

FREE LIFE-UGANDA

NEWS UPDATE

NOVEMBER / DECEMBER 2020

A Note from Pastor Robert



“Therefore, be imitators of God as dear children.”
Eph.5:1

Greetings in the mighty name of our Lord Jesus Christ who is forever faithful to His children.

“Thanks very much for the great support you have accorded to us especially in this harsh situation of Covid-19 atmosphere.

Churches are now out of lockdown and as a ministry we are striving to revive people’s spiritual appetite, because many of them, having taken long time without fellowshiping many did lose their spiritual appetite.

During the Covid-19 pandemic the food distribution campaign has been steadily moving on. With your support we were able to feed about 438 souls every two weeks. We glorify God for feeding His People. We have many documented life changing testimonies in this respect from individuals who are so very thankful for you, our supporters.

After spending almost 7 months without schools operating, the lock down was lifted. Schools resumed operation, but under heavy surveillance to compliancy of the Covid-19 regulations.so right now classes of 6th and 7th graders are moving on at our school. Other classes are operating in homes and virtually. Unlike other schools where teachers

have been severely affected by the Covid-19, our teachers have been well attended and provided for during this harsh situation. We really thank God for everyone who has stood with our teachers.

As I drove along one of the streets of Kampala in the night heading home, I was stopped by a skimpy dressed young girl of about 16 years old, as I stopped to ascertain what was wrong, she talked to me with tears coming out of her eyes, with much interrogation I realized that she was engaged in prostitute business, she went on to inform me how tired she was of doing that and how she was got from the village on promise of getting her a job by a scrupulous lady only to find herself in such a dangerous kind of work. That night I got a guest house so she could rest. Meeting her the next day I discovered that it wasn’t only her in that dilemma, but other 3 girls ages 13-17, were in the trade without their consent and they really needed to be rescued. Long story short, these girls are now in our custody. They are recovering from the trauma, there is so much to do to help these young girls, so any help accorded to us to help us facilitate this new ministry is most welcome. My plans are to continue to rehabilitate these girls by taking them to a Skills School, (Tailoring, hair dressing, baking etc.)

The police have taken statements from each of the girls and right now the authorities are in search of the culprit.

On a brighter note, the tiny girl, (Miracle Grace) found by the roadside last April, is fully recovered and has been adopted by Pastor Robert and Sylvia. Her life is now steady and is in a loving home with many siblings!

The lame 2 year old boy dropped on the grass on Robert's compound by his desperate mother, was rescued and is being rehabilitated with physical therapy and is now able to sit up by himself, and his legs are gaining renewed strength day by day. His mother is living with him at Robert's home and both are recovering beautifully. The mother is now working and is attending her child under the supervision of Free Life Ministries-Uganda.

Several months ago, Robert was called to help another desperate young lady, malnourished and in a desperate situation. Being deserted by her husband, pregnant and unable to work, she lived on banana peels for several weeks. She has been well cared for by the ministry and has given birth to a healthy baby boy.

The ministry to the elderly is moving on well despite of the continual challenge of sickness and deaths.

During one of the feeding weekends, a man came to Robert seeking help for himself and children, During the darkest time in life anyone could ever go through he was reaching out for help. Robert gave him food, water, cooking utensils, and ministered the love of Jesus to the man. After a time of recovery, the man searched for a church in his community, found a loving congregation and began a new way of life. He and his children are active members in the area, where he planted and tends a garden on the plot of land the church gave him to feed his children. God truly worked a miracle in this family, through your support funds sent to Robert each month to feed not only physical food, but most importantly, spiritual food to feed the deepest needs.

A lady around our Church area was very proud, provocative, un co-operative, very unapproachable to talk to. None of us would ever think she would be humbled unless its God himself.

She was a very staunch Catholic.

She had been watching Pastor Robert interacting with his congregation, watching for a long time.

She approached Robert one day, requesting that he pray with her. She wanted to know Jesus. Robert spoke with her at length and lead her in a prayer of confession. She gave him money to buy her a Bible. Upon receiving her Bible, she requested a time with the Pastor to have Bible study. Pastor set up a schedule and Scriptures for her to read. She is attending his church faithfully each Sunday.

The following is the heart touching testimony of a young boy Pastor Robert met on the streets of Kampala in 2015.

KWASIBWE AGGREY

ONE MONTH TO 7 YEARS OLD

I am a Ugandan boy. Here is my story from my mother's womb to my childhood and from childhood to my teenage age (that is 19 years old.)

My parents separated and my mother was chased away from the house when she was 6 months pregnant with me. She went back to her parent's house which is where I was born. She immediately sent word to the father, who in turn denied the infant baby was his child.

My grandparents raised me until I was 7 years old. I always thought they were my real parents. I never knew my parents. My grandfather was shot to death and 3 months later my grandmother died from complications of Diabetes. From that moment I never had no one to care for me. Some family member took me in but started mistreating me like I was a foreigner in their family, there was no one to defend me except my uncle, but he never took the responsibility for fear of his siblings. So, I started suffering in the Village, sleeping in trees like the monkeys, and in unfinished houses, my family gave me different names like, thief, village dog, etc. At 7 years of age I began regretting the day I was born, living in deep sorrow and pain. I cried.

When I was 8 years old, I met some friends who were carrying bananas from our village to Kampala City, so I requested I work with them, and I carried those heavy bananas along with them. and I ended up in Kampala!

After entering the city of Kampala I looked at the building which so tall because

since my child hood I had never seen such kind of building with a lot of amusement and admiration so through that my friends I could no longer see and I was lost in Kampala city. So after being lost in Kampala city there was no any way I could manage to survive in Kampala city I met a man who asked where I was going and where are from. I told him that I was from my village and am looking for my friends at that moment. I had a desire of going back to school so the man asked do you have parents, I replied him saying no I do not have parents I even told him that I do not have family members because I had a lot of anger and hatred towards them. So, the man told me that let me take you to the place where they will help you to take you back to school. The truth is that I was very happy but what took away all my happiness was that instead of taking me to school he just took me to prison and I was imprisoned in one of the prisons in Kampala. After I was imprisoned so many people came to see me promising me that they are going to take me back to school but none of them made his or her word.

Later there was group of 6 men working with KCCA who also promised that they were going to take me back to school. The truth is that I was very happy to hear that good news of going back to school, the bad thing they also didn't made their promise because by the time where I thought I was going to school instead they took me to the place where they keep bad and miss behaved children. The truth is I cried for whole night and from that time I could not trust anybody. I was imprisoned for three month and then I came back to Kampala. the capital city of Uganda I could not trust anybody because I used to see every person as a wrong person no one that I could trust and that happened when I was 9 years old.

FROM THE KIDS PRISON (KAMPIRINSA) TO STREET LIFE IN KAMPALA

I went to the street of Kampala and I found many kids who were in the same situation, so we would sleep under tranches beside the roads of Kampala and even on streets and veranda. We would sleep hungry and we never

had anything to eat so the only way we could get what to eat was to go to the rubbish pit to look for the left overs so that we can survive. Then in the early morning we could wake up before others so that we can steal people's property so that we can earn a living. We used to cover ourselves with boxes and other materials from the pit.

We used to dress like crazy people so that we can something to eat from the rubbish pit so many people thought we were crazy children and others used to look at us as thieves and many of my friends were killed. We used to think that we were useless people on this earth because nobody could mind about us the truth is street life is not a kind of life were that any man children would have gone through because it is like passing through the valley of darkness where there is no light it is such a miserable life full of tears and sorrows and suffering we used to wait for the people to eat chicken and after we also started eating the remaining bones of chicken. I am here to tell you that not every person you see on street putting on like a mad person does not mean that he or she is mad it is because that person wants to fit in that situation in order to get what to eat from the rubbish pit. I am here to tell that because I experienced about that kind of life.

We used to work in parking in order to get what to eat, but some people could abuse us and beat us with no reason giving excuse that we were trying to steal from them, but it was not the truth but because we were regarded as useless children we could endure suffering. We would ask ourselves, "why are like they that?"

The truth we would blame God and abuse, but all was nothing until.... when I accepted Jesus as my personal Lord and SAVIOUR though I was still on street, my life started changing. And I started separating myself from bad peer groups where I started living alone and later other 4 friends of mine joined me.

We could get attacks from people and our fellow street children because we had refuse to do what they wanted like stealing and clubbing using drugs of different types ,fighting and

robbing people's properties because I started clubbing and doing those evil acts when I was 9 years old and that was in the year 2010.

But later my God answered my prayers the moment God brought for me his servant Pastor Robert Bogere, who found me in the parking and asked me where do you live? I told him that I live on street and he also asked me where do you sleep? I told him that I sleep on streets covering myself with boxes and other things. He then asked me what do you want? I told him I just want to go back to school to learn how to speak and write English. Pastor Robert gave me his phone number and said if you are serious, and want to change, you can call me. The next day, I found my way to Mperewe, and called my new friend.

FROM STREET LIFE TO SCHOOL

Before I met my daddy Pastor Robert Bogere, I never had a heart of going back to school because of the disappointment from many had failed to make their promises.

The truth is I never knew how to speak and write English, but I never wanted to go back to school because so many people would come to me saying that I want to take you back to school. I would remember what people did to me promising me that we are taking you to school, but they would take to prison instead of taking to me. So I never had any trust in them, but the moment I met my daddy Pastor Robert, I was very confident and I just accepted to go back to school and I, finally at the age of 14, went back to school, beginning in the third grade in 2015.

I am currently 19 years old in the 11 grade and active in the youth ministry, singing, playing the keyboard at church, and helping to prepare the food bags for the Elderly ministry.

By God, through His servant Pastor Robert, I am very grateful for having Pastor Robert as my daddy and may God bless him so much.

Thank God for rescuing me!

We want to add a note of sincere appreciation to each of you who throughout the past eleven years, have supported the ministry in Uganda.

You have touched countless lives through your generous giving of finances including building a school for children ages three years to 7th grades, four churches and the land to build them on, four water wells giving thousands fresh water to drink, the establishment of an elderly home and ministry, rescuing 80 orphans and building a home for them and the food they eat, and praying for the loving parents who cares for them all. The purchase of land for a garden to grow food, and the many ongoing ministries.

Pastor Robert expresses his thankfulness to each one of you for loving them.

May the Lord bless you in abundant ways during this Holiday Season. May he give you good health and much joy in the coming New Year.

We thank our Lord for each remembrance of you.

Mack & Mitzi and the Free Life Ministry Team

Pastor Robert and the Free Life -Uganda Team

If per chance you would like to help the Uganda ministry with financial support, it would be greatly appreciated and used wisely.

Checks can be made payable to

Immanuel Baptist Church

1413 SE 16th Street

Mineral Wells, TX 76067

Notation for Pastor Robert

Thank you

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

requested to have a Bible study. Robert set a time and is leading her in her study to know more about her newfound Friend. She has become active member of the church. Robert said she told him she could never approach the priest and have a conversation with him like the congregation has with Pastor Robert. To God be the glory.