



## *Africa Vet*

“Reportedly, an angry mob rioted after Court issued an order to Police to destroy 8000 liters of impounded Waragi (home brew whisky). The villagers temporarily blocked the road leading (out of Kangole) but were later dispersed by Police and Army. Two children were hit by stray bullets and one councilor was stoned and seriously injured. The three victims were admitted at Matany Hospital. Three locals were arrested and are being detained at Napak Police station as investigations go on.”

This recent UN security report of an incident in Kangole, where Waffle and I live, describes an event occurring just down the lane from our hut. As vehicles tried to drive by the raging mob, they were pelted with large stones and bricks, shattering windshields and denting the doors. We have been living in relative peace in Karamoja, so this riotous throng was quite a shock for all of us. Why did they riot? ...the unfortunate answer is: **Alcohol**. The police had taken away almost 2000 gallons of their local, illegally brewed whisky. Karamoja has the highest rate of alcohol abuse in Uganda. While men are out drinking, the women are busy brewing beer or distilling waragi for sale, utilizing the majority of the family's grain stores. When communities are asked “What is your main income generating activity?” Brewing usually is near the top of the list. “What is the most common food for children?” The dregs of brewers' wastes. Children are getting drunk, young babies are born with Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (FAS). Drunk mothers cannot care for their families, leading to increased poverty, malnutrition, abuse and despondency.

Although alcoholism is often correlated with genetic predispositions or an addictive personality type, succumbing to the addiction can be related to spiritual insufficiencies. The alcoholic is often unable to overcome their addiction without external intervention and support. God, through the Holy Spirit can give these people a hope and a future, with a victory over their vulnerabilities.

Praise God, the yoke of slavery and the cords that bind us can be broken!! Where there was hopelessness, God is now bringing a joyful hope. The Power of the Resurrection is at work! Let me tell you about three amazing people that tapped into God's redemptive power:

- Marita. About 36 years old, Marita was the worst alcoholic in the peace villages. Whenever we would go there, she would race up to the vehicle in her torn clothes, grabbing at me, saying, “Give me money, HELP ME! I'm desperate!” She was desperate all right, desperate for another drink of homemade alcohol. I didn't like being around her; she annoyed me. Finally God urged me to begin praying for her to overcome her addiction and begin her life again. Last week I learned my prayer was answered; Marita stood up in a group of women and gave her testimony of her wasted, drunken life, and how God renewed her integrity and helped her surrender control to Him! Yeah God!! Now she is part of a new Bible study group in the church.
- Asiyo. A cold blooded killer, Asiyo had murdered at least 25 men over two decades of raiding. Stealing hundreds of cattle and training other warriors in the art of cattle rustling, he and his AK47 had wreaked havoc around Mt. Napak. Last month, God freed him from his anger, cleansed him of his desire for revenge and aggression. Asiyo surrendered to Jesus and asked God to purify his heart and set his path straight. When he received his new Bible, he held it up proudly and proclaimed, “This is my new Gun!!” He has been wielding his new weapon well, as each week he goes to several villages, witnessing to what God did in his life and pleading with others to turn from evil, selfishness and futility; accepting

newness, purity and rejuvenation. Asiyo is now one of our discipleship leaders.

- “Nagit” had lived in the Pian villages, but her husband was killed in tribal warfare, and her children died of childhood diseases. She tried finding a new man, but the only place with anyone available was at the drinking place. She became a prostitute, with many men using and abusing her over the years. She felt like committing suicide, but then heard that there was a place called the “Peace Villages”: a place of new frontiers, new homes and a new opportunity to start life over. She picked up her bedraggled self and moved to the Peace village of Nabwal, where she found a kind pastor sharing the love Christ and the hope of rebirth. She accepted the Lord Jesus as her Savior, gave up her old life and put on the new.

Sometimes we all feel trapped, or stuck in some situation or habit or problem. God is ready to open the captive’s doors! It has been amazing to see it happen here, with people whom we never thought could change... but God has transformed them! When the Lord sets you free, you are free indeed! Please pray for these three that were redeemed and snatched from the fire, and for so many others who are still trapped in alcoholism, prostitution, anger, jealousy, fear and greed. God has a pure heart ready to be transplanted into our souls. Amazing grace!

Love to you from Karamoja, Uganda,

Val Waffle



**Dr. Val and Waffle Lomilo**  
**PO Box 27**  
**Moroto**  
**UGANDA**  
africavet@yahoo.com

Contributions are solicited with the understanding that the donee organization has complete discretion and control over the use of all donated funds.



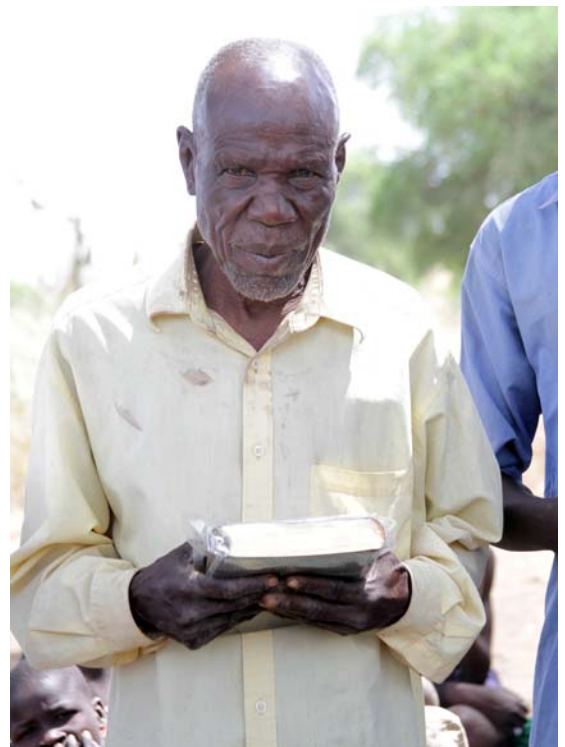
## *Africa Vet*

This man's choice to follow God has had a huge impact in the region where we work. It is part and parcel of what Jesus is doing here in Karamoja. Here is some of his and our story:

He wakes early, no longer young but still vibrant; he feels the effort to get his body moving in the morning cold. He starts out early for the long hike to attend the gathering close to the community bore hole. Wearing a thread-bare and faded yellow shirt that has shaded his shoulders from the hot sun for years, he is recognized from afar as one to be honored. Reputation goes ahead of the man. Though you see the grey hair and the deep wrinkles in his face and neck, you should know of his courage. He is known for the many years of remaining in his isolated, insecure village when everyone else left because it was too dangerous. His knees carry him, but he knows full well the ache he will feel for days to come: the price to be paid for wanting to lead and to support the welfare of the village. The stability of "peace" is the corporate concern in the meeting. "Peace", and of the intricacies it entails: water... is the bore hole working? Is it really 3 hours in "the queue" to pump the water that ties this community together? Security... who came to "disturb" (raid, steal, revenge) the villages last night? The scope of these questions affect 20,000 people along 75 kilometers (55 miles) of road here in the once "no man's land".

He marks off in his mind one of the health indicators of the village, "the strength of the children". How many children will be weak and drunk by the watering hole this very morning? Drunk? For many children, their only food is the dregs from the grain fermented to make beer.

He stops, not because he is tired, 10 kilometers is nothing to him, he just needs to straighten those knees out; the heavy dull ache distracts his thinking. Talking to God and half talking to himself, he expresses a hope that today the preacher will be able to go the distance through the mud. "The Word he brings; words of hope, ancient Words, are the very words we need to make it through. How can we experience forgiveness and the blessings of God?" He chides himself and is proud of himself all at the same time for the rugged boys he has raised to men. His sons have been some of the most notorious raiders. These "boys" sport rows of scars, ritually incised by the local witchdoctor, to note the killing of their enemies during raids; where weaker men or boys tried to stand against them. "His boys" need forgiveness, they need to know what Akuj/God is really like, NOT the vengeful, angry deity feared by their forefathers. He arrives and takes his place close to the base of the big meeting tree. The others will have to move as the shade shifts, but he remains shaded, in the place of the elders, the place of respect. All greet him, with no exceptions, and many bow low. These days he is marked with a new countenance, a certain glow in his face, not of weakness, but power and joy: forgiveness has now replaced the shame of his past. All around greet him with "Habari?" which is not so much of hello but "What is the news? The next hours are spent discussing "local news" and waiting for Pastor Peter who will bring more "Good News": more stories, more wisdom, to deal with their difficult world.



Please pray for Men of Peace, like this man, and that God would continue to use us in their lives.

These are some of the men to whom the pleasure is given to Val and me, to bring God's stories, training their Pastors and discipleship leaders, and putting the Word of God into their hands. They take these "new guns", as they have called them, into their world of "disturbances". You can see that the need for prayer is great. Please pray. Val and I are living by it. We draw close to God together, and love each other more and more.

We also need prayer for a new project we are tackling. We have begun the construction of our new CLIDE Moroto office. I (Waffle) am coordinating US teams to help build it and raise funds. The web link to help with the construction and costs is [www.cvmusa.org/Lomilo](http://www.cvmusa.org/Lomilo) .

Our ministry support is also down significantly, like it has never been before. We need prayer. This next fiscal year will mean a leaner budget and possibly cutting back on ministries and projects. If you can help to support us financially at this time, we would really appreciate it. We currently have a deficit of \$1650 per month. We are praying for 10 people to help with \$25/month, 10 people to help with \$50/month, 5 to give \$100/month and 2 new churches to give \$200/month. We need your help! You can track how we are doing on this fund raising by going to our web site or in upcoming prayer letters. The web page is [www.cvmusa.org/Lomilo](http://www.cvmusa.org/Lomilo). Check it out...."There is lots happening!" There is construction, peace building, discipleship, and Val is officially a cartoon character in Focus on the Family's, Adventures in Odyssey Kids Club!

We are grateful for all of you who have been supporting us, both financially and in prayer. You are a meaningful part of our lives and ministry, and we could not be here without you.

Loving You By Him!

Handwritten signatures of Waffle and Val. Waffle's signature is on the left, followed by an ampersand (&), and Val's signature is on the right.

Waffle and Dr. Val

*Dr. Val Shean*  
*PO Box 27*  
*Moroto, UGANDA*  
africavet@yahoo.com





## *Africa Vet*

Dear Friends and Family,

I praise God that He is a Creator who provides for all of our needs! Although the people of Karamoja are suffering with numerous diseases and challenges, God has provided something special for them: 100s of medicines in their trees and shrubs. Over the years we have catalogued these medicines and have seen that many surpass the efficacy of modern pharmaceuticals that we are currently using around the world. Of the hundreds of formulations that the Karamojong have identified, we have chosen the top 20 to develop into commercial products. Our traditional healers, many of which have been using witchcraft in the past, are now using their knowledge to God's glory, and praising Him for providing health and wholeness to us all.



Lopusikou Peter is one of these traditional livestock healers. His family raised him to follow their traditional, animistic religion, in which they have many small gods: of the trees, the rivers, the springs and the sun and moon. He hadn't known Christ as his Savior and Lord, but had worshipped the creation instead of the Creator. As a traditional healer, he was close to nature and depended on natural herbs for treating the animals that he cared for. Over time, God touched his heart as we shared about the one who created all those herbs, and also lovingly created Him. He accepted Christ as his Savior (at our wedding!) and is now following the Lord and honoring Him above all. He can now conserve his natural environment, as a steward, through growing herbal medicines in his medicinal woodlot, as a way to honor God, his Creator.

We hope that Lopusikou can help us in July, as we will be conducting a second research trial on a very effective herbal medicine, which can increase milk production in cattle, goats and sheep (and also in humans!). We tested it a couple years ago in Karamoja on low milk producing cattle, and will now go to Western Uganda and test it on the high producers there. With an average of 60% increase in the last trial, we are praying that it can really improve the high producers as well. We love the cows from Western Uganda, since they look like our Holsteins of Oregon, but have some amazing horns!



Why do we do this? Global hunger. Malnutrition in children. Poverty. Underprivileged families. Negative stereotyping of the Karamojong. Economic development. Cultural validation. Spiritual awakening.

In many ways, doing research and developing indigenous herbal medicines with the Karamojong is an opportunity for others to see the value of their cultural wisdom and the benefits to their ancient practices. These natural pharmaceuticals will one day provide a small industrial base on which the Karamojong can earn an income and develop a reputation. As they understand God's provision of phytochemicals in the trees and plants, they will see that it is God that is providing for them, and they can turn away from the witchdoctors and others who manipulate them through the use of herbs.

Please be in prayer for our research team, that we would be able to formulate an affordable lactagogue (milk production stimulant) that can be marketed by our Traditional Healers Association to raise income for their families and encourage them to turn away from witchcraft and idolizing created things, but seek their Creator.



We continue to praise God for providing for our needs in the construction progress on our CLIDE Moroto office. We have raised several thousand dollars now and are beginning to get the ball rolling. Waffle will be planning to have 2-3 work teams come out to help us with the building in the Fall or Winter. If you or someone in your church is interested, please send him an email at [wafflecrm@aol.com](mailto:wafflecrm@aol.com) or call him at 011 256 788 444 408. Anyone who would like to help us financially in building can donate through CVM directly or online at: <https://donate.cvmusa.org/SPS2005> . Thanks!

Another amazing praise is the great response that we have been seeing in friends that are helping support us in our ministries. We were short by \$1650/month, and we can see that many people have responded to help us get back to financial stability. We really appreciate you all, and know that you have sacrificed for the sake of the gospel. Please continue to keep us in your prayers, as we step out each day in faith and hope in our Lord Jesus.

We love you and cherish your friendships and fellowship. God is beyond amazing!

Love in our Lord Jesus,

Val      Waffle ☺

Val and Waffle

**Dr. Val and Waffle Lomilo**  
**PO Box 27**  
**Moroto, UGANDA**  
[africavet@yahoo.com](mailto:africavet@yahoo.com)

Contributions are solicited with the understanding that the donee organization has complete discretion and control over the use of all donated funds.



## *Africa Vet*

Dear Theophilis, You may remember from my last letter I wrote about your slave; how even at that time I was a slave to Christ... One of the worst things that enslaves us is unforgiveness, which can slide into bitterness. In this respect, please let me tell you some of the excellent things God is accomplishing here. We have seen clearly that all we have to do is respond to the prompting of the Holy Spirit and God steps in and does the rest. It is always amazing for us to step back and review what God has done. At the conclusion of this letter I pray that you will praise God just as we are!

Now I would love to start by telling you of Ngenge, a small village in Kapchorwa. The Sabinu tribe lives there, near the Karamojong sub-tribes: Pian and Bokora. As late as 2007, the Karamojong were raiding and stealing from them. The whole community of Ngenge fled to the mountains. Their primary school was demolished, leaving behind only rubble. All of the cows and crops were destroyed, but now that peace is returning, the people are reviving their hope and considering resettling in these once traumatized foothills. The biggest limiting factor: families can't come because there is such a rundown shack of a school that they cannot find a good education for their kids. At this school inevitably the children get wet with each rain. Most older children "foot it" 8 kms to another school and return at night. When CLIDE found out the need, we organized 60 Iron Sheets, (Corrugated metal roofing), to help the community rebuild. They had 60 acres for a school, church and health center. When Dr. Val and I arrived, they called in all the elders and community leaders. We met there in the ramshackle school, packed in for this meeting that we never suspected would develop into a small revival time. God had a plan for us all before we arrived which influenced the outcome to say the least.



The Elders, each in local fashion, explained the history of the school, land, battles, and losses; a very sad tale of death and impoverishment at the hands of the Karamojong. They shared their hopes for their children and the efforts to rebuild, although it was falling by the wayside. Then Dr. Val stood to share of her history with the Sabinu and her ministry journey from Kapchorwa to Teso then Karamoja. She shared of CLIDE's peace building and then our wedding and the giving of the dowry, of how she belongs to the Bokora and I to the Pian. These were the very two tribes that were guilty of raiding these people, but are now living in harmony. Now that peace is coming, we in CLIDE wanted the neighbors of the Karamojong to experience something good coming from Karamoja, not something evil. So we were bringing the iron sheets as a blessing. When it was my time to share I broke from sharing of history and talked of the principle that we are not forgiven if we don't forgive. It occurred to me that we represent the Karamojong; we were to ask for forgiveness for what they had done. It was amazing to see the Holy Spirit prompting them; this became a great time of reconciliation. There we were giving iron sheets to build a school, but also building a bridge, between the Karamojong and Sabinu. They were overwhelmed with emotions and the Spirit was clearly moving. They wholeheartedly forgave us. When the head elder stood and offered us a plot of land to be part of them, I realized the extent of their heart in the issue. Then they talked of constructing their church and





their dreams of a large school and health facility. What a blessing to be there at the time they were getting it all off the ground and their enthusiasm for the things of God. We prayed, we laughed, we shared our hope together, then said good bye. I can't wait to return again to see what God will do with them next, or with us for that matter.

I started this letter as Paul would with the ending theme of reconciliation and the freedom it brings. Freeing our brothers and sisters by forgiving them and releasing them from the bondage of guilt and shame. Freeing ourselves to love again. I may not

be Paul, but I, like him, like you, love to see how God is bringing us all together in these last days. What more is God wanting to do in our lives? His Spirit is searching our hearts. He is bringing forgiveness, reconciliation, and hope. A hope set on Christ and Him with us, Emmanuel. What a day that will be....come soon Lord, come soon. Please pray for:

1. Dr. Yesho Nelson, our CLIDE Board member, fellow vet doctor and pastor from Kapchorwa, who has helped us so much to connect to the people of Ngenge. Pray for God to bless the works of his hands and encourage him with much fruit.
2. Our teammate Kodet John Paul, who runs the CLIDE peace program. His heart is full of love for the people. Pray for God to use him to inspire them to follow hard after Jesus.
3. The growing church in Ngenge, which currently meets under a tree.

The source of our next praise comes from all of you. Giving to our ministries here is increasing! We praise God that through your faithfulness, we have the resources to press on toward the goal of the upward call that the Lord has put on our hearts. We are now at 96% of our monthly needs for this year. Thanks so much for being faithful and loving to us! As a team however, we still have some funding issues. The construction of the new CLIDE Main Office in Moroto is still in the fund raising stages. 10% of that cost has come in; now we all are praying and asking the Lord to provide the balance, as well as for construction teams that can help to do the work. Thank you for being willing to be used by Him to reach these communities for the kingdom's sake. We enjoy being slaves for Jesus, freed from being slaves to this world. We wouldn't want it any other way. Thank you for serving Jesus with us.

Love,

*Waffle* & *Val*

**Dr. Val and Waffle Lomilo**  
**PO Box 27**  
**Moroto, UGANDA**  
africavet@yahoo.com





## *Africa Vet*

### Poem for Our Moms

Time sneaks past us. Before you know it. Strong are Weak. Wise are Meek.  
Her story is melding into History. The Great Depression, The War, The 60's.  
Dissolving into The Information Age, The Turn of the Century, The Post Modern Era.  
Aching joints, stiff back, swollen legs, GI trouble, lungs cough, heart skips, eyes squint.  
The decline comes slowly: loss of vision, loss of hearing, loss of balance, loss of feeling.  
Getting old, our Elders look at us with wizened faces.

Memories of childhood bubble to the surface as we allow our minds to swim through the marshes of our past. We briefly relive the regrets of yesteryear, then wipe away the fears from our eyes.  
Fear of Separation is before us. Severing of the Umbilical cord followed by separating the Heart cords.  
Sadness and loss, Sorrow and tears.  
Tried in the Crucible of Time. Where strength and determination, fortitude and self-sufficiency simmer down into shimmering crystals of wisdom and an essence of frailty.  
Out of the crucible wafts our soul's essence: a fragrant offering. Purification, as we reach the melting point of our idols: health, wealth, freedom, independence...  
Grief-work and Belief-work. Why and Who-work.

Fatherless from 9. We treasure Moms.  
We long to guard our Mother's mortality. Protect her, soothe her, and defend her from inevitability. Can we reverse the spin of the earth?  
Val's Father, a biochemist, would be 86 years old now. Father's frailty kindles fear from within. Strength, fortitude, determination and wisdom fade. The passing of the Elder's stick to the next age set.  
Reaching the End of the Road with Backache and Heartache, Reaching for final healing of body and soul.  
What awaits? Face the Incongruity of Grace: Up or Down? Sheep or Goat? Face to Face with Grace.  
From Conception, created for Reception through the Pearly Gates.  
Praying they will stand as an Exception to the Deception of these Worldly values surrounding us.  
Hold on, Hang up, Press on, Pull up  
Breathe in, Breathe out, Lose hope, Choose hope.

We feel the Pain and suffering of our aging parents.  
We ache to minimize the impending impact of the Cycle of Life.  
As a shooting star falls to earth, a flying eagle comes to rest, and a seed falls to the ground.  
Our treasured Moms reflect to us our own future.  
Our own call of the Dust to the Dust. Reuniting with Earth, with God. Daughter with Father.  
Comfort them, medicate them, and ease the transition for ego, through pride to vulnerability and acceptance.  
But, we embrace the revelation that Genuflection is the best transition from Vertical to Horizontal.  
Her Father, one day, calling her home. His Daughter, meant for heaven, one day.

Our hearts join them in the journey, well aware of our own inevitability.  
We consent to the Metamorphosis as we trade roles with our childhood caregiver and tenderly become

caretaker of a new child. One born of age. The exchange feels right, the return of love and honor to the one who sacrificed her years and energy for us.  
Encourage and uplift. Cajole and soothe. Slingshot a teddy bear at the Physical Therapist. Let the dogs be hungry till she agrees to get up and feed them. Build up as they slow down.  
Maintain, Retain, Sustain, Detain, Refrain, and Distain the Pain.  
Ultimately, we have no choice but to allow the hand of God to work through the discomforts.  
Pointing them to their God, when the ceiling seems impenetrable to prayer, but He is actually perched there with them, surrounding them, speaking truth to them.  
Pointing ourselves as well, to Sanctification. God purifies the soul and crystalizes our faith. Stand in the fire, linger longer for God's purposes. Don't yet go. Don't let go. His purposes are not yet complete. Don't leave the table until your plate is clean. Get back on the horse and finish well.  
Our parents pass through the transformations, our reflection surprises us in their mirror. No longer immutable or invincible. Approaching the cusp of the upward climb. On the verge, the brink, the threshold.

Grieving turns to Worship at the Alter of Love: the Bloodied Cross of Christ.  
Death gives way to Victory and Resurrection stomps the Serpent's Head.  
Will we all proclaim with Him, the triumphal: "It is finished"? Will we complete the tasks that the Lord has for us? Run the race, finish well. Jesus left nothing unfinished. What do I have to finish? Make a plan to do and be His will, to become, to glorify Him in my core. Action is only a reflection of what He did with, through and in me. My acts do not bring His purposes any closer, as He could accomplish all He does through anyone, or anything. There are plenty of rocks that He can cause to cry out for Him. The surrender of my soul is my final task that no other can do for me. This pleases my true Father and brings Him glory and joy. May our lives fertilize the soil of those still growing around us. Drop our leaves, our fruits, our branches and eventually our trunk. Others grow in our detritus. Is what we leave behind organic? Is it life or is it a mere monument to our time spent building ourselves? May our purpose and meaning be to enrich the soil for those following us. Nourishing the future generations. Let the Weak say I am Strong. Grieving turns to Worship at the Alter of Love.

We love our Moms and look forward to time with them during our visit here in the States. Hope to see many of you as well.

Val & Waffle :-)

**Dr. Val and Waffle Lomilo**  
**PO Box 27**  
**Moroto, UGANDA**  
africavet@yahoo.com



## *Africa Vet*

Often I find myself stepping back and tuning my ear to listen a little closer to the stories Val has to tell. One of those had more significance to me in light of things we go through in Karamoja. If you have boys they will really get into this story just so they can say.....“How gross is that!” Girls might like it to just so they can say “eww” in that cute way a young girl says it. Looking for a title for the story, the one that stood out was, I think I hear puppies. This may not be the Christmas Story you were expecting! It is a story that parallels some of what God has done in the past and is celebrated this time of year: reaching out and taking hold of those in need and lifting them up. Most of you know the depth of our need for prayer. We have counted on you, and through you the Lord has lifted us up. So pull up a chair, settle into your cup of coffee and imagine yourself listening to Val telling a group of kids the story of I think I hear puppies.

I (Val) was there at my hut in Kangole when some children came and found me. In their respectful way of asking an adult for help they gently said....“We think we hear puppies.” I followed them a short way and listened. Straining my ears for the soft cries, I heard nothing, so I explained that perhaps the mother had returned and they were ok now. Shortly, the children came again, this time with a little more pleading and concern on their faces. “We think we hear puppies and it sounds like it is coming from over there.” Following them out the front gate, they led me by the hand. Again the puppies were quiet. The children looked quite concerned but you could see they had some kind of dilemma. Again I persuaded them that perhaps the puppies were resting and didn’t need my help. There is such a beauty in the way the children here respect and interact with us. They have fun smiles and little hands that want to hold yours and touch everything if they find the courage to do so. Returning the final time, they cried, “We think we hear puppies and we think we hear them over here”. Following them out the gate and



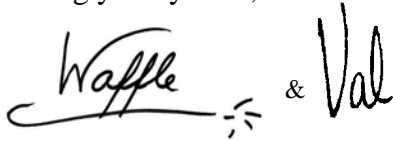
over to the old abandoned outhouse, the children persuaded me closer. Still not hearing puppy cries, the children realized they would have to be a little bolder to show me where the puppies were. They opened the door to the outhouse, pointed down the hole in the floor and said, “Maybe we hear them down there”. The latrine had been abandoned because of imminent collapse. The floor was made from sticks and mud and after all the years of use was a little caked and caving in. Getting a flashlight, I got on my knees to look down inside the latrine hole and sure enough there were two puppies down 13 feet, in the brown ooze and maggots. One had managed to crawl onto a small ledge and the other was just holding on by its front paws with just its little nose sticking out of the gluck. I watched for awhile there on my knees thinking they may have already expired from the gasses or the cold. Then when I saw movement, the task at hand would call on me to live up to my Veterinary Hippocratic Oath to the full. Picture in your mind, me, lying on my side, my arm in the hole with my face as close as possible, shining the light inside as I try to capture the poor creatures from below. With a looped wire attached to the end of a long stick, I hoped to slide it under their chins and lift them out. I hooked one....and oh so carefully, gently lifted him up. Just as I had him in reach, the stick bonked the ceiling of the outhouse and bumped him off! Down he fell again into the brown ooze. I watched him struggle to keep his nose above the mire, so he could breathe. Hooking him again, I brought him all the way out. The next one, also covered in stuff, was lifted out. Yes it took some thorough scrubbing until the puppies were sparkling clean. The children then told me that one of the Pastor’s dogs

had puppies and he had already given some away. The female had taken the remainder of the litter to a safer place to hide those she had left. She found the open door of the old outhouse. Sometime during the night the puppies had rolled to the middle of the sloping floor where the hole was, and down they went!

As Val told the story of reaching the puppies and how she was called to do a most difficult thing, I looked back on the story and applied it to our lives. Perhaps you see yourselves in this story also? Are you the puppies in mire or the children showing where the problem is, maybe the rescuer, the light, or maybe the mother dog? Perhaps you may relate to the Christmas Story with this new story in mind. This is a special time of year when our precious Savior, reached into our sinful world to lift us up, so we can walk in a new way with Him. He too, may have gotten soil on His garments because He had to come very near to reach us. Reflect on the idea of puppies, lifted and light, as Jesus' light shines in the darkness; so Jesus was born in this world to save and we are brought to life from certain death.

Thank you to those who helped out with our ministries. Those who responded with such kind hearts and prayers "lifted us." We are still looking for funds to support staff, peace projects and construction in the upcoming year. We are not there yet. Our CLIDE Staff have had to cut the budget and layoff 3 support staff as of December 31<sup>st</sup>. A new budget is underway thanks to the diligent efforts of the team working together. Please pray for our team and for the communities that we serve. For Val and me, we have aging mothers at the time of this writing and would love prayer for them. My mom is having health problems and that is a big reason we returned to the states. Your prayers mean the world to us.

Loving you by Him,

Handwritten signature of Waffle and Val. The name 'Waffle' is written in a cursive script with a long underline that ends in a flourish. To its right is an ampersand '&' followed by the name 'Val' in a similar cursive script.

**Dr. Val and Waffle Lomilo**  
**PO Box 27**  
**Moroto, UGANDA**  
africavet@yahoo.com

Contributions are solicited with the understanding that the donee organization has complete discretion and control over the use of all donated funds.