



# THE AMAZIMA SCHOOL

SEPTEMBER, 2021

## Prayer Requests

- Please pray for these students to safely travel to school. Pray for safety against kidnapping, dangerous roads, storms, and diseases.
- Please pray for the schools in Uganda. Due to COVID, we are not allowed to officially open as a school. We are simply "tutoring" children in small groups until the President declares otherwise. The Lord's timing is perfect.
- Please pray for The Amazima Ministry. This is a team of people committed to constantly seeking the Spirit of the Lord and improving the systems in place.
- Please pray for myself that the Lord would continue to sanctify me and radiate the fruits of the Spirit in my life.

Thank you for your continuous prayers, support, and encouragement. Truly it means so much. I could not serve in this way without the Body of Christ.

*joy and peace*

FROM ANA VANLONKHUYZEN

"Way Maker"

~Leeland~

You are here, moving in our mist

I worship You

I worship You

You are here, working in this place

I worship You

I worship You

Way maker, miracle worker, promise keeper,

Light in the darkness, my God...

That is who You are

You are here, touching every heart

I worship you

I worship you

You are here, healing every heart

You are here, turning lives around

You are here, mending every heart

You wipe away all tears, You mend broken hearts

You are the answer to it all, Jesus

Even when I don't see it, You're working

Even when I don't feel it, You're working

Greetings family and friends!

In a few days, I will reach the seven week mark of my time in Uganda. I wish that I could somehow put the experience into words.

The Lord has shown me a glimpse of what life really means: to have it and to lose it. Those who have it are desperately trying not to fall into the depths of despair and poverty. Desperately trying to survive. Those who lose life know that it was always a wind wisp away...fragile and vulnerable. Life is stark and unforgiving. Either you have food or you don't. Either you sell today or you don't. Children have parents or they don't. In a way, life can be very simple. I describe Jinja as candid. That is not to say that there isn't a deep system of broken politics and injustice, swindling and profit off of tourism. Outside of these things, people don't have the time or resources to care about appearances or facades. The trees grow, the rain falls, and people stick together in a deep sense of unity.

The Lord has brought before me so many people who have now become a part of my life. The jjajja who sell coal on the corner has the sweetest smile. The children next door love to play basketball with a plastic grocery bag for a net. The street boy with partial blindness taught me how to play a game with rocks on the sidewalk. The sweet friend with a tiny shop on Main Street made me a kitenge skirt. The basket seller named Francis prays everyday for the schools to open. The boy who grew up with an abusive father now leads Bible study to the Muslim boys in the neighbourhood. I have had some of the most incredible moments as well: the brand new baby goat being born next door, the first time I rode over the Nile River bridge on a Boda, watching the sunset over Lake Victoria, welcoming a turkey and a chicken as members of our family, harvesting bananas in our backyard with our Askari, and house church worship at the home of Katie Davis Majors.

This past week, the teachers went to the villages all throughout Jinja with the CED team. The Community Engagement Department is the team of incredible people living out Matthew 25:35-36, "For I was hungry and you gave me something to eat, I was thirsty and you gave me something to drink, I was a stranger and you invited me in, I needed clothes and you clothed me, I was sick and you looked after me, I was in prison and you came to visit me". This team visits the villages every single day to visit the students and the families of The Amazima Ministry. It all started when the ministry was first beginning and Amazima was sponsoring these children to attend school and providing food for the families. The problem with this system was the fact that the children no longer saw their families as their providers and parents played a smaller role in raising their children. The sponsorship program turned into scholarship. Parents pay a portion of fees and children earn their education with hard work. While visiting the villages, we learned that these children are selected through a rigorous process that analyzes their vulnerability, past education experience, housing, parents, neighbours, and health. Hundred of families are identified, but practically the school only has room for a fraction of them. The families selected must agree to be a part of Amazima and the children must choose to receive education.

I wish I could paint a picture for you of the lives of these children, not for you to pity them, but rather I want to emphasize the fact that many of these children walk kilometers each day to receive an education when they have only known fighting for survival their whole young lives. Children come to a school with paved paths and eat heaping bowls of rice and beans. Then they walk home to a one-room mud house and collect water from the one and only bore hole in all of Buziika. The CED team has several inspiring phrases: "We are here not to work, but to serve" and "We are providing them with a second chance at education so that they can change their communities". Each educated child can be a problem solver, a critical thinker, and a light of the love of Christ to his or her village. Some of our second grade (P2) students are 15 years old because the point is meeting them where they are to equip and empower them.

I wish you could witness the worship celebration that take place every morning at The Amazima School. Singing and dancing to the glory of God. This is truly the Kingdom.