



A Lyke Community Magazine

THE FLOCK

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MISSION OF HOPE: THE HEART OF A SHEPHERD



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FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF HOPE-LYKE COMMUNITY

Celebrating the FMH (Lyke Community) Missions

SHEPHERDING HEARTS IN A WOUNDED WORLD



The mission of the Church has always been a mission of hope. In every age, Christ continues to raise shepherds after His own Heart to guide, heal, teach, and accompany His people. The shepherd's heart is not merely an office or function; it is a spiritual

disposition shaped by charity, sacrifice, and pastoral closeness. In a world wounded by fear, division, and indifference, the Church is called to be a living sign of hope through shepherds who reflect the compassion of Christ the Good Shepherd.

The image of the shepherd occupies a central place in Sacred Scripture. Jesus Himself declares: "I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep" (Jn 10:11). The shepherd knows his flock, walks before them, protects the weak, seeks the lost, and nourishes the faithful with truth and mercy. True pastoral ministry therefore flows not from authority alone, but from love rooted in Christ.

The Fathers of the Church frequently reflected on this sacred responsibility. St. Augustine, in his famous sermons on pastors, warned shepherds against seeking themselves rather than Christ in their ministry. He wrote: "For you I am a bishop, with you I am a Christian." This profound statement reveals the humility and communion that should characterize every shepherd. A pastor is not above the flock but among them, journeying together toward holiness.

Likewise, St. Gregory the Great in his Pastoral Rule taught that the shepherd must combine contemplation with action, discipline with compassion, and truth with mercy. He insisted that pastors should first be examples before becoming teachers. The credibility of the shepherd depends greatly on the witness of his life.

The Fathers understood pastoral ministry as participation in the very charity of Christ. The shepherd carries the smell of the sheep because he shares their joys and sufferings. He does not abandon the wounded, nor does he govern through fear. Instead, he becomes a bridge of reconciliation and hope.

The vision of shepherding was renewed beautifully during the Second Vatican Council. In *Lumen Gentium*, the Council teaches that bishops and priests exercise

the function of Christ as Shepherd and Head by gathering God's family together in unity and leading them to the Father through Christ in the Holy Spirit.

The Council further emphasizes that pastors are called to mirror the example of Christ the Good Shepherd, who came "not to be served but to serve." Their mission is not domination but service, not prestige but sacrifice. The shepherd must become a visible sign of God's closeness to His people.

In *Presbyterorum Ordinis*, the Council reminds priests that they must live among the people as good shepherds who know their sheep and seek those who are far away. Priestly ministry is therefore deeply relational. A shepherd listens, accompanies, forgives, and encourages. He becomes a servant of communion in a fragmented world.

Today, the Church continues to need shepherds with hearts filled with hope. The faithful long for pastors who are close to the people, rooted in prayer, faithful to doctrine, and compassionate toward human weakness. The shepherd of today must walk patiently with the young, comfort families, care for the poor, defend the dignity of life, and proclaim the Gospel courageously in difficult circumstances.

Hope is born when people encounter shepherds who radiate Christ. A smiling priest visiting the sick, a bishop defending justice, a religious accompanying the forgotten, or a catechist patiently forming the young all become signs that God has not abandoned His people.

The mission of hope demands shepherds who do not lose heart amid challenges. The Church has endured storms throughout history because Christ remains her eternal Shepherd. As the Council reminds us, the shepherd's ministry is always participation in Christ's own mission of gathering humanity into one family of God.

May every shepherd in the Church continually pray for the grace to have the Heart of Christ: humble in service, steadfast in truth, merciful toward sinners, and joyful in hope. For where the shepherd reflects Christ, the flock finds courage to continue the journey of faith.

Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Mungai, FMH
Superior General,
Franciscan Missionaries of Hope- Lyke Community

SERVING THE PEOPLE OF GOD AT ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI PARISH MAJIMATITU, TANZANIA

By Ndugu Gido Bartalome, FMH



My discernment to the priesthood did not arise from the fact that life was easy or because I had all the answers to all the questions. Rather, it was a call that grew over time. Growing up in Kilimanjaro, Tanzania, East Africa, I witnessed people carry heavy burdens quietly: mothers sacrificing for their children, fathers working beyond exhaustion, young people searching for direction in life, and elders holding families together through prayer, and people searching for hope. Amidst all these, I also came to realize that the Church was more than a building. The Church had become a refuge.

I was deeply moved as I witnessed the demonstration of faith from a people who had only so much in life. I witnessed how they would fall on their knees in thanksgiving to God, even as tears streamed down their cheeks as they entrusted themselves to God. Their hardships and life challenges did not come between them and their faith in God. It was then that I began to realize that a human being can live with very little, but cannot live without meaning, hope, and love.

As a young man, I was inspired by priests who were present not only at the altar, but also in the ordinary lives of their faithful. They visited the sick in their homes, comforted grieving families, encouraged students who had lost hope, and stood beside the poor without embarrassment. Their being present in the lives of their congregants made me understand that priesthood

is about pouring out life for others and not about status. Priesthood is about availability to God and to God's people.

There is one incident that has stayed with me. I remember visiting a struggling family during a rainy season. Their house leaked badly, yet before we left, the grandmother said, "**Mungu hajatuacha**" meaning "God has not abandoned us." That demonstration of faith humbled me. I understood that many people do not need a perfect priest; they need a faithful one.

As I continued to discern my purpose in life, the words of the prophet Isaiah continued to challenge me:

"Whom shall I send? And who will go for us?"

"Here am I; send me." Isaiah 6:8. As are the words of the Prophet Jeremiah: "Before I formed you in the womb I knew you." Jeremiah 1:5. And the words of Christ: "You did not choose me, but I chose you." John 15:16

TENDING THE SHEEP



My life as a parish priest (pastor) in Dar es Salaam is demanding, but also beautiful and purpose filled. No two days are the same. My day often begins with prayer at 6.00 AM, followed by Mass and hearing of confessions. Office work, administration, and pastoral care then follow.

This typically includes meeting parish groups, parish committees, preparing homilies, visiting the sick, counseling families, visiting schools, guiding youth, handling parish administration, visiting ongoing church projects, helping the poor and sometimes responding to emergencies at unexpected hours. A priest quickly learns that ministry often does not follow a routine.

PERFECT JOY AND FULFILLMENT

One of the greatest joys of serving as a parish priest (pastor) is seeing lives transformed quietly over time: a couple whose marriage was breaking apart begins reconciliation and healing; witnessing a young person discovering his/her purpose in life; welcoming a family back to the Church; presiding at the baptism of a child; witnessing children growing up as committed Christians; blessing a marriage; hearing the confession of someone who has been away from the Church for some time; being informed of the peaceful passing of a parishioner after the administration of the last rites. These moments rarely appear in headlines, yet they reveal the presence of God and gives PERFECT JOY AND FULFILLMENT.

A parish is like a family garden. Growth takes patience, prayer, and care. There are also difficult moments which often test the depth of the priest's faith: celebrating funerals; arbitrating conflicts; dealing with disappointments and setbacks; financial struggles within the parish; and seeing people wounded by poverty or addiction. Priesthood teaches endurance. The one lesson I continue to learn is this: people rarely remember perfect sermons, but they remember presence. They remember who stood with them in their low moments and in their times of sorrow.

MINISTERING AS A PRIEST IN TANZANIA, MY HOMELAND

I am privileged to be serving as a parish priest (pastor) in my homeland of Tanzania where parish life is communal. Ministering in a parish in my homeland Tanzania continues to inspire and bring out the best in me. It is uplifting and

satisfying to see the young people singing with vigor at Mass. They do this without a complaint escaping their lips.

Despite the many challenges hardships they face, the people still gather to celebrate their faith with warmth. The generosity of the people in support of the Church is never deterred by their economic hardships. Seeing those with very little in life sacrificing what they have so that they can support the Church often reminds me of the widow in the Gospel who offered her small coins with great faith: "She, from her poverty, has contributed all she had" (Mark 12:44). Parish ministry and apostolate is reflected well in the Swahili proverb: **"kidole kimoja hakivunji chawa"** (One finger cannot kill a louse).

Priesthood is never lived alone. The people themselves strengthen the priest through prayer, encouragement, and shared faith. At the center of everything remains Christ. Without prayer and the Eucharist, priesthood becomes only work. With Christ, even difficult service gains meaning.

"I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep" (John 10:11). That verse continues to shape my understanding of priesthood: not power, but service; not recognition, but sacrifice; not comfort, but love lived daily. Peace and goodness to you.



Editor's note:
The cover page features Fr. Gido sharing a cake with the congregation on the occasion of his installation as the Pastor.



MISSION OF HOPE: ABOUT ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI MAJIMATITU

(By Ndugu Gido Bartalome, FMH)

St. Francis of Assisi Parish is located in the Mbagala Majimatitu area on the outskirts of Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. It was founded as a mission church in 1996 to provide a local place of worship and reduce the need for parishioners to travel to the neighboring Zakhem Parish for Mass and Pastoral services. It was erected as a parish in July 2023 and currently has one mission church. The Parish is currently staffed by Fr. Gido Bartalome, FMH, as the pastor, and Fr. Joseph Kariuki, FMH, as the parochial vicar.

Mbagala Majimatitu is semi-urban neighborhood within Temeke District, southern Dar es Salaam, widely known for deep-rooted poverty and precarious living conditions. Most residents live in overcrowded, poorly constructed houses, reflecting both land scarcity and low income. The local economy is predominantly informal, with many people working as casual laborers in nearby industries, while others survive through street vending of water, peanuts, soft drinks, and other small items along the main roads. Despite these efforts, household income remains extremely low and insufficient to meet basic needs. Many families struggle to afford two meals a day, with a significant number surviving on only one meal, typically consisting of maize meal (ugali) and beans, foods chosen mainly for their low cost rather than nutritional balance. This persistent food insecurity and lack of a balanced diet contribute to frequent illness, chronic fatigue, and a growing sense of hopelessness among residents. Poverty and income inequality are widespread, and the community faces multiple social challenges, including the disproportionate burden borne by women and girls who face gender-based violence and economic marginalization despite their central roles in household and market activities.

SOMETIMES THE YES DOES NOT COME EASILY

Vocation story of Brother John Baptist Nkwasiibwe,, FMH

The year was 2011, and I had just finished high school, when my uncle came home for a visit. He is a religious brother belonging to the Brothers of Saint Charles Lwanga, or as they are commonly known in Uganda, the Banakaroli Brothers. His conversation with us was not unique from the other chats we had had with him before, apart from his request to privately talk to me and my young brother. His first statement was "You see, I am not growing any younger, and I think I have sacrificed enough for this family and for the Church, and I have been praying that one of you follows in my path." As a young man who had received a university Scholarship to pursue studies in Science, I had a lot to think about.

First, because I had read books concerning the call to religious life and priesthood, I knew that one cannot just choose to be a religious or a priest because of an uncle's wish. That would be a dangerous blunder. However, I still knew the Latin saying, *Vox populi vox Dei* (the voice of the people is the voice of God), and people's words ought to be considered, especially if they are trusted and considered wise by many. Therefore, I thought about his words for a few days, and I decided that religious life or priesthood was not my call.

About three years later was when I met the Franciscans for the first time. I had been a movement leader at our university chaplaincy (Corpus Christi- Mbarara University) and one Saturday, we had a day of prayer at the Order of Friars Minor (OFM) Novitiate. After our recollection, two Franciscan brothers talked to us and for the first time, I felt a connection to St. Francis like I had never felt before. It is true that I had read about him through books but this time the feeling was different.

In 2015, I graduated and started working as a teacher of Chemistry and Biology at a Catholic High School. I must confess that I loved teaching, and I enjoyed my time with my students, but I felt there is something more I needed to do. My spirit was somehow restless, and I kept thinking about my day with the Franciscans. One Saturday, I decided to go and pay a visit to the novitiate again. The evening after my visit, I mailed my application, and was invited for come and see. The time we were to begin formation in Tanzania, my travel documents were not ready, but one thing was clear for me; I was in love with the Franciscans.



Eventually, I came to know the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope and I joined then in 2017. My journey has not been an easy one, after all Christian life is the 'way of the cross.' However, I am certain that the Lord has been with me all along. Through candidacy, postulancy, novitiate, philosophical studies in Kenya, up now when I am studying theology at St. Meinrad Seminary, Indiana. The Lord has truly given me brothers who have supported me from the beginning, and are still with me, always spreading the charism of hope. The Lyke community has become my home and I believe the Lord led me here.

PLEASE CONSIDER BEING OUR PARTNER IN MISSION

Your donation ensures that the many young men who knock at our doors are allowed to pursue their YES to God's call, just as Bro. John Baptist did.

How to give

For our friends in Kenya,

Paybill Number is 8998990

Account Number: 823823 Account Name: Franciscan Missionaries of Hope.

For our friends in the United States, please visit our secure donation page at <http://www.lykecommunity.org/donate>

Make checks payable to:

Franciscan Missionaries of Hope -1905 Wellerman Road - West Monroe, LA 71291

ENCOUNTER WITH THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF HOPE-LYKE COMMUNITY

By Stella and John



Our encounter with the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope-Lyke Community in Nairobi was one of the most meaningful and transformative experiences of our lives. What began as a simple visit quickly became a journey of faith, friend-ship, and human connection that deeply touched our hearts. From the very first moment we arrived, the community welcomed us not as guests or strangers, but as members of their own family. Their warmth, simplicity, and spirit of hospitality reflected the Gospel in a very real and living way.

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We left Louisville early in the morning, filled with excitement and uncertainty about what awaited us in Kenya. After a long and exhausting journey, we finally arrived in Nairobi the following night, long after darkness had covered the city.

We were tired and overwhelmed, and trying to adjust to a completely new environment. Because it was so dark, we could hardly see the faces of those who had come to receive us at the airport. Yet even before we could recognize their features, we could already feel their kindness. Their smiles, laughter, and eagerness to help immediately put us at ease. We had traveled with far too much luggage, and somehow everything had to fit into the van that had come for us. The brothers carefully piled bags on top of the vehicle and tied them down securely with ropes, all while joking and helping one another with patience and joy. It was a simple moment, yet it revealed something beautiful about the spirit of the community: everyone worked together, and no one complained.

From the airport, we traveled to the Lyke House, where we would stay with the Franciscan community, priests, and seminarians. Although it was late, the brothers insisted that we first sit down for hot tea with milk and a snack before resting. That gesture of hospitality touched us deeply. In many places, people would simply show tired travelers to their rooms, but here, caring for others came naturally and joyfully. The accommodation was simple, with only single beds and basic furnishings, yet there was something peaceful and comforting about the environment. We were grateful for indoor facilities and a safe place to rest. After unpacking and sharing tea, we finally went to sleep, exhausted from the long journey, and slept peacefully through the night.

The next morning introduced us to the rhythm of life in the Lyke Community. The day began early with Mass, which stood at the center of the community's life. Even though we came from different cultures and backgrounds, prayer united us. The simplicity and reverence of the liturgy revealed the deep faith of the community. After Mass, everyone gathered for breakfast before beginning the ordinary tasks of the day. Life in the community was not centered on comfort or status, but on service, humility, and shared responsibility. Everyone participated in the work of the house. Some washed dishes, others swept the kitchen, cleaned the compound, or cared for the animals. We also joined in these activities and quickly realized that these ordinary tasks carried a deeper meaning. They were expressions of fraternity and shared life.

One of the most memorable experiences during our stay was the opportunity to spend time with the seminarians. They welcomed us warmly and shared their stories openly. One seminarian left a deep impression on us. During a conversation, he shared his painful experience of surviving the genocide. He spoke quietly and honestly about losing several members of his family and witnessing unimaginable suffering. Listening to his story was heartbreaking, yet at the same time deeply inspiring. Despite all the pain he had endured, he continued to live with faith, hope, and compassion. Rather than allowing hatred or bitterness to consume him, he chose the path of healing and service to God.

His testimony became a powerful reminder of the resilience of the human spirit and the healing power of faith.

Another unforgettable part of our experience was our relationship with Mary, the cook at the Lyke Community. Mary did not speak English, and at first, we wondered how we would communicate with her. Yet we soon discovered that kindness, laughter, and hospitality speak a universal language.



Mary had a smile that could light up the room and make everyone feel welcome. Every morning and evening, she prepared meals with care and joy, always making sure everyone was fed and comfortable. She welcomed me into the kitchen and allowed me to help her prepare food. Even though our communication was limited, we formed a bond through simple gestures, shared work, and mutual respect. Watching her work so faithfully and joyfully each day taught us something profound about service. She carried out even the smallest tasks with love and dignity.

As the days passed, the Lyke Community no longer felt unfamiliar. It became home. We shared meals, prayed, worked, and laughed together. We learned that the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope were not simply living in community; they were truly living the Gospel. Their lives reflected simplicity, humility, compassion, and deep trust in God. There was no sense of pride or superiority among them. Instead, there was a spirit of

brotherhood and mutual care that made everyone feel valued and included.

What touched us most deeply was the way the community found joy in ordinary life.

Happiness was not based on wealth, comfort, or possessions, but on relationships, faith, and service. Whether sharing tea after a long journey, cleaning together after meals, praying in the chapel, or listening to one another's stories, every moment carried meaning.

We came to understand that true Christian community is built not only through prayer but also through daily acts of love, patience, sacrifice, and hospitality.

Our encounter with the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope at the Lyke Community changed us in many ways. It challenged us to reflect on our own understanding of faith, community, and service. We witnessed people who had experienced suffering yet continued to live with hope and generosity. We experienced a form of hospitality that was simple yet deeply sincere. Most importantly, we encountered Christ through the lives of the people we met.

As we prepared to leave Nairobi, we realized that we were not leaving behind strangers, but brothers and sisters who had become part of our lives.

The memories of the Lyke Community remain with us as a reminder that God is most clearly encountered in simple acts of love and human connection.

The Franciscan Missionaries of Hope showed us that a life rooted in faith, humility, and compassion can become a powerful witness to the Gospel. Their example continues to inspire us to live with greater openness, gratitude, and love toward others.

JOURNEYING WITH MOTHER MARY: THE FAMILY ROSARY PRAYER

By Brother Janvier Kagayo



Each year the Universal church sets apart the month of May in dedication to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Moreover, as the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope, we have BVM, Mother of Hope, as our patroness. As a family, we dedicate our rosary prayer for peace: in the world, in the universal church, in our families, and in every conner of the world where we continue giving hope.

As members of St. Bonaventure Scholasticate (the FMH Motherhouse), we are grateful to our guardian, *Ndugu* Henry Kiggundu, FMH, for encouraging us to embrace this beautiful devotion as articulated in our Constitutions. As we meditate on the mysteries of the Holy Rosary, we invite the Blessed Virgin Mary, the patroness of the FMH, to continue interceding for her sons and daughters throughout the world. Although reciting the Rosary can sometimes feel boring and tiresome, especially after busy hours of studies and community chores, it is a prayer that entrusts us into the motherly arms of the BVM where we find rest. Mother Mary has never abandoned those who seek her intercession even in moments of exhaustion.

As Franciscan Missionaries of Hope, we carry Mother Mary in our hearts, in our daily devotion of praying the rosary, and by living the mystery of hope that Christ himself lived and taught us to share among ourselves as *ndugus* (brothers), and finally transmit this precious mystery of hope to the people of God in fidelity to his plan of salvation.

FRIENDS' DAY

(By Br. Janvier Kagayo)



(A group photo of the friends of Lyke community together with the brothers after mass on 27th March 2026, photo by Br. Janvier kagayo)

Each year, the members of the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope in Kenya (Nairobi region) sets apart a day to honor the Friends of the Lyke Community. It is a day of prayer, thanksgiving, and fellowship. The day affords an opportunity for the *ndugus* to appreciate these mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters of ours who have stood by the Community in and out of season. It is also an opportunity for the *ndugus* to interact with the friends, as newer members of the community get to know the friends, and new friends get to know the *ndugus*. This year (2026), the Friends' Day was held on March 27th at St. Francis of Assisi Generalate, Kahuho. The day began with the celebration of the Holy Eucharist presided over by the Very Rev. Joseph Mungai, FMH, the Superior General. In his homily, Ndugu Michael Thang'wa, FMH, traced the origins and foundation of the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope.

He also took time to recognize and appreciate the friends of the community, both in Kenya and in the USA, who have supported the *ndugus* through their prayers and their resources.

As members of the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope, we thank the Almighty God for the gift of our friends. While we might not be able to pay back in kind the wonderful support they have given to us, we lift you, our friends, to God in prayer. As a community, we have set apart Monday as a

day in which we remember the friends at our morning and evening prayers.

To all the friends of the Lyke Community who have gone before us, we ask the good Lord to grant them a perfect rest and to reward them for their generosity and kindness towards the Franciscan Missionaries of Hope.



(The friends of Lyke community during mass on 27th March 2026, photo by Br. Janvier kagayo)

RIP

1. Mama Lucia Wangui (**March 5th 2026**), mother to Ndugu Mike Thangwa
2. Ms. Jacquie Bourgeois (**March 31 2026**), daughter to Mr. Martin Bourgeois, longtime friend and benefactor to the Luke Community
3. Mr. Alfred Mallya (**April 3rd 2026**), brother to Ndugu Peter Mallya

In Memoriam: NDUGU ANDRE MCGRATH, OFM

(By Ndugu Jeff Muga, FMH)



The one name that features massively whenever the story of the Lyke Community is told is that of Fr. Andre McGrath, OFM (please visit <https://www.lykecommunity.org/about-us> for a summary of his story). Although fondly referred to as *Ndugu* (brother) by the brothers, Fr. Andre was not a mere *ndugu* to the members of the Lyke Community. He was a dad to the brothers, and often signed his letters, notes, and memos to the brothers, ***Mimi ni ndugu na baba yetu (sic) mpenzi kabisa sasa na kila siku mpaka mwisho*** (*Your most loving brother and father today and always till the end*). Fr. Andre was a father, in word and in deed, to the members of the Lyke Community. The members of the Lyke Community who were lucky to meet, interact, and live with Fr. Andre would affirm this without any hesitation.

I met Fr. Andre for the first time in 2002, my first year with the Lyke Community, when he and a few friends from Shreveport, Louisiana, visited with the community in Kenya. Fr. Francis Kamau, the then Superior General, had packed us in a rented Van and brought us to the airport so that we could receive Fr. Andre and the friends. When Fr. Andre exited the airport lounge, he knelt and kissed the ground (he always referred to Africa as the motherland and was excited whenever he would visit Kenya) and

Below: Fr. Andre's salutation to the ndugus and sons in one of his letters

My beloved Ndugus of Lyke Community:

February 1, 2007

On this occasion that Father Nicholas Owino, FMH is visiting you, may I also send my prayers and greetings to you. I will be praying for each of you every single day as I have been and for our whole community.

then yelled “ndugus” as he walked towards us. Fr. Andre had never met those of us who were in their first year with the community (postulants), but he gave us the same embrace and kiss he gave the likes of Fr. Francis or Fr. Nick, or Fr. John or Fr. Jogues, our co-founders. To Fr. Andre, it didn't matter whether you were a postulant or a priest of the Lyke Community. All were his beloved *ndugus* and sons, as could be discerned from his embrace.

As a postulant, I marveled at Fr. Andre's quickness to remember our names, and not just the first name, but each person's two or three names (he was meeting my group for the first time; we were nine postulants). It was not until four years later when I came to learn how he was able to do this: in his bedroom in our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, Shreveport, Fr. Andre plastered the walls with pictures of the members of the Lyke Community (the members of the Lyke Community were hardly twenty in number).

The *ndugus* who were lucky to meet Fr. Andre will readily admit that the phrase, Larger than Life, correctly describes who Fr. Andre was. Physiologically, Fr. Andre was large. He was six foot five, if not six, and had flesh on his bones. His hands would dwarf most hands during a handshake, and his presence always filled the room.

But Fr. Andre's larger than life personality was not limited to his physique. His ability to relate screamed the same. I would dare say, with utmost conviction, that there is no one who interacted with Fr. Andre and was not impacted by him. Anyone who would approach him with an issue, whether you were meeting him for the first time or whether he was an old acquaintance, would be attended to with love and understanding. He was generous with his time and resources.

Many were the times when he would overdraft his bank account because he had to help someone in need. His empathy knew no bounds, and he was the happiest when he gave. And whereas we can hypothesize that perhaps his growing up during the American depression shaped his generosity trait (he used to share with us how during the depression, they had to survive on meager rations of potatoes, and as the eldest child, he had to ensure that his younger siblings were fed), we can also say that he was simply putting to practice the teachings of Jesus.

Fr. Andre preached what he practiced, and he practiced what he taught.

For us members of the Lyke Community who met and lived with Fr. Andre, we had the privilege of witnessing the personification of the Gospel demand of laying down one's life for one's friends. There was no request too big that a *ndugu* would place before Fr. Andre. He would literally give a *ndugu* the last shirt he had on his back. For those of us who were wearing the same shoe size as Fr. Andre, we had to learn never to tell him that you liked shoes or his sandals. If you did, he would bring you to the shop where he bought his pair and have you pick one for yourself.

Fr. Andre loved hosting the *ndugus* for dinner



at his house. He was always very observant, and if he noticed a *ndugu* showed interest in a particular dish or snack, the next time he went to the mall he would make sure that he stocked up the dish or the snack.

For the *ndugus* who were privileged to study in the US when Fr. Andre was around, he was the *de facto* go-to person for back-to-school shopping. He would bring you to the mall and have you pick anything you wanted, and even more. He would be the one to drop you at the airport or bus station, or if your school was a drivable distance (such as Notre Dame Seminary), he would bring you to school. When it would be time for saying bye, he would hand you your pocket money and ask if it would be enough. If you said no, he would look for the nearest Chase Bank and get more cash for you.

Fr. Andre loved and was loved in return. While he remained loyal to his Order and Province till the day he breathed his last, he was a *ndugu* of the Lyke Community. May he continue resting in the peace of the Lord. Amen.

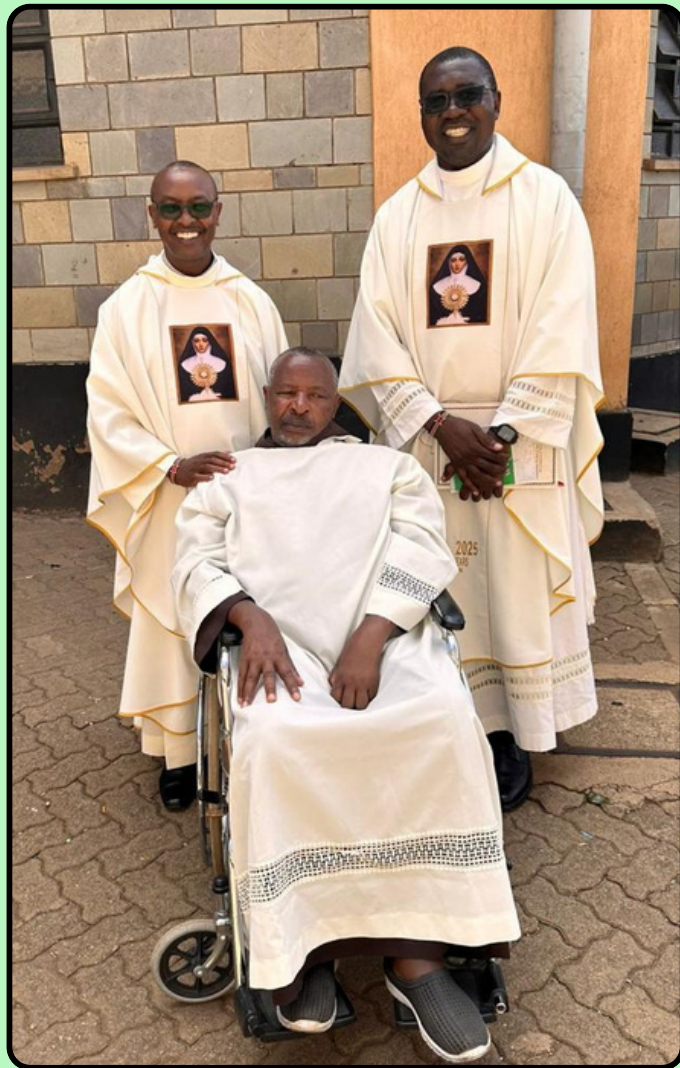
Beloved *ndugus*—I send you my prayers and love. Do not let discouragement overwhelm you, but grow ever strong in the spirit. May the prayer of Saint Francis before the Crucifix be yours as it is mine and all of us: *Most High and Glorious God! Illuminate the darkness of my heart, and give me Lord a direct faith, a certain hope, a perfect charity, sense and knowledge that I may fulfill Your Holy and True Command.*

With all my love and prayers and blessings!
Mimi ni *ndugu* na baba yetu mpenzi kabisa casa na kila siku mpaka kwisho!

Left: Fr. Andre signing off in a letter to his beloved *ndugus* and sons.







A CELEBRATION OF THE LYKE COMMUNITY



FOUNDATION DAY, 24/10/2026
COMMEMORATING THE BEGINNING

Thank you

FLOCK, the name of our newsletter, is a subtle shout out to YOU, **the Friends of Lyke Community**. We dedicate this Newsletter to YOU as an appreciation because much of what our community has become today is a result of your selflessness, generosity, and kindness. YOU have sacrificed your time and re-sources to see that the vision of the co-founders of the Lyke Community continues to be realized. **ASANTE SANA!** Friends of the Lyke Community come from all walks of life.

If you are not yet a friend and would wish to become one, please contact:

Fr. Deoson Tayebwa @ lykefmh@gmail.com

P.O. Box 15319 – 00509, Nairobi, Kenya

In the United States, please contact:

Fr. Francis Kamau, FMH @ lykefmh@gmail.com

Visit our website at www.lykecommunity.org