

Anne Fagge working and seeking her ministry in East Africa

I'm becoming addicted to traveling, this is my second time to Africa (first was Tanzania with the BWM), and I'm still uncertain what I want to do with my life, but I know that it won't be in an office. I am 20 years old and the program I am on right now is called Go-ED with Food for the Hungry, based out of AZ. This month I'm living with one other girl in the Apac district of Uganda, specifically in Kampala working with FHI's Child Development program and their Church to Church program, which connects American churches to others around the world. I'm working in Barakalo and Tikoling. I spend my days shelling peanuts, carrying jerry cans of water on my head, riding on the back of motorcycles, and teaching kids not to have sex before marriage (extremely awkward).



Yesterday was one of my lowest points

since being here. I'm learning a lot, but it seems that the more questions I ask, the more confused I become. I've finally come to terms with the fact that there is no silver bullet for development and that NGOs aren't all they are cracked up to be.

I would specifically request a prayer for faith... not only because I've been lacking in that this past year, but also because it's hard to see God in a favorable light when I'm looking at an epileptic girl with her tongue hanging out, a gash in her neck and flies covering her body.

I've made East Africa sound awful, but there's another side also. There are gorgeous sunsets, beautiful banana trees, people that love to laugh and take time to talk instead of running off to a meeting or a club, delicious tea, such hospitable people that it would put the South to shame, and fabrics that are as lively as the music.



We'll travel to Rwanda for a few weeks (where a genocide took place in 1994 killing approximately 1 million people in 3 months) and we'll also have a month long practicum/internship. On the "fun side" we'll get to go on a safari and raft on the Nile.

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To The Ends Of The Earth [Acts 1:8] *continued from P. 1*

pylons entirely.

Surprisingly, the spirits of these people were high and they readily helped us as we began to move the equipment into the woods to the nearest concentration of downed trees. We were to assist by training the locals in the use and care of the two saw mills and three chain saws, which we intended to leave with them. Willing men, women and boys from the village helped by carrying, rolling and dragging the 8, 10 and 12-foot sections of logs to the saw mills. It was quite a sight, as they were very enthusiastic and proficient in organizing teams and handling the formidable tasks.

One of my more favorite memories is helping to carry our second saw with nine local men. We laughed and chattered the entire way into the woods as we struggled to carry it across creeks, over log bridges and trails that were sometimes soggy and full of treacherous potholes. The Miskito people worked together very well and always seemed to be having fun.

Ray brought in our supply of food and arranged with one of the local

women to prepare our meals. Her kitchen was separate from her home and since most homes were elevated about six feet off the ground, it was accessed by crossing over a row of four precariously placed planks. On the floor were buckets of water from the well in the front yard. Their stove consisted of a U-shaped clay mound on a table.

Breakfast, lunch and dinner consisted of red beans, white rice, occasionally bread, and served with a coffee that was very sweet. We ate on her porch or the stairs and after we finished, we would exchange one of the only other phrases we had learned, "tinki pauli" or "thank you very much."

Unfortunately, due to the failure of the gas engines on both sawmills, we had to leave the village early. We took one of the engines to be serviced and planned for Ray to bring back tools to

fix the other.

Although our stay was brief, there was indeed a great deal of progress and provisions that have been made for the next MDR team to truly begin helping the village rebuild with supplies produced by the saws. Please pray for God to speak to the heart of willing and able servants to assist the people of Sukatpin.

Before we left, World Vision had sent a representative into the village seeking permission to use some of the wood to help build at least 50 environmentally safe latrines for the villager's homes. In addition, upon our return to Puerto Cabezas, we were informed that Habitat for Humanity was committed to sending in teams to begin building new homes.

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Our accommodations