



“For I was hungry and you gave me food. . . I was sick and you visited me. . .”
(Matthew 25:35 and 36).

Dear family and friends,

While I was walking up the hill one day, I heard Divine call out to me. She and Jeanne were a short distance behind me. When they caught up, they asked if the 8th graders could donate their Friday lunch to kids at the hospital, the Friday lunch specifically because it is their favorite. I said we could check into it.

This desire to donate lunch came about because in class they were learning about injuries and healing and the teacher shared Matthew 25:35-40. Someone suggested they give up lunch Friday to donate it to sick kids at the hospital.

Vicky was also aware of the desire to donate lunch and made a phone call and was connected with Madeline who works in social services at the local hospital. Madeline explained that she knows Rafiki because she is taking care of one of our former resident boys who is now a day student. The arrangements were made for 15 patients to receive lunch.

The day arrived. Vicky called me at noon asking if I could help drive students to the hospital at 12:30 with her. Of course I could. I drove down to the dining hall where we packed rice, beans and potatoes in food trays. We loaded in the cars and ... my car wouldn't start. So some boys jumped out and pushed it and the engine started.

Once we arrived at the hospital, Madeline went to the patient rooms to get the 15 she chose and had them go to her office where we were waiting.



The patient rooms are not private. There are five or six patients in each room, so it was much wiser for the selected patients to come get their lunch.



There were three people whom we had to go to, however, to give them their lunch. Faustin and I followed an employee into the maternity building. She then had us wait while she located Donatha, the mom who was to receive lunch. We were outside the NICU. There were six incubators and five had babies in them. Faustin couldn't believe the small size of the babies in the units.



NICU

Donatha was located in the next room where she was caring for her child. Faustin handed her the lunch pack and she just stood there holding it, staring at it with quiet disbelief. It was a bit awkward for Faustin, so I reminded him he was to tell her God loves her. He was so nervous he said it in English as Donatha turned to walk away.



Faustin giving mama Donatha lunch

Having distributed the 15 food trays, we were walking towards the cars and this little girl, with her hand bandaged, big smile, water bottle on her back like a mom carries a baby, greeted most of our students.



We loaded up to head back to Rafiki and ... my car wouldn't start.

I continue to need assistance. Please consider donating to my support so I can continue working with God at the Rafiki Village Rwanda. Go to www.rafikifoundation.org, click give, click support a missionary, enter my name and continue through the process. Thank you!

Caring,

Martha

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