

5 am. Wake up. It is already hot and humid. I really need to send emails, Phone modem not working. Running low on my International Coffee drink from USA, feel a knot in my stomach as I try to convince myself that now would be a good time to switch to morning tea. Open propane refrigerator, it's warm – knot in stomach shifts to panic as I have a freezer full of meat for visiting team. Pull out solar refrigerator and transfer food out of broken frig. It begins to rain. Take a deep breath and read morning devotion: James 1:2 "Consider it pure joy, my brothers, whenever you face trials of many kinds....." I throw book across the room.



7 am. Walk over to Conference Center to help with breakfast. Staff just heard on radio that Barclay Bank has closed. Knot in stomach tightens. But phones actually working; I text and call friends in Kampala to see if rumor is true. We just had money wire transferred. Everyone I talk to says they don't know if it is true, but wouldn't be surprised. An hour later, it is disclosed to be just a dreadful rumor. Phones stop working.

8 am. Begin to figure out how to transport frig into Kampala for repair. Phones not working so walk over to the Daniels to see if they might be sending the truck to town and if I could have them drop off refrigerator. Wayne and Mary are great and help to arrange transport. It is raining. I really need to send emails.

10 am. Run back to Conference Center for staff meeting. It's tense. There is concern and confusion over the internal changes I made at the beginning of the year – decentralizing authority and spreading responsibilities to each staff member as well as changing the structure of the school in order to provide more 'hands on' training for our students. Once again gave my 'Trust God, trust me' speech. Phones working. Walk by Staff Quarters to see how install of solar is going.



Noon. Run to my house to load frig on truck for Kampala and set up phone modem to send email. Phones cut out again. Walk around yard trying to find the 'spot' that might hook into airwaves. It is still raining and cloudy. Realize I need to print a menu for kitchen. Run back over to Conference Center to grab the second computer as mine is slowly disintegrating – disc drive quit working the same week the printer ate an envelope and permanently jammed itself. Transfer data from my computer to second computer and copy on new printer. Run back to Conference Center with printed menu and help cook team lunch. Eat with team.

2pm. Walk back home in more rain. Slip in mud. Sit in puddle of slimy red gunk, wonder whose idea it was to come to Africa. Check batteries of solar frig to confirm they are draining without sun. Walk to each AHJ department 'station' to ensure that new system of 'hand's on' training is working. Hot and wet. 2 Water tanks at guest house are leaking.



3pm. Wayne, ACM and the Hunter Street Baptist Church Team are amazing at how fast they can install solar equipment into AHJ staff quarters. They are a joy. Full of laughter. Staff comes over to tell me they are missing important supplies needed to complete job. I thought we had bought everything. Frantically, run over to Wayne's house and pull him out of a nap. I can't even pronounce what needs to be bought much less make a list of what is missing. Run to my house to grab money and send staff into town to buy supplies.



4pm. Work with office staff on how to use new printer. Work with kitchen staff on posting petty cash receipts and planning for upcoming events. Help cook dinner for team. It has stopped raining; humidity and heat become horrible. Told that an African friend had been arrested - terrifying thought. No way to get any more information; prayed for his safety at dinner. Tried to convince myself its no big deal and would be easily resolved. Knot in stomach tightens even more. Feel helpless. Feel powerless.

6pm Return home. Still must send emails; I need information from States to close out books. My computer has been annoying for some time - as I am typing along the cursor randomly jumps to another line. Now it is starting to delete files. Last week, I lost all my email addresses; still trying to recreate. Was hoping it would last until I returned to States in August. Need to figure out how to buy here just in case. But looks like phones working. Yes!

Set up phone modem on little table outside to send and receive emails; takes 20 minutes to bring up page. Email 'receive' gets jammed with someone sending a large attachment. Internet server keeps timing out. Mosquitoes eat me up. Takes over an hour to receive that email. Phone system cuts out, no longer available. Still have not sent emails. Still have not gotten information I need to close out year.



8pm. Put on bug spray. Set up porch for Monday night movie. Cuddle with 4 children sprawled over me to watch movie. My neck is stiff, but don't move. This is the best part of the day. I breathe and send God a 'thank you'.

10pm. It is hot. I am sticky, muddy and sweating; forgot to set fire to heat water, cold shower. Get into bed; white sheets and dirty feet again.

Read devotion: Philippians 2:17: "If I am being poured out as a drink offering on the sacrifice and service of your faith, I am glad and rejoice with you all." I throw book across the room.



Pretty typical day. My friend that was arrested spent a horrid week in prison accused of being a terrorist on false charges. Still makes me sick. Isa, in the kitchen, threw his hands up in the air doing a little dance when he finally grasped the full picture of how the new 'hands on' training program would work. "I see, I see", he shouted. A God moment. We kept the solar frig working with a generator. The propane frig was 'repaired' but took several trips back and forth to ranch before it actually worked and we were able to buy all the solar supplies needed before the team left. Wayne saved the day by designing, buying and transporting all the solar equipment and frig for me. The Daniels return to the USA for 6 months next week. A part of me feels frightened when they leave and I become the only 'muzungu' [white] living at the ranch... and with no car, though the community here steps right in to help with all my snafus, tears and melt downs. So, to date my computer continues to jump all over the page. I managed to offend a number of people by writing quick frustrated emails without thinking or rereading texts. I still have not received the year end info I need. Phone and internet work sporadically. Knot in stomach remains. The water tanks continue to leak and the devotionals remain on the floor.



Considering it pure joy, m