

TLC UGANDA

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Pork night

We shared a supper of pork and trimmings at RG's Team House with 14 of the adult RG kids. After spending a day of shopping and running errands in Gulu, this was a great way to build relationships and share a special treat at the same time.



WEND Africa

Cindy was able to meet Jolly, the woman who, sight-unseen, had offered her a job at WEND Africa, where at-risk women are taught to sew. Cindy even got to meet Nancy, the seamstress who fashioned her own carry-on bag.



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January trip was a success

Even though our trip was delayed by a cancelled flight, I was able to introduce "Mama Cindy" around in a very few circles in Uganda. While we did not make it to Masaka to visit with friends at Willow or Okoa Refuge, we did make it to Karuma, where Cindy met and fell in love with a lot of the mission staff and kids I already know and love. It was nice for her to put faces and hugs to the names with which she had already become so familiar. We made several trips from Karuma to Gulu, where we have an apartment which immediately got Cindy's stamp of approval. She spent a few days putting a lady's touch to the place and can now call herself at home on two continents.

Missionaries are the mission

Our trip was timed specifically to help outgoing missionaries Colby and Maryanne Cessnun, as they packed up the remnants of their 10-year ministry into 33 cargo tubs and vacated the country bound for Texas. In the few days we spent together, Cindy developed a lasting relationship, as I had already done, with this dear couple and their family of 11. Exiting missionaries have much wisdom to pass on to entering missionaries, and this opportunity to help and glean knowledge was well worth the travel. We spent three days in Entebbe to help the Cessnuns launch to America. It was a heartbreaking experience but one filled with wise advice, love, and grateful appreciation.



Our mission is to be of maximum service to God and His children in Uganda, to heal, protect, and nurture abundant life, and to restore relationship with God through Jesus Christ.



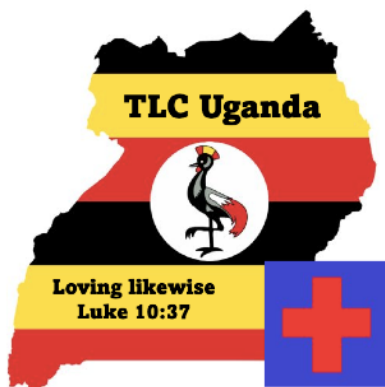
What next?

Missionaries everywhere recommended spending time learning the language. So, once my orthopedic surgeon figures out what to do about my still ailing shoulder, the plan is to return to Uganda and spend three months learning Acholi Luo. I have hired a teacher named Beatrice, recently rendered unemployed by her lack of maternity leave, to tutor me.

Prayers

Pray for the kids who are under spiritual attack, one cursed by black magic, several in despair. Pray for Patrick, who is in school to become a clinical officer. Pray for guidance and provision for this ministry.

Stories by Todd Lemmon



I was lost but now I am found

Days after my phone line should have activated, I reached for my passport at a mobile phone service center, but found it missing from its wallet. Convinced it must still be in my luggage or at the airport, I committed to God not to fret, but asked Him to return it to me in His perfect timing. After a furious search of the luggage proved unfruitful, we notified the authorities. One day, as I was on the phone with the airport concierge, Cindy burst out with a welcome interruption, yelling, “I found your passport! It’s at the hotel!” When I told this story to other missionaries, I was astonished to learn what a major deal this was and how blissfully ignorant I had been. It turns out I had been looking at jail time and did not know it. God provides! Furthermore, we got a lesson in priorities while in a foreign country.

Car trouble in a foreign land

On our first day after leaving the Cessnuns and purchasing their gently used 1995 Toyota Hiace Super Custom, we, along with the Cessnun houseguest for the last year, Innocent, were suddenly stranded on the Entebbe-Kampala Expressway with a broken fan belt. With only a “Team Blick Racing” decal on the car as a clue whom to call, I made contact with the office of the popular rally-car racer, and arranged for emergency service even on this Sunday afternoon. The police towed the van off the expressway for safety, at the expense of the government, and the exceptionally helpful racing team mechanic drove our stranded trio to a luxury cafe to wait for service. After all was done, the mechanic personally showed us to the main road and accepted the payment, a mere \$105. We were learning more about solving problems by ourselves and that the Lord is faithful to provide.



We later had occasion to call the same mechanics again when a brake light switch failed. A mechanic took a five-hour bus ride with a box of equipment, fixed our car, did a routine lubricant & filter change, and rode back to the capital city of Kampala all for \$220. The Lord provides! And He showed us we could get it done.

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