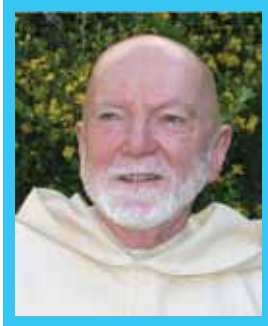


### *From the Director...*



Dear Mission Friends:

You have read numerous articles in this newsletter written by Fr. Kieran Healy, O.P., who was our missionary in Kenya for ten years. In June 2004, Fr. Kieran returned to our Western Dominican Province and is now at our house of studies, St. Albert's Priory in Oakland, directing the formation of the young friars preparing to be priests and brothers. Still having a special place in his heart for the friars and people of our Kenya missions, Fr. Kieran recently visited there and recorded his experiences for us. In this first of three articles, he describes his arrival in Kisumu, where he had previously served as novice master at our novitiate.

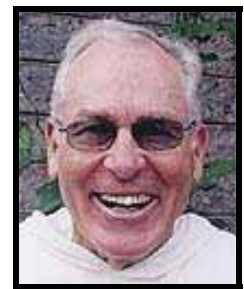
In our newsletters of January and February of this year, we

described the terrible political turmoil that took place in Kisumu during their national presidential elections. We quoted the *New York Times*' description: "Dozens of stores have been looted, torched, and smashed by rioters and then picked clean by an army of glue-sniffing street children searching for whatever was left. The scorched Ukwala Supermarket looks as if a bomb blew up inside it. The gates of Zamana Electric are smashed. Kisumu, Kenya's third largest city, is still quivering with anger. Few places have been so thoroughly gutted by the turbulence as here...Around 2,000 people from Mr. Kibaki's tribe, the Kikuyu, are camped out at the police station, trying to escape a wave of revenge killings."

In the midst of the violence, people of different tribes were seeking refuge in the compound of the Dominican friars and sisters, including the children of Father Tom's Kids' Project we've described in previous newsletters. In this article, Fr. Kieran tells us how St. Catherine's School grew out of this desperate situation.

We thank you with our prayers of gratitude for your continued support of the Dominican missionaries in Kenya.

In Christ's Peace,  
*Fr. Martin de Porres Walsh, O.P.*



*Fr. Kieran Healy, O.P.*

I caught the early Akomba bus out of Nairobi and arrived in Kisumu after a bone-jarring eight hours. The main road from the coast to central Africa is being turned into a dual carriageway, but for now there are ten mile stretches of neglected tracts of dirt and stone. Having heard of the tribal clashes that took place in January after Kenya's hotly contested national elections, I was anxious to see the central highlands. I saw whole sections of familiar shops and markets completely burned out, and in Kisumu itself a number of major stores had been destroyed.

Yet the city was still bustling with people and businesses, and the *juu kali*—the informal vendors along the roads—were numerous.

When the tribal clashes occurred, Fr. Martin Martini did not think it was safe to send the students that we house on our novitiate compound out to the schools they attended. Aware, however, that education is their only hope for a better life, they complained, “*You are destroying us!*” So Fr. Martini put the novices to work teaching on the compound, under the trees. And then one thing led to another: Stanslaus Bukachi showed up to become headmaster of the makeshift elementary school, the highly experienced Wenceslaus Masinde took over as headmaster of the new high school, and Sister Christophea Fedha of the Assumption Sisters of Eldoret was also hired. Then Action Aid, which worked out of a large compound just across the highway from our novitiate, decided to move to a new location and, wanting to help our school project, accepted Fr. Martini’s bid for the property though it was well below the asking price. Fr. Martini also found a way of placing a pipe through a culvert in the main road to bring water from the novitiate to the new school site.



*School “under the trees.”*

Now there are twelve excellent buildings filled with 164 students. I attended a school Mass under the trees and the students were all neatly outfitted in their new plaid uniforms, tan with the Dominican black and white. Five students have placed in the national school drama competitions. But you don’t avoid the usual teenage problems just because you are a mission school. One night I was there, Fr. Martini was out on the road at all hours because a girl had run away, but “*wanted to be found.*” Another night he was at the hospital emergency room for a baby with malaria. Welcome to St. Catherine’s!



*St. Catherine’s School and students.*



*Sr. Christophea and more students.*



Most nights were calm though, and as beautiful as I remembered them. One night after dinner I stepped out into the darkness where I could see the watchman being assisted by five dogs. All of a sudden a small one came up to me with her tail wagging, screaming recognition. I had purchased her nine years ago! Now the mother of the larger dogs in the pack, she made a fuss over me every time she saw me.

Though my time was limited, with my no-nonsense pace I was able to walk the city and see many more old friends before I left. (An old woman once cried out at me, “*Mzungu* [‘European’], why are you rushing? Are you late?”) But my energetic walk actually discourages begging and defeats pick-pockets.) For me no trip to Kisumu is complete without a visit to my friend Hussain Hamisi. He was our handy man when I was novice master. He had been burned out of his electric shop because his landlord was a Kikuyu. Fr. Martini helped rescue some of his stock but most of it was lost. We had tea together and discussed his future. I was also able to see my hardware dealer Mr. Shaggonall, and though I learned that my mechanic Mr. Netu had died two months earlier, I got to visit with his wife, son, and grandson. At the corner past the mechanic’s shop I even saw the young man who makes potato chips in a rusty old steel barrel. They are the best in town and I said “*Hello!*” and told him so. On my final day I went to the local priests’ deanery meeting and saw two Mill Hill priests who were finishing their time in Kisumu: Fr. Jerry Moy was retiring and Fr. Hans Burgman, who had been there since 1957 and to whom I had often sent novices to help with his projects, was moving to Nairobi. *In my short visit I was very fortunate to see not only so many old friends, but especially--thanks in large part to the support of our mission friends--so many positive changes in spite of the area’s constant turmoil.--Fr. Kieran Healy*

***November 3 is the  
Feast of St. Martin de  
Porres.***

***Our beloved Father Joseph Asturias, O.P., the late, long-time director of the Dominican Mission Foundation, had a special devotion to St. Martin and considered him to be the patron saint of our Missions. On November 1, 2, and 3 a Triduum of Masses will be offered at St. Dominic's Church in San Francisco, invoking St. Martin's intercession for all of your needs. We invite you to join us in prayer by reciting the following Triduum prayers.***

***Also, November is the month for us to remember our loved ones who have died. If you have sent to us the names of your departed loved ones, they are being remembered this month at St. Dominic's Church in San Francisco.***

***If you would like to remember  
our missionary work in your  
will, our legal title is:***



***Province of the Holy Name Inc.  
Dominican Mission Foundation  
2506 Pine Street  
P.O. Box 15367  
San Francisco, CA 94115-0367***

***We are a 501(c)3 non-profit  
organization.***

**St. Martin de Porres Triduum**

**First Day:** *St. Martin, you always had sympathy for the poor and those who were suffering. I need your help and now ask for it with great confidence in your goodness and power. Please remember me, as you adore God. Amen.*

**(Mention your petitions, followed by the Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be, and Closing Prayer.)**



**Closing Prayer:** *Dear St. Martin, I turn to you in my sorrow and anxiety to seek your friendly protection. Please intercede for me with our merciful Father in heaven so that I may be truly sorry for all my sins and be freed from the evils that shackle me. Ask that I might have something of your spirit of love and self-sacrifice, and so be at all times reconciled to God's holy will. Oh heavenly Father, in the name of your Son and of His Blessed Mother, and by the merits of your faithful servant Martin, help me in my trouble and do not forsake me. Amen.*

**Second Day:** *St. Martin, we praise God for the manifestation of His love. The favors you received from God encourage us now to seek your intercession and help. We ask you most humbly to befriend and assist us from your place in heaven; but most of all, we beg you to commend us to our beloved Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.*

**(Your petitions, Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be, and Closing Prayer.)**

**Third Day:** *Brother Martin, when you were here on earth, you spent your life loving God and your neighbor. This we know from the testimony of your own Dominican brethren. Now that you live in the presence of God in paradise, intercede for those who stand so much in need of the healing help of God and beg the Divine Physician to give us health of the soul and body. Amen.*

**(Your petitions, Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory Be, and Closing Prayer.)**