



I wanted to pick up where I left off in Blog #30 when I spent time last September in Buhemba, where Fr. Maciej Braun is the pastor of St. John Paul II Parish. Fr. Maciej took Fr. Andrzej and me to one of his “outstation” churches where he celebrates Eucharist each week. They were in the process of renovating



this chapel, by fixing the entrance and extending the back so that a sacristy could be added. The inside had a beautiful painting over the altar of the Transfiguration where Jesus is conversing with the great prophet Elijah and the great law-giver Moses.





I had mentioned that there were some young people from Poland who had come to volunteer for a few weeks at St. John Paul II Parish. Some of the volunteers were at the outstation leading activities and games for the many children who showed up.





I wanted to take a turn in the middle, but for some crazy reason, they would not let me! It looked like so much fun!





One frequent experience I have in Tanzania is that very small children are frightened of me. There is one little child who I often see when I leave our house for a walk. As soon as he sees me, he just starts screaming and runs to his mother. She always is apologetic, but I think it is something about being white and old that is frightening! In any case, this one little girl seemed to be content with me!



On the way back to the parish, Fr. Maciej showed us where people are looking for gold. There used to be a mining company here, but they left a long time ago. However, recently there has been gold found in the area, so there are many people

with small plots of land who are looking for gold. Below is one of the old gold mine pits.



When we got back to the rectory, Fr. Maciej treated us to one of his specialties...cappuccino! Trust me, he knows what he is doing! He is an expert!





Here is man who knows how to savor a gift from a friend!



When we returned to Butiama, Fr. Andrzej and I went for a walk. As we were walking, a man on a motorcycle stopped to talk with us. He remembered Fr. Andrzej from when he was serving in the parish in Butiama. As they were reminiscing, the young man asked Fr. Andrzej if he knew how Fr. Greg Helminsky was. Fr. Greg had lived in the parish and taught at the Resurrection Sisters' school some years ago. As he continued his story, he told us that he did not have enough

money for school, and Greg paid part of his tuition. He has long graduated and he said that he now is happy and is working and that he will never forget Fr. Greg and all that he did for him! What a great story! It brings to mind how often we do things and never really think about, know, or appreciate the impacts we have on others. God bless you Fr. Greg!

Before we departed for our return to Morogoro (in September), Fr. Andrzej took me to see Lake Victoria. It is really quite beautiful and we had lunch at a little restaurant by the lake's shore. We eat fish regularly and most of the fish comes from this lake.







We are heading toward the end of February now and it is hard to believe that I have been here for seven months already. The time seems to have just gone by so quickly! I am looking forward to what the coming months unveil!



*Each classroom at the elementary school in Buhemba is named after a country.*