



Canadian Food for Children

La Nourriture du Canada pour les Enfants

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Evelyn and her daughter Vivian

The night had fallen peacefully, enveloping the village in a gentle calm. Evelyn had finally managed to drift off to sleep, her child tucked safely in her arms. Their small, grass-thatched house was quiet, with only the sounds of the crickets outside and the occasional rustling of the wind in the tall grass. Though the day had been long and tiring, the comfort of her child's warmth and the safety of their house made sleep come easily.

Their home, though humble, was a sanctuary. Built from the earth, with walls made of mud and poles, and a roof thatched with dried grass, it had always provided for them. But that night, something ominous lingered in the air.

Outside, the sky began to shift. A low, distant rumble of thunder echoed across the horizon, the first sign of a brewing storm. Evelyn, deep in sleep, was unaware of the danger. The wind began to pick up, rustling the roof of their grass-thatched home, and the tapping lightly at first, then turning into a steady downpour. Rain soon followed,

It wasn't until the sky suddenly lit up with a flash of lightning that Evelyn stirred. Her eyelids fluttered, and for a brief moment, she was awake but just barely. Before she could react, the loudest crack of thunder ripped through the night, and she was jolted fully awake, her heart pounding in her chest.

The storm was directly overhead.

In the next instant, another bolt of lightning shot down from the sky, this one blindingly and it felt close. It was so bright that the entire room lit up in violent flash, and for a second, it in a time had frozen. Then it hit.

Evelyn's entire body seized up in excruciating pain as the lightning bolt struck the roof of their house and travelled through the structure. The electric shock coursed through her, every muscle in her body tensing involuntarily as she gasped in shock. She couldn't move, couldn't scream. It felt as though her entire body was on fire from the inside.

Her child, still in her arms, whimpered as they, too, were jolted by the electric surge. Evelyn's maternal instinct kicked in despite the pain, and she tightened her grip on the child, her mind screaming to protect them.

The lightning had struck so fast, the air around them buzzing with static and the smell of burnt grass and earth filling the room. She could hear the crackling sound of electricity as it snapped through the house like a whip, setting the dry roof ablaze.

As the shock subsided, her body went limp, and for a moment, everything was a blur. She could feel her heart racing erratically, her limbs heavy and trembling. The only thing grounding her in that terrifying moment was the small, frightened whimpers of her child, clutched tightly to her chest.

With great effort, Evelyn managed to regain some control of her body. The fire had already begun to spread, and the smoke was thickening quickly. The thatched roof, dry and vulnerable, had caught fire within seconds of the strike. Flames licked hungrily at the beams above, sending fiery embers drifting down around them.

The heat grew unbearable. Evelyn, still disoriented and weak from the electric shock, realized they had to get out. Now. Her legs felt like lead, her arms shaking, but there was no time to waste. Holding her child tightly, she forced herself to move.

Stumbling through the room, she barely managed to push through the door as flames began to consume the house behind her. They burst into the storm outside, the cold rain soaking them instantly. But even the rain couldn't extinguish the fire that was rapidly devouring their home. Lightning continued to crack across the sky, illuminating the scene of destruction.

They had escaped the fire, but the shock of the lightning had left Evelyn dazed, her body aching with pain. Her child whimpered against her chest, still shaking from the ordeal. The house the place they had called home was now an inferno, collapsing in on itself as flames roared and crackled. The fire's glow was bright against the dark, stormy night, and the smell of burning grass and wood filled the air.

As the fire consumed everything, Evelyn stood in the pouring rain, her breath coming in short, painful gasps. Her limbs were weak and trembling. her muscles sore from the electrocution. She could still feel the tingling in her skin, the memory of the lightning's jolt fresh in her mind. Her child clung tightly to her, their small body shaking, but alive.

Everything inside the house had been lost-clothes, keepsakes, even the special garments their relatives had gifted them for their hospital visit. It was all gone, reduced to ash in a matter of moments. The storm raged on, relentless, as if mocking their loss.

Yet, as Evelyn looked down at her child, soaked and shivering in her arms, a flicker of relief washed over her. They had survived. The fire had taken their home, the lightning had brought them to the brink of disaster, but they were still here, together. As long as they had each other, there was hope.



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In the cold rain, with the storm still raging around them, Evelyn stood tall. They had lost everything, but they had also escaped something far worse. She knew they would face challenges ahead-rebuilding, starting over-but as the flames died down behind her, she felt the faintest stirrings of strength returning.



Evelyn with Dr. Simone

Evelyn and her daughter Vivian were brought to the burn unit, St. Mary's Hospital Lacor in Uganda. There they received excellent care. I brought gifts from Canada every day and many times Evelyn would give us a beautiful smile. Please note that Evelyn's burns were extremely severe and also covered her chest and private area.



Vivian



Vivian with her
Grandmother

Thank you for helping.

GOD BLESS YOU,
Andrew A. Simone M.D.