

Mary's Journey: From Loss to Hope

In many African communities, the birth of a child is a celebration, marked by dancing, shared meals, and the joy of new life. But the journey of raising children, especially for mothers, is often quiet and sacrificial. With a baby tied to her back, a mother tills the land, carries water on her head, and firewood in one hand never complaining, always giving.

Mary was one of those mothers.

She gave everything to her family. But life gave her unimaginable loss. Her husband passed away. Then her first-born daughter died from diabetes. Her son succumbed to HIV. And her youngest, overwhelmed by despair, took his own life. Mary was left a widow, caring for four grandchildren, with no voice to speak and no pen to write but with eyes that listened and a heart that felt everything.

Last December, Mary fell ill. What began as a simple headache became a stroke. She collapsed on her way to buy medicine, lying by the roadside for over an hour until a good Samaritan found her. With doctors on strike and no funds for a CT scan, her condition worsened. Her children, one working as a house help, the other raising seven children could not afford the care she needed. After five weeks in hospital, she was discharged with no improvement. At home, even the physiotherapy was out of reach.

Mary became bedridden.

But last week, something changed. Through your generosity, we delivered a wheelchair to Mary. For the first time in months, she sat upright. She smiled. She joined her fellow Christians at church in Kisii. Her presence was a testimony, not just of survival, but of restoration.

Your support didn't just give Mary mobility. It gave her dignity. It gave her back her place in the community. It reminded her and all of us that she is not forgotten.

Let's continue this work. Let's reach more mothers like Mary. Let's turn sorrow into movement, and silence into song.

Every wheelchair is a lifeline. Every donation is a blessing.