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Waffle and Dr. Val's Newsletter



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Goats in Trouble



Waffle: I was working with the welding team when one of the boys that takes care of my 28 baby tortoises came running. "The shepherd boys have stoned the bee hives. The bees have gone wild!" You know those killer bees you hear about working their way to the USA from South America, well, they have nothing on our Karamojong bees. Our bees are persistently tough and more than willing to chase you 50 meters just to emphasize their point. "Your goats are tied to the chain-link fence and they are being stung seriously". I ran to where our shepherd had tied the goats. They were screaming and some were moving wildly on the ends of their ropes, others were laying down in submission as the bees covered them. My heart aches for animals in pain and instinctively I ran to the first goat thrashing at the end of her rope. Maybe I could get her untied so she could run from the dozen bees after her. As soon as I reached her the swarm immediately went after me. Trying to pull her from the area and run from the bees going after my head and face I fell down and lost my glasses. The bees chased me the half football field distance and gave up. Still, I could hear the other goats crying. Knowing how terrible the situation was and

knowing I could not go back without protection, I ran for Val's bee suit. Mine had been worked over by rats and bees can find any hole in a suit. In the frantic chaos, the young men tried to help me to quickly don my protection. Unfortunately, they did not close the neck zipper properly. I ran out to

goats. As I ran, a sensation of dizziness and staggering became obvious to me. Rushing to the hut, brushing off the 100 bees clinging to the suit, I peel out of it and run for the Benadryl. I could feel the panic and the "fight or flight syndrome" coming on. I realized I was in serious



Waffle with his welding team, working on village church designs.

Special Praises for this Month:

1. Schools are starting again so our students can finally get back to studying! They are very excited!
2. We are getting closer to obtaining a mining license for the members in our gold mining church. (Nakabaat) Pray that the army and police will come back to protect them soon.
3. Waffle and I are having a date night every 2 weeks!!

gather up our beautiful big female, Bonnie, who was soon to deliver twins. She was covered with 50 bees and I could barely see her face for the coverage of bees. I cut the rope, scooped her up and ran. Next thing I know..., bees in my bonnet. Holding Bonnie close to my chest and running gave the bees easy access to the quarter size hole in the front of the suit at the neck. Pinching bees inside the suit to kill them as they go after my face and underarms, I ran to free more

trouble. I knew the Benadryl was not enough and began searching for the epinephrin in our hut. With no glasses and tunnel vision coming on, I couldn't find it to save my life. I reached for the phone to call someone for help, but could barely see the numbers and couldn't think of who to call. Speed dialing a couple friends, "Prayers, I need prayers, I am in real desperate trouble..." I stumbled out of the hut and dragged myself to the vehicle to try to drive to the hospital.

Online Giving: www.NewHorizonsFoundation.com/1329

Desperate Calls

Val: I got a cryptic message from one of Waffle's friends, so I called Waffle. Gasping over the phone to me, his raspy voice exclaimed, "I can't breathe, I can't breathe... The bees.... I'm having a reaction... I can't find the medicine!" I sensed his tearful desperation as his voice trembled and broke away. It was midnight and I was in Corvallis, Oregon. Waffle was next to our hut in Uganda 9,000 miles away, trying to climb into the vehicle to get to the hospital, while stumbling and gasping for breath. He put me on speaker phone so that I could hear all that was happening. "No, Waffle," I said, "go back to the hut, there's medicine there. You won't make it to the hospital, it is too far and you're going to pass out on the way. There's no cell reception there and you may get in real trouble. GO BACK TO THE

HUT AND GET THE MEDICINE!" "I can't walk...." He cried out, "I'm passing out..." Three boys were with him, so I prayed quickly then shouted to them, "Pick up Waffle and get him back to the house and let him lie on the floor or sit in a chair." Muffled sounds ensued as the boys picked him up/drug him back to the hut. "OK, Waffle, I want to hear you breathing better. Relax your shoulders and sit up better, take some deep breathes." I could sense that he was hyperventilating in response to the pain and stress. He sat back and relaxed a little. "Let me hear your breathing now." It was slower and deeper. His voice calmed a bit. "OK, boys, you need to find the small glass vials of medicine in the plastic boxes on the shelf. Epinephrine, it starts with E-p-i-n-e-." I could hear scuffling and plastic boxes dropping on the ground. They were searching and searching but couldn't find it. Waffle started gasping again in the back-

ground. "Waffle, you need to breathe more deeply, relax your shoulders again and let me hear you breathing." The boys then came on, "We found small vials of D-i-a-z-e-p-am, can we give that?" "No, no, no..., it has to be epinephrine or hydrocortisone." More rustling, more gasping, heavy praying on my side of the connection... One boy returned from a trip to town, he found hydrocortisone at a drug shop. They frantically opened the packages, but couldn't figure out how to get the diluent fluid from one vial and inject it into the other vial. Waffle tried to help them, but was on the verge of passing out. He had lost his glasses in the chaos, and his trembling hands couldn't hold the vials steady. I could hear his frustrated gasping sounds... Then, remarkably by God's grace, another voice was heard, "Hello, is there a problem here?" It was our community's Karamojong doctor at the door of our hut!

God was Faithful

Waffle: My lights were going out. While Val instructed on the phone, the doctor took the vials, reconstituted the medicines and gave it IV. As he finished, I collapsed to the floor. I can hear Val talking on speaker phone, but I'm not sure if I'm answering any more. But then, within 2 minutes, I was breathing better, and began to speak more clearly. The medicine kicked in and soon I am up and somewhat coherent. Val is still on the phone, praising God for me surviving this ordeal. I am able to get a couple of the guys to go with me and I drive myself cautiously to the hospital.



Puffy-faced Waffle a few days later.

Laying on the hospital gurney, I keep thinking about shepherds and stones. They had thrown stones at the hive and caused bee trouble. But there was another Shepherd with stones. David faced Goliath with 5 smooth stones. Did he gather 5 because he was concerned the first shot would miss? I doubt it. The answer to that comes from other places in the bible where we find out that Goliath probably had 4 brothers who were also giants. David was so confident in God delivering him that he was willing to "take 'em all on". I had gathered stones also, from my friends and family praying back in the states. I could defeat my giant also through the prayers of many. I praise God that this meant Val would come back to Uganda from the USA and still find the one who loves her, waiting at the airport with tears in his eyes because he was so, so happy she was home and we were once again together.

Christian Adventure Ministry and CLIDE Consultancy

Please Send Donations for Waffle and Val's Ministries to:

*New Horizons Foundation
5550 Tech Center Drive, Suite 303
Colorado Springs, CO 80919*

Contact Waffle and Val:

Waffle's Phone: +256 788 4444 07
Dr. Val's Phone: +256 782 65 8151
Waffle's Email: wafflecrm@aol.com
Val's Email: africavet@yahoo.com

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Prayer Points and Upcoming Events:

Tribal Warfare is still increasing, with dozens of large pieces of artillery now in the region, getting mired in the mud as they chase the warriors.

Our new pastors are considering residing in the villages of the new churches, becoming local missionaries to our new believers. Please pray for discernment and God's leading