



LEMAYAN

A Story of Hope.



In the dry, golden plains of Samburu, where the sun rises like a drumbeat over the mountains, lived a young Quaker shepherd boy named Lemayan. He was twelve—small for his age, but quick on his feet and sharp in mind. Every morning before the birds began their songs, Lemayan led his family's cattle out to graze.

He loved the quiet moments: the soft bells on the cows' necks, the wind brushing through the acacia trees, the feeling of being trusted with something important. But life in Samburu was not peaceful. Not anymore.





Lemayan felt the pressure, too. One afternoon, as he watched the cattle drink from a muddy waterhole, two older boys approached him. They carried rifles slung over their shoulders like trophies.

“Lemayan,” one of them said, “you’re fast. You’re brave. Come with us. There is money. There is respect.”

Lemayan’s heart pounded. He wanted respect. He wanted to help his mother, who worked endlessly. He wanted to feel strong. But he also remembered the stories his grandmother told him—stories of peace, of courage that protects rather than destroys, of shepherds who lead with wisdom, not fear.





“I can’t,” he whispered.
“I want a different life.”

The boys laughed and
walked away, but their
words stayed with him like
thorns.

That night, Lemayan told his mother what had happened. She held his face in her hands and said, “My son, God has planted something good in you. We will pray for a path.”





A path came sooner than they expected.

The pastor of their Friends Church visited their manyatta the next week. He had seen Lemayan—his responsibility, his leadership with the animals, his desire to stay away from violence. The pastor told them about the FUM Shepherd Boy Scholarship, a program helping boys like Lemayan stay in school, grow in faith, and escape the pull of banditry.

Lemayan's mother cried. Not from fear this time, but from relief.

When Lemayan received the scholarship letter, he held it like a miracle. It meant school fees covered. A uniform. Books. Mentorship. Safety. Hope.

On his first day of junior secondary school, Lemayan walked proudly in his new uniform. He still woke early, but now it was to study, to dream, to build a future that did not require a gun.





Sometimes he still passed the boys who had tried to recruit him. They looked older now—tired, hardened. Lemayan felt no pride in having escaped. Only gratitude. And a quiet promise in his heart:

“One day, I will help other boys find this path, too.”

And so the shepherd boy from Samburu—once surrounded by danger—became a shepherd of peace, guiding others toward a life of learning, dignity, and hope.

