

“My Experience in Oyugis”
Tom N*

The following testimony from Tom * was given to Aaron Smith. Aaron added his comments at the front of the testimony to give a better understanding of the surroundings and circumstances.

While in Kenya in the summer of 2005, Elder Steve and I had the opportunity to go to Oyugis. This is a small town where Priest Elly, and his family live. There had been many people he had been working with to spread the gospel and we were going to visit the members, but also to share with the non-members. We left Kisumu about 10:00 AM and started driving. We hadn't gotten too far and I realized we hadn't prayed. We were in such a hurry to leave we had forgotten. Quickly, we pulled off the side of the road and prayed. One of the things we prayed for was that the Lord would protect our families. We had families represented from Boston, Independence, Oyugis and Sotik in our car. After stopping at two other places we finally reached our destination about 3 PM. Waiting for us there was Bro. Tom, an Elder in the church. He was going to take us on to the next town in a couple of days. He greeted us and we entered into Elly's home. Upon entering, Elly picked up his young daughter, Alice, and commented that she felt hot and maybe she was getting sick. Tom spoke to him in his native tongue and then Elly said something back. Finally Tom spoke for a little while and then there was a long pause. At this point, we could tell that whatever Tom had said to Elly had disturbed him. He was grabbing his little girl tightly and he had tears in his eyes. Finally he spoke to Tom in English and said, "Tom, tell these men what has happened here." What you are about to read is what Tom related to us. It shook us to the very core. I requested he write down this testimony so many could read it and rejoice in the great goodness of God. I have added my comments in parentheses so you can distinguish what Tom actually wrote.

"Immediately I came off the matatu (small bus). I took the route to Nyandendi where Eliud is living and it happened that while I was walking on the side of the road I heard someone calling me, Tom, Tom! (He said he hadn't taken but a couple steps off of the bus.) When I turned around I found she was Elly's wife. I stopped and greeted her. She told me that she was taking the child to the hospital (because the child was sick) and nobody in the house (Tom told us that Elly's wife made a comment about the Lord must have wanted them to meet. The bicycle driver that takes her to the hospital had never taken this route before. No one was at the house because her husband was traveling with us). "Tom let me take you in the house" she said. I said, "Yes, that is good." She took me in the house and she gave me tea to drink. After a short while she told me to feel free and wait for her because she had to take the child to the hospital and come back. I stayed in for about half an hour and she was back with the child (When she came back she was not pleased with the care the hospital had given her

daughter). Twenty to twenty-five minutes later, the child began to vomit. After that, the mother laid the child down to sleep close to where I was sitting, reading the Book of Mormon. Then she began to cook. She cooked and brought the food to the table. When we were eating, abruptly she (mother) jumped up and went to the child, calling me to help her, "Tom, Tom, come and (help) me. The child is dying," she said. I was so much scared. I did not know what to do, how to start, neither what to say. I took the child on my arms, holding her very tightly because she was trembling seriously. Saliva was coming out of her mouth. (She was foaming at the mouth and having a seizure). The child continued this until she stopped breathing. (I asked Tom at this point as he told us this, "The child stopped breathing, Tom?" He answered, "Completely". I wanted to be sure I understood him that the child had actually died.) The mother was crying and totally scared. She was telling me one thing, "Tom, Tom, help me." I decided to pray and as I opened my mouth to pray, I said only two words (phrases) with my lips, "Oh God help me! Oh God help me (us)." I only spoke in my heart (He said he only spoke those two phrases out loud but continued to pray many things in his heart.) As I was praying in my heart it happened that it was like I was speaking to God face to face and I was seriously pleading to God to help me, during this time tears were coming down my face. I told the mother to stop crying and told her to bring my oil which was in my hand bag. She brought the oil and I anointed the head of this child. Immediately I did this I heard something moving with a wonderful sound in the stomach (her bowels opened up and she released everything in her system, this is common when people die) and started to tremble again and I saw her opening her eyes and trying to look around. (Tom said she gasped for air and looked around like she was disoriented, not knowing where she was). Bit by bit, the child gained energy and was sweating during this time. My right leg was also trembling seriously. The child turned back to normal. I asked the mother to pay attention in the Lord and let us pray together and she listened and I prayed, thanking God for bringing this child her life back. The mother said, "Thank you." I told her mother to bring water and wash the child because the child had passed a stool. The child was healed, and the following day she was just okay, playing.

We can testify that the child was healed completely. The next day she was playing like any normal 2-3 year old would, with a big smile on her face. We praise God that He saw fit to bless Elly's family and bring his daughter back to life.