

JULY — SEPTEMBER 2007



# RAFIKI

A PUBLICATION OF THE JESUIT NOVITIATE OF THE EASTERN AFRICA PROVINCE



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★ IN AFRICA ★

## INSIDE

New novices

Novitiate Apostolates and  
Prayer life

Tribute to Fr. Ed Brady

*ETHIOPIA ♦ KENYA ♦ SUDAN ♦ TANZANIA ♦ UGANDA*



# EDITOR'S DESK

July – September 2007



## Change of Guard

July is perhaps the novitiate's busiest month: the secundi (second-years) take vows and leave, candidates join up, the primi (first-years) become secundi and the candidates become primi. The past few seasons have also been blessed with ordinations. This time novices attended the ordination of Gilbert Mardai, SJ (a past staff member of *Rafiki*, we are pleased to note) and the festivities that followed. July celebrations end with St. Ignatius Day on the 31<sup>st</sup>. It was then that we discovered just how gifted the primi are.

The novitiate quietened down afterwards but remains a delightful place: the primi are, we are happy to report, an intact 15. The second years, for their part, went on experiment, leaving the primi to fend for themselves. The primi have done admirably well - hosting two seminars and Uganda's Independence Day celebrations.

So it should come as no surprise that the first-years are now edging out the old-guard. I am pleased to introduce two new members of the *Rafiki* team: Michael Ochien'g Otieno (Editor) and Robert Ssekyanzi (Associate Editor). Welcome and very best wishes.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mboya, Aldo and Natnael who played a huge role in getting *Rafiki* back on its feet.

We are especially grateful to our formators, fellow novices and you, our readers, for the encouragement, support and contributions in the past year.

Paul Kalenzi  
Editor



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## NOVICE MASTER'S COMMENT



## Tim Ci Rot Jot (The Resurrected Tree)

I have just returned from visiting the Jesuits working in Rumbek and Wau, South Sudan. Just outside the town of Rumbek, five miles along the road to Wau there is a famous Mahogany tree.

The story of this tree is that the tree once fell across the road blocking the passage. It was said some Arab soldiers and traders who were passing by cut off the branches to make way for their vehicles. On their return, they found the tree standing and the chopped off branches reattached. Up to date the tree is revered and the Dinka called it *Tim Ci Rot Jot* The resurrected Tree. The elders go there to offer sacrifices of cows and pray that the power that preserved the tree and made it indestructible may also save and preserve them from all dangers and destruction.

The people of Rumbek who suffered severely from the war in the Sudan are now trying to rebuild their lives. Along with them, are some brave Jesuits living and working tirelessly. I was impressed especially by the young regents' zeal and their enthusiasm despite many challenges and sometimes lack of proper knowledge of the Dinka culture and language. As an African proverb says, a river that runs deep has a deep source; I could only trace this source of their zeal and enthusiasm back to the fire that led them to the Society of Jesus. The fire that was set free through the exercises of St. Ignatius.

As our First Year novices begin the exercises and make the thirty days retreat, we pray that the fire in their heart may be rekindled and make them ready for future engagement and Jesuit life.

I once again thank the team of novices that have prepared this issue of *Rafiki* for their commitment and enthusiasm.

Fr. Isaac Kiyaka, SJ

### Editors

Paul Kalenzi

Michael Ochien'g Otieno (in-coming)

### Associate Editors

Joseph Thomas Mboya

Robert Ssekyanzi (in-coming)

### Front cover:

Aerial view of the novitiate from the Recreation Building



# NOVITIATE DIARY

By P. Kalenzi &  
M. Ochien'g

**10<sup>th</sup> July:** The novitiate receives 15 new vocations. The second years mark their first anniversary of joining religious life in the Jesuits.



**12<sup>th</sup> July:** Deacon Gilbert Mardai SJ (above, with parents) is ordained priest by Archbishop Josephat Lebulu, in Arusha.  
**18<sup>th</sup> July:** Novices and formators start a week of self-introduction.  
**26<sup>th</sup> July:** Novices begin the postulancy triduum (three-day retreat).

**31<sup>st</sup> July:** The novitiate celebrates the Feast of St. Ignatius with friends (novices, right, in a play on St. Ignatius).

**3<sup>rd</sup> August:** Scholastic George Collins (below) from New England Province (USA) leaves after a six-week visit.



George Collins, SJ



**29<sup>th</sup> August:** Secundi trounce the primi 4-2 in their first football match.

**31<sup>st</sup> August:** Fr. Hans Putman from Sudan visits the novitiate. The secundi are missioned out on their second experiments.

**10<sup>th</sup>- 14<sup>th</sup> September:** Primi attend *Awareness* seminar with Trevor D' Souza, SJ. MSOLA novices in attendance.

**28<sup>th</sup> September:** Picnic day for primi in Moshi.

## Great Expectations

By Oscar Momanyi

The novel, *Great Expectations*, by Charles Dickens, relates the life of a fictional character Philip Pirrip, nicknamed Pip. His great expectations, as a young lad, were that he would inherit money, and be successful in life, but he did not know what the source of the money would be.

One afternoon, when I was relaxing in my friend's home, I received an unexpected phone call from Fr Terry Charlton, SJ (the Province Vocations Co-ordinator). He informed me that I had been accepted into the Society of Jesus, and that I should be joining the novitiate in July. I could hardly believe! Just like Pip in *Great Expectations*, I started imagining what was to come in the days ahead. I too had great expectations of the kind of life I was going to live in the novitiate.

We received a warm welcome in the novitiate from the Formators and the *secundi* (second-years). We were told that we had come home and this was evident within a few hours of our arrival. Indeed, the novitiate is a place of love.

The first days were for settling down, each of us was assigned to a *secundi* to introduce us to the life in the novitiate and methods of prayer. We were like small brothers being directed by our elder brothers. It was nice to hear one of my friends say that he did not know what would happen when he would be left to pray on his own; but he has since moved on alone!

I had thought that I would be a novice by being accepted to join the novitiate. To my surprise, I was told on arrival, that I would be a postulant for two weeks. After the two weeks had elapsed, I graduated to a *primi* (first-year novice) in a simple ceremony where we were handed a copy of the *Constitutions* and a small cross.

Then, came the feast of St Ignatius. Different talents were displayed to the amazement of many in attendance. We had a

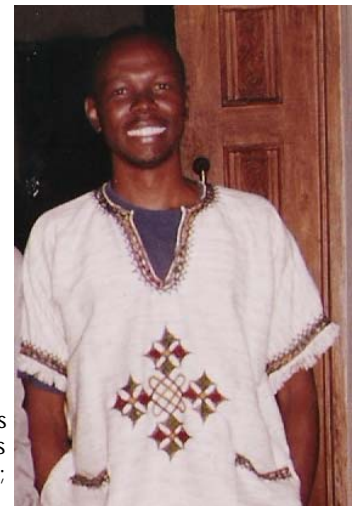
play on the conversion of St Ignatius, an Ethiopian dance, poems and songs.

I was expecting to face a few challenges, which is realistic in any community. It is really not that easy to live in a community, and because of our diversity, we tend to see things differently.

Occasionally, people from different walks of life paid a courtesy call to the novitiate; most of them were very inspiring and encouraging. The few meetings we have had with Jesuits from different parts of the world have been the high points of my stay in the novitiate. This has not only broadened my perspective; it has enabled me to know more about other people and cultures.

Some other experiences that have had a great impact on me are: periods of silence, humble tasks, and Examination of Conscience - which helps me recognize God's presence in my life and to have a sense of coherence of what's happening around me.

I still have great expectations of my future in the novitiate. Just like Pip, in *Great Expectations*, I hope to be successful in life and in my quest of becoming a good Jesuit and a follower of St Ignatius. Julian of Norwich said: "All will be well, all will be well and all manner of things will be well." This is my wish. May the good Lord grant our hearts desires.



Oscar, at La Storta, the Novitiate Chapel

## Friday Apostolates: Uhai Centre

Friday is 'external apostolates' day. Novices go out into Arusha town to meet Christ in the sick, the poor and the illiterate. **Aldo Kilas** shares his experiences.

**U**hai Centre, was established by the Archdiocese of Arusha, and was entrusted to the Sisters of Our Lady of Mount Kilimanjaro. It is the place where I do my Friday apostolate. The Centre cares for People Living With HIV and AIDS (PLWA), and children orphaned to HIV and AIDS - providing them with food and medication. The Centre also provides counseling services to the neighbourhood. I feel more united with them in Christ, and experience God's love through them. It is very challenging to be a PLWA. Many of them are in a state of denial; they are not ready to accept their situation, and sometimes become intolerant.

One day, on my arrival at the Centre, I was called to a counseling room. There was the counselor, Chairperson of a local group of PLWA, and a pregnant woman holding a one-year-old baby.



Photo by Michael Swan, courtesy of Linked for Life-AJAN

"She sought the assistance of an untrained nurse to help her procure an abortion which failed," The counselor said, "she is also HIV positive, and illiterate."

"Why do you want to procure an abortion?" I asked sympathetically.

"I have become a laughing stalk in the village because of my second pregnancy." She replied.

I tried to advise her on the dangers of abortion and carrying on with an active sex life. She promised not to procure an abortion, but only if the Centre agrees to take care of her one-year-old baby. The woman's only income is from begging in the street with her child. The Sisters yielded to her request and promised to take care of the baby for three years and to provide her with food until the unborn baby was two years.

Looking at this poor woman's situation, I think people should be educated to obtain three important needs: food, medication, and prayer. One should begin with prayer. Prayer helps us to be aware of God's plan and his love for us. Faith in God leads us to pray. Having little faith like a mustard seed is not difficult; what is difficult is where and how to place this seed to germinate. Working at Uhai Center, has enabled my faith germinate and be rooted in service for the poor.

## Prayer Life in the Novitiate

By **Robert Kizito Ssekyanzi**

**M**y mother first introduced me to prayer when I was still a child. The first prayer I learnt was the grace before meals. This is not because it was the only prayer I was being taught but that I could only eat food after reciting it correctly to my mother. So, I endeavored to learn it by heart.

At that time, I didn't realize the wisdom in the whole act of prayer. Now that I am mature, I appreciate the effort of my mother in disposing me to prayer. This is because if it were not for prayer, I would not have cultivated the relationship I have with God, and thus respond to his call in the Society of Jesus.

Before Joining the Novitiate, I was continually told by my Vocations Director that the Novitiate is a School of prayer. I didn't comprehend it at the time but now from experience, I can testify that it is indeed a School of Prayer.

According to me, prayer can be

defined as being in communion with God. There are about four aspects concerning prayer that have struck me during my short stay in the Novitiate: Silence, the 'Jesuit Hour,' Examination of Conscience, and the Holy Eucharist.

Silence, in particular, has attracted me. Life in the Novitiate is punctuated by Silence. Silence has enabled me get in touch with my inner self thus increasing my awareness about emotions and feelings inside me that I was not aware of before. It has improved my relationship with Jesus because I am now able to communicate with him more intimately about my life. I am also able to get the sense that he actually listens to me and that he loves me.

However, there are moments when my bodily desires tend to over power me and thus the struggle of communicating with Jesus begins. Even though such scenarios exist, silence has proven to be one of the sure ways of finding and communicating with Jesus.

In the Novitiate, we are also encouraged to spend one hour in prayer with Jesus. It is popularly known as the 'Jesuit Hour.' For me, this is an opportunity to be taught the lesson of life by Jesus himself. It is a special time when we meet and talk about different



Inside the Novitiate chapel

topics. On many occasions, I have felt Joy; while on other occasions, he seemed to turn his back on me. I normally do the conversation with my Lord Jesus in the morning. I therefore feel blessed to begin my day with a chat with Jesus.

Continued on page 5

# Interview: A Missionary Catechist



**Emmanuel Mutambo Nyongesa, 27**, was born in Trans-Nzoia, Kenya. He went to Saboti Secondary School, Trans-Nzoia. He has a certificate in pastoral and catechetical studies from Mitume Centre, Kitale. Emmanuel worked as a Pastoral Care giver in Korogocho slum and taught at St. Martin de Porres Street Children Centre in Nairobi, and worked as a catechist in Chepnyal Parish in West Pokot. His hobbies include playing football, bike riding, listening to radio, reading spiritual books and catechizing.

**Rafiki:** In your self - introduction, you mentioned that you trained as a Catechist. What prompted you to be a catechist?

**Emmanuel:** I wanted to deepen my faith in God and to be proficient in Church history and the Catholic faith.

**Rafiki:** What inspired you to work in West Pokot?

**Emmanuel:** After working for some time in Korogocho slum in Nairobi, I wanted to put into practice the Catechetical skills I had acquired. The director of the Pastoral Centre where I trained got me a job in a parish in West Pokot.

**Rafiki:** What was your job description?

**Emmanuel:** As a Catechist, I was leading service on Sundays; teaching catechism on Saturdays; and on weekdays, helped Christians start Small Christian Communities by teaching them its relevance in our Catholic faith.

**Rafiki:** It must have been challenging ...

**Emmanuel:** There were a myriad of challenges: Inaccessible roads that made me walk long distances to outstations; the language barrier; and preaching in favour of girl child education to demystify the culture of early marriage. I remember one instance when I organized a demonstration against the marriage of a twelve-year old girl to a forty-five year old man in the village. The villagers threatened to attack me if I didn't stop the protest. Eventually, they attacked the headmaster of the girl's school and forced him to transfer.

**Rafiki:** West Pokot is characterized by ongoing clashes between two tribes. What role

did you play to reconcile the conflicting tribes?

**Emmanuel:** There is a history of enmity between the tribes. One tribe often engages in cattle-rustling and thus fosters a climate of violence. I encouraged them to seek other means of survival such as farming and gold mining; and to respect the sanctity of the human person.

**Rafiki:** What prompted you to become a Jesuit?

**Emmanuel:** To be candid with you, this is a stirring question. My desire to be a Jesuit could be traced back two years ago after doing my 3 - day retreat with Fr Terry Charlton, S.J (now the Province vocations coordinator). The theme of the retreat "Inner healing", helped transform my life. I also wanted to participate in transforming people's lives, and becoming a Jesuit is the avenue by which I can achieve this goal.

**Rafiki:** How do you find humble tasks in the Novitiate?

**Emmanuel:** I wouldn't call them humble as such. These tasks help us to be contemplatives in action. Taking care of flowers helps me to appreciate God's creation. Performing such tasks will enable me in the future to serve people with diligence.

**Rafiki:** What would you like to do as Jesuit?

**Emmanuel:** The apostolate that I was involved in for the last two years is focused on serving the suffering; the poorest of the poor. It would be fitting if I spend my life as a Jesuit with refugees and People Living With HIV and AIDS (PLWA).

## Prayer Life in the Novitiate

**Continued from Page 4**

Like other human beings, Novices are not perfect. Therefore, the examination of conscience is very important. From my point of view, it is one of the difficult aspects of prayer because I dread to know that I have offended my Lord Jesus. During the examen, much as one comes to appreciate the gifts and help offered to him by God, one also comes in touch with the reality that he offended God in various ways. It is part of human nature that we do not want our dirt to come out in the open, more so before our Lord. However, examining my conscience has not only enabled me become a better Christian, but also become more conscious about God's presence in Life.

The Holy Eucharist is at the peak of my prayer experience in the Novitiate. It is the centre and source of my strength. It is from the Holy Eucharist that I get the strength to move on in my vocation journey.

In conclusion, my prayer life experience in the Novitiate has been punctuated by ups and downs. There have been moments when communicating with God has been good and satisfying. There have also been moments when communicating with God has been a struggle. The Good News is that when one persists and follows the spiritual direction given to him, he re-discovers Joy and Peace in Our Lord Jesus.

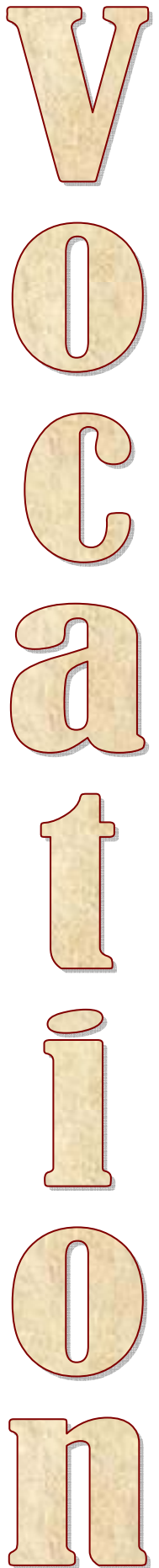
### *The Sanctuary*

*By Paul Kalenzi*

*When you laughed so hard, my dear  
Till tears streamed from your eyes  
Was your mind not racked with fear  
Your heart not filled with sighs?*

*As you lay sobbing in your pillow  
Silently crying, "Why me?"  
Was joy not bubbling down below  
Hope not promising, "Wait and see?"*

*And now you go through the motions  
Of life, tedious as eternal hell  
Did you ever entertain wild notions  
That inside you, there is a deep well?*



# V O C A T I O N

# Parliament



**Alfred Saba, 37**, was born in Kilimanjaro, Tanzania. He attended St. James Seminar ('O' Levels), Moshi and Mkwawa High School ('A' Levels), Iringa. He holds Bachelor's degrees in Philosophy and Theology from Urbana University (Rome). Alfred taught at St. Anthony's Secondary School, Dar-es-Salaam and facilitated seminars on how to identify and help children in vulnerable situations in Dar-es-salaam. He likes football and table tennis; enjoys making friends, gardening, driving, and photography.



**Bul Daniel Ukongo, 25**, was born in Lafon, Southern Sudan. He went to St. Mary Seminary Kocoo in Northern Uganda. Bul studied Business & Office Administration from Dawn to Dust College, Eldoret and Hard & Software engineering from the Institute of Software technology in Nairobi. He taught computer packages at St. Aloysius Gonzaga High School, Nairobi. Bul likes reading, playing football, and listening to Music.



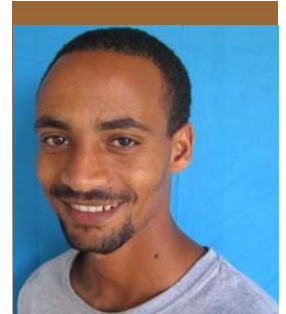
**Galia Cedric, 21**, was born in Kakamega, Kenya. He attended St. Peters Minor Seminary, Kakamega. After school, Cedric taught at Chamakanga Girls High, Kakamega. He worked as an office assistant to Fr Terry Charlton SJ, the Province Vocation Coordinator. He enjoys Basketball, hockey, reading novels, writing, and public speaking.



**Christopher Ndalichako, 29**. Born in Kigoma, Tanzania. He attended Shinyanga Commercial Institute. He holds a Bachelor's degree in Commerce (Accounting) from the University of Dar-es-salaam. Christopher taught at Biafra High School in Dar. His interests include reading spiritual books, listening to Music and Athletics.



**Josephat Palister Mukaka, 24**, was born in Nairobi, Kenya. He attended Dagoretti High School, Nairobi. He holds a Certificate in Information Technology from Kenya School of Professional Studies, Nairobi. Josephat taught Mathematics at Embakasi Girls Secondary School in Nairobi and was a volunteer work at Nyumba ya Wazee for old men and women in Nairobi. He enjoys watching and playing football, reading, listening to Music, socializing, cycling and tennis. He is a die-hard Man U fan.



**Derebew Ashebir Azage, 26**, was born in Decha, Ethiopia. He went to Bonga Senior Secondary School. He has a Bachelor's Degree in Philosophy from Addis Ababa University. Derebew taught philosophy at the Capuchin Franciscan Institute of Philosophy and Theology, Addis Ababa. His hobbies include jogging and reading philosophy and politics.



**Jean Baptiste Musiitwa, 30**, was born in Jjongoza, Uganda. He went to St. Kizito Secondary School, Kampala. Jean Baptiste has a Diploma in Secondary Education from Kyambogo University and a Bachelor's degree in Social Sciences from Makerere University. After studies, he taught at St Kizito Secondary School. He is interested in reading, debating, cooking and teaching.

# profiles

# V O C A T I O N



**Michael Ochien'g Otieno, 27,** was born in Siaya, western Kenya. He went to Hono Secondary School. He studied education at Kenyatta University, specializing in Botany and Zoology. Michael taught at Ofafa Jericho High School and worked in Korogocho slum in Nairobi. He also worked as an intern for the African Jesuit AIDS Network (AJAN) in Nairobi. He enjoys reading, writing, and playing football and basketball.



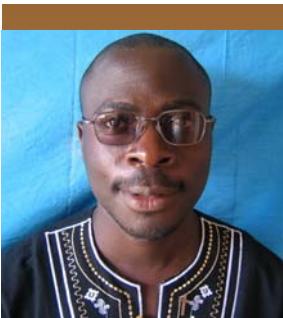
**Nathaniel Oketch Lubanga, 22,** was born in Kakamega, Kenya. He attended St. Peter's Minor Seminary, Kakamega. He has been active in Christian movements such as the Legion of Mary and Young Christian Students (Y.C.S). Nathaniel taught at Emunoku primary school in Kakamega. He also did volunteer work with former street children in Korogocho slum, and worked for Mukuru Slum Development Project. He enjoys listening to Music, traveling, painting, playing football and writing among other hobbies.



**Oscar Momanyi Aming'a, 24,** was born in Kitale, Kenya. He attended St. Joseph's Boys High School. He holds a Bachelor's degree in Science (Chemistry) from Moi University. Oscar worked in Mukuru slum, Nairobi. He was also involved in the Christian Life Communities in Nairobi. He is interested in reading history and novels, watching movies, Athletics, and traveling.



**Michael Mulate, 21,** was born in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia. He attended Don Bosco Catholic Church Seminary and Ledate Catholic Cathedral School in Addis Ababa. Michael studied Chemical Engineering for one and a half years at Bahir-dar University and took computer programming courses at Helicoe School of Computer Science and Technology. Listening to Music, doing vocal performances, making friends, traveling and reading are among his hobbies.



**Robert Kizito Ssekyanzi, 27,** was Born in Kampala, Uganda. He went to St. Charles Lwanga Secondary School in Masaka ('O' Level) and Namilyango College in Mukono ('A' Level). He holds a degree in Development Studies from Makerere University and a Masters degree in Development Studies from Uganda Martyrs University. He worked with People with Mental Illness in Kampala. He likes reading, playing music, traveling and making friends.



**Patrick M. Ng'anga, 27,** was born in Kiambu, Kenya. He attended St. Charles Lwanga Secondary School, Kakamega. Patrick has a diploma in Information Technology from Viteec Institute, Kikuyu. He worked as a computer tutor for four years at Shalom Computer College, Webuye. He is interested in reading, watching movies and jogging.



**Shem S. Oduwoh, 32,** was born in Kisumu, Kenya. He went to St. Gabriel Minor Seminary, Kisumu. He has a diploma in Electrical Power Engineering from Railway Training Institute, Nairobi. Shem taught at Bahati Secondary School and St. Agnes High School in Nairobi. He also worked as a maintenance technician. He enjoys football, boxing, reading, and traveling.

## Short Story: All Alone

By Joseph Thomas Mboya

*Based on the true story of a woman I met while working at the psychiatric ward of a hospital.*

It is early morning when daylight would make everything bright, but it is as dark as the first few seconds of daybreak. The clouds hung so thickly above with no signs that they intend to reveal the sun hiding behind them. The rain, a rare occurrence, is pounding on the ground mercilessly. Even the birds are locked up in buildings or tree branches, but that does not deter them from singing sweetly. The tree branches jostle and dance about, seeming to enjoy the pounding rain.

This makes the best time of my day. My daughter lies peacefully asleep. Very soon, the doors will begin to bang, noises will be heard all over the ward as families of the patients stream into the ward in droves. I am not expecting any visitor today. As a matter of fact, I have never had any. I am all alone in this world. I am not mentally challenged, well, maybe just a little bit. I have epilepsy, you see. The only home I have now is the psychiatric ward; not the best place to be in, especially to bring up a little girl. At least I can get some

food and a bed, compared to the many cold nights I spent on the streets.

This is my story. It all began many years back when my mother was found dumped in a garbage dump just after she was born. Some tender hearted nuns took her and raised her in a convent where she grew up and assisted them with domestic works. When the self-discovery age of puberty set in, she would run away to explore the world, sometimes for weeks. She became pregnant and gave birth to me, her only child. The nuns took care of both of us. My darkest days began when my mother left this world leaving me with no identity. I too, on maturing, run off with a man I had met.

He and I were poor and could barely feed ourselves. For a brief moment, life seemed good. I was just 16 years old when I gave birth to my first born, but he too was snatched from this life as a result of hunger and malnutrition. Little did I know that my partner would also follow shortly after. He had never mentioned his family or where he came from and was buried by his friends. This is when I began wandering around until I got job as a house servant. My joy was short-lived when I was fired after having a seizure caused by my epileptic condition. By this time I was carry-

ing in my womb the second child of my late husband. I continued to wander the streets begging for food even after giving birth to my daughter. I had another epileptic attack and found myself in a hospital's psychiatric ward.

I like it here. The people are interesting and have intriguing stories. They always make me laugh and fill my life with humour. My little girl is all I have with me, but the nurses tell me that it's not the best place for her to grow up. Like a replay of my life and in a funny twist of fate, some nuns have offered to take her into one of their orphanages and educate her. The tough bit about all this is that I have to give her up in order to secure her future. They tell me that I can always go to visit her. The wards are full and I have to be discharged since I am perfectly 'okay'.

So it's back to the streets, without my daughter. I have the satisfaction of knowing that perhaps she will have an education and eventually a good life - better than the one I have. As for me, I will continue to roam the streets begging; for I am all alone, no one to guide me, no one to cry on, and no one to call my own.

## Opinion: AIDS Stigmatization still rampant

By Michael Ochien'g Otieno

When AIDS comes to Church, it affects the entire body or community of faith, its self-understanding and its mission. The disease and its associated conditions constitute a formidable challenge to which neither the Church nor any other social organization can respond effectively while acting alone.

One of the challenges affecting the entire body of faith is stigma and discrimination. Stigmatizing, acts like a virus of mind and soul attacking the fabrics of the society. Stigmatization of a person living with HIV or AIDS (PLWA) means that they are discredited, branded as unworthy, reduced in value, or assume lesser worth in our eyes, and often also in their own eyes.

Stigma and discrimination manifest themselves in many settings: in homes, community and in educational settings.

It was while I was doing my apostolate in Korogocho slum, in Nairobi that I ended up, quite by chance, witnessing stigma and discrimination that was deeply rooted among its residents. I saw PLWA totally humiliated and abandoned in their humiliation. They were being taken to Kenyatta National Hospital by their relatives and abandoned there to die.

This contributed to the continuation and proliferation of the disease by creating a culture of silence and denial where it is difficult to take the action necessary to fight HIV effectively.

Every evening, I accompanied a Comboni priest to say Mass in the houses of PLWA.

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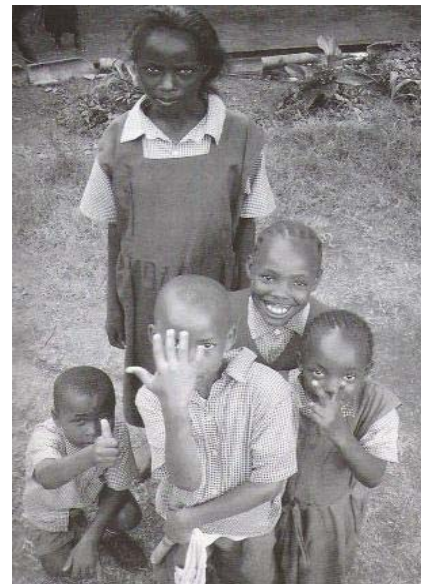
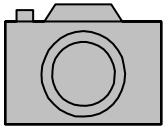
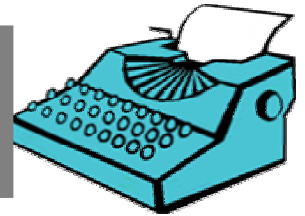


Photo by Mbugua William SJ, courtesy of Linked For Life-AJAN





## FROM THE ARCHIVES

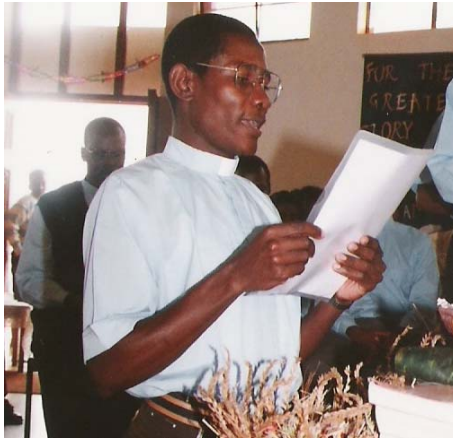


### The Pride of Boredom

As the primi go for their long retreat and secundi anticipate an eight-month stay in the novitiate, Rafiki recalls this past article on the dangers of boredom.

One day when I was doing the Spiritual Exercises in the Long Retreat, I experienced a slight boredom. I let my mind wander, looking for something to meditate upon. It did not take long before I found myself meditating about boredom itself. It then appeared to me as a disguised form of pride.

Pride, according to C.S. Lewis, is competitive in nature, and as we all know, competition seeks expression outside the self. What follows then, when one finds nothing else to compete with or against, thinking that one has defeated all? Of course, self-praise will intervene and this is just a step before pride matures. To admit being bored is like



**Festo, taking his first vows at La Storta Chapel in 1996**

standing boldly before God and saying, "You have created so few things and have granted me such a long time that I have done all, have looked at all, have meditated about all and have praised you for all; nothing else to keep me busy!" In such a situation life is duly boring.

Nobody goes around looking

for boredom just as nobody looks for pride. They welcome themselves slowly, first into a particular situation or activity, then into a number of them and later into the whole life of the person. Lewis called pride, "spiritual cancer that eats up the very possibility of love or contentment or even common sense".

Boredom is a temptation against which we must pray. It is a desolation - the reason for which St. Ignatius dedicated the fourteen "Rules for the discernment of Spirits" (Sp Ex 113 -327). He suggested to us a reflection on how God dwells in His creatures (Sp Ex 235) and probably this could keep us away from boredom. When the pride of boredom knocks at your door, try to ask yourself, "How often have I admired my small toe and how often have I praised God for it?"

**Festo Mkenda nSJ  
RAFIKI, April 1995**

*(Fr. Festo is currently pursuing a Ph.D. in African History at Oxford University)*

### AIDS Stigmatization

Continued from Page 8

Once we visited a woman who was living with AIDS. To escape from our gaze of shock mingled with compassion, she could do nothing but pretend to be asleep. We tried to share with her before starting Mass, and eventually, her shyness, fear and anxiety dissipated. "When I was healthy, I had many friends but now that I have fallen ill, everyone has abandoned me, even my own family," she said with tears in her eyes. Her husband had died three years ago, and left her with four children to look after. The mistreatment she got from her brothers-in-law forced her to flee from her home and seek refuge in Korogocho slum. After this shocking story, I realized that PLWA need a sense of belonging.

We should welcome PLWA with love and compassion, affirming their full and equal dignity as esteemed members of the community of faith.

The Gospel shows how Christ broke

social barrier in order to approach the outcast. The healing of Jesus involves both physical cure and compassionate touch. A man suffering from leprosy came to Jesus, knelt down, and begged him for help: "Lord if you wish, you can make me clean." He stretched out his hand, touched him, and said, "I will do it. Be made clean." (Mathew 8:2). Jesus entrusted his healing mission to his disciples. We are also invited to emulate Jesus Christ by identification with PLWA and by active engagement in ministry to them, to know the true God within them so that they, too, may come to know the true God.

We can be sure of meeting Jesus, our Lord as we walk with the infected and the affected, as He brings peace and healing. Our Lord challenges us to proclaim his saving truth which, though not always comfortable to hear, is always the promise of a new start, the occasion of forgiveness and hope. These are spiritual gifts we badly need.

#### The 'Whose' Legacy

By Shem. S. Oduwoh

Had Ignatius wilfully snubbed  
The resounding inner vision  
Of the Lord in self-surrender,  
You renowned holy ideologues  
Whose spirituality would you savour?

In vain follies, wallowed his early life,  
From the armour of insignia  
To the armour of God.  
Had the pilgrim failed to rise to the occasion,  
To condescend to the point of indifference,  
You esteemed retreat masters and spiritual  
Gurus whose death knell would you toll?

Spiritual exercises the dragnet he unleashed  
To woo his potential henchmen.  
These are the holy men whose audacity  
Has weathered the rigours of the 30-day retreat.  
Had the pilgrim succumbed to tribulations,  
You who call yourselves 'SJs' whose heels would  
you tread?

"Set the world on fire!"  
Sounds romantic and aromatic  
But, "For the greater glory of God"  
I'm confused!  
What a paradox!



**QUIZ: Test your knowledge of the EAP**

1. Who was the second provincial of EAP?
2. The director of Hakimani Social Justice apostolate is .....
3. The network set up by the Jesuit Major Superiors of Africa and Madagascar (JESAM) to respond to HIV/AIDS is .....
4. Who was the first regional superior of Jesuits in Eastern Africa?
5. When did the Eastern Africa region become a province?
6. The two delegates of the EAP to GC 35 are..... and .....

**JOKE:**

A priest is walking down the street one day when he notices a little boy trying to press the doorbell on a house. However, the boy is too small and he can't reach the bell.

After watching the boy's sorry efforts for some time, the priest walks behind the boy, and placing a hand kindly on the child's shoulder, gives the doorbell a solid ring.

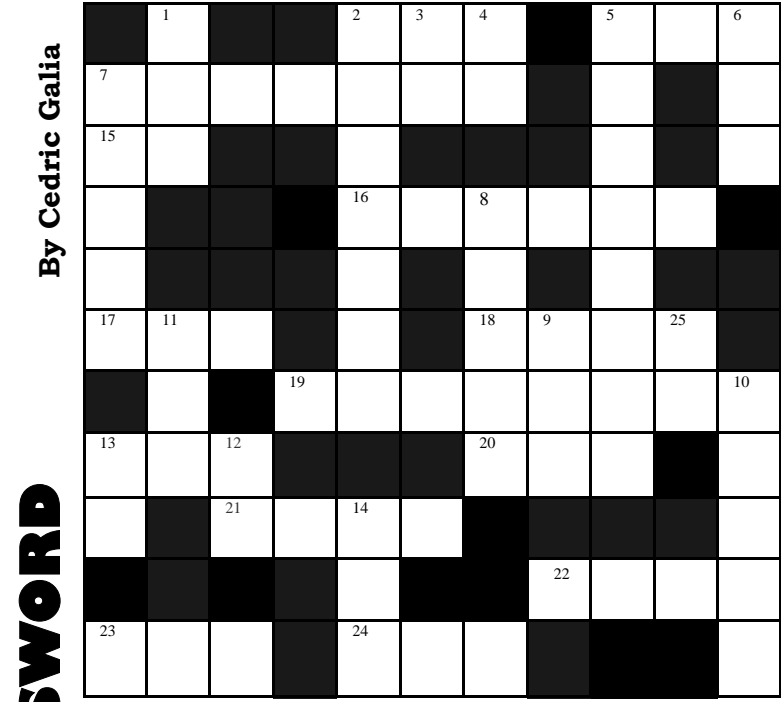
Crouching down to the child's level, the priest smiles benevolently and asks, "And now what, my little man?"

To which the urchin replies, "Now we run like hell!"

**Answers to Quiz**

1. Paul Besanceney
2. Elias Omondi
3. African Jesuit AIDS Network (AJAN)
4. Polycarp Toppo
5. 1983
6. Isaac Kiyaka, SJ and Valerian Shirima

By Robert K. Ssekyanzi



**ACROSS**

2. Used to mean also [3]
5. Masculine plural [3]
7. To differentiate spirits [7]
13. Austrian bird runs but can't fly [3]
15. Order of merit [2]
16. Indulgence perpetuator [6]
17. To fault [3]
18. Large quantity of paper [4]
19. Chosen by God [8]
20. Ingested [3]
21. Ark maker [4]
22. Shiny head [4]
23. Small hill [3]
24. Out knowledge range [3]

**DOWN**

1. Abbrv democracy [3]
2. One in formation [7]
3. Conjunction [2]
4. Preposition [2]
5. Mind exercise and prayer for religious [8]
6. Jesuit novice [3]
7. Special member of S.J [5]
8. Religious head quarters [5]
9. Medical abbrv [3]
10. Trick situation [5]
11. Read only memory [3]
12. World organization [2]
14. Made by Noah [3]
25. 1<sup>st</sup> person [2]

**ANSWERS TO LAST ISSUE**

**ACROSS:** 1. TEMPERANCE 12. IMMACULATE 13. LIE 14. HOMICIDE  
15. HON 16. REQUIEM 17. UN 18. INGRAINED 19. AEON  
20. MAELSTROM 21. NULL

**DOWN:** 1. TEILHARDISM 2. MUM 3. ENCYCLICALS 4. ELEPHANT  
5. SEMINARIAN 6. ABET 7. GLEN 8. RU 9. DAMN 10. OWL  
11. AIL



## HUMOUR

By Raymond Perrier

If I wanted one word to capture my assessment of being at Rhino Camp it is this one: 'goodenough'. I offer it as one word since that is the way it is pronounced, and presumably written, in East African English. It is used a lot but it means more than just 'adequate'; rather it is closer to the British English 'at least'. For example: "UN have reduced the food delivery to refugees. Goodenough the rains have been good and crops are growing." So, I try to salve my conscience thus: "There is so much more I wish I had done here. Goodenough there are some things I have managed to do."

I have incorporated other choicer idiosyncrasies of vocabulary. After all, if you can have a rumour-monger why can you not say: "this rumour has not been mongered to me"? It seems too prosaic to refer simply to 'the time of Vitus' when instead you could say 'during the regime of Vitus' or even better 'during the regime of those of Vitus'. And why not start every statement with the all purpose disclaimer: 'taking it generally'?

One of the peculiarities of this English is that there is too much stress, nothing is ever 'each', it is 'each and

## East African English: 'GOODENOUGH'?



Raymond vaccinating at Rhino Camp

every'; no one ever 'tries hard', they always 'try their level best'.

When I first came here I was surprised by the tendency to use the word 'what!' all the time rather as if I had stumbled into a Restoration comedy.

This turned out to be another way of emphasising a point: start an ordinary sentence, stop halfway through, throw in a rhetorical question, pause, and then continue. For example, "Fr. Fred is coming to carry out the, what!..., baptisms". While this might be a good oratorical device if used occasionally, it loses its power to impress (while retaining its power to irritate) if used all the time. The wrong kind of stress is achieved by a sentence such as: "Let's meet at the, what!...,

car after I have finished buying the, what!..., mangoes in the, what! What!...market."

Of course, it is too easy for me to poke fun at 'non-standard English' as though 'standard' English actually existed. I have to keep reminding myself that the Sudanese people here who speak English at all, speak it as their 3rd or 4th language. They have certainly done better in learning my language than I have in learning theirs.

There is an old man I know who has amazingly survived into his 70s, even more amazing since leprosy has destroyed his toes and most of his fingers. He was desperate for a Bible in Madi, one of the Sudanese languages the BBC recently highlighted as being in danger of extinction because of the lack of written material. I finally found one (at an exorbitant US\$18) and his face was unalloyed joy when I handed it over to him. At the back of my mind I could imagine St Peter standing at the gates of heaven and having listed all the things in life I had failed to do he might just add: "Goodenough you did buy a Bible for Marcellino".

**The writer, formerly a British Jesuit, worked as regent at Rhino Camp in Northern Uganda 2005-2007**

## TRIBUTE TO FR. ED BRADY, SJ

By Bul Daniel Ukongo

In our African traditional beliefs, we expect to meet in the afterlife a member of the community who passes on. The deceased is also believed to pay spiritual visits to the ones he left behind.

We mourn that we are not able to see him/her physically. But as Christians, we remain one in a spirit of hope.

This is the exact feeling I had when I received the sad news of the death of Fr. Ed Brady SJ. He was my grandfather, a compassionate servant of God, a fervent co-discerner, humane and candid with me.

I first met Fr. Ed at Pedro Arrupe Community (PAC) when I went for my Personality Assessment during the interviews to enter the Jesuits. He extended his arm from his wheelchair and said, "Welcome, gentleman with the effervescent smile."

We had something in common: I was from Southern Sudan and Fr. Ed had worked there for many years. I was humbled that he agreed to meet me after the assessment. I remember we chatted on spirituality and the conflict in my country.

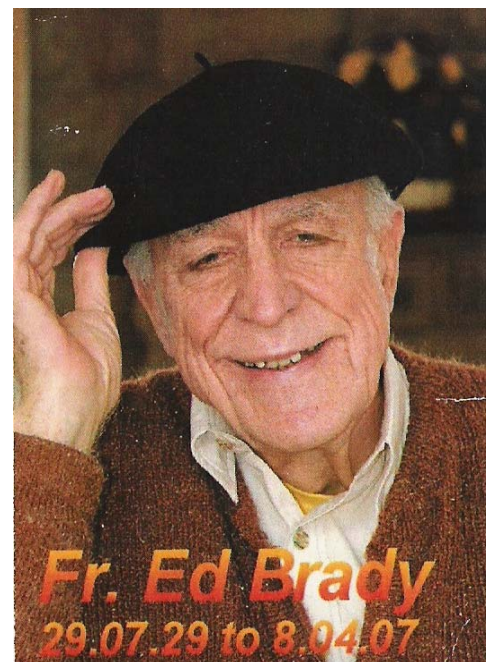
In subsequent meetings Fr. Ed told me of his work among displaced persons in Khartoum and with the Sudan Catholic Bishops Regional Conference (SCBRC), as its coordinator.

We became spiritual friends and it is no surprise that he became my spiritual director. He once said to me, "prayer nurtures vocation discernment but needs a listening heart." He was very simple to approach, a good listener. He has been a lamp in my vocation discernment.

When I paid him a last visit at Pedro Arrupe Community in Nairobi, his face was flushed with a smile as he said, "Being true to yourself is all God asks of you. Trust in the Lord and let him nurture tenderly your discernment."

His words echo within me as I continue with my religious vocation.

May your soul rest in perpetual bliss in Christ.





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