

September 2014

A story

This month I'd like to tell you the story of one of my patients. I first met him back in 2010. He was about 11 years old, but since he was only about 45 pounds, he looked more like a 5 year old. He had started taking HIV medicines from another center about two hours away, but his CD4 lab test was so very low that I suspect he wasn't really taking them. (The first test here was so low that I thought our machine was malfunctioning.) He had lots of spots and bumps on his skin from chronic scabies. I would get very frustrated that he missed appointments, and his mother didn't seem very concerned. One reason he missed appointments was because he couldn't see well enough to read the date. In the eye clinic, he could not see the big E, but could at least see the nurse pointing to it. He got glasses, which looked a little like mine.



Later, I changed his medicines, and his CD4 started to go up. I was excited, but then he went away to live with some relatives for a few months, without his medicines. After that, his CD4 never went back up. In May 2013, around the time of his birthday, he came for an appointment, and I decided we were going to celebrate his birthday, since it might be his last. While he was waiting for his lab test, I went to my house and made brownies. When he came back from the lab, the nurses and I sang happy birthday.

When I returned from my recent visit to the US, I stopped in the market in Lebamba and his mom, was there selling vegetables. She told me that he had been sick over the summer and was waiting for me to come back. Several days later, he came to the hospital, looking terrible. With a little oxygen, and some IV fluid, he woke up and started talking. Mostly, he just kept asking for Tylenol, because he hurt all over. A few minutes later, I walked by his bed again, and was there while he died. He had been sick in the hospital in May, before I left for the US. (He was one of the boys I wrote about who asked for Matchbox cars.) While he was in the hospital, I asked to be sure that he knows Jesus, and I believe he is there with him now.

Matthew 25: 40 says, "Truly I tell you, whatever you do for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me." This boy was one of the "least of these": a sick kid, with HIV, in a remote part of Africa, whose mom who didn't come with him to free medical appointments. Through sending me, you also have a part in giving medicine, Matchbox cars, birthday brownies, glasses, and Jesus to one of the "least of these."

Thanks/Praise!

- The travel back to Gabon was fairly smooth.
- The roof is on the Sunday School building. I'm hoping we'll be having Sunday School there before Christmas.



Prayer Requests

- It's been a rough transition back to work at Bongolo. Three other children died within four days last week, and it has been generally very busy.
- When I arrived we were out of quite a few medicines and supplies. I'm thankful that we have received the HIV medicines. Pray for the arrival of some other medicines and lab supplies.
- Pray for the family of Moise Mamy and our friends at Hope Clinic in Guinea. You may have heard in the news that eight people doing Ebola teaching in Guinea were killed. One of these was Moise Mamy, a spiritual leader among his people group and administrator at Hope Clinic. Pray for end of the Ebola epidemic in West Africa and for the infected people and their families. (Ebola is not a problem here at Bongolo.)

Thank you for your prayers.
Renée

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Thank you for contributing to the CMA's **Great Commission Fund**. Your gifts to the **GCF** make it possible for the Alliance to send me to Bongolo and to show God's love around the world. Here are some ways you could designate a gift: **Support of Renée Valach**- goes to the Great Commission Fund toward allowance, etc. **Work of Renée Valach**- for special work projects related to my ministry **Bongolo Hospital HIV/AIDS Treatment**- toward HIV treatment, particularly the pediatric patients



Door of no return. On the way back to Gabon, I visited a friend in Senegal. Gorée Island in Dakar is part of the history of the African slave trade. Many slaves left through this door, never to return.