

**Foundation Trip  
Tanzania/Uganda  
07 - 20 November 2022**



**Why and do we really want to travel to Africa?**

It probably took the establishment of our foundation and, in addition, after the Corona pandemic, the opportunity again to travel to this continent that was previously unknown to us.

When we set up the foundation at the beginning of 2020, I had India and Israel/Palestine in mind. In October 2021, travelling was possible again, and Israel/Palestine was almost a must for the first possible trip again because of the number of projects started there. Why then East and Central Africa next? It was the two projects acquired through new contacts in Stuttgart that made the attraction of travelling there increasingly irresistible. Africa has a special interest for a non-profit engagement in education promotion, essentially triggered by the special neediness of the people living there and the development discrepancy in comparison to Western and Central Europe, which is presumed without ever having been there. The pictures and reports from Mbeya in Tanzania and Masaka in Uganda move a donor's heart in a special way.

On the other hand, the "green continent" has not been a top priority for us as a travel destination so far. In my travel curiosity, I myself am less fascinated by natural spectacles such as great waterfalls, steppes, savannahs, deserts, primeval forests, or wild animals than by ancient cultures and their changes in modern times. Asia and the Orient had so far fascinated me more than what I knew about Africa. On top of that, and this is even more true for my constant travel companion, my dear wife, without whom I have never travelled far away, despite for professional reasons in earlier times, there are mental hurdles to overcome before deciding to travel. What about a possible health risk? Malaria, Ebola, HIV, and other epidemics can be found in abundance in the Foreign Office's travel information on African

countries. And what about hygiene, food, and the minimum level of comfort to which we are accustomed? Experienced travellers to Africa, such as Angela and Peter Heisig, had given us some advice that helped us to solidify the decision to travel in such a way that it was finally realised. A shopping visit to a large outdoor equipment centre prepared us mentally as well. Our own mosquito net, various insect repellents, light tropical clothing, sturdy shoes etc. pp. made us feel better prepared and were ultimately useful, even if not everything we bought proved to be absolutely necessary. We were also able to work through the yellow fever vaccination issue for the entry formalities without too much effort, and we had stocked up on malaria prophylaxis - at a high price - at the local pharmacist. And so, on 7 November 2022, we set off in the morning from the small village of Warmbronn near Leonberg into a new unknown world.

### **Travelling to Africa**

Experienced travellers to Africa know about cheap airlines via Amsterdam, Brussels, or Paris. We have become comfortable, after all we are already around 70 years old and can afford to fly the long distances from Frankfurt with Qatar Air Business Class with a stopover in Doha.

Nowadays, the booking phase up to the departure date is always peppered with excitement and annoyance. I constantly received emails from the airlines flying with us about rebooking flights. Our long-standing travel agent was already so frustrated by this practice of the airlines that she asks her clients to book individual flights themselves. Otherwise, she has to deal with the hassle of having to reverse payments made to her by customers and fighting for the long-delayed reimbursement from the airlines. This caused us two long stays at the airport in Dar-es-Salaam, because the multiple rebooked onward flights to and from Mbeya no longer corresponded well with the respective connecting flights. We spent a good 15 hours over two days at this manageable



airport. On 20 November, the day of our return flight, the World Cup began in Doha. A corresponding hustle and bustle awaited us at the airport. Qatar is pure luxury, even by European standards. The bus that picked us up at the outside position of the plane is a special bus for passengers travelling in business class. The special bus is equipped with extremely comfortable armchairs for the passengers to match the number of people travelling in this privileged class. Next door, the other passengers crowd into the normal airport bus standing up; of course, except for the VIP's, who are picked up in a separate limousine. Somehow, we already felt uneasy on the outward flight.

In the run-up to the trip - since the Corona pandemic anyway - special attention was owed to the entry regulations and warnings. Expensive e-visas for both countries, money fever vaccination, Corona vaccination passports, foreign health insurance - in

multiple copies because of the risk of loss - everything was perfectly prepared, even if complicated. We were also checked, but without any comprehensible logic. In Tanzania, we first had to go to the control for the Corona vaccination card. Then we had to write all our passport data on an entry declaration. This was then immediately collected again without even a view on it. Then we went through passport control - extra slow counter for e-visas. After some patient waiting and looking into a camera, the relieving sound of the stamp came. After passport control, we were checked again to see if we had received the stamp in our passports. In Uganda, when we entered the country, the yellow fever certificate - there is a lot of back and forth about whether a vaccination certificate older than 10 years is accepted in Uganda - was only looked at very superficially - so all the trouble was actually in vain. However, when we left the country, before entering the airport building, we were strictly checked again to see whether we had been vaccinated against Corona and whether we had a yellow fever certificate - in Uganda, people visibly show a sense of responsibility towards the foreign country they are travelling to. The real issue in Uganda is the resurgence of Ebola infections. But there were no controls for this.



From Doha to Dar-es-Salaam we then got a first impression of the usual tourism to Africa. Backpacks, outdoor clothing, hiking boots are the common equipment of the Europeans, Americans and Asians travelling with us. The approach to the stopover at Manjaro Airport in Tanzania gave us a beautiful view of the 6,000 m high Kilimanjaro, which, seen from above, looks almost like a small

mountain of a German low mountain range, but from below it seems more enormous. There, almost all the tourists left us. They probably didn't all climb the mountain. Many will have been on safari holidays in the Serengeti Park or another nature reserve prepared for tourists. The one or other disembarking fellow traveller has already been escorted from the departure airport and his outdoor backpack carried. Tourism is one of the biggest sources of income for Tanzania.



## Travelling in Africa

Travelling in Africa is of course something completely different for a European who is used to motorways. The trunk roads, mostly built by Chinese or Indians, are



paved, including many major roads in the cities. In this respect, the roads are little different from those in Central or South Africa or even India or, for example, Cambodia. If one turns off these roads to destinations in smaller settlements, it becomes more difficult for someone who may also sometimes have problems to get seasick. Unpaved

tracks of red earth with deep ruts and holes – for gods sake when it rains - physically challenge any driver, even an experienced one. For a distance of 20 km, 1 ½ hours driving time is a good achievement. In Tanzania, bad smelling tuk-tuks of Indian construction and design dominate the streets as means of transport for those who cannot afford an own off-road car. In between, minibuses race through the chaotic traffic, hardly imaginable that we would get in. In Uganda, the "boda-boda taxis" annoy drivers, hundreds of mopeds that somehow manage to squeeze through even the smallest gaps in the dense traffic in the cities.



In Tanzania, on the second day, we drove on the trunk road towards Zambia. This road has uphill, downhill truck transit traffic to and from Zambia. The road and the difficult traffic with one truck after another reminded us very much of the Pacific Highway in Costa Rica, which runs lengthwise through the whole of Central America. A broken-down truck on a steep stretch easily causes a traffic jam that lasts for hours. On the way back to Mbeya we experienced block traffic. Because, especially on the steep downhill stretches, the trucks otherwise drive much too fast and cause serious accidents, rigid speed limits apply, which are also strictly monitored with many checks along the route. Of course, this causes traffic jams on the steep stretches, which without such measures lead to even worse chaotic conditions in the city area than otherwise.



On the drive from Kitanda (New Hope for Uganda) to Kampala, we witnessed how dangerous the traffic is on Uganda's roads. On the side of the road, a young man was lying with his head in his blood. Tens of people stood around and watched; no one stopped or rushed to give first aid. At some point, a Sanka with an alarm horn overtook us. Francis, our driver, told me: "The man was probably hit as a pedestrian by a passing minibus or truck. Whoever gave first aid would run the risk of being held responsible for the accident, even though he only wanted to help.

We were glad that in Tanzania we were driven by an accomplished driver, employed by an aid project of Mission 21 (a Swiss aid organisation) under the operational management of the Moravian Church in Mbeya, and in Uganda Teddy made Francis and the Pajero belonging to their project available to us under the umbrella of the Catholic Church in Mbeya throughout our stay.

### **„What do You think of Africa? “**

We were asked this several times by local hosts even in short time after our arrival. For someone who is coming to Africa for the first time and has only been in the country for one or two days, this is of course not an easy question to answer. I helped me by describing what I had thought about Africa before we started our trip with the phrase, without knowing any facts: "Africa is the contingent of the future." The facts, which we got to know by reading travel guides, looking at Wikipedia, but above all by talking and looking, relatively quickly brought this up as being rather true.

### **Tanzania**

Approx. 61.5 million inhabitants in an area almost 3 times the size of Germany, average age 18, annual population growth 2.9 %, average life expectancy 64-67, average number of births per woman 4.8.

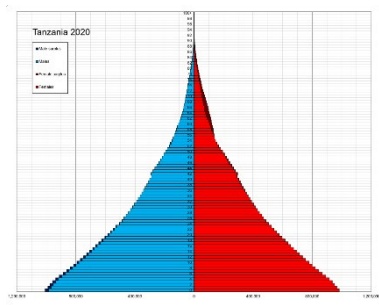
### **Uganda**

Approx. 47.1 million inhabitants on a populated area (without Lake Victoria) of less than half of Germany, average age 16.7, annual population growth 3 % - 4.5 % (different figures exist), average life expectancy 48 years, average number of children per woman 5.

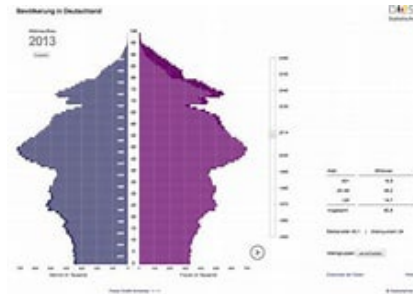
### **Germany for comparison**

Approx. 83.1 million inhabitants, average age approx. 45, annual population growth fluctuating around the zero line (due to migration), average life expectancy 79 - 84 years, approx. 1.5 children per mother..

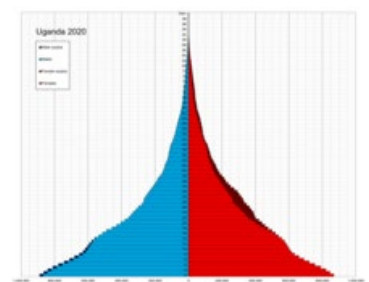
The „Pyramide of Population“:



Tanzania



Germany



Uganda

In addition, we noticed:

The young population of both African countries we visited is hungry for education. Preferably privately organised schools charge school fees, but families do everything they can to get their children into public schools. The number of schools, mainly run by churches, is immense. If you drive through a town or into a village, the signs pointing to school institutions located there are frequent and impossible to miss; almost as if there were a strong competition for pupils. The infrastructure and economic performance of the countries is not sufficient to provide the rapidly growing young population with sufficient income from their own work after completing their education.



**Conclusion:** In a projected 10 years, countries like Uganda will almost "explode", which means that migration pressure to the unequally richer north of the earth will grow enormously.

## Help in the name of God



Being back in Germany we cannot imagine that without Religion, churches, many hope giving activities in these countries would exist. In the name of the Lord, in many different ways, an infinite number of things is happening there. Of course, our hosts and contact persons in both countries are firmly rooted in their respective faith communities. Therefore, it was inevitable that we were permanently in a religiously influenced

environment. Nevertheless, our observation went far beyond this particularity. We did not see any of the many schools which, already to be identified by their names, are not under the sponsorship of a religious community.

In Tanzania, we were hosted and accompanied by Rev. Robert Pangini, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Moravian Church of Mbeya, which runs a number of Vocational Training Centres, Primary and Nursery Schools and Secondary Schools in its district. We were able to visit two of these schools.

Teddy's Motherhouse in Masaka/Uganda, which was founded as an orphanage by Anne Namuddu, who died a few years ago, is under the auspices of the Catholic diocese in Mbeya, which alone runs 555 educational institutions. We visited three of them.





In Kamukongo, the orphanage and the agricultural and educational facilities that have grown up around it are run by the non-church organisation OCAOF - Our Children Are Our Future e.V., but the local operators Emanuelle Musoki and his wife Maria Goretti and their niece Rose are deeply rooted in the Christian faith. During a visit to the OCAOF High School in Kitamba, which is part of the project, all the pupils gathered in the courtyard in the late afternoon to pray the rosary together, in which, incidentally, Muslim pupils also took part voluntarily, just as Christian pupils take part in the usual Muslim Friday prayer.



In Kampala we were together with Martin & Tabea Auch for several days. For an initial period of three, maybe even five years, they are starting a project to build up the development work of the Bad Liebenzeller Mission, which aims at networking different groups and institutions in the field of education in Uganda. Together with them we visited the project of Jennie & Denis Mutaka in Kasana, about 80 km north of Kampala. The whole project is based on the deep practised faith of the founding family, whose spiritual home is a Redeemer church in the USA. The following day, we met John Njendahayo and the education project of his Nkuru-Nziza Foundation on the grounds of a tea plantation near Mityana. For him, too, his Christian faith is a central part of his educational message to the children and young people cared for in his institution.

In Uganda and Tanzania, there also mosques to see. In Mbeya as well as in Kampala or Mataka, we were woken up in the morning by the muezzin. The Christian churches in all their variations are - apart from the island of Zanzibar - much more represented in both countries. Even though they will certainly exist, we did not see any Muslim educational institutions. In Uganda, we were told that the Turkish mosques in particular were renovated during the public lockdown in the heyday of the Corona pandemic to attract worshippers to the mosques, where they then went for lack of alternatives. Thus, there would be more Muslims in some villages today, even if they continue to eat pork.



The spirituality of the people of Africa is intense in their practice of religion, at least recognisably more intense than in Europe. Piety in reverence is sometimes shown in gestures that are rather unpleasant for us. When a child is asked to say thank you, it sinks to both knees. In the infirmary of a school we see - more or less horrified - that the children receive their medicine by sliding on their knees. As an enlightened critical European, this is alien, if not repugnant, to me. I don't like humiliation in faith. Since I was in Uganda, however, I feel a greater willingness to tolerate this different behaviour in piety. It depends very much on the circumstances in which a person grows up.

However, we could also observe exaggerations, which we find difficult to tolerate. On many street corners in Kampala, we met self-proclaimed prophets who shouted ecstatically into a microphone to proclaim their messages of salvation. We are not the only ones who suspect the intention behind this is to make money. I also have difficulties when I read in a book about the history of the project "New Hope for Uganda" that obviously traumatic seizures, which can also be attributed to epilepsy, are interpreted as the child being obsessed by demons.

Back from Africa, however, my global judgement of good or bad brought upon us by the official churches is now different. Without the massive commitment of the churches, there would be far fewer signs of hope in Africa than there are thanks to the commitment of church people.



## Nature and Weather



The equator runs through Uganda, about 75 km south of Kampala. Tanzania lies further south. Unlike in more northerly regions, here you can immediately see why Africa is also called the green continent.



Fruit-bearing plants grow in abundance in Uganda; bananas of different arts, mango, avocado, passion fruit, pineapple, jackfruit, coffee, maize, rice and much more. In Tanzania, the landscapes we saw are wider, more farmland. In Uganda the soil is red, in Tanzania it is more brown, but both are fertile if there is enough rain. Like last year, the rainy season started later than normal after the hot, dry summer, almost too late for the harvests. In the past, it started raining at the end of September/beginning of October, but this year, like last year, it did not start until November. When it starts to rain, it is usually associated with thunderstorms and then it pours from the sky. But after half an hour to an hour, it suddenly stops and the sun shines again with full intensity.



In Uganda, deep trenches are dug between the rows of plants to collect the rain. In Tanzania's schools we saw huge cisterns that conserve rainwater. When we visited a hospital ward in Mbozi, Tanzania, it started to rain heavily. Patients rushed out of the buildings with plastic bottles and buckets to catch the rainwater flowing down from the roofs. In Masaka, a road was being built up the hill to the church at the bishop's residence under Chinese supervision. The first thing to be done was to build deep drainage channels on the right and left with concrete inverts, which will then be finished off as a pavement with a concrete cover with a slot facing upwards, before work begins on the roadway. With the onset of the rainy season, we saw in Tanzania, how the



fields around the houses are cultivated, no tractor, no cattle either. The hoe on the long arm of the man or woman, here and there also of children, are the primary agricultural machines of Tanzania.

Especially, in Uganda we saw birds that we in Europe only see in the zoo. Ibises with long black beaks make quite a spectacle at the early hour of the morning. Giant marabouts circle majestically between the trees close to the settlement. between the trees, they are scavengers. In the field we spotted a crane, we saw storks from far away. Thank God, we did not see any snakes. Close to Lake Victoria we encountered a monkey at the roadside. Insects spared us to a large extent. Only at the end in a flat in Kampala we found a rather large cockroach inside the mosquito net above our bed and smaller ones in the kitchen.



### **Communication**

In Africa, the people you meet on the street or wherever, are consistently friendly, very friendly. On the street when you are shopping, you stop, ask how you are, where you are from, where you are going. People shake hands - a special ritual in Tanzania and Uganda, where the hand position is changed several times in a certain order. Martin Auch told us the anecdote that he once approached a man reading a book in Uganda with surprise because he had hardly seen any reading people in Uganda before. He added that back in Germany he had felt tempted to address a

friendly German with the same surprise, because such people were rather rare compared to Uganda.



Before the trip, we had been prepared for the question of internet access in such a way that we should buy a prepaid sim card from a national mobile phone provider in the respective country in order to be able to communicate at least from time to time. This turned out not to be necessary. With an appropriate low-cost data package from Deutsche Telekom, I was able to communicate almost constantly over the internet via

smartphone and ultimately also laptop. Everyone who can afford a smartphone has one in Tanzania as well as in Uganda. So people there communicate almost the same way as in Europe. However, they get their information about daily events almost exclusively via social networks. This leads to excesses that cause concern. At the end of our trip, Teddy asked me if I had heard of "mere wives". When I looked at her surprised, she showed me a video from a YouTube channel and told me horror stories about the disappearance of bathers on the Tanzanian beach who had been stolen by mermaids. When I assured her several times that this was fake news, she didn't want to believe me. In retrospect, I therefore became sceptical about whether other news stories about natural disasters in the north and east of Uganda that she had previously told us were actually based on true facts. China is now massively represented everywhere in Africa, probably already with their multimedia channels. If you spin this further, you come up with dire fears about the manipulability of the African population with dishonest information methods.



## Politics and history

Since we only spent four days in Tanzania, including travel to and from Uganda, and spent almost two days at the airport in Dar-es-Salaam due to unfavourable connections, we had little time to deal with it.

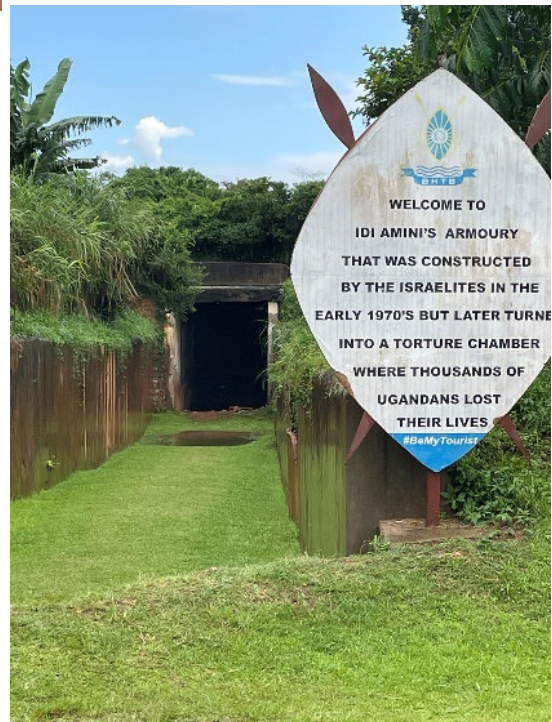
We have talked about the religions represented in Tanzania. The majority, around 60%, are Christians and the minority are Muslims. This seemed strange to us in view of our observations at the airport in Dar es Salaam, because we saw ourselves there in the midst of many Muslims. This was clarified by the fact that many flights to and from Zanzibar depart and arrive there. Zanzibar is inhabited by a majority of Muslims. The current president of Tanzania is a Muslim. Her predecessor Nyerere was a Christian. The national language is Kiswahili in addition to English. Tanzania and Uganda were at war with each other in 1978/1979, which the ancient ruler of Uganda Idi Amin instigated and lost. The peoples of the two neighbouring countries are still not "completely friends" among themselves.





Uganda originally emerged from several kingdoms and tribes. The largest and predominant kingdom is Buganda in the centre with the capital Kampala. The country became a British protectorate and independent in 1962 with the Bugandan king as president and Milton Obote as prime minister. In 1971, the army chief Idi Amin staged a coup and led a reign of terror in Uganda until 1979, under which hundreds of thousands of

Ugandans lost their lives. Below the royal palace of Buganda in Kampala, tourists are still shown Idi Amin's torture chambers today. After Idi Amin was sett off by his predecessor Obote, however, he continued to murder. At the end of a civil war in 1986, the current president Yoweri Kaguta Museveni came to power. The current government is considered to be addicted to corruption even in his own country. The country's education minister is the president's wife, who boasts of running a series of public schools by herself, of course for children from families who can pay high school fees and are therefore good sources of income for the presidents wife.



In Kampala, there is a large memorial to the murder of the first 20 Christian missionaries in Uganda. It is called Namugongo Uganda Martyrs Shrine. Apart from a tribune for mainly school events in front of a lake, over which a huge bridge designed as a cross leads, the memorial is characterised by a huge church built by the Swiss architect Justus Alois Dahinden inside of teak wood (similar in style to the Metropolitan Sebastian's Church in Rio de Janeiro) and quite martial depictions of the murder scenes in a number of grottos.





**Projects – Children Centre, Schools, Health Centres,  
Farming Institutions**

**MVTC Mbeya/Tanzania**



The "M" stands for Moravian. The Moravian Brothers originally came from Bohemia and Moravia and settled on the property of Nikolaus Ludwig Graf von Zinzendorf in Upper Lusatia/Saxony in the first half of the 18th century, from where they founded a Protestant international religious community. VTC stands for "Vocational Training Centre".

This school trains around 400 students in 8 different subjects; namely carpenter, tailor, cook, car mechanic, office specialist, electrician, computer applications and plumbing. Depending on the subject of training, the training lasts 2 or 3 years. Once the students have passed the final examination, they regularly receive a tool kit from the school; i.e. a small basic set of equipment to enable them to start their profession on their own. Jobs in the employment sector are rare. The young and committed headmaster Gad Lwina, who welcomed us, explained to me that they are working on tracing the life paths of the school graduates. Not everytime successfull so far.





The school is committed to integration. In contrast to state schools, pupils with disabilities are accepted, supported and cared for. Also among the 10 girls from the Maasai tribe we supported with scholarships are two physically disabled students who, according to our impression, are fully integrated into the community of students and work determinedly on their education. In the headmaster's office we were greeted by the "chief" of the Maasai tribe from Matete (east of Lake Tanganyika) who had arrived on the day of our visit, accompanied by one of his daughters who has been able to complete her training as a teacher and helps her father as a translator. As a sign of thanks, we ourselves we were presented with self-made cloths of tribal clothing.





The old man with the traditional large double earlobes told us that now that the tribe's daughters had been brought to school, there was another challenge, namely, to find a future for the tribe's sons through education. Driven out of the original grazing areas by nature parks, agriculture no longer offers any prospects.

During the tour of the school grounds, the respective subject teachers showed us the training technicians and aids, some of which they had built themselves with a lot of creativity and improvisation skill; such as a self-built car cockpit to explain the electrical functions of an automobile.



The exclusively female apprentices in the field of office management, however, are still trained on old Olympia



typewriters. The apprentices for the plumbing profession, however, are no longer only learning to cut threads on iron pipes, but are already working with plastic hoses. Here, too, we noticed how many girls want to learn this profession, which is currently in great demand in Uganda.



The school, which finances most of its operating costs through school fees, must strive to ensure that products are produced in its training facilities, the sale of which can generate cost recovery contributions. Until a few years ago, this was the carpentry workshop.



But in Africa, too, furniture is now increasingly being demanded from industrial production and no longer from carpenters. Coffin production alone cannot sustain this branch of education. Solar technology is a new idea that could possibly take the place of carpentry. This topic is currently moving many people in Africa who are striving for training.

The school also has a teacher training seminar. Besides the carpentry workshop, however, this is a second problem of the school and its sponsor. There are too few people interested in the teaching profession. Among other things, the profession is not well regarded because of low pay. New ways will have to be sought and found here. Social work has become an increasingly important topic within the school. The school administration cooperates with social workers, but there is still a need to catch up here. Perhaps the wife of Pastor Robert Pangini, herself a pastor with a very good "connection" to the pupils, can be motivated to take over this task.



Pastor Elizabeth Kazimoto Nampasa runs the Amani Nsalaga Centre in a suburb of Mbeya, a meeting place for orphans and vulnerable children from the settlements surrounding the centre. All the children in her care come together once a week at the centre, which is run by her and her helpers.

Besides Bible lessons, they play, dance and talk. From here, Elizabeth then sends the

children to schools in the surrounding area. The school fees required for this are collected through donations, supported by the church. A major





donor so far has been the organisation "Mission 21", which is mainly supported by Swiss people.

Mbozi is located about 100 km west of Mbeya towards the border to Zambia. The area is characterised by agriculture. The head of Mbozi High School, Elia, is



therefore doing well to focus the education at this school on agriculture. The 285 pupils come from families of the surrounding population. Many of them cannot afford the school fees of the equivalent of almost € 3,000 per year. They are therefore supported by

the church, some of them by the Knodel Foundation from Germany. At the school, they get the opportunity to contribute to their school fees by working in the fields or in the school. An additional effect is that the students learn about new methods of farming at school and can pass on this knowledge at home. We noticed how tidy the school grounds are. In addition to new chemistry and physics rooms for science lessons, a large hall has been built as a refectory, auditorium and room for the exams, with canopies so that when it starts to rain, the students can still get into the classrooms reasonably dry. Efforts are being made to



convert the kitchen to gas firing. However, as everywhere in Africa, this meets with resistance. People hang on to firewood. The smoke development therefore made it impossible to move into the more modern kitchen that was planned for the building. Waste from their own maize mill is used to fuel the fire. Elia has switched to stockpiling food for the children. This saves costs enormously, because food prices fluctuate greatly according to the season. His great pride is a new tractor with a peeling plough, which he enthusiastically showed us in the courtyard.



There are problems with the very unstable electricity and a lack of a powerful internet connection. The scholarship holders of the Knodel Foundation were gathered in the school library, who told us from their professional dreams. We noticed that the children put a social commitment in the foreground of their career dreams. Of course, a doctor comes first, and if that is not possible, then a teacher. One of the girls emphasised how grateful she is to have escaped a forced marriage at the age of 13 or even younger thanks to the scholarship. At 16, she goes back to her village after passing her final exams, but it is uncertain whether she will return for the last two school years after the holidays. Felix, a young volunteer from Mühlacker near Pforzheim, thinks she may now be facing forced marriage.



The Moravian Church runs the **Duka La Dawa Health Centre** in Mbosi. The centre has beds for patients and also an operating theatre. However, its main task is to provide basic medical care for the surrounding population. In the past, there were financial problems, especially because the state did not meet its payment obligations. It has to pay for the costs of a birth, for the medical

treatment of children up to 4 years, for the treatment of old people and the salaries of state employees. For years he was in arrears. Now the manager has been able to clear up the problems. He was also able to find an urgently needed ambulance. There are frequent changes among the doctors in the ward. Until recently, the centre was run by a German doctor, but he moved back to Germany after a Corona infection. In the meantime, the centre was then run by a young senior doctor, but now a new older doctor has been appointed head. The





hygienic conditions in the hospital, which we take a look at during a tour, are of course not comparable with European standards. But the management is making efforts to improve. The Philipps company recently donated a new modern X-ray

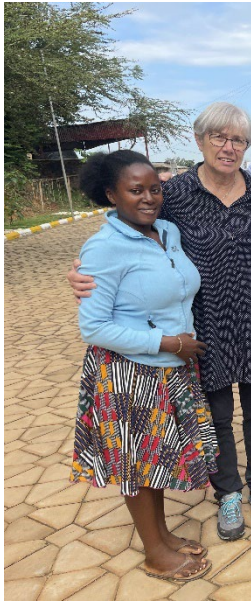


machine, but unfortunately without technical installation instructions. So far, the management has tried in vain to get them. So, the fancy device is still standing around unused. A problem arises from the fact that the hospital does not provide meals for inpatients. The families of the patients have to take care of the food, and they have to stay in the area of the hospital. There is an urgent need for adequate accommodation for these family members, but so far, the necessary money has been lacking. Another problem arises from the babies who become orphans after birth because the mother dies at

birth and a father is either not available or he or his family cannot or perhaps does not want to care for the child. For these orphans, an orphanage has been set up in the annex to the infirmary. The orphans are cared for by poorly trained nursing staff. However, the state now makes it a requirement that children over the age of 4 either be taken in by other families or else have to go to another home.



We were hosted at **Teddy's Motherhouse in Masaka/Uganda** after the onward



journey from Tanzania to Uganda. This house was founded and built by Anne Namuddu with the support of several church congregations from Baden-Württemberg in the 1970s during the time of the civil war in Uganda, after Anne had returned to her home country after completing a degree in social sciences in Freiburg. She took up to 35 orphans, whom she identified on trips through the villages as being in particular need of help, into the house and looked after them like a mother, supported by good friends such as George Nkonge, whom we had already met in Germany together with Teddy and met again in Masaka. One of these children was Teddy Nakanwagi, who herself grew up with her in the orphanage as a perpetually sick child without caring parents, graduated from school and, after a bad time in Tanzania back in Uganda, took over the management of the orphanage in 2013 when Anne Namuddu passed away at the age of 88.

Guests from Europe are welcomed with a big hello by the children and the adults helping in the house. The drums are beaten loudly and vigorously and the children and adults are dancing in the style of the country. It didn't take long until we had taken all the children into our hearts, who looked at us with wide brown eyes. Not all the children were there, some were still at school. It was the time for final exams.





The Motherhouse itself includes a living and dining room, bedrooms for the children, a large kitchen, a chicken coop with over 50 chickens laying eggs daily and a courtyard where life happens most of the time. On the property next door is the guest house where we stayed. A few hundred metres further on is the garden of the estate, where all kinds of fruits are grown and recently fattening pigs are bred and kept. At the request of the authorities, a wall has been built around the motherhouse for the safety of the children. A foundation from Wernau donated an amount for this, but unfortunately it was not enough due to the changing exchange rate and increased costs. So the wall still has two gaps that are to be closed with



gates. We want to participate - privately - to fill the gaps. Another future project for Teddy's Motherhouse is the installation of a solar system on the roof, for which there are government subsidies. Peter Heisig is taking care of that. Teddy, supported by several helping hands, runs a strict regime, but with seemingly endless devotion and care for the children. As we experience later, she also constantly takes care of the children who are accommodated in different schools and always need a helping hand.



**Martyrs Day Care Nursery & Primary School Katwe** in Masaka, which we visited on Sunday after a very impressive church visit, is home to 2,800 children, 2,000 of them boarders. The headmaster, Jude Kayiwa, showed us around the large grounds surrounded by a whole bunch of curious children. On Sunday, after the obligatory visit to church, there is always a special meal for the pupils, deviating from the week's meal plan - often maize porridge. And, Sunday is washing and bathing day.





We looked into the children's dormitories with disbelieving eyes. Tightly packed, 55 three-tier beds stand in one room. The bed with a tin box or a suitcase in it is the only private area of each child. We also met the two girls Anunciata and Mariah, whom we supported with school fees, who were happy to show us where they sleep. The school has an infirmary where medicines are given to sick students during our visit. However, we did



not really want to believe what we saw, the children sliding on their knees to receive the medicine tablets or cups with juices.



During the tour of the extensive grounds with many buildings, I asked Jude who pays for the upkeep and maintenance of all these buildings. His answer was that the state does not, and that the church receives money from the school rather than paying for it. This is a school whose students come from families who can afford the school fees or, like Annunciata and Mariah, have found sponsors like us. There are, Jude says, many families who cannot. He was to show us an example of a school where these children go later in the afternoon.

Our next stop was not far away. Steven, the son of Margret, who is in charge of the accounts at the Motherhouse, goes to St. Bruno Secondary School. He was in the middle of his final exams. The next day he had his last exam. He has excellent grades and his wish is to become a veterinarian.



We drove on and visited **Vanitah**, as it was called "at home". Her father died of HIV



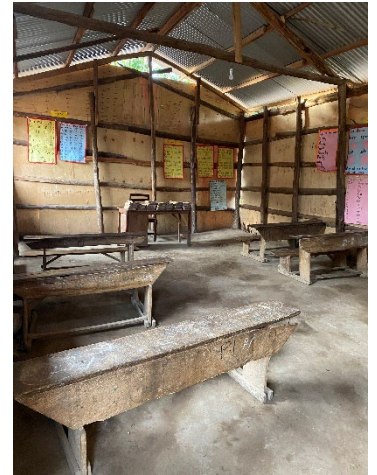
and her mother is sick with it, so she cannot take care of her child. Teddy has arranged for her to go to Monsignor Ngobya Memorial Nursery & Boarding Primary School in Kagganda, where she has now completed Grade 4. Her "home", where she (has to) stay on weekends and during holidays, is a poor hut, where an aunt of her lives with her family. She has to work there day in and day out in the garden or in the house. When we asked her where she prefers to be, she said at school. Teddy is glad that she speaks at all in the meantime. She has only been doing this for a short time. We secretly fear much worse than just poverty "at home". Later we learned that her aunt had contacted Teddy complaining that she had no money to provide Vanitah with food. We spontaneously diverted some of our travel money so that Teddy could buy her food.





The day ended with a visit to the Primary School that Jude told us about at St. Martyrs School at noon. This is where the poorest of the poor come. The children, who are not at home, play volleyball in the courtyard and have a good time. The buildings are in a disastrous condition and need

urgent renovation, but with what? We planted an avocado tree and distributed bananas. The children were happy. We left feeling helpless.



A few kilometres from the western shore of Lake Victoria lies **Birinzi**, on Lake



Birinzi. There, Emanuelle Musoki, with the support of the association OCAOF (Our Children Are Our Future), has set up an agricultural training school. A wide variety of vegetables, cabbage, green pepper, pumpkin, spinach, kohlrabi, avocados, mangos, coffee and many more grow on small beds. The growing plants are protected from too much sunlight, raised beds are

created and irrigation methods are tried out. Another laboratory building is under construction on the neighbouring property. The surrounding farms are to benefit from this



teaching facility. The soil is particularly fertile here near the lake. The young agronomist who runs the farm presents his first



successes to us with great pride. Emanuelle and his wife Maria Goretti are extremely warm people and enjoy great popularity throughout the area. Even the local pastor, in white rubber boots just coming from work in his garden, stopped at the roadside to greet him joyfully.



After a short visit to the Primary School St. Francis Bbaala, we visited the Haide-Helmuth Health Centre, where mainly pregnant women receive health care. If there are no complications and the children can be born without surgical treatment, they see the light of day here



Next, Emanuelle showed us his model farm, the **Charles Lwanga farm**. This is where surrounding farmers bring their coffee to be ground and roasted. Dairy cows are kept here. We talked about how the dairy cows are kept here, which, according to the reports of the farm manager in charge, give about 60 litres of milk a day. I advised him to play classical music to the cows while milking. According to the experiences of relatives from the Emsland region, the cows, which are even more relaxed this way, give more milk. Let's see, maybe he will follow this advice in the future. The cows are still mainly milked by hand. In the meantime, however, they also have an electric milking machine. A third economical pillar of the farm are 800 chickens.



**Kamukongo** is an orphanage that Emanuele built with his wife Maria Goretti and



with the support of the OCAOF on the current site in 2004. Emanuele was originally a printer. He was allowed to complete his education as a young man in Germany at a convent school in Rhede near Bocholt and with the Benedictines in a monastery near Munich. His father had a close



relationship with the former Bishop of Masaka, who eventually convinced him to dedicate his life to the needy children in Kitambe. Gradually, he and his wife took in orphans from the village in the orphanage. Later the St. Francis Primary School, the OCAOF Vocational Training Centre and the OCOAF Secondary School in Kitambe were established. The farm works closely with the educational institutions to supply the schools and train the students. The agricultural training school in Birinzi was recently added as the newest project. The orphans in Kamukongo are cared for by Rose, Maria Goretti's niece.





Both the OCAOF Vocational Training Centre and the neighbouring OCAOF Secondary School of Kitambe stood out from the schools we had seen before in that the students of the institutions made a much more confident safe impression on us. They presented their learning achievements,



such as a self-developed irrigation system for the garden itself. They are also ahead technologically, at least as far as solar technology is concerned. Supported by Peter Heisig, among others, they are cooperating with



the German company SMA from Kassel to set up a demonstration centre for solar installations at their school. The assembly of the Secondary School students in the school yard left a special impression on us. When we arrived, they had gathered for afternoon prayer. For our subsequent welcome, first the German national anthem was sung, then we were greeted by individual pupils in front of the assembly with their own written speeches in German. And then we sang together.



To understand the concept of the **New Hope for Uganda Children's Centre in**



**Kasana**, about 80 km north of Kampala, one has to know its history. It was founded by Jay & Vicki Dangers from the USA, who embarked on the adventure of setting up a children's centre with their four young children in the late 1970s/early 1980s, towards the end of Uganda's smouldering civil war. Sent and supported by Christian Redeemer congregations from the USA, with a

little experience from an earlier missionary period in the Republic of Congo, they first succeeded in finding committed friends in Uganda who actively grabbed hold and helped, and then gradually overcame the resistance and adversity among the population. Today, led by daughter Jennie and her husband Denis Mutaka, who comes from Kenya, a children's and school centre with exemplary character has emerged. The basis is the family, which Jennie & Denis exemplify as a patchwork family. Jennie adopted two girls, the eldest of whom is now studying neurosurgery in Egypt and 10-year-old Elisabeth. Denis brought two children into the family, and together they now have a young son. As guests in the family, we were able to experience how harmoniously this patchwork lives together.



The family is also the basic structure of the organisation of the children's centre. The children who are admitted live in families in a circle around the centre in their own homes. Unlike the boarding schools we visited before, there are no dormitories here with many children in a small space. Social responsibility for the people living in the surrounding area is important. At the centre there is a ward for severely disabled children.

There are many of these children in the villages, and most of them are kept "under lock and key" by their families. New Hope for Uganda has succeeded in breaking this

"lock" and first bringing the children to the centre for treatment and care and then also their parents. During the tour of the ward, where five severely disabled children are currently staying, we met Ramon, a highly gifted young pupil who originally wanted to become an engineer. But he has given up this dream in favour of the handicapped children, his protégés, and now devotes himself exclusively to the children. It was not easy for us to remain cheerful in the face of children suffering from epilepsy or spastic paralysis. Ramon beamed when he reported on the small successes, he is able to experience with his work with the children; that they have to take less medication that gradually poisons the body, that the intervals between seizures are getting longer and similar successes. The current problem child of the centre is the Vocational Training Centre near the village, which has been closed down in the meantime. There is a lack of teachers and money. They are looking for new concepts, perhaps solar.

Probably the most impressive project we visited on the last day before our return journey to Germany was **John Njendahayo and the education project of his Nkuru-Nziza Foundation on the grounds of a tea plantation near Mityana**. John's story alone is extraordinary. His father had



come to Mityana from his home country Rwanda more than 50 years ago to work more or less as a slave on a British tea plantation. He had left his pregnant wife behind in Rwanda. After giving birth, she travelled from Rwanda on her own, not

knowing exactly where he was. But she found him. John grew up as a young boy in the poor workers' quarters of the tea plantation. He was forbidden to enter the manor houses until he came to the attention of the tea plantation's owning family,



they took care of him and eventually sent him to North Wales to a British boarding school. Then the Civil War began and the support of the British plantation owners broke off. But the boarding school teachers decided to keep John there. He graduated from school there, made friends among his classmates, including the son of an Arab sheik who gave him 2,000 British pounds, which John used to go back to Uganda and earned money developing biogas technology. During the war, John's father had looked after and cherished the abandoned British estate as his own. In gratitude, they gave him the land on which John and his foundation built the educational institution they have today. He chose the name Nkuru after the name of



his eldest brother, who went back to Rwanda to fight in the civil war and lost his life there. The facility, which currently houses a Nursery & Primary School and a Vocational Training Centre, is generously laid out in terraces. The classrooms and workshops feature facilities that are surprisingly modern for Africa. Where students stay overnight at the

centre, their dormitories are limited to rooms for 4 or 5 students. Beyond imparting knowledge and skills, John himself promotes the personal development of the students. They meet regularly around the campfire. He confronts the students with



questions about difficult decision-making situations, which they have to learn and practise to answer. Graduates are further supported on their way into professional life. A petrol station was built in the area, mainly for the Boda-Boda taxis from the

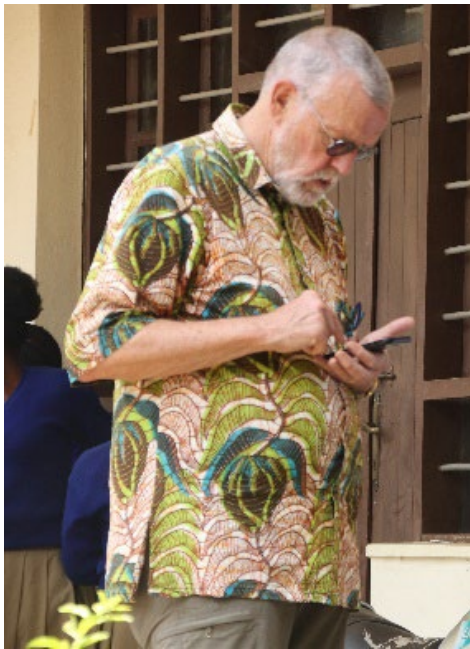


surrounding area. In addition, two of the school graduates run a building materials business with what is needed not only for the new buildings of the school, but also for construction work in the neighbouring village. Der Friseursalon für Lehrzwecke The hairdressing salon for teaching purposes as well as the learning kitchen, from which we were fed with well prepared and perfectly served food, is very modern.

John told us that he was asked to get involved in politics. He is hesitant. He is more interested in expanding the centre to include a secondary school and making the completed facility a "blueprint" for more such facilities in the country.



### Thanks to the heroes of our trip



Dr Gerhard Haag, called Dr Hagi in Tanzania by his friends and beneficiaries of his commitment, and his newly recruited successor Volkert Ebert, and Pastor Robert Pangini in Mbeya/Tanzania,







Teddy Nakanwagi with George Nkongo and all their friends from the Motherhouse in Masaka, Emmanuelle Musoki and his wife Maria Goretti from Kamukongo,



Martin & Tabea Auch, who have moved their new focus of life and work to Kampala for several years, and last but not least Francis Mutoni, who drove us so safely and



prudently over every difficult slope in Uganda. They are true heroes who have made it possible for us to travel to Tanzania and Uganda and, above all, to gather such unforgettable impressions there.

**A very heartfelt thank you!**



### **Shocked on the way back home**

Not so much to report completely, but rather to describe the dilemma we faced when we travelled back from such a trip to Germany via Doha, just before the start of the Football World Cup: When we boarded the plane at the airport in Entebbe, still full of impressions with pictures of children in need of help, we already began to sense on the plane that we would have to get used to a different world again. But the shock hit us hard when we entered the airport overflowing with luxury goods during our stopover in Doha/Qatar. If all the useless luxury goods glittering in the displays and showcases that no one needs were turned into money, one could pay the school



fees for thousands of children in Africa for many years. Back in Germany, we still see things differently since we returned from this green continent..



## Conclusion?

It is hard to come to a final conclusion of the trip. We saw another continent from the inside, intensively and impressively. Our hearts were deeply touched several times. Finding a way for the future of all the young aspiring and education-hungry people is unspeakably difficult. One comes easily to the picture of “a drop in the ocean” when thinking of help. However, to stay with the picture, we have seen so many encouraging “waterfalls” that make it worth thinking long and hard about how we can contribute. Perhaps we will have to travel there several more times to come to conclusions that are convincing for us..

