

AFRIGO

Missionary M*

Kenyan missionary to Somalis

By Mercy Kambura

When I was a teenager, I ran away from home. My Catholic-born parents had suddenly turned Pentecostal, and they kept reminding me how I was expected to behave as a born-again Christian. It was very nagging, so I became a street kid and got into drugs and petty crime. The Lord found me on the brink of death from hunger and drugs and saved me. Now I'm a missionary, helping other prodigals find their way back to our Father.

My dream was to become a seminarian and, eventually, a Catholic priest. I first encountered the Gospel of Christ when I was a teenager. I "received Christ" but still operated as an undercover sinner. Finally, my sins caught up with me, and I ended up on the streets.

Life in the streets was hard. The Lord saved me from HIV and other diseases; I narrowly escaped jail and mob justice. I was ashamed to go back home. One day, I sat by the beach—hungry and destitute. It felt like that would be the last day of my life. I was sure I was going to die. However, a thought came to me.

"I know if I die right now, I'll go to hell."

I remembered how a teacher once told us about a prodigal son in the Bible. I prayed, "If the stories I was told about your love for me are real, help me get out of this mess and take me back home. I promise to get straighter than a flag pole if I ever return to school."

I arose and started walking home.

I ended up at my uncle's home, where my dad met me. When he saw me, he asked, "Why did you leave? Who chased you from home? Why are you choosing the enemy to ruin your life? Please come home."

I went home and was overwhelmed by all the love and acceptance I received. A pastor burdened to reach the youth held my hand, loved me, and took me on evangelism trips.

Later, I joined the East Africa School of Theology in Nairobi. When I was about to finish, an Ethiopian missionary came to preach to us. He told us of the dangers he faced as a missionary, even the threat of death. My heart was stirred for these dangerous people who wanted to kill preachers. I wanted to go as a missionary among them!

I heard more testimonies from missionaries and knew God was calling me to go. I contacted a mission agency, CAPRO, and expressed my desire to reach Somalis. I joined the CAPRO School of Missions in Jos, Nigeria, and then went to serve among the Fulani in northern Nigeria.

When I returned home, I went to Kenya's unreached part of the Rift Valley for four years. Afterward, I went as a missionary among the Somalis in northern Kenya. I met my wife in the mission field, and we're serving together.

Let's devote ourselves to God's work. People gave their lives to bring the Gospel to us. This task is our own; let's surrender to the Great Commission.

*Name concealed for security purposes.

[#Pray:](#)

- For wisdom and boldness in our service and ministry, and that people will grasp the burden and God's vision for the nations.
- For people to not be apathetic to the Great Commission's call.
- For the missionaries serving in Muslim-dominated countries.

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