

Our Own Home

A refuge for orphans living with HIV/AIDS in Jinja, Uganda



Greetings to all!

www.AfricaOurOwnHome.org

March, 2010

“There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven: a time to be born and a time to die...a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance...”
Ecclesiastes 3:1,2a,4

Dear friends, this month I am thinking on life: the end and the beginning, and all the seasons in between.

“...a time to mourn...”

On the 2nd of March, William’s father went home to be with the Lord. After a four-year battle with his health, “Baba” Stephano Mustafu breathed his last at the age of 82. He was mourned by his wife, the 10 survivors of the 12 children he raised, 24 grandchildren, and 1 great grandchild. Numerous friends also came to the family home to mourn and remember the life of this great man of God. **Stephano Mustafu risked his life when he renounced Islam and made the choice to follow Christ.** He fled from his own relatives who would have killed him, and later narrowly escaped death at the hands of soldiers during Idi Amin’s regime, when it was against the law to preach the gospel. He became a pastor and spent his life sharing Christ with anyone who would listen. The first time I met Baba, he didn’t know William anymore due to dementia, but somehow he found it in his memory to ask me the all-important question: “Do you know Jesus?”



William with his father

Baba had often told his family not to cry when he died, because he would be rejoicing. To anyone who knew him, there can be no doubt that he is rejoicing today. I am certain he was embraced by his Master with the words, “Well done, good and faithful servant,” even as he was presented with a crown to lay at the feet of the Savior he left all to follow. This is not the end of life for Stephano Mustafu, but the beginning of the most real life, and in that there is peace for those he left behind.

Because William’s ancestral village is a 16-hour drive in the back of a truck on very bumpy roads, I was not permitted to accompany him to the burial (being 9 months pregnant). That broke my heart. William charged me to take care of our unborn son and said a prayer that the baby might be born immediately on his return from the village, “So that I can forget all this sorrow.” He was away for 3 nights, returning on the 5th.

“...a time to be born...”

At 1:05am on the morning of the 6th, my water broke. I could hardly believe it! “God is answering your prayer!” I said to William once reality had set in. I was moved beyond



Israel William Pheni's first day!

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words by God's incredible timing. "Weeping may endure for the night, but joy comes in the morning." A few hours later, we were holding our precious baby boy, **Israel William Pheni**. The smile on my husband's face as he cradled his son in his arms was a testimony of God's faithfulness. Our sorrow had truly been turned to joy.

"...a time to dance..."

Fourteen children from Our Own Home were baptized this month. "Buried with Christ in baptism, and raised to walk in newness of life." Several of those children came to us from Muslim families, and gave their lives to Jesus through William's discipleship of their hearts as he loved them with fatherly affection -- Stephano Mustafu's legacy lives on in his son. As our children rise out of the water to walk in a new life in Christ, I can't help but picture Baba smiling down from his new life with Christ in Heaven. Add to that the new life of little Israel William, and this month has been full of newness of life and is barely half over. God is so good.



"There is a time for everything, and a season for every activity under heaven..."

We live in a world where sorrow, death, orphans, and diseases like AIDS give us ample opportunities to weep. I am thankful that the seasons do change, and we leave our seasons of sorrow after a time and enter into seasons of rejoicing. If either one lasted forever, what a dull life it would be. Our sorrows and joys alike draw us closer to the God who shepherds us through them. As we continue walking in the newness of life that He has given by grace to all of us who believe, let's continue trusting His plan for our path in all times and seasons.

Be blessed,
Mommy Holly

We continue to request donations toward a second van and for acquisition of our own land. Our present needs are for boys undies sizes 6-12, medical gloves size medium to large, multivitamins, children's Tylenol and Advil tablets and liquid. Of course, generics are fine. Please share this work with your church or others you know who may be interested. Let us know if you would like to arrange a presentation for your group or church. If you would like to make a donation, please make checks payable to **Our Own Home** and send to: 1075 Beaumont Dr. Casper, WY 82601. We also accept credit card and Paypal donations online at www.AfricaOurOwnHome.org. Donations are tax deductible as permitted by law. If you have any questions at all, please call Joe at 307-267-2712 or write joe@africaourownhome.org.

Please visit our website at www.AfricaOurOwnHome.org! Here you'll find an overview of our ministry, pictures, our newsletter archive, volunteer, contact and donor information. Please share and e-mail this link to anyone who might be interested in learning more about Our Own Home!

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