

morning, before anyone could beat him to it. He ended up with a two-year-old Holstein and a calf, to be used to give milk to the school. We put everything in place to build a corral and shelter for them, as well as gave funding to purchase a pump for the well.

CII is very proud to announce that Remnant Christian School is our first "graduate." CII's plan is not to keep supporting every location for as long as we can but to give them the tools they need to sustain themselves. Remnant proves that the hope CII has to give these schools and children a chance to learn and grow and take care of themselves is working. Pastor Lawrence has already been doing some work in east Uganda and looking into possibilities to have CII send the help Remnant doesn't require in that direction.

Our flight didn't leave until late in the night Thursday, so we spent part of the day doing the normal touristy shopping and sightseeing. We drove around until we could find somewhere that sold real coffee. Coffee is an export in Uganda so it's hard to find anywhere. Breakfast every morning and every meal we had at a cafe or restaurant only had freeze-dried coffee, Nescafe. I will never drink that stuff willingly again until I'm back in Uganda and don't have a choice. We found a coffee shop called Cafe Java that looked like it took everything from Dunkin Donuts and changed the name. It was wonderful.

While we sat there I people-watched, specifically the armed guards that had been wandering all over Kampala our entire visit.

In 2010, during CII's trip there was a

terrorist bombing in Kampala. During our trip this year the trials for that bombing were in progress, a month earlier the lead prosecutor in the trial was assassinated. I'm not sure if this was the reason for all the armed guards and anti-riot armored police vehicles that were out, that might have been normal.

When we finished our coffee we spent almost two hours driving around trying to find a massive sized billboard I had found one of the first days of the trip. I wanted to get a photograph of it; the reason it was so important was the public announcement displayed. We never found it; it had been replaced with something else, so I will describe it. It was very dark with a man shown from chest down, hanging, his feet not touching the ground, bruised and bloodied. Next to this image were bold, white words "TORTURE IS NOW ILLEGAL IN UGANDA." A message from authorities notifying people that torture is now illegal, only now. In 2015. That is ridiculous and heartbreaking and I wish that I could have gotten a picture of that so people could understand that, yes, torture still happens in other countries. Enough that authorities have to put out service announcements just to remind people that it is illegal.

Before we left for the airport, we had what, could be called the mayor, give us permission to video tape while having a tour of the village that Rock of Joy was located in. CII is in the process of making a documentary; the 48 minutes of video taken of the village will be used in this documentary. Walking around the village and getting up close to all the things I only saw through the van window was

devastating.

A huge problem is trash disposal. There is hardly any trash service in Uganda; I think I saw two trash trucks the entire time we were there. The village roads and alleys are too small or non-existent for trucks to get through. Most people burn their trash; anywhere I looked there were piles of trash burning. So much trash everywhere that plastic bags and bottles get tramped down into the dirt and become part of the ground. As we walked in the village we walked along small canals where water ran, I actually couldn't tell if it was drinking water or sewer water, there was so much trash in it. Chickens and goats were picking around and eating out of large trash piles. This is especially bad if the animal gets a sickness or disease from eating out of trash and then the people eat the animal. Sicknesses that could come from this could kill so many people. What's worse is that children were playing in these areas and possibly searching for food here too.

Housing is limited and what some people call homes in Uganda are small enough to be a broom closet here. There are people living in mud huts in the middle of a city right next to a concrete house. Homes are built so close together that they might as well be attached. There is no room for people I'm pretty sure some of the homes I saw throughout the trip were shipping containers put onto a concrete slab that works as a foundation. I know that many shops were made this way.

There is a huge disconnect in the way people live. There are people living well

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