

AFRIGO

A Testimony from Baraka*
Missionary to Ethiopia

By Mercy Kambura

I got so sick when I was five years old that I almost died. I was misdiagnosed, given the wrong medication, and urgently needed a blood transfusion. I'm blood group O-negative. No one was eligible to donate except my father. He was far away, but we waited. He gave me his blood, and I revived. Years later, I accepted the sacrifice of the blood of Jesus, and I was saved. I'm now serving as a missionary in Ethiopia.

Despite my father saving my life, I later became rebellious, dropping out of school. I also got into petty crime and truancy, straining the relationship between my dad and me.

My family was Lutheran and didn't believe in the Holy Spirit, speaking in tongue, and generally the power of God. I was playing pool once when I heard music and saw people dancing at an open-air fellowship. I joined them for the love of the jig, for I loved dancing. The pastor shared that Jesus loved me and I needed to give my life to Christ. I had heard people talk about 'getting saved,' and I didn't know what that was. I stayed to hear more.

I heard that Jesus died for me, and I knew I needed this man who had died for me. I went in front and prayed and accepted Jesus. However, he didn't seem to straighten my life. I failed my exams, and my dad broke his promise to get me into a better school if I repeated.

I became a public bus tout, and my dad sent word out that if I was seen, I should be arrested. My sister was living in Moyale—upper eastern Kenya doing business. She took me in to help her with business. I missed school and asked to be enrolled. Moyale is a predominantly Muslim region; I ended up in a school where I was the only Christian.

Later I joined a different school that had a Christian vision. I'd go for short mission trips and developed the desire to reach Muslims. When they selected people to go to Bible school, I refused. I didn't know what I would do with a Theology certificate. I decided to study accounting but dropped out due to school fees problems. I became a tout again for six months. When I attended my sister's wedding in Uganda, I met a missionary who recommended I attend the School of Mission and Prayer in Tororo, Uganda. He paid for it.

I was always running away from Bible school, but the moment I finally enrolled, I knew this was what I was created to do. My people group of interest was the people I studied with in Moyale. However, there was a lone missionary in Ethiopia, and he needed more people. I was sent to Ethiopia instead.

I have been a missionary in Ethiopia for six years. We walk on the streets every day and talk to people one-on-one about Christ. I'm happy to have made disciples here. I know if I left today, there would be people who would continue the ministry.

Adapting to life in a new environment and a different culture was a huge challenge. The language was arduous; Ethiopians speak Amharic and Oromo. I can now speak about 60% Amharic.

My dad respects me now; I've had a total transformation. I asked for forgiveness when I went back home.

We have forgotten the people outside the church walls. We have over 1000 unreached people groups in Africa. Why can't the African church rise and reach its own?

[#Pray:](#)

- For my team—I work with my wife and a team.
- For resources and financial provisions.
- For our new converts—some have no places to go; they're kicked out of their homes when they give their lives to Christ.
- For the unity of the Church in Ethiopia.

Representational photo

*Name changed for security reasons

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