab tests showed the presence of amoebas, parasites and possibly bilharzia (from snails in lake water) . Weeks of swallowing dozens of tablets helped me feel quite a bit better, but still not perfect. Everyday I have unusual headaches and a lot of fatigue. I even had a CT scan of my head and the result was that my brain is "very good" (the scan cost about \$75). Currently my doctor (an Englishman who recently was knighted by the queen!), suspects I have the disease, chronic fatigue, though I am still undergoing more tests. Thankfully I don't feel depressed or discouraged, but it is hard to keep away from my work. I certainly appreciate all your prayers.

LAST YEAR A FANTASTIC DVD WAS PRODUCED ABOUT KIBAAL. YOU CAN REQUEST FOR YOUR COPY FROM THE P.A.O.S. OFFICE. NO CHARGE!!

As usual we have yearly changes in the missionary staff working here in Kibaale. Last year while I went to Canada on my first long furlough, Karl & Arleen Buchholz came to Kibaale to take over the directorship of the Centre. Karl's primary role is the administrative function of overseeing the whole project and Arleen is involved in the schools- particularly teacher training and development.



Me (pre-braces) 'n Kenny

Kenny Corpeno, who had worked in the sponsorship department for a couple of years, went back to Vancouver in June of this year. We do miss her very much as she was a bright, energetic, enthusiastic individual who worked diligently and really loved the people she interacted with daily. As usual, the Lord provided someone to take up her position and continue the work in that department. Laura Chaplin, also from Vancouver, has been doing a great job in both the sponsorship office and providing administrative oversight to the clinic. I don't know what I would do without her. We spent an enjoyable, low-key Christmas together in Jinja, on the banks of the river Nile - about a 6 hour drive from Kibaale.

We also had Jessica Baldwin and Alice Yu, 2005 grade 12 grad of PA, with us for a few months. It has been enjoyable to have their company and their help with various tasks around the Centre.

I see a big difference in my work load this year. It has been really great to be able to leave the office by 5 (most days!) and not work every weekend. I am very thankful not to spend hours doing accounting and financial management, but can just be busy supervising my departments (bossing the staff!) and implementing new programs. Our Community Development team has wonderful staff and we are making a very positive impact in the community. I have enjoyed the pace and feel much less stressed out and over worked. I am so thankful.

Currently we have over 700 students in our schools at Kibaale Centre. One of my greatest joys is seeing these kids grow up and continue their education, then obtain employment. Just before Christmas we met with almost 50 students who are in post-secondary studies and under our sponsorship. Five of them were students who joined our school in 1993. Many of our students are very active in student leadership in the schools they attend in the larger centres in the country. Rather unheard of for orphans from Rakai district! These kids would not have likely ever finish primary school without our help and now they are in university or college. They are such an inspiration to the community and our young students that even poverty-stricken orphans can achieve something!

We still need more missionary help to keep the centre running smoothly and prevent burn-out for all of us. Anyone interested?????



You see, I wasn't joking about having braces! This is my Christmas look with red & green elastics. Yes, I get a lot of funny looks in the village!

BIG News Flash

(AND I'M NOT TALKIN' ABOUT MY TEETH)

The day has finally come- 5 years later than I first expected, but just as I feel God led me to work in Kibaale, I strongly sense that He is telling me that it's time to go. When I "signed-up" in 1999, I thought I would be here for 2 years. Amazingly I have had the privilege to be with these people for many more years and it has indeed been an incredible, quite wonderful, time in my life. At this point, I believe I will finish my time here in May, spend some summer time in Canada, then start a new chapter. I feel I am not finished my overseas work, but really have no idea where I will go. I am excited about the future possibilities, but I know the process of leaving my family here will be heart-breaking to say the least. I will keep you updated as everything unfolds.