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From Dennis Chepto: student's leader migori high school

Ref: Our dear mother and father KIPRC-Mission and all those related with you

Incase my English will not be well spelt bear with me this being my first time to present a such report of appreciation on behalf of my fellow students whom as a family Kiprc has brought us together, tomorrow 17 th of June the entire students of our class we celebrate to mark our last year in high school as we prepare to sit for our last exam in few months time marking our graduation, we were asked by our school management through the principal Mr. Mageto Jim to present any views that we feel to express to every hand hand that has willingly supported us morally, spiritually and even financial support was it not you we could not be the way we are.

Mr. magneto gave us these contacts and he told us that our pastor, father, a brother and a friend to many of us Rev. Jared Omingo gave him an ok that we can send these report not only to KIPRC MISSION but to all the contacts that has been part of KIPRC to enable this mission serve us the better, we have the following contacts persons that we will like to reach with our heart of gratitude :Rev. Jared omingo on behalf of KIPRC MISSION, Mr. mageto Jim on behalf of Migori High School, Menne Kamminga representing the late Wigcher Kamminga Family and his mother Roelifina, Tonnis Groneveld and Harmke Groneveld and, Henk prins, Peter Messelink,, Robert Scholma on behalf of Dvn, Kordatema on behalf of the church in sauwerd and his family

These contacts has been indicated to us as strong hands that has stood with KIPRC to make our faces shine for another time, we were not known but you have made us known, we were not cared, you have cared for us, many of us we never enjoyed the love of our parents but you have shown us that love. And even beyond our expectations.

Now that we are going to finish our high school education, we have gone abetter step in life, we have been also fed spiritually, we promise you KIPRC we will never let you down, you have given us, we go to give out, we know the communities we came from, we can trace our way back, even when we are going to be strangers to many of our extended families, who never cared for us when our parents leaved no more, we shall appreciate them, we shall show them by that love, that God lives and He is the one that cared for us, we know by many hardships, you cant support us beyond this, we have now become grown ups, during our time together , especially you Jared, you have trained us up how to provide for our personal needs while at school and holidays, example for our ointments, soaps, pocket money, emergencies, we promise to follow those foot steps, Lets us now get out of this room of care ,may be to give way of others to be cared for, lets us go also to help to care for others.

We have acquired education, lets us hope that it will help us to narture our societies, being under your care Kiprc you have been a centre of transformation to our lives, continue with that Heart, you cared for us even when many of us never belonged to your own community and tribe, We also thank you that you shared our needs to people beyond our nation kenya as far as the Netherlands, who by God's help were willing to respond your calling to support us among other areas that they have been able to support within the KIPRC Mission as it has been indicated.

We appreciate you, keep the relation ship strong and willing to reach other areas of ministry, as it is defined by the KIPRC Mission Motto: Reaching the un reached.

Some of us can remember our brief history to witness, but we can't give all, may I submit mine in summary: Am Dennis Chepto born in Lokichar few kilometres from Lodwar, am Turkana by tribe, am 18 years old, both of my parents died at my tender age of 8 yrs. Life became hard because my parents never left any inheritance behind, because they spend all the family resources in their medication, my father never had a brother or sister and the neighbourhood never cared for me, so I decided to follow street life of begging with a group of some boys and girls who became my friends and family, we could go to beg on the roads, hotels, shops, but at times we could go without because people got used with our begging, some times bad ones could beat us up then we run for our safety, due to this we decided to do our begging in divided groups.

It was in the year 2007 in Lodwar, and we were on our daily life of begging, that I got a man sitting outside the hotel in his hand he had a packet of milk drinking, besides him was a big bag, he appeared as a traveller, I went close to him and asked him 5 sh.our money, he called me for hand shake, this was strange for us and I tried not to go to him, for one it was not normal some body to shake hands with us, we were counted as dirt kids, he bought for me a packet of milk and threw it to me, I picked it up, then I had a roasted maize on my hand, I threw it down, this man picked it and started to eat, I came to know later that he did this to win my fear towards him, then when I show him eating, I went and sat besides him, he only spoke Kiswahili to me, I knew some and we could communicate, he asked me why am I the streets, where my parents are at least the entire family background, I told him. He needed some water to drink he took some money 200 sh. Our money and send me to buy some water for him to drink, I was feeling to run away with that money, but seeing how gentle the man was to me, I bought water and came back to him, he opened his bag and gave me a newly t shirt, I think he had bought it as a gift to people at home, I took off my old rag shirt and put it on, after 5 hrs time the bus came and passengers started going in, the man went in and I recall he sat at the end seat at the back of the bus, I also went in, and sat at a distance from him, after three hours travel, the conductor came and asked me for money, I told him I don't have, he started to inquire in the bus who was with me? He asked me to stand up, The man show me, our eyes met each, he asked the conductor to led me go to him, as he holded me my hands the man began to shed tears, I don't know why he did this, but he asked me where I was going? I told him as I shed tears that I wanted to go with him.

This man was Jared Omingo, he was from Lokochogio after finishing his education as a pastor, I went with him, and Jared tried to introduce me into books, grammar, mathematics after that he assisted me to join a school, in three years Jared was caring for all my personal needs and paying my school fees until the church programme for caring the kids like me absorbed me in.

Jared is a young man by age but he is a man of the people, all his finances he has indeed exhausted on us, all his energies we have taken, we have drunk his milk and love, we may have contributed him to be old quicker, but we trust upon God that He will make Jared strong, to serve his family as he has served many of us.

As we commence on our high school education we plead for your prayers that God may help us to serve others better, we have kept this contact intact with us, we may connect our selves on face and some of you will like to hear how we are doing, what we are doing and what we have achieved, there are many orphans here like us, Rev. Jared May God help KIPRC Mission to have an orphanage home, such home can be of great help to many lives like us, we don't feel to go, we feel that we should live with you to serve KIPRC Mission, but see our number how can we be accommodated?

We will be coming back to you, and what ever we do there, we do it for the good of Our God for the good KIPRC has done for us and its partnership in the rest of the world, Long live KIPRC-MISION.

Your spiritual kids
KIPRC church bases orphans.

