

How to Help: Pray, Sponsor, Share...

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Water Project Wamba For those who supported the water project at Wamba this is the final photo showing a very professional job.

Below the short poem by Jeanette and the letter to Mum.

Ephesians 4 : 32 KJV
And be ye kind one to another ...



Those little feet that march are marching in the light of God,
With tiny hands raised up to heaven's gates,
The eyes that close now worship God, their Maker and their Lord,
While eager smiles are happy for a God, Who often waits.

You waited for the day, Lord, on the hearts that said, "I will",
When all was in Your timing and was firmly in Your hand,
Unceasingly You worked to forge a greater wonder still,
For as Your servants prayed, they heard the whisper of Your plan.

But Lord, how is this possible when souls are far away?
A distance of so many miles, how could things fall in line?
We're over here, they're over there, we've nothing more to say,
Except, of course, we know Your Word reminds us to be kind.

We'll toil in service, Lord, and we will trust Your faithfulness,
You give so much, and ultimately gave Your only Son,
Now we'll give back from what we have to You, the Fund of Kindness,
Our hands will work. Our coins will pay. Your miracle's begun.

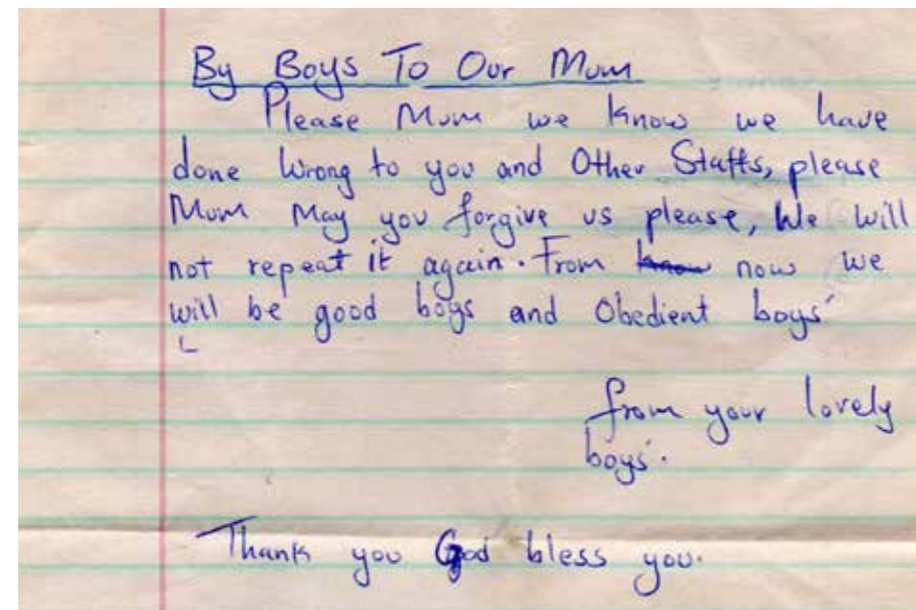
This bridge that You have built us, Lord, has taken us across,
We felt You there, and knew that we were walking hand-in-hand,
Your Spirit moved toward the little souls, no longer lost,
Dear God! Your Light is shining down upon a Kenyan land!



Tanker at Ndikir



Floods at Ndikir



By Boys To Our Mum
Please Mum we know we have done wrong to you and other staffs, please Mum May you forgive us please, we will not repeat it again. From now now we will be good boys and obedient boys.
From your lovely boys.
Thank you God bless you.

Editorial

Jn 15:13 Greater love has no man than this

As I sat thinking about this short editorial on 6th June I was reminded of the massive sacrifice made by so many young men and women on this day 74 years ago.

The love of Christ constrains us to sacrifice our personal interest for the Gospel and many of you are already so committed but please let this challenge you afresh today. Life is short, and opportunities can slip by never to appear again. As a 1944 baby myself, now in borrowed time, I ask myself, "Am I wholehearted?" Am I still about my father's business? Does he still have a job for me to do?

By the time you read this Pamela and Gillian will be back in Ngaremara where our neighbours have abandoned their homes seeking refuge in the centre of the village because of clashes between the Samburu and Turkana. Please pray for the protection of our children, staff and of course them.

In this issue you will read about Gerda, Heather and Kim. For those who supported the water project at Wamba this is the final photo showing a very professional job. Take time to read the short poem by Jeanette and the letter to Mum.

Of course, drought turned to heavy rain and storms and our most remote home in desert conditions suffered most. The roof blew off our tanks which we depend upon to hold the purchased water supply and floods almost penetrated some of our buildings.

Jonathan had a very busy three week stay in late April and enjoyed rising to the many challenges including mud walks with some of the children.

May saw the arrival of our newest baby Dorcas at 5 months

This summer please pray for Glenda, Andrew, Paul, Shelley, Angela and William as they join the team for short visits during July and August.

Ken Dobbin

Gerda visiting Wamba and Ngaramara

Kindfund Ndikir



God bless you, Gerda

It's almost been three weeks since I said goodbye to the children and staff of Kindfund Wamba and went back home after a ten week visit. And now back to reality in the Netherlands. It is almost like I have been dreaming. My stay was far beyond expectation, both in Ngaramara as well as in Wamba. Even though I had been volunteering several times in Kenya in children's homes, still I couldn't imagine what to expect at Kindfund in the areas of the Samburu, Turkana and Rendille tribes.

Because of the heat I have just been one single day at Kindfund Ndikir. Wow, what a temperature! The kids in this home greeted me with lovely songs and big smiles. They were so excited when we started colouring the drawings.

I spent my first four weeks at Kindfund Ngaramara. Enough children to make me feel at home very soon. Reading aloud Bible stories, listening to their life-stories, spending extra time on english reading, playing football (not too long), hugging and just being there for them. We hardly can imagine what the impact is on these children of just being there for them, one on one! It was not always easy to take one separate - you have to avoid they might think the child is special to

you. Just sitting down somewhere on the compound with a child? Within a few seconds I was surrounded by many more and had to re-start reading a book. And all of them wanted to sit next to me or sit on my lap, touching my arms and legs. "Wow, that is white, amazing white!" And of course my hair, not curly, so just with their little fingers softly tossing my hair while reading aloud. When finished, another book to be read, and a third one.... This was what I liked so much! Being surrounded by kids and having a blessed day.

And they were very willing to assist me; washing my clothes, buying food, cooking and cleaning the room. To be honest, I didn't feel very comfortable with it, but they insisted to do it because they are used to having duties. They had fun while teaching me some Swahili words e.g. counting from 1 to 10, greetings and so on. Even the four little babies enjoyed the 'game'. Too soon it was time to leave for Wamba. Saying goodbye is not my strongest part and although I knew other children were waiting for me in Wamba (even a double number), it felt strange in my stomach.

After a trip of about two hours we arrived at Kindfund Wamba. First part of the road was paved, the next track was an experience you will not easily forget. Nevertheless I enjoyed the landscape. In Wamba the children are younger than in Ngaramara and extremely disciplined. Just a single ring against the downspout and from all sides they ran to the dining room for their meal or fellowship. Fellowship was held almost every evening before they get their supper. How they can pray, sing and know Bible verses by heart! The manager gave me the opportunity to tell and explain some Bible stories. The first story was about Ruth. In three days this story was told and the fourth day the manager organized a Bible quiz! There was time enough to teach them some new games, colour drawings, and make bracelets and necklaces using the typical colourful Samburu beads. Even some boys enjoyed making bracelets. While writing I am looking at the small bracelets that David, Titoo and Jane made for me. When active with crafts they could ask you questions which sometimes made me feel embarrassed. From these kids I have learned so much! During my visit we went for some walks: through a dry river, up to a mountain with incredible views. No camera can capture these views! Those ten weeks at Kindfund have touched me. Gave me many, many brilliant impressions, stories, feelings that I can't stop telling or writing.

The last night before leaving Wamba, one of the younger boys I was hugging whispered: "God bless you, Gerda." This is my prayer and wish to all the children, staff and board members of Kindfund.



Gerda reading with children at Wamba



Heather and Kim at Ngaramara Nursery



Heather, Pamela and Kim with Wamba children

Our Trip to Kindfund in Kenya

Kim and Heather West Church, Bangor January 2018

You will go out in joy and be led forth in peace.' Isaiah 55:12

We were given these words before we left for Kindfund and we found them continually coming back to our minds during our stay. It was indeed a time of great joy and a time in which peace reigned in our hearts as we engaged with the children and staff.

We were so delighted to be met by Pamela, Ken and, Gillian, before the last leg of the journey. How welcome we felt! This sense of being in family continued throughout. Children welcomed us with their hands held out towards us and then sang their praise songs. They are full of joy and contentment. 'I love You, I love You, Jesus' sung in English, Swahili, Turkana, Samburu with accompanying wiggles of the hips and clapping while jumping became our favourite, and a theme song for us personally during our stay.

How wonderfully these children worshipped, prayed and recited memory verses. One child would start to sing and the rest would accompany. Then another voice would ring out loud and clear as a first line was heralded and, again, the others would join in. As prayer commenced children would voluntarily stand up and pray and as soon as one sat down another took their place. On one memorable occasion there was a hush as the last pray-er sat, and, then, the most beautiful sounds of all praying quietly at the same time cascaded around the room. We will never forget the wonder, the presence of God as these children poured out their hearts. On one occasion we listened as each in turn stood and recited a memory verse complete with reference. Even little Anna aged two and a half was being encouraged to recite one!

What really stood out for us was the very simple way of life without the distractions of social media and tv. Spending time playing with the children, worshipping, praying and eating together, and enjoying conversations brought freedom and enjoyment.

Springing out of this base of worship were a variety of activities - school, homework, playing. These children start school at 8 in the morning and continue until 4.30.

They have been trying to get electricity connected from the town for years but to no avail. Imagine Ken and Pamela's delight at the sight of an electricity pole as they drove us onto the site. Of course, we were given credit for it!

Travelling to Wamba is tarmac for an hour followed by dirt road for just over an hour. We saw camels, ostriches, donkeys, goats, sheep, and baboons. Many times it was children we saw herding the animals for miles to a distant watering hole.

Wamba, surrounded by breathtakingly beautiful mountains, is a bit cooler with a gentle breeze at times. At night we

were able to see so many stars lighting up the heavens. In Wamba, they have electricity and large water tanks. Nevertheless, Heather had to make do with a shower from just a jug of water! It's amazing what little you can manage with.

The children each have a bed, a box with a few clothes, and that's it. Between them they have three or four skipping ropes and a football. They are happy and contented as they play together, picking up sticks and playing imaginary games, skipping, and kicking a ball around. Occasionally there is the odd disagreement, but it is rare. Rather, we saw children caring for one another and including each other.

Kim and I introduced new games like, 'What's the time, Mr Wolf' and 'Stick the tail on the donkey'. We had fun! And more fun! Together with two friends we had prepared loads of crafts and all sorts of craft items. The children loved everything, their little hands up saying, 'Me! Me!'. We helped the older ones make brooches. The younger ones all enjoyed a story about the crayon box that talked and followed it up making stick men.

We only went for a day to Ndirik as it was far north and in the desert. On the way we saw some young girls about 8-10 years old with large necklaces. Apparently these are a sign that the girl has been 'taken', ie. designated to marry a particular man. This, together with the local practice of FGM and the consequent rejection of some children makes the work of Kindfund even more significant here.

We laughed a lot - often at ourselves! We prayed a lot and were thrilled at the way that God directed our praying and thinking. We were given so many hugs, treated to so many smiles, and also had the privilege of praying with some children

As we left there were many sad faces and a few tears but the overriding thoughts were of how much these children were loved, how secure they were in what otherwise is an extremely poor society materially, and what hope they each had for a good future.

We left with words of truth ringing out from our hearts - 'The Lord is gracious and compassionate, slow to anger, and rich in love' - To God be the glory!



Baby Dorcas
May saw the arrival of our newest baby Dorcas at five months

Kindfund

'All...who were willing brought to the Lord freewill offerings for all the work the Lord commanded them to do.' Ex.35:29.