

2018 SUMMER
VOLUNTEER
SPECIAL

THE HFF DISPATCH



THE HOFFMAN FAMILY FOUNDATION
QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER



ISSUE NO. 13 | SUMMER 2018



SUMMER

2018

WELCOME TO OUR NEWSLETTER

NEW LOOK. SAME DRIVEN PURPOSE.

Hello, and welcome to The Hoffman Family Foundation's newsletter: The HFF Dispatch. This is a quarterly newsletter to help keep you updated with all that the Hoffman Family Foundation is accomplishing. Our goal is to improve the quality of life for different communities, empowering women, families, and schools giving children quality education.

The Hoffman Family Foundation's vision is to leave a legacy of love, transforming lives and communities around the world.

With this newsletter, we hope to share with you the improvements we are making in other people's lives across the globe. Perhaps you'll be inspired to help in your own way or to donate for one of our causes. With your help, we can truly make a difference.





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FINDING MY FOREVER HOME

By Cassie Jones

I sit here on an airplane back to the states and it seems all too familiar. I've been in this position before. This position where I'm forcing myself to fly back to the US even though every bone in my body wants to stay here in Uganda. I'm speechless, trying to grasp at words to adequately describe the past six and a half weeks and the only words that come to mind are "I want to go home".

Home. The place where one lives permanently.

No, I don't want to go to the place I've called home for the past twenty years, but to the home I've come to know over the past six and a half weeks.

Returning to Kirugu, Uganda and to Rays of Grace Junior School for the second year in a row was a dream, a completely beautiful dream. Once again, I didn't allow myself to go into the trip with expectations. I didn't want to put God in a box, because I trusted that He would provide. He would provide me with vision, wisdom, and the clarity I needed in discovering what my purpose was in this beautiful country. And He did just that.

There are too many stories that I could tell you. Too many stories full of adventure, brokenness, beauty, love, and Jesus. Too many stories that broke my heart. Too many stories of my babies and their resilience. Instead of sharing these stories, I'll share with you my heart and how God worked in me and through others to flip my life upside down.

Over the last six and a half weeks, I experienced the brokenness of this country, the kids, their families, and their lives. I listened to story after story of my children telling me about their parents dying when they were young, or how their father abandoned them, or how they have absolutely no one in their family who cares about them, or how their mother works tirelessly day in and day out but cannot afford to buy them a pencil. I listened to the devastating stories of my children who were used for their talents and taken advantage of. I prayed over countless babies in the sickbay who were ill with malaria, bacterial infections or other illnesses, and in need of physical, emotional, and spiritual healing. I walked through the village of Kirugu each day and met the strongest and most hardworking women, who work to provide for their fatherless families. I walked through the village and was praised for the color of my skin, but despite this difference I allowed myself to meet these people where they were at. I learned their names and met their children from the school, I began to do life with these people. I met, walked and talked with teachers who quite possibly are the most dedicated people I've ever met. I witnessed their devotion and care for the children and their co-workers despite their religion.

I lived with children whose true and deepest desire was to be loved and deeply known. Through these experiences, I realized that this beauty is made from the ashes of their brokenness.

I'm reminded of the story in Ezekiel, the story of the valley of dry bones. Really, we are all dead and lifeless humans composed of bones, muscle, tissue and veins. However, our Father breathes life into us to make us whole. He creates, molds, and intricately pieces us together and not only gives us physical life, but emotional, spiritual, and eternal life. Life that is everlasting. Life with meaning and purpose. Life with an abundance of love and unsurmountable joy. One of the most amazing things about this story is that God used Ezekiel as His vessel. He used Ezekiel, someone who had no right or power to prophesy speak life over a pile of bones. He used him to speak life into them, just as He uses people in our lives to speak truth over us.

Without Jesus, we are all lifeless, dead, dry bones.

I learned that all any child, or any adult, truly wants and craves in Uganda is to be loved like Jesus loves them. I learned that loving someone so genuinely, passionately and intricately is the most important and meaningful thing you can ever do. When you love someone well, when you love them with the love of Jesus, it shatters all of the built up walls around their hearts and cultivates a relationship of rawness and trust. Lastly, I learned just how passionate I am about diving in and living life with these kids. I learned that my love for them runs deep to the core of my being. I learned that loving, caring, and knowing each of them by name is what I was created for.

I fell in love with 350 little faces and 700 dirty little hands and feet and crave to show them the love of our Heavenly Father. I want my baby girls to know their worth, value, and immense beauty. I want my baby boys to know that they are worthy, cherished, and created for a purpose by our King. I want them to know that they are not their fathers who left them. I want my children to know that the places where they are broken God is healing them.

I didn't know it was possible to love tiny little humans so much, I didn't even know I had the capacity to love God's people so easily and abundantly. But He taught me that it is possible and that my greatest role and purpose is to love my children at Rays of Grace. While I don't know what exactly God's plan is for me in Uganda, I am confident and confirmed in the fact that it is my forever home. He has given me a new home in Uganda. He has given me a purpose and a passion. He has given me people who have become my family. And He has given me the most beautiful gift – the gift of love.



JOY
IS A NET OF LOVE BY WHICH YOU CAN CATCH
SOULS









SEEING JOY

Over the summer I had the opportunity to go to Uganda for three weeks with my school (CCU) and we had the privilege of partnering with the Hoffman Family Foundation. While we were there we worked in the school and did a number of projects to help the school and to simply love the people there. Some of the projects involved painting signs, building a fence and putting up wall paper. I loved being able to get to know more about how the school runs and simply being able to have fun with everybody.

There were many great memories. My favorite memory was being able to experience the love and joy that everyone has. From the first time I came to the school, to the final goodbye, I experienced so much hospitality and fellowship. I can tell that the people I interacted with have a joy and peace that comes from God.

I could see joy when I was able to get to know the teachers and see how dedicated they are to teaching and caring for the children. The teachers were always working hard and were doing it with a smile. The children also work hard at school and have a joy that is contagious. I really enjoyed being able to get to know the children and teachers and I could tell everyone loves what they are doing. It was also great watching the soccer team win nationals and to enjoy the gift of life together.

There has been so much that has been done at the school and I can't wait to see what will be accomplished in the future. Most importantly, I could see Jesus in the amazing people I got to meet!

By Josh Fernald

SOMETIMES,
SOMEONE COMES
INTO YOUR LIFE, SO
UNEXPECTEDLY,
TAKES YOUR HEART BY
SURPRISE, AND CHANGES
YOUR LIFE FOREVER!

A VISION FOR THE FUTURE

By Joyce Brooks

My recent trip to Rays of Grace and to visit the Empowered Women's group reflected visionary and diligent work of the HFF staff.

My first trip to Rays of Grace was in November 2016 shortly after the commissioning of the school and as it was ending its first full year under HFF. The dormitory was under construction and was less than 25 percent completed. The women's groups were in their second year of operation and asked us for additional ideas of expanding their merchandise and selling their products in the US.

When My son, daughter and I returned in June 2017 for the commissioning of Perry's Place, we saw so many improvements in the school -- the dormitory had opened and was fully operational, and a nurse's office and sick bay were opened. The enrollment of the school had increased, and the students were cheerful, learning a great deal and more confident in their studies. We went to visit some of the businesses of the the women's groups and purchased many items to bring and sell in the US. My son, Perry was the catalyst for the sales of the women's goods in the US. My daughter, Tracey sponsored 1 child at Rays of Grace. All of these changes reflected the vision that Tami and the staff had shared with us during the prior year.

I visited this June -- exactly 1 year from last year. My daughter-in-law accompanied me. She had heard so

much about the school and saw how she could be involved in helping the students and staff. She committed to sponsoring 2 students at the school. Roger carried us to some of the businesses of the women's groups. They had expanded their businesses and showed gratitude to HFF for purchasing a tent for each group of women. We bought many of their products for Perry to resell back in the US.

I am grateful to be a part of this work of helping to educate children that would probably not get a chance to go to school. Not only are they able to go to school, Rays of Grace is a school that offers loving care to the children and a well-rounded primary education; Such was evidenced by the high scores of the P7 students on the National exams.

I commend Robert, the executive director and all the HFF staff that he leads for their strong commitment to educational and personal excellence in all that they do. The communities that surround our school are witnessing this great work. As a result, more children want to be involved. More women want to be involved in the women's groups. Because of limited staff, the expansion is decreasing. I encourage others to join us in helping HFF change the trajectory for children and families in these communities by becoming a monthly sponsor of a student. The cost is less than \$50 a month. I'm so proud of my own children for being sponsors and joining us in this work.





CLEAN AND EMPOWERED.

By Rebecca Dutcher

I've never been anywhere very significant. I actually live within 15 miles of where I grew up in a small Nebraska farming community, but somehow some pieces of my heart were transplanted in Jinja, Uganda. It all happened because of a longing to help girls less fortunate than I and a desire to teach them about dignity and the value of education. I really had nothing to do with it, it was all orchestrated by God.

I have always been a supporter of women and their wish to better their lives and I truly believe that betterment lies in education and when girls are forced to remain at

home for 5 or more days every month because of their menstrual cycle they miss out on so much!! Slowly they disassociate themselves from school and eventually they can get so far behind they give up and stop attending. To combat this and keep girls in school I found a program that was providing hygiene kits to girls in third world countries and I shared my new found passion with my girlfriend Dona, who lives in Aurora, CO.

Now Dona and I have been friends for years. We grew up in that same small Nebraska town and while our paths had led us to very different lives we still keep in touch whether she was living in Germany

or California. Immediately Dona said, "I think I have an idea on this and I need to make some calls."

Later Dona called me back and told me about Tami Hoffman and the Rays of Grace School in Uganda. Tami was ecstatic to take some of the hygiene kits with her when she next went to Uganda and they were a fabulous fit for their girls. I received a video of the girls receiving the kits and I could see the excitement and wonder in their faces as they explored the kits and then realized what a burdensome chain was being lifted from them.

In each kit is two pair of panties, two panty

shields with a waterproof protective barrier, 8 liners that fit into the pockets of the shield, a wash cloth, a travel size bar of soap, and an instruction sheet. All of the components are cloth and reusable. The works are tucked into a gallon size freezer bag that fits snugly into a cloth draw string bag. The draw string bag can fit nicely onto the girl's back and the plastic bag keeps all of clean components and soiled components separate until they can be washed. The freezer bag is the "washing machine". The girls partially fill the bag with cold water, use the soap on the garments, agitate them in the plastic bag, rinse, and lay them in the sunshine to dry. These kits are constructed to last about 3 years. My goal was to ensure that every girl would have a kit and every girl who needed a kit could get one from the school. That's a lot of kits!

Right away I realized that I needed help. I could never produce enough kits to get through all of the girls before I needed to start to replace kits. I mentioned my passion to a fellow sewer Dixie, and she shared my desire to make the lives of these girls better. She and I met and sewed an entire day, but again I realized with just the two of us it would take forever to accomplish this task.

Jodi enters the picture and casually mentions to Dixie that she was at a conference where sanitary hygiene kits were highlighted as a worthwhile women's project and did Dixie know of anyone who could get a ministry going through their church. I thought Dixie was going to turn herself inside out getting me told of Jodi's intention. The 3 of us met and formulated a plan and set a goal of 150 kits to be sent to Tami and transported to Uganda by Tami in June. Jodi and Dixie's home church, the Evangelical Free Church in McCook, Nebraska hosted the project.

I had sent all of the kits I had on hand to Tami to take to Uganda in February

when Dixie called and said they had scheduled a meeting with the women of the church in just two short weeks. I made up two complete hygiene kits to show the women what the kits entailed and I made step by step directions and separate components to show the women each stage and they could choose the skill level they were comfortable with. I took my photograph of the Ugandan girls receiving their kits and the Hoffman Family Foundation newsletters. All of the women seemed genuinely happy to meet me and hear about the girls at the Rays of Grace School.

Jodi put out a plea for donations of panties, soap, wash cloths, thread, and fabric. Dixie traveled out of town to buy flannel for the liners and polyurethane laminate fabric for the waterproof barrier in the shields. Waves of donations came in and we sorted and stacked it up in one room of the church. Women signed up for different areas to help. We split it into categories of advanced sewers, less confident sewers, and non-sewers. We had jobs lined up for each type of volunteer. Jodi scheduled days, evenings and weekends and the women came and cut and sewed, and prayed, and laughed. Women took supplies home and prewashed panties, and sewed liners, drawstring bags, and shields and when the construction time was over and most of the supplies were transformed we scheduled an assembly day.

Tables were laid with components for each assembly line and the woman was instructed on the placement of components into the gallon bags and finally into the drawstring bags. Jodi and Dixie boxed completed kits as they came off the assembly line. Several times Dixie found a box of this and a sack of that which had been over looked and I added it to the line as the women worked joyously on the project. Jodi kept track of the number of kits per box and when everything had been distributed with very little parts and pieces remaining the final count was 152!! Dixie and I hugged and cried and shared hugs with the other women in our group. Anne came up to me and asked if she could also hug me to which I happily complied. I was so overcome with emotion that our goal had been met and we would soon be changing the lives of 152 girls!!

We had a beautiful cake and punch in celebration of our amazing contribution and each volunteers name was entered into a drawing for the door prizes provided by my friend Dona who had brought them from Uganda. Everyone was gifted a charm depicting a girl with a heart which read "made with love." Fifty-one volunteers had joined us for the construction of the sanitary hygiene kits and I had met so many wonderful, beautiful women in the process.

Driving home that late afternoon I thought back to the day's activities still overcome with the realization of the 152 kits completed and it hit me that two of those kits I had made back in February for the show and tell portion of our preliminary presentation to the women of the church. Two kits were not made by the volunteers, two of those kits were mine, I made them, the volunteers made exactly 150! I text Dixie and told her the startling realization and the only response I received was WOW! Several days later I finally got to speak with Dona

**NO ONE IS
USELESS IN THIS
WORLD WHO
LIGHTENS THE
BURDENS OF
ANOTHER**



and told her of the discrepancy in the number of kits and she said, "Well, it's a God thing, that's what you asked for right? 150? That's what God provided to you."

I'll be the first to admit that my faith is as small as a mustard seed but apparently that is all I need because God was not done with me yet! I text Tami and told her that we had reached our goal and had 152 kits ready for Uganda and that I would figure out a way to get them to her in Littleton, CO. It was a few minutes before she text me back and she said believe it

or not she was having dinner with Michela one of 8 students who would be leaving for Uganda on May 16th. Michela would be leaving Holdrege, Nebraska to return to Denver to fly out to Uganda the following week and she could come through McCook and pick up the kits. WHAT!! To use Dona's words "It's a God thing!!

So my story has a new beginning. I was thinking about what I was going to do in my spare time since the girls in Jinja, Uganda were taken care of for a while. I had been so very happy with my reception at the Evangelical

Free Church and several women had asked me if I was seeking a church family as they would love to have me. I really felt at home there so I decided that I would start attending regularly. At church last week Anne came up to me and said, "I was hoping you were at church today and I was wondering if you would be interested in sewing up some hygiene kits for a homeless shelter in Denver that my husband and I go to each year."

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? I asked for a new project and one was laid at my feet. I know Dona, it's a God thing.



*Helping one person might not change the whole world,
but it could change the world for that one person.*





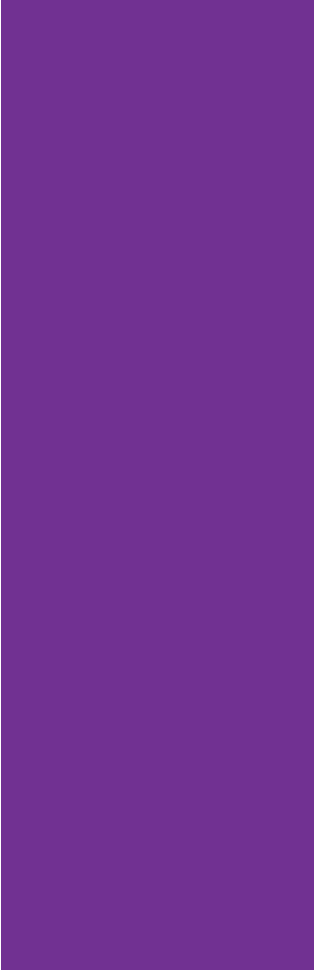
WHERE DO I BEGIN?

The country of Uganda was placed on my heart in a moment of extreme frustration and desperation when I was about 13. I jumped at the first opportunity to go to Uganda the summer of 2017 with HFF and was blessed beyond measure with another opportunity to return in summer of 2018.

Working at Rays of Grace was like visiting family. I was overjoyed to serve in any capacity that was needed, whether that be in painting signs or preparing classrooms or building a fence. But the children and staff reminded me of the value of people, which is often a lost truth in America.

The P7 girls encouraged me in my leadership of young women and became like little sisters to me. The cooks were like mothers to me, teaching me to prepare food. The teachers and staff became like best friends who sincerely cared for me without any need for me to prove my worth to them. Any activity or task we engaged in was fellowship and constant radiation of love. My heart is so overwhelmed by my experience in Uganda, and I hope to return again!

By Anna Martch





TO DWELL

By Michaela Marcy

So, do you want to go for 13 days or 6 weeks?" Tami asked.

"I think 13 days," I replied. "But, I will pray about it."

This question was a huge answer to my prayers. Last year, I traveled to Uganda with HFF. I fell in love with the school. I wanted to return, but I didn't know how or when. I prayed that God would provide a way. In December, I sent Tami a LONG email. I had never met her, but I thought she might let me serve through HFF. We met at a restaurant, and as I timidly shared my dreams, Tami confidently confirmed that we serve a big God who could use my dreams. Throughout the school year, we continued to meet, and she continued to build my confidence. At our third meeting, she shocked me by asking "13 days or 6 weeks?"

My mind held back while my heart rejoiced. I knew 6 weeks was the right choice, but how could I miss 6 weeks of work? Could God even use me in Uganda? What if this was a waste of time and money?

But, the Lord continued to push me towards 6 weeks. I knew that if I wanted to love the children at Rays of Grace well, I needed more time. After much prayer, I decided to spend 6 weeks in Uganda.

This decision was confirmed many times in the weeks before the trip. First, I found free housing for the summer. Then, I found a great job that would employ me for the last half of the summer. Right

before the trip, I received 3 unexpected scholarships! My uncertainty was covered by God's faithfulness!

When I stepped off the bus in Uganda, a swarm of children ran for hugs. "Do you remember me? Do you remember me?" they asked. My heart filled with joy. I knew I made the right decision. I needed 6 weeks to know and love these children.

For the first three weeks, I stayed at a hotel near the school with a CCU missions team. After the CCU team left, Cassie and I moved onto the Rays of Grace campus. We slept in a room connected to the boys' and girls' dorms. This move made all the difference because we got to be part of their lives from 5a.m. chores until 10p.m. goodnight hugs. When people ask what I did for 6 weeks, the best explanation I can give is that I did LIFE with 350 wonderful children. For a few short weeks, Cassie and I got to love them, and this is a gift.

My favorite part of the day was after their classes. After dinner, we joined them for prayers and worship songs. The girls led the songs and the boys drummed loudly. Some nights, we crowded into the entertainment room to watch the World Cup Series. The boys reminded me of my brother. With each score, they went wild! Another night, the children pulled out the drums and we danced in the darkness. When it got late, we went into the girls' dorms to say goodnight. It felt like a giant sleepover! The girls huddled together on bunkbeds to tell

secrets. Christine, Angel, and Mary taught us Ugandan dance moves. Mercy climbed onto my lap and told me a story about an owl, a monkey, and a rat.

During my last few days at Rays of Grace, the children filled my suitcase with beautiful "remembrances." There is a green, sparkly heart from the boy who loved to squeeze my arm all day. There is a colorful flower drawing from the girl who cried on my lap after her mother couldn't afford to bring her home for the weekend. There is a rose that Mercy got from her mother. She spritzed it with her favorite perfume. There is a paper heart that Christine saved from a box of chocolates.

Each gift represents a child who is living with hope at Rays of Grace. During my 6 weeks in Uganda, the children invited me into their lives. This meant sharing their laughter and dancing, but also sitting with them in their pain as they shared stories that are marred by death, abuse, and poverty. Yet, at Rays of Grace their days are filled with joy, love and HOPE. In the mornings, they laugh with friends while eating porridge. Then, they go to classes with teachers who push them to success. In the afternoons, they dance, play soccer, and netball. Later, they praise Jesus at prayers. This is what makes Rays of Grace special.

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Thank you, thank you to everyone who partners with Rays of Grace! Your prayers and support give our children a HOME!



JOIN OUR GUARDIAN ANGEL PROGRAM



BECOME ONE OF HFF's GUARDIAN ANGELS



MEET VINCENT MULEMA

I want to become an Engineer and national soccer player.
Age: 15 Birthyear: 2003

Vincent lost his father in 2007 when he was 4 years old. Since this tragic event, his family has been struggling for survival, supported by his mother who is not in good health. Vincent was awarded a scholarship at Rays of Grace because of his excellent soccer skills. After completing primary school, Vincent is worried of what he will be doing next because the scholarship ends at primary level. His mother struggles to feed the whole family and pay school fees for Vincent. We are looking for a family to help sponsor Vincent and support his amazing dreams through secondary school and University.



MEET SIDRA NAKIYINGI

When I grow up I want to be a Teacher!
Age: 10 Birthdate: March 21st, 2008

Sidra is the last born in a family of 10 children. Sidra lives with her mother and five siblings. Sidra's mother is a member of HFF's women group in Nakalanga village. She has struggled to keep her children in school since her husband was in an accident. Sidra's father was a hardworking businessman in Jinja until he was involved in a terrible motorcycle accident. His limbs were severely hurt and he has been bedridden and out of employment for close to a year now. Sidra has missed class and examinations several times for failing to pay school fees.

— Are you wanting to make a personal and lifetime impact on one of our amazing kids?

You have an amazing opportunity to become one of HFF's Guardian Angels. As a Guardian Angel, you will be supporting one of our need-based Rays of Grace kids. You will be lifting them up, helping guide them to graduation, and their personal prayer warrior. For just \$50.00 a month, you are helping our dream-seeking kids pay for schooling, boarding, clothes, food and any hygiene or medical needs in order to help them spread their wings and fly. If you are interested in joining our Guardian Angel Program or would like more information, please give us a call at (303) 949 - 0831.



MEET NESTROY SSENTONGO

When I grow up I want to be a doctor!

Age: 10 Birthdate: July 15th, 2008

Nestroy is the eldest of three children. His parents depend entirely on subsistence farming for survival. On harvesting, most of the produce is consumed and a little is sold to pay for the children's education. Unfortunately, income from the sale of farm produce cannot sustain their kid's needs including education, health, clothing and utilities. Nestroy studies at Rays of Grace Junior School but his future at the school is uncertain given the fact that his parents do not have any hope of raising fees for next term.



MEET SUDAIS MUDU AWURILA

When I grow up I want to be a Mechanical Engineer

Age: 15 Birthday: July 15th, 2003

Sudais lives with his grandmother and four siblings. When his father died of heart failure in 2014, Sudais' mother faced an uphill task of having to provide food and shelter for the five children. The family was evicted from the house they were renting in Kirugu prompting their mother to seek refuge from Sudais' grandmother. He later developed Asthma and dropped out of school because his mother could not afford medical care and school fees. For three months, Sudais stood at the gate of Rays of Grace Junior School begging to be let in to attend class. Our school administration has taken Sudais in and are quickly trying to raise the funds to keep him at our school.



OUR NEXT PROJECTS

IMMEDIATE FUNDING NEEDED!

1. Nursery and Kindergarten Program - \$28,000

We need to build a five room Preschool/kindergarten with a separate playground area. Right now this is being housed in part of the girls side of the dormitory. This designated toddler space and facility are required by the Ugandan Government in order to continue to run Rays of Grace Primary School. This is a top priority project for HFF and need all of our sponsors to help us raise these funds quickly.

2. Soccer Field and Sports Complex - \$17,000

As our teams continue to win big tournaments, a need for a private soccer field and sports complex has become very apparent. This facility would allow our students and athletes to train within the safety of the compounds of Rays of Grace and be able to utilize this field for competitive tournaments, specialized training, and avoid interruptions with the community soccer field programs.

Would you prayerfully consider partnering with us to accomplish these needs?

It is so exciting that more children are wanting to join our school and God is paving the way for new souls to be impacted with such great love. We are working in excellence and the news is spreading. It is such an exciting adventure to be a part of building God's kingdom on this earth for His Glory.



*The Hoffman Family Foundation's Vision is to leave a legacy of love,
transforming lives and communities around the world.*

Hoffman Family Foundation Mail-In Donation Form

Leave a Legacy of Love - Donate Today and Start Transforming Lives and Communities. The Hoffman Family Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization in the USA and all donations are 100% Tax Deductible. EIN 38-3945350. Please make checks payable to: Hoffman Family Foundation. 100% of your donation goes directly towards the current project we're working on.

Contact Information (* required field)

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* Email Address:			
Phone:			

Credit Card Information

* Credit Card Type: MasterCard Visa AMEX Discover			
* Credit Card Number:			
* Expiration Date: Month:		Year:	
		* Security Code:	
* Donation Amount:			

Authorization (Please check appropriate box, sign and date)

- ☐ Please find enclosed check as my donation to Hoffman Family Foundation
- ☐ I authorize Hoffman Family Foundation to charge my credit / debit card for a one-time donation.

Signed: Date:

Mail to:

Hoffman Family Foundation
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Wheat Ridge, CO 80033

www.hoffmanfamilyfoundation.co



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FOR YOUR GENEROUS GIFT OF THE RAYS OF GRACE MINI-VAN



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PREPARING ME FOR WHERE
GOD WILL TAKE ME
TOMORROW.

I KNOW THAT I HAVE BEEN
FORMED WITH A **PURPOSE.**

TODAY, I WILL
ENJOY MY JOURNEY.



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transforming lives and communities **around the world**.



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