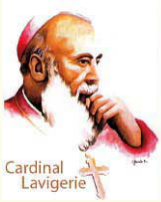


MISSIONARIES OF AFRICA

(WHITE FATHERS)



November 2021



Mary
Queen Of Africa
Pray for Us.
Missionaries Of Africa



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Correction: On the front page of the May 2021 issue, there was a picture of a Missionary of Africa sitting on a mound of lava. This is Fr. Evans Chama MAfr Parish Priest in Goma **NOT** Fr. Dennis Pam MAfr who is Assistant Provincial in Congo and who has written an article in this issue of the Magazine. Sorry! *Editor.*

Editor's Word

In the article by Fr. Francis Nolan in this issue of the Magazine, we are told that Charles Lavigerie, the founder of the White Fathers (MAfrs) and White Sisters (MSO-LA) was faced with all sorts of problems and he dealt with them as best he could, with what he had to hand, but ultimately with Faith. In other articles we see missionaries, young and not so young, also facing challenges. They none of them know what Life or Nature has in store for them. Yet they commit themselves to an ideal - living and proclaiming the Good News.



Michael Heap MAfr

This might seem foolhardy to many. How do I know that the situation in Africa/in the Church/in society/financially might not change? How do I know that I shall be able to live a celibate life/that my health will stand up to the missionary hardships/that my family might not suddenly need me? How can I be totally sure that God is calling me to this life? With appropriate alterations all these questions might be asked of people considering marriage or starting a family. It is all a question of daring to make a commitment.

But is it possible to live any kind of fulfilled life without any commitment to another person, to fundamental values? Life is a risk, or to put it another way, life is a challenge. A challenge means struggle, struggle involves building up one's strengths and resilience to meet the challenge. Being risk averse means sitting down/hiding away and doing nothing.

God made us for relationships, for growth, for Life. The uncertainties in life remain. Who can foresee accidents, illnesses, loss of jobs, break-ups? But God remains faithful, He has "got our back", so to speak, and it is through taking this relationship with Him as our starting point that we know that we can face up to whatever comes. Our best is never perfect, but it is enough.

In Europe amongst my elderly Confreres

by Fr. Philip Meraba Ugbema, M.AFR.

My name is Fr. Philip MERABA UGBEMA, a Nigerian White Father (Missionaries of Africa), currently studying, ministering and living in our Community of Castelfranco-Veneto, Italy. After more than two years here now, I would like to share this three-fold experience with you.

I was ordained a priest in 2011 in Nigeria and was sent on mission to Malawi, Southern Africa. After eight happy years in a parish in “ the Warm-Heart of Africa”, I was asked by my Superiors in 2019 to come to Italy to take an MA degree in Ecumenism at Saint Bernardino, the Franciscan Catholic Institute for Ecumenical Studies in the beautiful city of Venice, since dialogue with faith groups is one of the pastoral priorities of the Society of the Missionaries of Africa. Ecumenism aims at searching for unity among different Christian Churches through dialogue. I had mixed feelings about my appointment. I was excited to discover the background of many of the European confreres I had lived with during my Formation and missionary life in Africa. I was anxious and afraid about returning to studies after sever-



Philip (left) with other priest colleagues

al years of active pastoral work (and in a new language and culture).

I set foot on Italian soil on the 15th of June, 2019, my first time out of Africa. My first impression was of having to be self-reliant. I had to find my way to our Mother House in Rome by taxi using sign language. Thanks to the taxi driver and Google Maps, we made it. Next essential, studying Italian. Together with other foreign students I was enrolled in a 3 month course of Italian in Verona, the home of Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet. The beginning was tough. Our Italian teacher entered the class on the first day and began teaching us Italian in Italian. It was like being back with the taxi driver, but with no Google Maps.



Philip (front-centre) with Professor (back-centre) in Catholic Romanian Church

She spoke and gestured as if we were deaf. In fact, we were dumb. Knowledge of French helped but determination finally took us to the end.

Then we started our studies in Saint Bernardino de Venezia. Most of us students were from Africa, but of different nationalities and Christian faith groups, yet the atmosphere in the between the Professors and students, and among the students themselves was friendly. This helped

us live a practical ecumenical experience. Each course about a particular Christian denomination was always given by a professor from that very Church. Getting our information “from the horse’s mouth”, so to speak, about his or her faith helped to avoid unintentional prejudices.

As a Missionary of Africa, it is normal that I live and pray in community. My community outside the university is in Castelfranco-Veneto and I am the sixth, and youngest, member. I am 38 years old and the next youngest after me is 81. But the age gap between us has never been an obstacle as they are all young in spirit. They have all spent 50-60 years of their lives on mission in different African countries. Now back in Italy they continue the mission in another context. These elderly confreres happily help out in the neighbouring parishes for Mass, confessions, missionary animation and accompanying prayer groups. A Nigerian proverb says, «a child that walks with elders cannot be stupid». These confreres helped me with the residence permit, Italian language, culture and ministry. I have learned many things from being among these wise



Our community in Castelfranco Veneto

men and am still learning. Faithfulness to prayer life and community, commitment to mission till the last breath and obedience to those in authority. Nevertheless, a young man needs to adapt in a community of elders. I need to repeat the same thing over and over. Some find change a problem and see things like in the Creed (as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be) whereas others accept limitations and change happily. Being here reminds me that the clock is gradually but surely ticking for me also. One day, another generation would have to bear with me. Having learned to cope with the Italian language, I help out in a local parish, a convent, and a Centre for physically and mentally challenged children. I am always deeply touched by the deep faith of the people I meet during my ministry. It is true that religion has declined in Europe, yet I am almost tempted to suggest that the churches in Europe are half-filled with genuine convinced Christians, whereas those in Africa might filled to capacity with pagans! As for life outside, where my identity is unknown it is another reality. As a priest people are kind to me; outside I am seen as any other migrant who has come in search of greener pastures in Europe, disturbing the peace of citizens. Italy in particular, has been hit by the migration crisis and this explains the (at times unpleasant) attitude towards any unknown black people. Racism is high. Sometimes people avoid sitting close to me on the train just because I am different. At times it hurts. Sometimes I am asked, "When are you going back to your own country? After your studies, will you return to Africa or you will stay here?" Some people are completely ignorant of Africa, thinking it is just a country and not a huge continent. I have been told, "I have a friend in Africa, maybe you know him." To some, the only knowledge of Africa is the image portrayed by European journalism; a jungle in the middle of nowhere full of wild animals, misery and poverty.

Nevertheless, through a confrere I know some good, welcoming and friendly families where I feel at home. They always tell me: "Our house is open, just walk in anytime". Being in Europe has disillusioned me about many things, both positively and less positively.

In a few months, I am looking forward to returning to the mission in Africa. Now, I can tell my Italian friends, "yes, my time is up, and I shall surely and happily return to my roots, Africa".



Lavigerie and his Orphans

by Fr. Francis Nolan M Afr



Charles Lavigerie

On 1st May 1867, Bishop Charles Lavigerie, having chosen to resign as bishop of the flourishing and wealthy diocese of Nancy in eastern France, ordained his successor. Two weeks later he crossed the Mediterranean to his new see: the impoverished and largely Moslem diocese of Algiers. It was remote from French ecclesiastical life but at the very north of a continent in which few people had ever heard the name of Christ. There he

encountered the consequences of a terrible famine. The previous year the harvest had failed. Locusts had ravaged the olive and fruit trees. Hunger opened the way for epidemics of cholera and typhus. There are horrific descriptions of the effects of starvation, of unburied corpses littering the roads to Algeria as more than a hundred thousand people died from hunger and disease. The colonial government provided paid work for the heads of households. The lamentable condition of orphaned children was brought home to Lavigerie when, one afternoon, travelling in the countryside in his horse-drawn trap, he came across a little Arab ragamuffin of about ten years of age, with bright feverish eyes, exhausted and alone, squatting by the road. In response to the Archbishop's questions, he explained that he had come from far away in the mountains, his father had died and his mother had run out of food. She had told him to go and seek help from the Christians. Along the way he had eaten grass from the fields and slept hidden in holes during



Tending to all the sick, no matter who

the night, terrified of being found and eaten himself. “What are you going now?” “I do not know.” “Would you like to stay with me?” “Yes, I would.” “Well, then, come to my house and I shall treat you as my own son and you will take my name, Charles.” The meeting was a ray of light for the Archbishop. There were many such orphans with no means of subsistence. Left on their own, they would surely starve to death. “God”, wrote Lavigerie later, “inspired me

to become their father”. Lavigerie took over an annex of the junior seminary and persuaded the Sisters of Bon Secours to care for the first dozen children. Once a refuge existed, children arrived on their own, others were



Teaching carpentry



brought by their parents, or by European settlers. Lavigerie had told the parish priests to collect them from the streets, whatever their number. There were soon eighty children so Lavigerie moved them to Ben Aknoun, a large estate he rented from the Jesuits. As still more came, they were organised into six groups of forty, each supervised by a Sister. The army continued to bring crowds of destitute children from Algeria

Presence and work of the White Sisters

and the country villages. Eventually the abandoned children numbered seventeen hundred and fifty-three. Most were like skeletons, hardly able to walk, their stomachs distended with grass, covered with vermin and sores, some breathing the fetid mortal odour of typhus. The Sisters burned their clothes, bathed and clothed them anew. While they were fed their names and villages were record-



More and more orphans



Educating the orphans

ed. When the smallest knew neither, they were identified by tattoo marks. Sometimes they were very fearful, believing stories that Roumis drank the blood of children. Yet after they had received care and shelter, and been provided with a sleeping mat and blanket and a secure place to rest at night, they learned to trust the Sisters. Sick children were accommodated separately and visited daily by a doctor. Typhus is not always fatal but, given the starving children's low resistance, it was highly infectious and often deadly. In spite of hygienic precautions, a Sister Seraphine caught it and died. She was followed to the grave by two more Sisters and a Jesuit Brother. The orphans' burials were a sad business, taking place at night, often several at a time. Barely a thousand would survive the first few weeks. When the first group of Sisters, overwhelmed, withdrew, Soeurs de la Doctrine Chrétienne took charge with the help of the Jesuit fathers and brother. Later Lavigerie recruited Sisters from his old diocese of Nancy and Brothers of Christian instruction. Eventually novices of his new foundations of White Fathers and Sisters of Our Lady of Africa took over their care. Lavigerie reckoned the cost of his enterprise at two hundred thousand

francs per year. So he appealed for support to French Catholics in person and in letters to newspapers. He received a generous response. When he preached in the cathedral at Orléans, women gave him the jewellery off their fingers and one poor village parish priest gave him the silver buckles off his shoes. After receiving reams of cloth, he appealed to the women of his diocese to sew clothes. He personally saw to the provision of food, blankets, and other equipment and meticulously followed their use. The Sisters used to find inspection by his powerful personality intimidating and one of them always hid when he paid one of his frequent visits. But not the children, who showed a great affection for their baba, crowding round him excitedly whenever he appeared. When the famine crisis had passed, some children were claimed by their parents or relatives, the children often returning home reluctantly. Eight hundred remained in Lavigerie's charge, to be maintained and educated until they reach adulthood. They were all very keen to receive baptism. However, he was reluctant to agree to their baptism before they were mature adults. A small group of four forced his hand. He had taken them to Rome to visit Pope Pius IX. In their interview they appealed directly to the Holy Father. He was impressed when they told him they would rather have their heads cut off than abandon their faith. Three were baptised by Cardinal Bonaparte a few days later. The fourth wept as he explained that his mother was still alive and had not given her consent. Lavigerie hoped a number would become missionaries among their own people and founded a seminary near his residence, later transferring it to St-Laurent d'Holt in France. A few joined his missionary Society, two as priests and two as Brothers. A much larger number were sent to be taught trades by Brothers in France, others were placed in the care of Don Bosco in Italy. The White Sisters prepared the girls for household skills and some were employed by immigrant *colons*. A large piece of land was bought for the establishment of two villages under the patronage of St Cyprian and St Monica in the valley of the Chélif in Algeria itself. In each, two dozen pairs of married orphans were set up in farms. They were each provided with twenty hectares of land, a few animals,



Orphan scouts striding out

with a mass of unprepared for problems. Yet he succeeded in finding the personnel to care for the children, the means to feed and the resources to educate them. He overcame religious, financial, medical hurdles and settled difficulties with the civil administration. As the orphans grew to adulthood, he provided them with the means to support themselves and their future families.

In response to an unprecedented crisis of his time Lavigerie reorganised his life and his diocesan resources to deal with it. He observed, recognised and responded to the needs or signs of his times.

a plough and tools. Lavigerie hoped that the example of Christian villages, prosperous and successful, would draw Moslem neighbours to the faith. Although the villages survived for many years, the next generation born there, as educated Christians, entered urban professions in Algeria and France, or intermarried with the European settlers.

By 1936 only a dozen concessions remained. The adoption of the orphans presented Lavigerie



A Priest forever according to the Order of Melchizedek

by Cyprian Chia MAfr

The call to ministerial priesthood is a solemn participation in the mission of Christ as ministers of the word and of sacraments. A priest is the unique mediator that offers through the Eucharist the sacrifices, the supplications and the thanksgiving for himself and for the people of God. This prophetic and kingship vocation

was received by Rev. Aondoer Cyprian Chia (M.Afr) on the 26 of June 2021 at St. John the Baptist Cathedral, Gboko, Benue State, Nigeria by his Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. William Amove Avenya, the bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Gboko, Nigeria. Before



Cyprian following the other deacons

this celebration, I made a retreat of one week with ten diocesan deacons whose way of life and spirituality I had the privilege sharing for those 10 days. It was really a nice experience with the Lord and the deacons. During this period of retreat and discernment, there was a lot of joys and anxieties concerning the greatest decision I was about to take in my life so far. The joys of becoming a missionary priest, of offering the sacrifice of the Mass to God for myself and for the people and



Cyprian's Mother and Father

of participating in the ministerial priesthood of Christ. Nevertheless, these joys were coupled with fears and anxieties. The fear of what the future holds for me as a young missionary and the more immediate fear of how to receive and entertain my confreres and other invitees. Here in Africa it is shameful to receive visitors badly.

On the day the celebration was graced with more than one hundred priests and

religious. This included the Provincial of Ghana/Nigeria Province with his team and confreres. Altogether there were 12 confreres of the Missionaries of Africa (White Fathers) in attendance. The confreres arrived in my family's home the day before my ordination and they were warmly received by my family with local music. After the ordination, we had an evening party with dancing, drinks, and good food. The atmosphere was friendly and laid back and our neighbours were very much impressed and touched by our simple way of life, our interest in learning the culture of others without discrimination and even eating the local meals with relish and good appetites.

After that evening celebration which was on the Saturday of



Confreres with Cyprian and his Parents



Cyprian and his confreres after the Thanksgiving Mass

the ordination, on Sunday, we celebrated a Mass of Thanksgiving. We were three from my parish - two new diocesan priests and me. I was chosen to preside over the Mass, so it was an occasion to showcase who we are, how we live as missionaries and what is our charism and apostolate. We finished by singing the hymn Santa Maria, a particular tradition from early in the times of the White Fathers in North Africa. People were impressed by our spirit of unity, love and solidarity. Then after the pomp, the prayers, the celebrations, the food and the laughter it was time for the confreres to go back to their various places of work on Monday. But then a few weeks later we met up again for the ordination of my friend and compatriot Peter Ijege in the Catholic Diocese of Ogoja in Cross River State, Nigeria, at which I was given a great honour to vest the newly ordained with his priestly vestments. Again the occasion continued with feasting and merriment.



We thank the Lord who gives to whom He wishes the gift of vocation to ministerial priesthood. Let His holy name be exalted. Amen.

After the ordination of his friend, Peter Ijege, Cyprian left for Central Africa. He is at present studying Swahili before taking up his post in a parish in Eastern Congo.

My Priestly Ordination in July 2021

by Fr. Peter Ijege M.Afr.

“How can I repay the Lord for all His goodness to me? The cup of salvation I will raise, I will call on the Lord’s name”.

Psalms 116:12-13



Peter prostrate before the altar

The above verses of the Holy Scripture were a source of inspiration for me as I was preparing for the priesthood. I was not only mindful of my own frailty as a human being but I was also hum-

bled, recalling how the journey all started eleven years ago; I remembered all my classmates, those with whom I started the journey at Ibadan in 2010 at the formation house where I began to learn about prayer and life in common right up to those with whom I studied my theology in Abidjan, Ivory Coast. The Lord was always there for me, especially in my moments of difficulty.

Coming to my preparations for the ordination proper, I would like to thank sincerely the Society of the Missionaries of Africa, (White Fathers) for having formed and prepared me to be a missionary priest. And for all the support of all kinds I have received leading to my priestly ordination. The support I received from the Society really gave me joy and made me love more the Lavigerie family to which I now belong.

Another thing that gave me joy was the unity that the event



Depending on the prayers of priests and people

created in my natural family. I come from a very big family, scattered the length and breadth of Nigeria. This entire family was physically united for the very first time in order to prepare for the

grace and honour the Lord was about to do to our family, calling one of their sons to His service. It was really awesome!

There was also the great kindness and support I received from my bishop, Dr. Donatus Edet Akpan, Bishop of Ogoja Diocese. He had already ordained all the priests for 2021 during the Centenary celebration of the Diocese, but due to my studies in Abidjan I was unable to attend. So the Bishop accepted to ordain me alone at the cathedral and really treated me as his son. I was very impressed by the fatherly affection I received from my bishop. I had been very anxious faced with the difficulties of preparing the ordination from far away in Ivory Coast, but with the support and kindness of my bishop, of Fr. Anthony Basse (my parish priest), his untiring assistant, Fr. James Nkono Mgbado, and all the parishioners of St. John the Apostle's Parish, Yahe everything worked out fine and I am so grateful for their generosity and support.

In the cause of preparing my ordination up to the event itself, there were so many surprises. But I will point out some few ones. Firstly, there was poor publicity of the event at diocesan level because the diocesan priests were not informed,



First blessing

only the few I knew and invited personally. The majority of the diocesan priests only got to know about the ordination just few days before the event. But to my greatest surprise, apart from my confreres who came in from Oyo, Osun, Benue, and Niger States respectively, there were more than fifty diocesan priests who came from far and near to grace the event and welcome me into the sacred order of priesthood. It was really amazing! Secondly, the following day (July 11, 2021), which was my solemn/Thanksgiving Mass, I was also impressed by the crowd that attended the event. I was only asking myself “who am I, my Lord, to be so favoured and be honoured with the presence of this crowd?” Not minding the merciless sun beating down on the event, the crowd was patient, respectful and prayerful from the beginning right to the end. Thirdly, I was also surprised by the help I received from friends and secondary school classmates during the entire event. I felt really loved. Inasmuch as I was very happy with the presence of guests from different parts of Nigeria during the event, I



Outside Mass of Thanksgiving

must also say that organizing such event was really expensive. In the part of world where I come from, one cannot organize such an event and then limit the number of invitees. It is an event that brings together the entire parish of more than twenty out-stations and those elsewhere. The whole event was quite heavy on my family and myself especially during this period that the effect of the corona virus pandemic has hit many economies of the world. Another difficulty I had few days after my ordination was being addressed as Rev. Fr. Peter Ijege. Personally, being addressed that way was quite new to me and quite heavy on me and embarrassing at the time.

But to God be all the Glory.As my first mission as a priest I have been appointed to the Uganda Martyrs Parish Bama-ko, in Mali, where I am to work with two other confreres: Fr. Frederick Mulenga (Zambia) and Edward Akanlu (Ghana). I arrived there on 29th of September to a warm welcome from my confreres and it is from there I am writing this article, my new place of mission.

AFTER THE VOLCANO

by Fr. Dennis Pam MAfr

This year will be the 12th year since I took the missionary oath and became a full member of the Society of the Missionaries of Africa. It was on the 19th of July 2009 in Kinshasa, the capital of the Democratic Republic of Congo where I did my theological studies. I was ordained a priest on the 21st of August 2010 in my home diocese of Jos, Plateau State, in Nigeria. My first appointment was to our missionary parish of St Pierre, Cyahafi, in Kigali – Rwanda, where I worked for 7 years from 2010 to 2017. Since 2017 I received a new responsibility as the Assistant Provincial Superior of the Missionaries of Africa in the Central African Province which comprises the Democratic Republic of Congo, Rwanda and Burundi with the Provincial house in Bukavu, the east of the DRC,



Fr. Dennis at the house for visitors

where I reside till now. In this mega Province, we have 8 sectors with 25 communities of which 2 are in Rwanda, 3 in Burundi and 20 in the DRC. Among the 20 communities in the DRC, there are 4 in Goma. These include the bishop's house (because he also is a Missionary of Africa). Then there is our house of formation which is named after the first Congolese Missionary of Africa. He perished in the Lake Kivu together with two other confrères in an accident in a boat. Thirdly is our missionary parish of Notre Dame d'Afrique in Katoy, and finally our fourth community, which provides accommodation and other services for confrères who travel in and out of the Democratic Republic of Congo through Goma. It was in this last community that I found myself before, during and after the volcanic eruption in Goma which started in the evening of Saturday, 22nd May 2021. I was preparing to facilitate a workshop for our 11 young and energetic missionaries from 7 different countries (Burkina Faso, Ghana, Uganda, Malawi, India, Kenya and Tanzania). They are in their first term of mission in this province and the workshop was supposed to last for one week, from the 23rd in the evening to the 30th of May 2021. The aim of the workshop is primarily to give them the opportunity to share their different missionary experiences, to learn from each other, to encourage each other, to have a change of environment and to have a bit of a rest before going back to their parishes. Unfortunately, the volcano had other plans and we had to cut it short and evacuate all of them because of the earth tremors that persisted after the volcanic eruption.

It is certain that after the eruption, we were all afraid and uncertain about what would happen next, but we didn't even consider fleeing the town. On the contrary we started our workshop as programmed, with the introduction on Sunday evening, 23rd of May 2021. Despite the frequent and intense earthquakes that were shaking the house for 5 days, we carried on, hoping the situation would get better. The statistics we received later showed that there were 48 earthquakes registered on Sunday just after the eruption, 97 earthquakes on Monday and then 57 on Tuesday morning. It was a phenomenon we had never experienced before. The atmo-



Outside our visitors house

sphere was becoming more and more tense and agitated. Still we held on until the message of the military governor of Goma came on Thursday morning, 27th of May, telling the population to evacuate with immediate effect certain areas of the town which were considered to be danger zones. Since the international airport of Goma was closed down, there was no way for our confrères to go back to their various areas of mission (due to poor road links and huge distances, air travel is widely used). Consequently, after consultation with the Provincial Superior Fr Emmanuel Ngona, who at that moment was also stuck in Bunia in Ituri Region, we decided to evacuate most of our confrères, together with our 21 students and their teachers, to Bukavu for safety. I decided to stay back in the community with our confrères in the parish of Katoy in solidarity with other people who didn't have anywhere to run to or those who were too sick, old or crippled and so couldn't flee, even if they wanted to. We have been very fortunate, our communities are all intact. No major damage has occurred to our houses except for some cracked walls and floors in the parish and in the church which might need serious repairs later on. I am watching over our



Eventually we had to evacuate our young confreres

two deserted communities to keep out looters. In a press conference on Saturday, 29th of May, the President still insisted that people who are out of the town should remain where they are and shouldn't return immediately. Those who are still in Goma should evacuate. However, we see that the situation is getting better day by day. The earth tremors have drastically reduced and are gradually coming to an end.

We continue to hope and pray that everything becomes stable, people

come back to their homes if they are lucky enough to still have them, and we pray that life gets back to normal, while we wait for another eruption probably in the next 15 to 20 years! May God bless all of you who have been praying for us and supporting us in any way.

WAYS TO HELP FUND OUR MISSION

WHITE FATHERS

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We propose you use this formula:

“I give to the **Society of the Missionaries of Africa (White Fathers)** the sum of free of duty, and I declare that the receipt of the Father Treasurer of the Society in Great Britain, who now resides at 64, Little Ealing Lane, London, W5 4XF, shall be of good discharge.”

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Parents & Friends Association

No events are foreseen until the New Year.

We are all well and have been joined in community by Fr. John Gerrard MAfr. Welcome, John!

Sadly, Fr. George Smith died in Glasgow on 4th October . He was buried from St. Cuthbert's, Hamilton on 20th. October. May he rest in peace. We pray for him and all his family.

Please keep us in your prayers, as we pray for you.

Fr. William Crombie MAfr

OTHER NEWS

Fr. Matthew Banseh MAfr (Ghanaian) has arrived in London to follow studies in Anthropology at SOAS.

Sylvester Daison (Tanzanian) has been appointed to St Vincent's , Liverpool for 2 years Pastoral experience.

Warmest welcome to you both!

Your charitable prayers are requested

for those who have recently died
together with our deceased parents,
relatives, friends and benefactors.

Mrs. Ann Ashton	Merseyside	Mr. D.L. Parkinson	Hartlepool
Mr Anthony Merriman	Bristol	Fr. Brian Taylor	Guildford
Fr. Eddie Brady MAfr	Ireland	Prof. R.B.Pulfrey	Redcar
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Mr. J. Hutchinson	Largs	Mrs. F.R.Kenny	York
Mrs. E.Fennell	Croydon	Mrs. Ann Kerrigan	Bristol
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Ms Josephine Hughes	Ireland	Mrs. Gwen Hayes	Derby
Mr David Kavanagh	Bath	Mr M.C.Menezes	Manchester
Ms Maria Fitzimmon	Glasgow	Ms Jessie McLean	Glasgow
Fr George Smith MAfr	Glasgow	Mrs. Mary D'Arcy	Birmingham
Mrs. Eileen Dwyer	W. Midlands		
Mrs. Doreen Shelmerdine Conwy			
Mr. Frank Gerrard	(brother of Fr. John Gerrard MAfr)		
Mr. Alan Targett	brother of Fr. Mike Targett)		
Ms Elisabeth Watson	(cousin of Fr Peter Smith MAfr)		
Sr Margaret Leedal CJ	(sister of Fr Phil Leedal MAfr)		
Mrs. Ann Brown	(sister of Fr Dave Cullen MAfr)		

Please send in the names of any deceased friends or relatives for whom you would like prayers to be said.

Throughout the whole month of November any names received will be placed before the altar and remembered during daily Mass.

May they rest in peace



St. Anthony's Burse



By contributing to St. Anthony's Burse for the education of White Fathers, you will be helping to spread the Good News of the Gospel in Africa.

The Bursary Fund is open to donations of all kinds, large or small.

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Charity Registered in Scotland No. SC037981

ISSN 0262-1061 Issue No.454

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