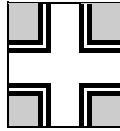


"We Dress The Wound,  
God Heals it"



**ST. KIZITO HOSPITAL - MATANY**  
P.O. BOX 46 – M O R O T O / UGANDA

## **Matany, Christmas 2016**

***Dear Hospital & NMTS Staff,  
dear Students,***

Our recent Christmas Party has been a wonderful occasion of being together and value each others contribution towards the good functioning of the Hospital for the good of our patients.



There might have been moments during the year, when we felt among ourselves tensions and disagreement because we just had our own situation in mind, instead of looking also at the condition of the colleague. This is how often misunderstanding starts. However, let us put aside all these differences and lack of communication with the desire to improve our relationships. Let us be filled with the mystery of the God is with us, the Emmanuel.

Christmas gives us the opportunity to give fresh energy to our Hospital community, learning to look at one another with the eyes of the Father, walking as a family where we know how to forgive and accept ourselves as we are.

I always like with the help of a story to emphasize, in a simple way our daily life experiences. Of course during this season it is connected to Christmas.

*"Once upon a time, there was a man who worked very hard just to keep food on the table for his family. This particular year a few days before Christmas, he punished his little five-year-old daughter after learning that she had used up the family's only roll of expensive gold wrapping paper.*

*As money was tight, he became even more upset when on Christmas Eve he saw that the child had used all of the expensive gold paper to decorate one single box she had put under the Christmas tree. He also was concerned about where she had gotten money to buy what was in the box.*

*Nevertheless, the next morning the little girl, filled with excitement, brought the gift box to her father and said, "This is for you, Daddy!"*

*As he opened the box, the father was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, now regretting how he had punished her.*

*But when he opened the box, he found it was empty and again his anger flared. "Don't you know, young lady," he said harshly, "when you give someone a present, there's supposed to be something inside the package!"*

*The little girl looked up at him with sad tears rolling from her eyes and whispered: "Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was all full."*

*The father was crushed. He fell on his knees and put his arms around his precious little girl. He begged her to forgive him for his unnecessary anger.*

*An accident took the life of the child only a short time later. It is told that the father kept this little gold box by his bed for all the years of his life. Whenever he was discouraged or faced difficult problems, he would open the box, take out an imaginary kiss, and remember the love of this beautiful child who had put it there.*

*In a very real sense, each of us has been given an invisible golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, family, friends, colleagues, and God. There is no more precious possession anyone could hold."*

Looking at us as a Hospital community I have always felt that everyone has got a little box with good intentions and good will for each other. Let us not get disappointed when once and a while we forget about it. One day we shall remember, when, as in the story, the person who deep within had this fundamental sentiment for the other, is no longer there.

Once again I wish to take this opportunity to thank all of you for the great work everyone is doing in his/her specific entrusted responsibility. Only if everyone gives his/her level best, Matany Hospital remains a place of Hope and Healing, which is blessed by God's Mercy. We are requested to exercise our service with Love.

In gratitude

*Br. Günther Nährich*

Br. Günther Nährich  
Administrator/CEO

