



Africa Vet

Springtime.

God is in the business of Restoration and Rejuvenation. He sees brokenness and longs for completeness. He sees fear and longs to bring comfort and calm. He sees what was abandoned and treasures it, encircling it with His protective arms. A stray, young boy named Iko Moses once tramped the streets of Kampala. We saw this tattered little 6 year old waif on the street corners, forcing a hopeful smile behind the tearstained cheeks, begging for a coin or two. To many people, kids like Iko were indistinguishable from the other street refuse, the discarded debris of society. God had a different plan. He worked His will to reclaim his treasure from the pit and He did that through YOU, our friends in the US. That which was not, now is. That which was useless has now been retrieved, valued and ensured a future. While we were there with you briefly in the US, you poured out yourselves for these kids (more than 130 of them), giving over \$18,000 to provide for their needs and to show them Jesus. They are busy writing letters to you all and are so happy in school! Thanks for being willing to sacrifice yourself, to be Alive in Christ and open your hearts to the hurting.

As you have also heard, God is working in another area of Restoration and Rejuvenation. At one time, all the Karamojong were One. They respected and protected one another. Guns changed things. Hatred entered in. An elderly man named Aleper was a warrior for many years and sought his identity as a raider, being acclaimed as brave and manly, bringing vengeance on their enemies and fortune to their corrals. He began having second thoughts, however, when several of his brothers and his father were killed in a particularly bloody raid. Returning alone to his home with a new feeling of loss and despondency, he felt that he and his clansmen were in so deep, there was no way and no one that could ever get them out of this cycle of violence. God's love is deeper than any abyss we may have gotten ourselves into. When we went to visit him and to pray with his village last year, Aleper was touched by God and began to see a hope he had never imagined. He begged us: "At last, our lives have changed since we can now see a light from God. He is the only one leading us to achieve peace in our homes and in Karamoja. Without someone to help, we are finished. No one was able to help coordinate any true peace. Since you have been here, we have seen great differences. Please bring us together with our enemies." All of Uganda considered Karamoja hopeless, a lost cause, a wretched place full of miserable, hateful people. God loves the miserable and loves to reclaim them as His own. After years of intractable conflict, God hand is seen, and again, it is through YOU, our friends in the US.

At this time, 39 Peace Villages are growing up in the former abandoned No-Man's Land. Over 6000 people have settled there and several thousand more have built temporary homes. In the last few weeks, we received funds and commitments for over \$40,000 to help with our peace initiatives. Soon we will be putting in two more water sources for the people, but we long to share with them the Living Water - drinking from the Everlasting Well that satisfies our deepest longings. With this in mind, we are also organizing the first Karamojong Evangelism Team to be trained and mobilized to share Christ in a deeper way with these fresh and tender-hearted Peace Communities. The biggest barrier to Christianity in Karamoja has been the violence and insecurity of their homes. Christians were considered weak and useless as they had no illegal guns to protect their families (all civilian guns are illegal in Uganda). Now with security reigning, fear is no longer the controlling factor in people's lives. Love has a chance. The evangelism will begin in June and intensify in July with hut-to-hut visits and community gatherings, including using the Jesus Film. God has exposed to us the granite hearts of the Karamojong and given us an opportunity to dissolve them into hearts of flesh. Please pray that His Love, Forgiveness, Grace and Peace make an impact on the leaders of these villages and their followers.

Isaiah 26:12 "LORD, you establish peace for us; all that we have accomplished You have done for us."

Many struggles are still ahead. This month, the communities will be setting up their farms and fields. Last week, God helped us to provide 100 tons of food for them (maize, beans and peas), which will give them enough

energy for a busy month of gardening. Only three more months until harvest. Until that time, hunger and sweat will still be the dominant themes. We also have medical needs, a need for police and for schools for the kids. So many things to consider and work through when you start a new community of thousands of people who once hated each other! I've often felt the reality of this verse from David: ^{Psalms 27:13} "I would have despaired unless I had believed that I would see the goodness of the LORD In the land of the living." ¹⁴ Wait for the LORD; Be strong and let your heart take courage; Yes, wait for the LORD". Keep praying for us all here. We long for the day when we can finally rejoice with those who now struggle in the awkward, painful, larval stages of their Metamorphosis into Peaceful Co-Existence.

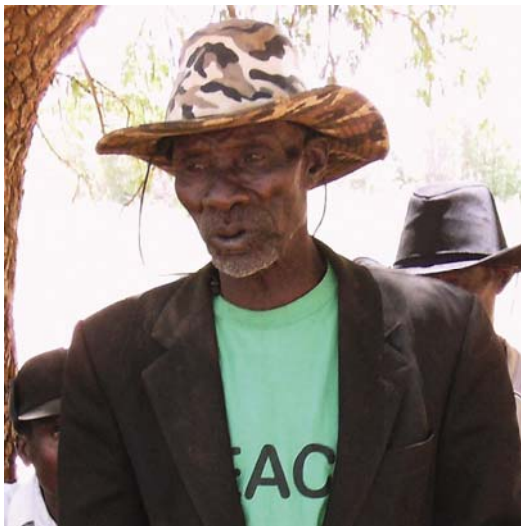
If God can revive and renew people in some remote village in Uganda, what can He do in us? Are we also the tattered, abandoned, little Waif on the street corner? Are we the angry, bitter, vengeful Warrior on the war-path? God has better purposes for the rubble, the rabble and the rebel within us all. The Healing Power of Jesus is enough to Restore and Rejuvenate. This spring, let us respond to the loving call of the Lord: "See, the winter has past... The flowers appear on the earth, the season of singing has come, cooing of doves is heard in our land. Arise, come, my beloved, my beautiful one, come with Me" ^{Song of Solomon 2:11-13}

As one warrior told me, "It takes more courage to surrender than to continue fighting". Let us be strong and surrender. Be brave and accept to die to ourselves and be resuscitated by Him. May the Power of the Resurrection empower you to the Scale the Heights this Year.

Yours in Him,

Val

PS – for additional prayer emails from me, send me a note at africavet@yahoo.com
For those wishing additional interactions, send a note or check out my page at MySpace.com or Facebook.com
Thanks!



*Aleper shares
his heart*



Iko goes to school

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



Africa Vet

His young arms flailed in the air as he frantically raced down the dusty road. Several dozen distressed cattle and calves were running in a frenzy before him and his 3 jittery childhood friends. As we drove up, we could see sweat pouring from all of the young boys, as they gasped for breath, waving to us to stop the Landy and help them. A few minutes before, we had seen an ominous sign in the road: a small calf alone, stumbling in confusion towards the bush. I commented to Moses, "That's unusual; I hope there wasn't a raid here!" But here was the evidence. The Jie sub-tribe had sent a group of warriors, armed with AK47 sub-machine guns, to steal cattle from the Bokora. Moving stealthfully through the thick underbrush, they had burst out into the road, in front of the innocent boy-shepherds. With loaded semi-automatic weapons pointed at their trembling faces, it did not take the kids long to scatter, surrendering the livestock without a thought towards futile heroism. Two herds were taken (minus the young calf who was too slow to keep up with its mother) while the third, which had been slightly ahead of the others, remained with the boys. Fearing that the armed men would return for the 3rd herd, the boys were racing to the safety of the army barracks, 7 miles down the road.

Seeing the urgency and danger of the boys and their animals, we quickly tried to think of how we could help. The young calves were slowing them down, while one teenage herdboy was trying desperately to carry the smallest one. We loaded 5 of the smaller calves in, and cautiously, prayerfully, turned the vehicle back to the site of the raid, to pick up the stranded, motherless calf. Heaving it hurriedly into the bed of the Landy, we quickly drove to the army barracks to report the raid and encourage the soldiers to begin to track the animals and the thieves.

Life is still tenuous here in Karamoja. Danger and fright lurk around unknown corners. But, thankfully, that is not the end of the story. Love and faithfulness dwell in our midst as well. God, in His mercy, continues to show himself to us, through His Protection, His Provision, and His Profound Wisdom.

The army followed the footsteps of the raiding warriors, for 13 miles, foot print by footprint, one bent grass blade at a time. At least 43 of the 52 stolen animals were recovered, although the thieves escaped when they spotted the army tracking them. No one was injured or killed this time. The young calf was reunited with her mother. The young shepherds were praised for their courage and wisdom in protecting what they could, and surrendering the inevitable.

Karamoja. A bit like the Wild West, before it was won. How can this one be won? Well, God is at work. Beginning last year, we started a peace project between the Pian and Bokora. Thousands of people have responded to reconcile between the two warring peoples, creating 41 new "Peace Villages" in the No Man's Land. About 1/3 of the Pian and Bokora border is now secure and safe. The Matheniko/Bokora and the Jie/Bokora border, however is still a huge threat, as you can see from this report of cattle theft from these young boys last week. But, there is more good news. In July, we will launch the first extensive evangelistic movement of Karamojong people to their own people. Ten visitors from Rolling Hills and Good Shepherd Community Churches will come and assist in evangelism as well as medical ministries. Twenty-five local evangelists have been trained and will be



Peace Greeting

sharing Christ in the Peace Villages and beyond. We will show the Jesus film in the evenings, with follow-up by the evangelists and pastors, with a year long discipleship program. It is time for JESUS to SHINE in Karamoja. Time for His Power and Love to be made known! **Please pray for those who will accept him this month, and for His love to embolden them to share with others, and to live a life worthy of the calling. Pray for the 10 visitors from the US who have sacrificed their time and resources to be with us here.**

Still more good news! We made a project proposal to the European Union to request funds to replicate our peace project in 3 more locations. We just heard that it has gone through! We will therefore be receiving almost \$150,000 to spread the word of reconciliation and forgiveness to the remainder of those on the Pian/Bokora borders, as well as beginning with the Matheniko and the Jie in 2009. God is so good! **Pray for wisdom in implementing this new phase to the peace project. Also pray for protection, as some of the most violent warriors do not want peace projects to be successful.**

May the Lord be near to you as well, and deepen His Peace in your soul.

Yours in the Hands of the Prince of Peace,

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Note: This Prayer Letter is not for young children, please censor as necessary. Thanks.

Lurking in the shadows near the Nabwal Peace Villages, 5 armed warriors arose as dusk descended, and moved silently through the corn fields. A coded whistle brought their collaborator, a local resident, into the fields to join them. Having walked for 6 hours from their corral to the East, they were tired, yet itching to get to the goal, stealing a herd of cattle from their enemies, the Bokora. One young man among them, Lochu, only 17, hoped this night would provide dowry for his upcoming marriage, as his father was disabled and not capable of helping him. Another, Itala, held a deep bitterness towards the Bokora and was determined to get some cows, no matter what it took. After a brief discussion, they left and headed down the valley to find someone from the nearby communities, whom they could “convince” to help them in their mission.

Meanwhile, one of our Peace Builders, Abura Paul Apolepan was coming from a peace meeting in Iriiri, where he had tried to sort out some cows stolen the previous month. As it was more than a 2 hour walk back to his home, he decided to walk together with one of his friends, to keep him company. His friend was of the Pian tribe, formerly considered the enemies of the Bokora by Abura and others. As a Peace Builder, Abura had made a choice to no longer consider them enemies, and was instrumental in healing the wounds of hatred which had come from years of armed raids between the two sub-tribes. His words of forgiveness and reconciliation were instrumental in beginning the Peace Villages, which are currently home to almost 9000 people.



Abura at the Peace Talks

Nearing Abura’s home as the shadows began to fade, his Pian friend branched off to another village, and Abura continued alone, but not for long... As he rounded a corner, the group of 5 armed warriors emerged and surrounded him. Realizing he could not escape, he began talking to them. From their accent, and the clothes they were wearing, as well as the “Pian-cut” hair style, he knew they were from the neighboring sub-tribe to the East, and were determined to steal cows from his people. Jabbing at him with the butts of their machine guns, they drove him into the bushes, where they threw him to the ground and tied his wrists behind his back. For the next few hours, they pushed him from village to village, demanding that he show them the villages with good cows for them to steal. By 11pm, exhausted and ready to collapse, Abura had no choice but to lead them to the local governor’s home (LCV) where they could hear some muffled sounds of livestock inside. Forcing Abura to open the thorny gate, they entered and began announcing to the residents that they had come for something, and that no one should try to stop them. Rounding up 6 calves which were near the gate, they pushed them out into the night, with Abura as well, and ran with them all into the bush.

Early the next morning, the residents went with the Ugandan army to begin tracking the footmarks of the thieves and the calves. One step at a time, a bent grass blade here, a calf hoof print in the mud,... Until they came near to Abura’s house, where they found him. He had not survived. Murdered on the road to the Peace Villages. After a few moments of silence, they proceeded to follow the footprints for 10 more miles up to the Peace Villages, where they met an elderly woman who had seen the intruders in the morning, and tried to report it, but

they had escaped before the army could apprehend them. Continuing on, mile after mile, they followed the footprints across the eastern plain, 28 miles away, until they neared the next army barracks, Moru Ngamion, where the trackers rested for the night.

Abura was one of our key Peace Builders. When we heard the news, we all went into a state of shock and disbelief, which progressed to state of mourning and deep sorrow at the loss of such a valiant peace builder. After carrying his body to the gravesite for burial, I took some time to pray. Peace had been severely broken. Our so-called "Peace Villages" had harbored the criminals and may have helped them in abducting Abura. If we wanted Peace to ever have a chance, these criminals and their accomplices had to be discovered and routed out. Most of the time, when an event like this happens, the Uganda army helps to find out the location of the thieves, and return cows to the victims. They often however, cannot locate the exact criminal, such that the raiding continues and no specific punishment is given to the perpetrators. I talked with one of our spiritual leaders, Rev. Mark, and prayed with him about what to do. We determined that we needed to intervene, to help locate the actual killers. I would go first with the Landy and with an army escort up to Moru Ngamion, where the footprints had been followed, and Rev. Mark would follow the next day after conducting Abura's funeral services.

Off I went, continuing in prayer, and fear and trembling, to the Pian in the East. After a night in the army barracks with the trackers, we organized a meeting with the local communities, many of whom know us because they have benefited from the peace program and have been very cooperative in the past. We pleaded with them to restore the peace, and help us to locate the killers. Amazingly they agreed, and we proceeded to follow the footprints up to several other villages, together with these Pian escorts. Rev. Mark met us on the way. The foot prints finally ended at a village where several men were resting under a tree. Seeing us approach, two quickly jumped over a fence and fled. Men who were together with me leapt off of the Landy in pursuit. Although they didn't catch the runners, we knew we were in the right place, and settled in for a long discussion with the village elders. It took two days of persuasion with fasting and prayer until they brought six young men out for interrogation. The first four were uncooperative and we could not determine if they were involved. The fifth one however, Itala, was obviously one of the killers. His legs were all scratched and torn up from running through the bush, chasing the stolen animals. His shoes matched the footprints that had come across the eastern plain with the animals. When he was accused publicly, no one denied it or protected him. They simply tied him with a rope, and we took him to the army barracks for detention, and eventual imprisonment. By the next day, he began giving out the names of the others involved. We returned home.

Please, never cease to pray for us. Peace can be dangerous. We know the Lord wants us to be here, so we continue to press on. Please stand with us in prayer to defeat the Powers of Darkness. Thanks.

Yours, with the Prince of Peace,



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Calming the Borborygmi

So, you may ask, ... is this a new tribal group for peace building? Perhaps a remote, hunter-gatherer group in Eastern Congo? No, actually, Borborygmi is plural for Borborygmus: stomach rumblings, signs of hunger, signs of appetite and gustatory desire. I've always been a good eater, as my Mom would say, but more than physical hunger is driving me these days. My whole being hungers for God's hand to be manifest in Karamoja.

My soul aches for God to draw the Karamojong into Righteousness, Peace and Harmony. My heart craves the day when communities can live in tranquility and stability.

My spirit thirsts for a place of solace and security for a people plagued by internal conflict and external condemnation.

At last, these spiritual borborygmi are beginning to be quenched, as the Lord is transforming the souls of this tribe, one community at a time. God promises: "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for Righteousness, for they shall be satisfied". Here's the latest:

We bounced in the Landy down the newly opened road, back to the abandoned No-Man's Lands of NE Napak, two days after the latest Peace and Prayer Dialogue meeting. Whereas much of Karamoja is a vast dryland, the peace resettlement sites are fertile crescents around Mt. Napak. We were all curious to see what would be happening following the meeting. Last year, we had opened up the first set of Peace Villages, Nabwal. Now, one year later, almost 9000 people from the formerly warring tribes live together in relative peace and harmony, growing crops in one of the most fertile parts of Karamoja, and reporting suspicious people to the authorities. This year, we are beginning to replicate the process and block another one of the major raiding corridors that the cattle rustlers use for stealing livestock and terrorizing people. The new Peace Village is called Potu Daadang, which translates to "Come Everyone". I wondered as the Landy climbed through ditches and sloshed across a flooded plain, would Daadang really Potu? Would the false rumours of people being slaughtered by armed enemies on the way to the villages discourage them? What about the armed gunmen we met while opening up the road? (They exchanged fire with our armed escorts, and ended up killing 6 of the animals that they had stolen.) Would they return to destroy the Peace Community in order to maintain the raiding corridor? Would the rising conflicts between leaders of the various church denominations bring confusion and division in the young, newly repentant flock? Would the distance they had to walk, carrying all their possessions, be inhibitory (15-24 miles)? Would the fact that there is no drinking water, no electricity, no sleeping shelters, no toilets, no food, no medical care and no military protection bring doubts into their minds?

We climbed the last rise, and looked out on the mound where we had held the Peace and Prayer Dialogue. There before us, many hundreds of people were busy building their new homes all around the mound!! Potu had Daadang-ed! They jumped up and ran to the vehicle as we approached, eager to tell us about their decision to move to the new joint resettlement. Proud elders clad only in blankets and an overcoat, approached me with broad smiles of contentment, even in the midst of the challenges of life in the newly opened bush. They shared with us that hundreds, even thousands more are planning to come within the next few months. Small children tugged the edge of my skirt to show me where their new home will be located. Women with hoes and machetes waved happily as they went about their task of building temporary shelters. We were all amazed at their faith and dedication to the dangerous, yet inspiring peace process. We spent some time in prayer and discussion with the people, and promised to come back with additional help soon. Wow!

During the two hour bumpy drive back out of the bush, I spent some time in prayer and praise, actually, more in numb silence and awe! God is doing it again!!! Nothing can stop Him now! He is really going to bring peace to this corner of Karamoja!! It is a rare privilege to have an opportunity to participate in the transformation of a society. Although Karamoja has over 600,000 people, the two joint peace resettlement sites we are working on can protect and free over 80,000 people from fear of “the gun”.

Now, it is 15 days later, and over 2300 people are constructing homes in Potu Daadang. We are carrying water to them daily, using the Landy with a big 1000 liter tank on back. We’ve supplied emergency medicines to the sick (treated 259 cases) and cell phone airtime to the emerging village leaders in order for them to contact us with any arising issues. Some of the amazing ways God is working is through partners which help fill in the gaps in services that we cannot provide..

- The Ugandan Army has given us a small, but well armed force to protect the people and to escort us in the vehicle as necessary. (See photo below.)
- ADRA (Seventh Day Adventists) are willing to dig the first well for the community.
- Churches in the US have raised funds to repair one of the broken wells, and perhaps dig another if possible.
- The Ugandan Prime Minister is considering sending several tons of food to the resettlers to encourage them to stay and settle permanently in the area.
- Churches in the US are also raising money for food for Christmas for the resettlers.
- The Catholic church is going to open up the road all the way across to the former enemies villages.
- The Karamojong governor (LCV) is working at getting a new tractor for us, to help the people to plow their land and IRC is willing to help with seeds for planting.
- The European Union is pleased with the peace project, and may consider giving us additional funds for these communities, if we write another proposal next year (they have already given over \$100,000 this year!)

Please pray as we consider the possibility of placing some of the street children and their families in the Peace Villages. They could begin a new life there, with good, fertile soils, abundant land, and relative security. We would need considerable assistance from other partners if this were to happen, but it may be the Lord’s way of helping us to merge these two programmes together in some ways, and benefit some of the most needy people in the region.

Val



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Africa Vet

Home Leave Time!

I'm going to be seeing you very soon!!! I am happy to report that it is time for my end-of-term furlough break in the US, and I'll be seeing most of you in the next few months! It has been an excellent term, with the Lord breaking down many of the barriers that had been keeping the people down, both spiritually and economically. Just as Christ also looked at the physical needs of the people, and reached out to them to demonstrate His love, this term has been one of effective outreach and significant transformation in the hearts and lives of the people we work with.

My final days have been quite full. Today I woke up in my hut in the morning to the cooing of a ring necked dove outside my open window. Crawling out of the mosquito net, I flipped my mattress up against the wall to make the hut seem a little roomier. I get the blood going and body enlivened with a few morning exercises, some tea and my Bible manna. My standard poodle, Punzel, sometimes joins me in a few stretching exercises, as she thinks when I raise my arms in the air, that it means for her to also stand on her back legs and put her paws up in the air! A few smiles and consultations with her concerning the day's schedule, and a little pat on her head, then it's time to get to work. A gentle tap on the doorframe interrupts our anthropomorphic moment, as my neighbor's boy peeps around the dusty, lacy curtain to let me know that the community members have arrived to see me. Bending down through the low doorway of my hut, I find the following people awaiting me:

- a. Two young orphan girls, looking for sponsorships to go to school. Their father and mother were killed in raids late last year.
- b. The pastor of our church, who would like a ride to town to follow up on some evangelism issues following our recent community outreaches.
- c. One of my staff, our acting Education Coordinator, checking to see when we can go visit our after school Bible Clubs.
- d. Two traditional healers checking to see if we will be making any of the herbal preparations this week.
- e. One women's leader, waiting for me to load up the maize grinding machine that we got for her group, and take it out to the village for installation.
- f. One sick goat, one limping Labrador and two sick chickens.
- g. A couple of reformed warriors, hoping for a ride to the peace villages where they want to go to cultivate a field of sorghum this season.

Looks like my day is already full, before I start out! Here's my play by play:

- a. Orphan girls get applications for sponsorship, to be considered next year, as we already have enough applicants for this year. (32 are on the waiting list)
- b. Pastor can go with me to town shortly, if he can help me find some people to load the grinding machine on the vehicle, so that we can drop it off on the way
- c. Our Education Coordinator will have to go to see the Bible Clubs on his motorcycle this time, as my day is too full to get out to the schools
- d. Traditional Healers can come back at 9am, when the EthnoVet Coordinator comes to lead them in herbal medicine preparation.

- e. Maize grinding machine is on it's way to the village shortly, together with one very excited women's group leader!
- f. Inject the sick goat. Comfort and chain the limping lab at the monkey house, as it was beaten for going outside of the gate, and will be getting more problems if it goes out again. Squirt some liquid antibiotic on a few crumbles of the dog's food, to feed to the sick chickens, then teach my neighbor how to do it for the next week, to help me out.
- g. Explain to the warriors that we will be going to the Peace villages tomorrow, and they can meet us at the gate as we go in the morning. No beer allowed in the vehicle. Maximum 10 people to ride in the back of the Landy.

Off to town to the office to have a prayer and Bible study time with the other staff. The calendar has several meetings scheduled for the afternoon including a donor and 2 partners, so I zip out the laptop and try to convince my internet connection to have mercy on me today, and give me a chance to send a few emails. After 20 minutes of dialing, restarting, dialing again, restarting again, etc., the sweet little sign "Internet is connected" showed up mercifully, in the lower left corner of my screen. A moment of joy in the busy day! After internet, the meetings went well; we have some prospects of future funding for additional educational programs. We pray that they can go through.

Please join us in prayer for our other ministries as well. I'll give you the updates soon, as I'll be in the states for a little over 5 months. Our Prayer requests include:

1. For the ministries to continue to reflect the Lord's love to the communities through my faithful team members (there are 12 local staff now working with me).
2. For Funding opportunities to become realities, so that the ministries can expand to reach people in many more communities.
3. For Spiritual rebirth and growth of new believers as they are disciplined and guided in their spiritual lives.
4. For the expansion of our Jesus Film ministry, that all the correct equipment can be acquired and put into regular use.
5. For US visiting missionary vets who will be ministering to veterinarians and vet students in late April.
6. For my travels in the states as I visit and share with everybody there, that I will be able to both inspire and encourage others to be spiritually effective and productive in their lives.

Thanks so much for standing with me during this term, as I've been in Uganda. I look forward to seeing all of you, and praying with you, spending time together, growing together and envisioning the future work of God's hand in our lives. May His Will and His Heart be expressed in all we do.

Love in Christ,



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It has been long since I have sent out a prayer letter, yet my need for prayer has now reached the extreme. Returning from Uganda a few months ago, I came to the US knowing that things would not be easy, and they haven't been. I cry out to God to draw near to me... I can sense His intimate, consolatory presence, yet He is silent. The silence quiets me, yet the sound of a single teardrop on my notebook resounds with an echo through the chambers of my soul... My best friend... is dying... She may have a few months remaining, we don't know for sure... Although her body continues to function, her mind has slipped several degrees.

The effects of the cranial radiation may have helped in reducing the size of the metastatic, brain tumors, but unfortunately also caused significant damage to her cerebral cortex, to the point that she can no longer process things in a coherent way. Shuffling uneasily from room to room, with one sock dangling haphazardly off the end of her left foot, confused and perplexed, she randomly sorts through old stacks of mail, looking for paperwork that she fears she must have left undone in her foggy, previous existence. Unpaid bills and unspoken thoughts randomly tumble through her mind, from a vibrant lifetime, now put in a disoriented, indefinite suspension. She feels some comfort, as we pace hand in hand, up and down the hallway corridor together, while she looks for the things that she feels may have been lost or forgotten somewhere, somehow... Never quite locating them, but feeling consolation in the fact that we are searching for them together, we still smile and even laugh at the days gone by. In those days, so recent yet so far removed, we had no fear, no hesitations: while hiking rain-forest soaked mountains in search of elusive mountain gorillas, dancing in the fire-lit night with tribal warriors, rejoicing with former abducted children on reuniting them with their families, or challenging our palates with delectable species from the Insecta or Rodentia Order, all seemed to be gifts of God for us to experience the depth and breadth of His creation, His love, and His provision. Our appetite for adventures is still present, but this current slow, degenerative journey is one of the most difficult for all of us.



Val and Lori at Victoria Falls, Zambia

Forty-nine years old, loving and kind, spunky and active, Lori has been a twinkling gem in my collection of treasured jewels. Although the twinkle may be fading, the gem still holds its intrinsic value to me. A forever friend, a valiant companion, my best buddy. As I stay here together with her and her family in Lebanon, Oregon, we have the chance to experience a new phase in Lori's life. Things are different, yet they stay the same. When confusion slips into doubt, inching towards fear, or morphing into anger, God provides the continuity of spiritual connection between us all, uniting hearts and drawing us to Him. He is our Source and our Strength, and He shall be our Salvation. Hiking this final, slow climb with my friend is both

agonizing and joyful. What a privilege to be part of the grand finale.

Please pray for us during this time, as without the refreshing Hand of the Lord upon us, we will truly wither on the vine. Pray for:

1. Internal peace
2. Stabilizing Lori on her medications.
3. Planning for a final adventure with Lori and her son Andrew, as she is able. (Galabagos Islands for a week!) She has always wanted to go there.
4. Deep spiritual growth for the women that I have started to mentor in Corvallis.

Also, pray for our ministries in Uganda, as our team continues to serve God among the Karamojong and Teso tribes. Pray for:

1. Wisdom in running the Peace ministry
2. Continued expansion of the Peace in the region
3. Favor among donors to whom we have written proposals for orphan schools, peace building and water provision.
4. Timely repair of our broken vehicles.
5. Continued funding for the orphans that we would like to be sponsoring in school.

Thanks so much for your prayers and your love, this has been a very emotional time. I will be in the states at least until September, so I pray that I get a chance to see all of you that I have not yet seen. Send me an email if you would like to contact me: africavet@yahoo.com. Thanks for caring.

Yours in Christ's hands,



Dr. Val

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