



Uganda Mission Project Update



GOD LEADS THE WAY

AWA plans to have a second airfield around 200 km from Bugema in a semiarid location. This place is central to the base and distributes humanitarian deliveries to other areas. However, getting there by public means has much to talk about committing our journey to the Lord, Psalms 37:5, as narrated below.

We were invited, along with another elder, to visit that farmland in Nsomba, see the land offered to the church for an airfield, and pray with them for God's intervention in their challenges.

Very early, around 6:30 am, I got the first vehicle from Bugema University. In 30 minutes, I was in a second vehicle. This one promised me to reach another stage in one hour and immediately get another car to the second-to-last destination. This car took two hours on the road and at last dropped me at their final stage, where there

was not a single car to take me ahead. The next would be leaving in two hours' time. Several motorcyclists wanted to take me, but were charging what the car charges for the whole journey. Lastly, I agreed with one, but on our way, he told me how he helps people dig out witchcraft on people's businesses planted by the enemies. I tried to introduce the topic of Jesus's love, but he did not pay attention. So I relaxed. At a certain point, without telling me, he branched into a small path through the forest, yet he was a strong young man, and I could not fight if he decided to rob me. Eventually, he took me to my second-to-last destination, where I found the elder to travel with. He had booked a place for me in the public commuter. He constantly called me, saying I kept only other passengers at the parking lot. When I arrived, the elderly men running the business assured me we would leave in three minutes. We ended up leaving in 45

minutes, and the elderly men were not ashamed at all.

When the commuter started the engine, it moved at 20 km/hour. When we arrived at our final destination, I had spent around seven hours instead of three. Anyway, we thanked God for arriving safely regardless of the unforeseen circumstances. Our host was unaware of our coming because electricity had been off, so her telephone had been off for the last three days. She is the mother of an AWA prospective pilot. We walked the whole stretch of the land to the end. On our walk back on the land, they took us to a particular thicket on an anthill. They showed us a broken pot with some herbs, indicating that neighbors are trying to bewitch them because of their prosperity and belief in the God of the Sabbath. The good church in the photograph was sponsored by this family. We prayed to God for the protection of the family. As we continued to walk, they narrated the story of how some unknown person brought plastic bags to the borehole where the cows of our host family come to drink water. Some cows ate the plastic bags, and 8 cows died, including one belonging to the pastor. One goat died and left a baby, which they fed using a baby bottle.

This family gathers the community for a village savings and loan association, and there are already two groups of around 150 members. They asked us to get people to organize their financial books. Fortunately, the elder I went with was once a senior accountant at the Uganda Union of SDA church. Before retirement, he was also the chief finance officer at the ADRA Uganda office. The one in a checked shirt and coat is the elder, the lady in the blue Gomes is the donor of the land for the airfield, and her son is the prospective pilot. So we made arrangements to assist them with their financial records.

We left the place at 6:00 pm to return home, estimating I would be home at around 10:00 pm. However, we got a motorcycle, which took us 45 km to get to a public commuter van again. It was coming to 7:00 pm. Another mature man operating the van promised to drive us to Kampala city before 10:00 pm. He convinced me not to board one that would drive straight to my nearest route, as it would waste my time and later refuse to drive because of a few passengers. We thought we had a trustworthy elder because he had grey hair like us. He told us they needed only two people. Still, when we entered, he removed one person after another; later, we discovered they were not passengers but part of them. Eventually, we left after one hour

at 7:25, promising to drive nonstop. Surprisingly, he stopped every thirty minutes, picking up or removing a passenger. I arrived at my second-to-last destination at 11:30 pm. The street was empty of people, apart from the homeless people who were sometimes aggressive. I walked for ½ km, and a good car stopped and said Old man, are you taking my direction, so I can assist you?

I accepted because he looked like a gentleman. We conversed and he told me how he was part of the bad gangs in town, but changes came. Many of them died, and others are in prison. At the same time, he repented to the catholic father and is suffering for the previous sins, including torture and the disappearance of people. He sounded humble and repentant, but I wondered, what if he has a gun or a knife, can I overpower this strong man? I prayed to God inside my heart. Some minutes passed midnight, and he reached the gate of the University where I stay, and he asked me to send him clients who want a special hire taxi. I wonder whether I can trust him. Good to commit our journey into the hands of God because you cannot trust what even grey-haired people tell you.

Yours,

Pastor Tenywa Livingstone



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**Your AWA Missionary
at the AWA Uganda Mission Base:
Pastor Tenywa Livingstone**