



This is a Tuesday market day in Entebbe. Market day is amazingly cool. You can purchase all sorts of things --- fruits and vegetables and shoes and used clothes and soap and plastic bowls, various and sundry items. The most impressive thing is the number of people there. It's jam packed all day --and night-- long. Plus, it's a bargain hunter's dream. I bought shirts for 1,000 shillings (50 cents) each.

Also Tuesday market... these are taxi minivan deals ("matatu"s)--- only on Tuesdays can you find this sort of traffic... usually there's a little traffic on this road, but mainly pedestrians.



Here's my church. I love my Entebbe church. Notice the openness to the building (wide open there between the wall and the roof and no doors or windows). It's in the process, like many buildings in Entebbe, of being built. It gets work done whenever enough money comes to do something*.

I'm on "holiday" in Kenya feeding giraffes. They only let you feed girl giraffes because apparently boy giraffes are mean.

*Optional Extended Narration --- for the full effect --- because you know, if I were there while you were looking at pictures, I'd be talking way more than two sentences per picture... My first Sunday, I thought the church was using an old abandoned building. It looked to me like the walls were a little crumbly, but really it's because construction workers make their own bricks and so the bricks aren't square. In one sermon about the New Testament church, my pastor said that there was a construction team who came to Uganda from Canada. The Canadians were having trouble working with Ugandan bricks. For visual aid in the sermon, my pastor was showing us a "Ugandan" brick and explaining to us that Canadian bricks are all the same size and have smooth sides and Ugandan bricks are odd shaped and lumpy. He told us "Ugandans, when we build a building, we look for a brick that fits in the hole. The bricks aren't all the same, so you have to plan and fit them together. And if a brick doesn't quite fit, then it needs to have maybe some of its lumpy edges broken off. And that's how God builds His church. We're all bricks and we're, none of us, smooth bricks. We have stuff sticking out the sides and we're warped funny and God sometimes has to break off parts to get us in the hole He has for us." And, he said, we the church, we're live bricks and live bricks feel like we're allowed to move out of our place if we decide our needs aren't being met anymore. He pointed out that it's a little rough on the building if bricks are popping out of the place whenever they feel like. My pastor is great. I didn't always understand his accent so sometimes I missed stuff. Also, occasionally he would say something in Lugandan (language spoken by majority of people in Entebbe). Sometimes even when he was speaking English, I wouldn't understand and so I'd assume he'd just said something in Lugandan. Sadly, I'm not able to identify English, the one and only language I'm actually able to speak.



What now? People keep asking as if I'm about to jet off somewhere as soon as they turn their backs on me. I've returned to work in email administration. Lots of missionaries and partners rely on Wycliffe's email system today. My job: plan for growth. At the current rate of translation, the 380 million people without a Bible in their language are waiting another 100 years --- too long. We have this vision: a translation underway in every language that needs one by the year 2025. I'm working on infrastructure to support *more* translators, working in creative, new ways.

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