

one of the communities where the displaced people came to the church. Priest tried to give them the word of God, but they pushed him into the corner and demanded food. 200 People were being fed from Donations given by the people of the Apostolic Church of Queensland, Northern District. This is also the area where we rent gardens where vegetables are grown to feed the people. All the people want is to go home, but the government won't provide security. Many of these displaced people had never heard of Christ, as they worshipped pagan Gods. Some have now been baptised and converted to Christ. One of these, a Sister, sang a special hymn expressing her thanks of being converted to Jesus. Power finally connected and lights on. Oops brown out and search again for kerosene lamp. At least we were able to have dinner in light and re-charge the telephone. Power came on again! I braved the shower, the men boiled some water again.

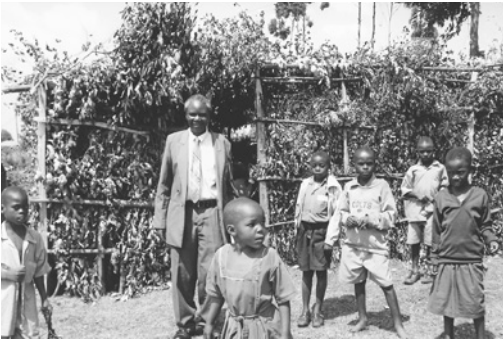


*Kegati Community church*



*Community arrive for Service*

Thursday 23rd. Up early to do some washing. Fried bread and a boiled egg each for breakfast. Off to service at Ebete. Roughest road yet. Very, very humble church. Saplings and dried branches for roof and walls. Very hilly and high. Farms to the tops of the mountains. A lot of tea growing in this area. When we arrived children from a nearby school flocked around us. All wanted to be in the photos. Children all seem to have an education. Parents have to supply a book fee and uniforms. 50% of the education is done by the government and the other 50% by churches and charity organizations. They learn English and Swahili. Not their own language as if they leave the area, their local dialect is not used in other places. I need the toilet, so was escorted down the road to the school, then across the field to the out-house. Everyone else was waiting for lunch, thought I was lost. Oh to be a man. Lunch in the local Officer's home. A little stewed goat, maize and millet, which is for special guests. Also a type of cabbage. Very green and tasty. First time this man has had white people in his home. Heard the death toll from the bus accident has risen to twenty-three, with others still critical. Contacted some of our family again this morning. It is a bit awkward to phone home as Kenya is seven hours behind Queensland time. Washed my hair in the dish again, water turned chocolate, same when washing clothes. The electricity is a dream, only lasts for an hour each night.



*Ebete Church welcome*



*Members gather for Service*



*Children from nearby school fascinated by "Masongo"*



*Priest & Wife welcome us to their home*



*View from Church site*

(Comments - Apostle Cliff) Thursday 23rd. – Bro. Daniel told us the electricity would not be connected, but because of special visitors, they have provided the church with temporary supply, free of charge.

Friday 24th. Crossed another day off the calendar, three weeks to go. Home seems a long way away. Up before anyone else to do the washing. Weetbix, fried bread and avocado for breakfast. Rained lightly last night, laid some of the dust. Phoned Andrew. Drove to Nyamiobo community over a dirt road then walked down a track to a bush church. Saplings with branches for roof and back wall. Sincere service, finishing with sensible questions and answers on the Bible. Walked up another hill for lunch in a mud hut. Maize, African cabbage and a little stewed chicken. Finger job with slurping the remaining juice out of the plate. I did anyway. The other members who were travelling with us had to walk 4 kilometres to the next community so didn't have lunch with us. A storm was coming so off we rushed up the hill to the car. I was running out of breath and the storm was catching up. Drove down more rough tracks to the next community of Mosora. Was to be held in a bush shelter, but moved into a home of mud bricks. So dark we had trouble seeing anyone until they smiled. Beautiful teeth had by everyone. Must be from peeling the sugarcane. Even though it was the middle of the afternoon, C.F. had trouble reading the text until someone produced a torch. In this community there are a few I.D.Ps accommodated. Bro. Daniel introduced a family, old and young, all under the care of a man who brought them out after they had their house destroyed. He hid his family in the tea fields and crept out at night to find scraps to feed his family. When they found him they took him to the police station to get clearance and then families took them in and feeding programme from Australia is used to help support them. They are farming a project near the church and growing grass to sell for cow fodder which now enables them to buy food. That brother has now become a deacon in the community and when they are finally allowed to go home, he can take the faith with him. They combined to sing a hymn, likening their journey to that of Moses, but they are looking for the Kingdom of God. The few people in the communities who have Bibles really treasure them. Others are looking over at them, trying to look on, but not enough for all. After the storm the red soil was sticking to our shoes, the further we walked the more mud we gathered. On the way back to the orphanage, the car was sliding down the hill, red, sticky soil. Stopped to look at a waterfall on the way. Jillian had gathered in our washing before it got wet. Clothes the children are wearing are just rags. Not only the children we care for, but others also. The children seem to wash their own clothes also. All seem happy and contented with their lot. One boy had half a jumper on, one sleeve all unravelled and a little across the chest and one full sleeve. Children in Kenya all have shorn heads for cleanliness. Some women wear artificial straight hair. It looks like plastic. I asked to have mine braided like the rest of them, but was told mine was too soft, even with all the dust