



Savior of the World *family*



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With Love and Prayer

URGENT NEED

A new school year is coming, with costs of \$300-\$400 per child for the year, which includes school tuition, uniforms, and supplies. There is no free education in Sierra Leone, no matter what school a child attends. While this is a small amount compared to what we pay for our own children (when you add up book fees, clothing, shoes, and supplies), it comes to quite a lot for 35 children.

Can you help?

Dearest Family,
I greet you in the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. I and the children want to extend our sincere thanks and gratitude for all the gifts and presence you send us this January and also for all that you did the before and after January. it shows us how much you love and care for us all and the items you send them also gives a clear point of how much you get them in mind.

The children enjoyed the visit from Uncle George and Aunty Rosanne and Elaine. On the 29th we drove down town where they bought for the home a generator diesel which can run for 5hrs at the same time lights the house run the well pump and light the whole compound. The generator makes a big impact because the one that we were using a gallon of gas will last for 3hrs while with the new one a

gallon of diesel will last for 6hrs and diesel is less money. And the risk for fire is cut down because gas is more flammable than diesel.

On the 30th Papa George, I and the children all join in hands to fix the beds in the boys room that day were able to fix 5 bunks bed the next day the same job continues for two days while Aunty Rosanne and Aunty Elaine are responsible for making the beds with the beautiful linen you send for each child. It was interesting because throughout their visit work was done hand in hand with us and the children find funs in doing the work without complain.

On the 3rd Papa George and the older girls get shelves fixed in their room and the room of the boys it was a very good and the shelves



New beds and sheets from you

gives us more space to store more things conveniently. On the 4th aunty Rosanne and Aunty Elaine were thinking on buying a paint to paint the house but the paint in the house was made with cement, ink and water so we later decided to buy the cement and the ink for the painting. We join hands together with Aunty Rosanne and Aunty Elaine and we get the whole house painted though when the paint gets dried it's a little bit messy but yet still they decided to

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Painting the walls



Going through donated items—backpacks, clothing, table and chairs All from you!!

We are still hoping that one day we will find the man because the thought of that man keeps ringing in my mind.

With Love and Prayer

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do it and it was really a real missionary work because they came to serve us and they did their best which all of us appreciated. This act of love they showed makes the children feel them more than ever and When they left for the

States the whole house was sad and it was the coolest and saddest day ever in the home. I was strong at first but seeing them so down I cant help it but cry with the children.

I wish all of you could come to visit us so that the children would meet

you who have given even in your need. What you have done for sav-our of the world family cannot be underestimated but all we have to say now is Thank you since our work is to save lives with your help the help of our mother Mary and our Lord Jesus

With love and prayer,

Louisa and children

Visit from a Stranger

Now I want to explain to you about a strange story. it was the 3rd week in last august and I was doing work when I came out to the main Palour I saw a handsome, masculine man not too dark at the same time not too bright siting with the younger children around him playing. I greeted him and went at the back yard to ask my sister who that stranger was but she replied I don't know, besides , I did not see him. Both of us decided to talk to him to see what he wanted and who let him in since the

gate to the house is always locked.

He did not tell us how he got in but told us he was there to help us. while we were talking he gave us a bundle of money. My sister looked at me and I too looked at my sister and we decided to reject the money since we do not know the man, but this handsome man insisted and said “No I know you have need of it for the Children fees and besides schools will reopening very soon.” Though we needed the money badly because I just get a message few

days before from Auntie Rosanne that we did not have much money for school fees and the vegetables we grow did not cover the fees, but still we insisted. We were afraid to take the money from a stranger. The man decided to put the money down and leave.

None of us know this man before we have never seen him before and our minds were thinking too fast:- what did he want? Where is he from, how did he know that we needed this money? How did he get

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Visit from a Stranger

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in the house with the locked gate? But at the same time I was dumped I could not ask my thousand questions.

After he left we said to our selves we were not nice to the man lets go and say thanks to him but we ran down the road we did not see him again. We looked for him in the roads and later in town, but we never see him again.

After a week we went down town to do the shopping and to our surprise the things for school were very expensive. My sister count the money and said it was about enough for uniforms. So we

picked out uniforms for the children and pay for them. then my sister went to count what was left and to her very surprise she saw that there was more money. She said maybe she miscounted. So she counted again and We were very happy to see that we could buy books. then my sister take the purse the man gave us and to her very very surprise she saw there was still more money. She said we could buy paper and pencils for all the children. So we buy the things and then the money was gone but we did not need anything more.

every one we told this story will tell us is a Miracle, some will say it

is an Angel others will say it is Jesus so I and my sister decided not to tell any one about it. but when Uncle George and Auntie Rosanne and Elaine came I decided to tell them also. They tell us to write the story down for you, which I have done. We are still hoping that one day we will find the man because the thought of that man keeps ringing in my mind.

we do give God the glory because we do everything to God's desired plan and we do take all the downs in good fate and the ups we give him the Glory because He is the one that makes it possible. We thank you

Louisa

A Pure Flower for Jesus

To all my dearest friends in the Savior of the World Family,

I have a personal habit of vocalizing a short prayer with all the thoughtfulness that I can muster be-

fore going to sleep for the early morning hours. Yes, I am confessing that I usually work with translations and class preparations until 12:30 am, so it's already early morning

when I go to sleep. Nevertheless I say the following prayer:

O my dearest Jesus, by the wound of your right hand, give me a great love for my vow of poverty and

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Thank you Lord for given me another brawn new day that is full of hope, faith, joy and blessing. Lord you are my rock and my strength, you are my fortress I will continue to worship and lean on you cos you will never forsake. I love you lord with all my strength, all might and soul taken to the last breath that I shall breath

Louisa Aminata



SAVIOR OF THE WORLD

1325 Southwood
Lowell, IN 46356

Phone: 219-696-1308

Fax: 219-696-1308

E-mail: sotw@savioroftheworld.org

www.savioroftheworld.org

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Indeed, I count everything as loss because of the surpassing worth of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord. For his sake I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them as refuse, in order that I may gain Christ and found in him, not having a righteousness of my own, based on law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness from God that depends on faith; that I may know him and the power of his resurrection, and may share his sufferings, becoming like him in his death that, if possible, I may attain the resurrection from the dead. *Philippians 3:8-11*



A Pure Flower for Jesus

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the grace to understand it and observe it faithfully.

By the wound of your left hand, give me a great love for my vow of chastity and the grace to understand it and observe it faithfully.

By the wound of your right foot, give me a great love for my vow of obedience and the grace to understand it and observe it faithfully.

By the wound of your left foot, give me a great love for my vow of charity and the grace to understand it and observe it faithfully.

By the wound of your Sacred Heart, give me a great love for my religious family (the ocd Carmelites) and the grace of a martyr's death.

O my dearest Jesus, give me the eyes of your Mother Mary, give me the mind of your mother Mary, give me the Heart of your Mother Mary, that I may see you, contemplate you, and love you as she has. And, my dearest brother – friend Jesus, I thank you with all my heart that in your dying moments you gave me Mary to be my Mother. For this reason, I am very confident that you are going to give me her eyes, her spirit, her heart.

Jesus, you who died thirsting for my love, I thirst to love you in every moment of trial and suffering here in the darkest corners of Africa and everywhere I go.

Among the most unforgettable moments of my life here in Africa in recent years was my

choice to accept the invitation of a young woman who was voluntarily suffering from hunger. Why voluntarily? ... because she had been intermingling with a circle of friends who had chosen to plunge themselves into the life of the night in a way that would bring them money but would gravely erode their interior freedom, their ability to be chaste and their willingness to accompany Jesus unto eternity. This young woman had given a final and definitive “no” to the night life and so was living without any access to employment. In her part of Cameroon, there was no economic aid available for the poor and hungry.

I passed some time with her: what touched me to the depths of my

soul was the fact that she did not even have a glass of water to offer me; she had nothing. Her walls were bare. Her floors were bare. Her stomach was empty. She was living a martyr's life in defense of her chastity.

And now in her poverty and in her thirst to be one with Jesus and Mary, she has died in the bloom of youth what I would say is a martyr's death.

Joyce, I pray that you rest in eternal peace, in the eternal joy of our heavenly family.... and when you reach heaven, please intercede for us. Amen.

Fr. John Gibson of the Holy Spirit and the Child Jesus, ocd