

Ourganda NEWSLETTER

July, 2022 | PO Box 874205, Vancouver, WA 98687 | www.ourganda.org | getintouch@ourganda.org | (360) 624-7271

Dear Friend,

Some questions cannot be answered, like why would Samson tell the prostitute the secret of his strength, or **why do some children swallow coins?**

No one asked the second question when a worried mom and dad brought their daughter, Lydia, to our medical camp - because the answer didn't matter. Mother withdrew an X-ray from a tattered folder and displayed it as an urgent plea for help. Any untrained eye could clearly see the shadow of something that, in our country, might have been a Kennedy half dollar. The offending object was suspended dangerously between the throat and the sternum.

"She swallowed it in January," the mother estimated. "Now swallowing and breathing is difficult, she suffers with pain, and she sometimes vomits slime. How can you help her?"

January was six months ago.

And today, ten medical professionals from the U.S. were working alongside the Ourganda team in our third annual medical mission camp.

Some logical questions from Dr. Mike and Oscar, one of Ourganda's medical clinical officers, revealed the following:

- Mother had taken Lydia to the Bundibugyo Hospital where they had no working X-ray machine, so they referred her to a local clinic where the X-ray was produced.
- Back to the hospital with X-ray in hand, the doctor turned the child upside down and shook her in hopes of dislodging the coin. The frantic and incessant jarring upset Lydia and her mother, but the stubborn object held its place.
- The mother arranged for the child to visit a hospital a half-day away by bus. The doctor and surgeon concurred, then announced that surgery was the only option. The cost was two million shillings which was as out of reach for this peasant family as two million dollars would have been.



Oscar had an idea. He had watched a YouTube case he thought might mirror this one. In the video, the medical magician inserted a catheter into the patient's nose down the back of the throat, prodded it downward to what he hoped was just below the object, inflated the balloon, then begged the object to follow the pathway to the throat, then the mouth, and finally to the light of day.

With almost-hubristic bravery, Oscar asked, "Shall we try it?"

Dr. Mike and Oscar helped Lydia, her mom, dad and grandma, outside and settled under a shade tree. **Lydia tried to be brave**, but when the catheter disappeared into her nose and plunged deep into her chest, she unleashed a primal cry that was three-fourths terror and three-fourths pain. Not a person in the crowd that had gathered blinked or whispered, their faces frozen as if waiting to display the proper expression. Dr. Mike stopped breathing. Some of our visiting medical students from the U.S. cried. Even the birds were tongue-tied, refusing to sing.

And then the miracle. God Himself must have guided Oscar's hand because the coin arrived in Lydia's mouth. **She spit it out as if expelling a demon**. Her mother wept tears of joy and hugged her little girl. The crying stopped, but the noise swelled as everyone shouted and danced while grandmother fell to her knees in the dust and loudly thanked the Lord for His mercy.



In the New Testament, Jesus touched a leper, smeared mud on a blind man's eyes, and spoke healing to the woman whose bleeding would not stop. But on the afternoon of Monday, July 4, Jesus used Oscar's hand to bring relief to one of His children in the village of Kitsolima II.

I can't think of anything more important or exciting than to help our medical workers in western Uganda who, day after day, provide life-saving medical care to our brothers and sisters. Ourganda is able to save lives and spread hope among thousands of people because of donors like you.

If you are already one of our heroes, thank you for being generous. If you haven't yet started to give, imagine the joy of being a part of God's next miracle.



Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!



Ron Gladden
Ourganda Founder & Director

Log onto ourganda.org/donate or send your check to:

Ourganda
PO Box 874205
Vancouver, WA 98687.