



Dear Believer,

Thank you so much for opening this link to read more!

Someone defined giving as caring, something you do to show support and love; a miracle. It is only when you care that you can show love and only when you show love, you care. Giving has been something I work with. My experience with giving has been something I learnt and, after many years, I now understand how impactful giving is.

As a person who grew up in a developing country, it was common to meet someone who needed help and by observing what the elders were doing, I learned and am still learning how beautiful and caring a person can be through giving.

My greatest giving miracle happened a month ago. It is something I live to tell my friends and everyone I make time to sit down and talk to giving is not only loving and caring but also it is godly. It is only when you obey and stretch a hand to someone in need, a friend or stranger. Only then do you become a creation that God uses to bless, impact and touch the world. Giving is something that not only touches people, the givers, but also the heavens and through this we learn to be more human and live as one who is though only here for a time, impactful.

What happened a month ago?

I was walking with my sister on this day in September 2023 in Iringa town. We were searching for fabrics that could be used to make gowns to be worn at a relative's wedding. We were just busy moving from one shop to another, window-shopping, checking in these fabrics, checking that suit, just to widen the choices if one didn't fall through by the wedding day.

Passing through this optical store when my sister remembered mom's forgotten glasses. So, we got in and met the doctor after other inquiries, we left. That was after the optician confirmed remembering the woman (mother) whom my sister was talking about. Promising to come and finish the payment and for a personal eye checkup (Sisters) we left.

Walking down the next street's shops, we saw this man carrying a boy looking 9 years old. The man was slim, and the boy looked big enough to walk so why did he carry such a boy? We wondered.

Walking on the other side we observed them only to notice the boy had an eye problem. He was holding a handkerchief wiping tears that flew down his cheek.

The eye was pushed out. Yes, it was outside the socket, like you could see the ball hanging out the eyehole. The eyelids were spread around that eyeball thus not closing, like at all. He looked in pain. You could know and feel that he was in pain. Lying on his father's slim body's shoulder in pain, wiping unending tears flowing.

When I saw him, the first thing I thought was, that I had some cash in my pocket. It could help him, I took it to him, asked him about the situation and gave him the money. That is what I usually do, right? I mean it is good to give and help. Sharing what we have with those in need is important.

So, that was the end of my giving point until that day.

I walked back to my sister, and she asked about the situation, I told her. The boy had an accident two weeks back. My sister and I walked towards them as they were speaking to this woman who had stopped them as well to ask about the situation.

What happened to that young boy?

Ibrahim was the boy's name. The boy had had an accident a month earlier. A rushing motorbike had hit him with a major impact on the head. After the accident, the boy was rushed to the nearby village health centre where he was thereafter referred to the Iringa Regional Hospital.

Reaching the referral hospital, he was admitted, had the wound treated and after some days allowed to go back home with some painkillers. A few days later, using the medications, the eye area began to swell. Seeing this, the father took Ibrahim to a health centre again for a checkup. He was given different medications to counter the effect of the first that seemed too strong for the kid.

But after a week of use, the eye continued to swell pushing the eye out the socket. With this, the father, in her village town, was not sure of what to do. The kid was getting better, so why the change? He then heard of a prophet holding a service in Iringa Town. Carrying his son who could not eat by then nor walk, and had difficulty in talking. He believed and went to the prophet. He went to the sermon and had his son prayed for. It was on that day, we met him when he was from the prophet.

The Meeting, encounter...

My sister hearing this spoke to him.

As Christians and believers, we do believe in God and miracles. God is powerful, no one can refute that if you believe.

But...

We also believe miracles come to us through different people who are God's vessels. Thus, they are also found in hospitals through doctors. Skills are gifts from God. The skills and knowledge of doctors in finding the problem and treating it is not a human job but divine.

My sister insisted on him coming with us to the doctor whom we had visited earlier for professional advice.

The doctor saw the boy, and he was shocked.

He admitted the case was critical and it was likely that the operation was a solution to this boy's issue. He advised that the next day was a day for the operation. So they should go to the hospital early the next day. He gave the father the doctor's contact for further communications.

Asked them if they had no money with them and did not know where they would be sleeping that evening, my sister thought she could help. Moved, deep down with tears, and listened to the doctor about the boys' issues. *You learn a lot about strong people in their vulnerability.*

She thought why not, I will go to the ATM and get them some cash. So, she went and came back.

While she went, I did what I was moved to do, pray with the kid and the dad. I knew only God could make that better, only Him. The doctor suggested a better option. Why not get to the hospital, get admitted, receive priority and fast-tracked service the next day as will be treated from the hospital ward.

When my sister came back, giving them the money and listening to the doctor, she agreed.

She told us all to wait as she went to get the car. We were all going to the hospital that evening. We arrived at the hospital. Baba Ibrahim got the file opened fast – since they were treated at the same hospital before and went to see the doctor. We were informed that the doctor was in operation only an hour later, so we had to wait. We waited from 6 to 8 pm.

After the doctor came, he agreed to be the boy's doctor in charge before and agreed to the admission. The doctor observed the boy and suggested a CT scan, which was like TSH200k ~ \$78 now. It was a good suggestion only that the family had no means to get such money in that short time.

A relative here and there was called without help; the child welfare was reached out without support; the motorbike driver was reached out but had no money, no means either as the bike was held at a police station. It was heartbreaking. The boy's eye was drying. Because it never closed, there was no moisture in the eye.

My sister, hearing this, reached out to friends and relatives. I also reached mine and, we raised the CT Scan fee.

What was the outcome?

The boy was observed and checked closely, and the results were returned on the third day after admission. The results showed a swelling in the boy's brain. This swelling pushed the eye out, diminishing his functioning capacity and the pain that limited him to doing anything.

We couldn't back down, could we? We do not know why we believed when we helped him, but we obeyed. So, Sis reached out to a friend who was willing to help. This friend was also a connection who had connections that could help. Reaching one of the businessmen in Iringa and Tanzania, they agreed to support the boy's treatment. That was the general fee to having the boy be better.

The same day the results were out, the sister's connection received the money from this donor and sponsor. As a businesswoman herself in town, she supplied the family with clothes (especially the boys), coverings for the woman (Ibrahim's mother) and some shirts for the man; filled her car's fuel tank and, they left for Dodoma where the best referral hospital was for the operation.

In Dodoma

Arriving at midnight, the boy was admitted, and an operation was scheduled for the next day after further checkups were made.

The boy was operated on, the blood swell removed and moved to the general ward for recovery. The same day after the boy awoke, he asked for food. He was given porridge, which he drank himself. That was a miracle for many who travelled from Iringa and Dodoma to see the young boy

The doctor recommended a minimum 3-day admission and further observation, specifically for the eye swelling which they believed would improve over time. My sister and her friends gave the remaining amount to the father for any other financial needs when at the hospital until the boy was released.

Then they left them in Dodoma in the care of close friends and other concerned people and travelled back to Iringa.

Why is it a miracle for me?

It's beautiful to witness God in motion. And while I have experienced God moving in my life for me and my family and close friends, this was just one of those few times when you see Him move through and in people for others. He moves vessels, and in vessels to bring change.

While I only thought of giving and walking away, I was reminded that giving may and should go beyond just *doing my part*. If one can help and provide direction to what can be done next, rather than helping and forgetting, leaving the person still in problems or facing the same challenge, help them overcome it.

So keep giving, keep helping. Let us give. And let us keep helping each other.

Thank you for reading.

Have a blessed day.

Yours,

Karah ^ ^