

THE HFF DISPATCH



THE HOFFMAN FAMILY FOUNDATION
QUARTERLY NEWSLETTER



ISSUE NO. 11 | WINTER 2017



2018

WELCOME TO OUR NEWSLETTER

NEW LOOK. SAME DRIVEN PURPOSE.

Hello, and welcome to The Hoffman Family Foundation's newsletter: The HFF Dispatch. This is a quarterly newsletter to help keep you updated with all that the Hoffman Family Foundation is accomplishing. Our goal is to improve the quality of life for different communities, empowering women, families, and schools giving children quality education.

The Hoffman Family Foundation's vision is to leave a legacy of love, transforming lives and communities around the world.

With this newsletter, we hope to share with you the improvements we are making in other people's lives across the globe. Perhaps you'll be inspired to help in your own way or to donate for one of our causes. With your help, we can truly make a difference.





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**SCHOOL
BELLS
ARE
RINGING.**

WE ARE BACK IN SCHOOL

By Tami Hoffman

Our 2017 school year was a success! As November was quickly approaching our “16” Primary 7 students (which is equivalent to our seventh grade students in the US) knew that the Ugandan official “National Exam” would be knocking at their doorstep. They would be required to sit for the exam to see if they would graduate to their secondary level of education.

I am so thankful for our dormitory. “Perry’s Place” has become a sanctuary for these older children. Now they were able to study later in the evenings and the dormitory provided them to be well rested so learning would be much more available to them and their tummies would be full. No more missing school days because they have a long distance to walk to school or sometimes parents would get lax and would need them to work in their gardens instead of making sure they were getting their daily education. I am so excited to report that each one of these kids PASSED the National Exam... ALL with very high marks! When I see this, I see the hand of God on each one of these children and the grace of God that empowers them to do their very best.

ALL 16 will now advance to their Secondary

Education. It is somewhat of a bittersweet day because that means they have graduated from Rays of Grace. Our dream is that someday we will have our own Vocational Secondary School that they will just transfer to. Then we can have these babies for a big part of their early lives. I am so thankful to our remarkable team of wonderful teachers that have imparted into their lives not only with education but most especially into their spiritual lives. I know that piece will keep them forever.

So now we greet our 2018 new school term. We have many new students arriving, excited to hear the school bell ring, new friends to meet, a high standard of academic excellence awaiting them, nutritious food and great extra-curricular activities. Laughter and Love is in the air. BUT... I still have many kids that look into the fence wondering how they could be a part of this great school. I encourage you to take time to consider sponsoring one of our kids that are in need of assistance to get their education and to enhance their life living situations.

Would you consider impacting the life of one of our adorable children, giving them hope with education and empowerment for their future to be all that God has called them to be? ... They are waiting to greet YOU!

Would you like to partner with us?

If you feel called to join our mission and want to personally impact one of our student’s lives by sponsoring them throughout their education, join our Guardian Angels Program today! Please contact Tami Hoffman at 303-949-0831 and help our kids spread their wings.





*The beauty of life does not depend on how happy you are:
but on how happy others can be because of you.*



SEND ME

A crowd of twenty children surrounds me under the hot, African sun. My pen flies across blank pages. Oversized heads explode from the page, twinkling eyes dance from my Sharpie, and final features fall into place. Finished.

I reveal my artwork to anxious subjects—two giggling sisters. These girls are students at Rays of Grace. As I draw their beaming smiles, I learn that they are dreamers. The youngest hopes to be a pilot. Her sister wants to be a doctor. I am stunned. As I present their portrait, I pray that my drawing reflects their joy and intelligence. With each drawing, I hope to rebuke the voices that tell God's children they are unworthy, ugly, and insignificant.

The tale of how I landed in Uganda drawing caricatures for beautiful children is a story of impossibilities amidst God's faithfulness. This journey began when I was eight-years-old. As a missionary with beautiful, white hair and kind eyes shared about the Lord's work in Africa, I drew pictures of the children on her slideshow. A dream was born. I would go to Africa.

At fifteen-years-old, I wanted a summer job, but was too young to be hired. My mom saw my love for art and challenged me to start

a caricature business. After watching hours of YouTube tutorials, I put my drawings on Facebook. My business took off! I learned that I could build joy and confidence by highlighting beauty instead of exaggerating flaws. Then, as a junior in high school, I went on my first trip to Africa. Whenever I had free time, I drew caricatures for hundreds of my new, Kenyan friends. I learned that spending a few moments focusing on them helped me cross language and cultural barriers. These two weeks were filled with profound worship, relationships, and joy. A fire was lit in my soul, and I knew I would return to Africa.

Two years after this trip, God opened the door for me to return to Africa when I was asked to join Colorado Christian University's Uganda mission trip. I was immediately overcome with fear. I was so fearful that I ran to my friend's house with tears in my eyes. "I can't go," I whispered. "Can't go?" she asked. I listed my excuses, "It costs too much. I can't miss three weeks of work." She stopped me, "Let's pray. Let's pray that God provides beyond your expectations." Two weeks later, I was the first team member to be fully fundraised. I watched God conquer my fear of finances.

I filled my suitcase with paper, pens, and colorful oil pastels. I asked God to use my

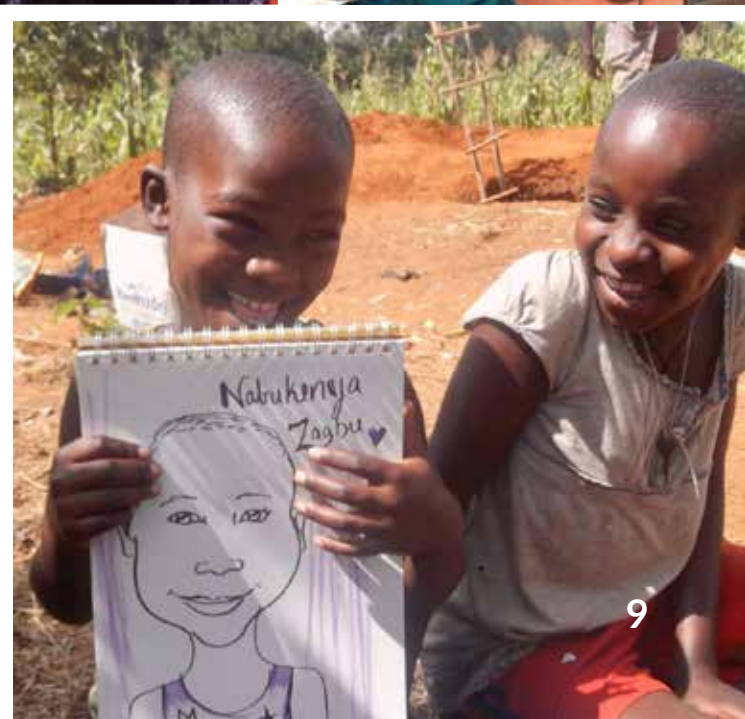
gifts to build up His people in Uganda. Once again, I filled my free time capturing children. I sat in awe as they darted through the school yard to show the drawings to their friends. After a week, my team moved to a new location. Our job was to dig a 12-foot latrine for the children at a nearby school.

During our breaks I pulled out my art book and drew caricatures of the children who were watching us dig. After days of digging and drawing, one of the Ugandan diggers sat behind me and watched. After a few minutes, I asked if he wanted me to draw him. He didn't speak English, but a smile split his weathered face. I began to draw. I replaced his tattered shirt with a nice button up. Soon, all the diggers wanted to be drawn. I learned that when we give our gifts and dreams to Jesus, He multiplies them. It may be a few loaves and a few fish, but He multiplies them more than we can imagine. When I gave my dream and talents to my Father, He allowed me to touch brilliant children, broken men, and timid women.

After returning from Africa, I wanted more. I wanted to return to Uganda. But, I know God has big plans for building His kingdom every day. My prayer is that whether I am in Uganda or America, my heart will cry, "Here I am, Lord! Send me."

By Michaela Marcy

THE MEANING OF LIFE
IS TO FIND YOUR GIFT.
THE PURPOSE OF LIFE IS
TO GIVE IT AWAY.





ACTIVATE SEEDS OF GREATNESS IN YOURSELF AND OTHERS

By Meg Delegrange

Months before I went to Uganda this summer, I kept envisioning a large mural with an empowering message for the kids at Rays of Grace Academy. As moving as art can be to look at visually, I believe that it speaks to a subconscious part of our souls, awakening the power of vision and creativity inside of us.

When I first found out about the opportunity to go to Uganda with our group from The Potter's House of Denver, I asked God why. Why would He have me go? What would be His assignment be for me there? I felt like He impressed a distinct, twofold instruction on my heart — take your sister, Bekah, with you and use your gift of painting. I immediately thought about how creative my sister is. What if we painted murals in the school for the Hoffman Family Foundation?

The first time that we all met with our group organizer, Zane Larson, I suggested this idea to

him without any expectations for what would come of it. A couple weeks later, Zane got back to me to tell me that the board would be excited to have us paint in the school.

By this time, I had talked my sister into going with me and we began fundraising to be able to go. I sold 7 large paintings in the span of 72 hours to cover the cost of our tickets. I had never sold art this quickly in the past, so I began to be aware that this was much bigger than me. God was in it.

Less than a year ago, we had lost our oldest brother and we were both struggling through the grieving process. I knew that serving others would not only honor his memory, but give us a fresh perspective on life.

DREAMS REALLY DO COME TRUE

My excitement grew. I was going to go to Uganda and paint! For years, I've secretly dreamed of traveling and painting abroad. After

already painting and selling collections of my work when I lived in Japan, this dream was now growing and rapidly becoming a reality.

Have you ever dared to dream with wild abandonment? Your vision. Your dream. Your passion. It feels so sacred that you barely dare to whisper it out loud.

Before I knew it, our first flight was leaving the ground for our 52 hour journey to Uganda, Africa.

One of our stops along the way was an 8-hour layover in London. I hopped on the tube with other sweaty passengers, wandered through Green Park, snapped photos of the guards in front of Buckingham Palace, admired Big Ben, peeked inside those famous red phone booths that smelled like urine, and lingered in a little street side cafe with a friend of mine who was living in London at the time.

London was neat, don't get me wrong, but from the moment I caught a glimpse of red



Ugandan dirt from the air I was overcome with emotion. This was what I was coming for!

The day after we got to Uganda, I was feeling the wind whip through my hair as I clung to the back of a boda, a motorcycle taxi. Zane took my sister and I to Jingo so we could pick out the paint colors for the mural at a local paint store. I wanted to utilize local supplies and resources for the mural as much as possible.

I HAVE A SCHOOL IN UGANDA.

After Tami Hoffman gave our group a tour of Rays of Grace Academy, she looked at each one of us and said, "Now you can go back home and tell people, I have a school in Uganda." She explained that none of this could happen without everyone who has gotten involved, so the project and vision belongs to each one of us. It was later on that I would realize just how significant her words were.

On Monday morning, we showed up at the school to work on different projects. Both my sister and I had assignments to oversee the painting of two different murals. We could hardly wait to get started.

The others in our group were also excited to help with painting, so together we prepped the walls and began the process of designing what we would put on them.

Tami had something specific in mind for the wall that my sister would work on in the sick bay. She had shown us a photo of a butterfly tree and a verse over the weekend. Bekah

immediately had a vision for how she would execute it and she found a way to involve everyone by having everyone on the team paint their own butterfly.

Meanwhile, I was getting emotional over in the entertainment room as I began to work on the design for the largest mural I have ever painted. The vision I had been carrying for months was finally developing. I began worshipping and dancing as I painted, sometimes aware of little eyes peeking through the windows to watch me.

This is where I'll be really honest with you.

Selfishness started entering my heart as I watched composition begin to take shape on the wall. I no longer wanted anyone else to help with this mural. No one else had put as much passion into this dream as I had, I thought.

After all, I had paid for our way to even get here. Shouldn't I get to do this all by myself so it would be executed properly? Wasn't this operating in the spirit of excellence? Isn't it interesting how well we can justify our own selfishness?

I let my sister in on my thoughts as we cleaned our brushes that night. I told her how I didn't want anyone else touching MY mural or changing it. The whole time, the Holy Spirit was convicting me. This was a test. Would I let go and let God flow through this group, or would I stand in the way? This was so much bigger than me, but I was allowing my own small mindedness to block a greater work.

I was missing the whole point of this journey in that moment.

Not knowing the extent of the struggle that I was having internally, my friend Rosa made a comment that evening, "When God gives us a vision, it's never just for us or even about us."

That truth resounded in my heart as I felt myself letting go. Yes, I was the artist. Yes, I was overseeing this particular project. But this was ultimately only going to be what it needed to be if I could let go. This painted mural could only come together through the combined effort of all of us.

When the mural in the new entertainment room was finished, we realized that the number of giant poppies on the wall matched the number of people in our group.

WE ARE FULL OF SEEDS OF GREATNESS

Each of us had an opportunity to teach the kids at Rays of Grace. I wasn't sure if I could articulate the message I felt that God has laid on my heart for them, but I picked up a flower one afternoon and started talking to the kids in the room.

Now I can't remember exactly what I shared, but it was about the seeds of greatness inside each one of us. Our seeds of potential are then birthed through struggle. A seed will always fall into the ground and go through a dark, lonely season before it births new life. Our struggles give birth to our purpose,

CONTINUED >



including the ones we bring on ourselves through our own failures. We also activate the seeds of greatness in ourselves and others through serving each other.

DID YOU KNOW?

The seed pod of one poppy flower holds an average of 10,000-60,000 poppy seeds. That's enough seed to re-populate an entire field of poppies. There's so much potential in

one poppy. It's known to be the most resilient yet most fragile flower in the world. Sound familiar? Sounds like you and I.

DISCOVERING OUR PURPOSE

Today I look back and see how much I learned through my experiences in Uganda. I could have let go so much more through the whole process. I see the way the the hands of God were working on each one of us, like an artist passionately creates a masterpiece. I have

realized that our purpose in this world is never about ourselves — it's always about others.

We can begin to have a deeper understanding of our lives, not as the shaping of achievements to fit our preconceived purposes, but as a gradual awakening and growth into a God-sized purpose that he had in mind when he first thought of us. Our purpose is ultimately about becoming the unique solution for a problem that the world faces.



When we align ourselves fully with God, we're open to channel his powerful love into the world — a love that changes cultures and empowers others. What reward could there be in an existence that only benefited ourselves? A pretty insignificant one.

We each share part of work that is making a big impact in not only Uganda, but the entire world. Each one of us are a small part of a BIG thing and the work is just getting started!

**COMPASSION
IS
PASSION,
WITH
A HEART.**

RE- NEW ED.

By Carrie Wingfield

My God is so good. My God is omniscient. My God is powerful like a hurricane and all-encompassing like heaven's light. He is my beautiful creator, my personal Lord, my joyful spirit and my stubborn heart. He knows the deepest part of my soul and He knows my every thought. But what truly and absolutely moves my bones and awakens my inner being at night is:

He is so incredibly gentle and patient with me.

I look back on my winding life journey and realize I have questioned Him every step of "my" way. I would have never pictured my road leading to Africa. And yet, this past season, my road, my purpose, my journey finally ignited. Little did I know He was laying His perfect stones for my road to cross paths with Hoffman Family Foundation and my life has never been the same.

What surprised me after graduating from a Christian College is that the world is so easy to slip into. It is so easy to slip into the mundane and the scheduled life. Wake up, go to work, go home, go to sleep. Wash. Rinse. Repeat.

I quickly found myself asking God:

"Am I enough?"

"God, what is my purpose here?"

"Is this it?"

What I thought were unanswered prayers, were actually Him quietly, joyfully, whispering with a smile:

"You just wait Carrie. I have something big in store for you."

God placed the most inspiring, driven, God-fearing conqueror in my path and He knew our kindred souls would light my fire for Him and His kingdom once again.

Meeting Tami Hoffman, hearing about Rays of Grace, and suddenly diving head first into the amazing role of HFF's Creative Director, I just felt so honored to share what God was doing in Uganda: it felt like taking a huge drink of ice-cold water.

The renewal of my spirit and passion for something much bigger than "my way" was like watching a wilted flower come back to life in a rain storm. Something so much bigger than I could have ever envisioned, and so much more fulfilling than the ways of this world.

From working with Tami on designing HFF's newsletters to finally Facetimeing Robert Kiwanuka for the first time, I just remember non-stop laughter and excited joy for what God was building.

I knew I had to go. I had to go to Uganda. I knew I had to meet our kids and our women and pour out my heart, talent and time to follow His plan for me. And wow... I am so glad I did.

My God knew this quiet revival would hit me and just explode. He threw a surprise party for my life and awakened my heart. He changed my perceptions, and no feeling can compare to when our Ugandan kids take your hand in theirs and suddenly, **God opens your eyes.**



**"FOR I KNOW THE PLANS I HAVE FOR YOU," DECLARES THE LORD,
"PLANS TO PROSPER YOU AND NOT TO HARM YOU,
PLANS TO GIVE YOU HOPE AND A FUTURE."**

- JEREMIAH 29:11



WHEN YOU COMMIT TO SOMETHING,
THE PATH WILL REVEAL ITSELF.





HE PROVIDES

By Alicea Snow

Uganda. A country full of beauty, joy, laughter, and love. I got the incredible opportunity to visit this wonderful country and have my life forever changed. I thought I was going to pour a little light into God's people but little did I know that God sent me to this country to be poured into. From the very beginning I knew this trip would be life changing.

God provided a crazy financial blessing and blessed me with all the provision I needed one day after I had sowed financially into His Kingdom. From that moment I knew God had something extraordinary in store for me.

Kids running, smiling, laughing. Full of hugs and love, with no preconceived notions, no judgment just welcoming. This is how I was greeted when our bus pulled onto that dirt parking lot at Rays of Grace. I immediately fell in love with a special girl, Rahim, she had the biggest smile full of pure joy.

Meeting all these kids who don't have a lot, who have to fight to survive, who are orphaned and left to fend for themselves, you would expect sadness, anger, loneliness, but no, instead you get the complete opposite. I fell in love with kids who have little to nothing yet have everything. All they need is music, dance and someone who cares for them and they're the happiest kids on the planet.

God showed me that sometimes living in this fast paced life and doing everyday mundane things, that I can get caught up in what the world throws at us everyday. I have to remember to slow down, enjoy life, not be so inconvenienced because someone needs help and I couldn't be bothered. I need to remember who God has called me to be, because at the end of the day, His love and kingdom conquers all.

The material things of this world we thought were so important, are so insignificant and are not eternal.

I can't forget what's most important: love.

Whose most important: people.

For now, abiding these three things: faith, hope, and love, but the greatest of these is **LOVE!**





LOVE WINS.



OUR NEXT PROJECT

WE WANT TO THANK YOU!

The New Year is off and running. Our kids have returned to school and still more children are wanting to join us. We continue to have connecting land owners coming to us wanting to sell us their land. Many are offering their land because they absolutely love what Rays of Grace has brought to their community and some of the older people get a little irritated because of the noise and the campus that is lite up at night. Either way we welcome the opportunity that God opens up to us to keep expanding our campus. In December we were able to build a small teachers quarters. This has allowed us to attract highly qualified teachers that have a salary plus room and board included.

For 2018 our up-and-coming projects are calling for our attention.

- 1.** We need a dining hall/chapel that will serve two purposes. Our children will be fed physically and also spiritually. This indoor dining hall will shelter our kids during lunch which is especially needed during the rainy season. They can have weekly chapels and also a place where they can do their performances for their parents and guests that visit the school. Our Women's Empower Groups can also use our faculty for their monthly meetings. And most important it will serve as a place of worship for our children that live in our dorm and also we can open the church to our beautiful community as well.
- 2.** We need to build a five room Preschool/kindergarten. Right now this is being housed in part of the girls side of the dormitory. With this new year enrollment we have many girls that are are requesting to come and board at this school so we desperately need space.
- 3.** We would also like to build an outdoor playground area for our preschool/kindergarten children so they can have their own special space.

Would you prayerfully consider partnering with us to accomplish these NEW GOALS in 2018.

It is so exciting that more children are wanting to join our school and God is paving the way for new souls to be impacted with such great love. We are working in excellence and the news is spreading. It is such an exciting adventure to be a part of building God's kingdom on this earth for His Glory.



*The Hoffman Family Foundation's Vision is to leave a legacy of love,
transforming lives and communities around the world.*

Hoffman Family Foundation Mail-In Donation Form

Leave a Legacy of Love - Donate Today and Start Transforming Lives and Communities. The Hoffman Family Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization in the USA and all donations are 100% Tax Deductible. EIN 38-3945350. Please make checks payable to: Hoffman Family Foundation. 100% of your donation goes directly towards the current project we're working on.

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		* Security Code:	
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Authorization (Please check appropriate box, sign and date)

- ☐ Please find enclosed check as my donation to Hoffman Family Foundation
- ☐ I authorize Hoffman Family Foundation to charge my credit / debit card for a one-time donation.

Signed: Date:

Mail to:

Hoffman Family Foundation
4860 Ward Road
Wheat Ridge, CO 80033

www.hoffmanfamilyfoundation.co



**BE STILL,
AND KNOW
THAT I AM GOD**

WHERE I AM **TODAY** IS
PREPARING ME FOR WHERE
GOD WILL TAKE ME
TOMORROW.

I KNOW THAT I HAVE BEEN
FORMED WITH A **PURPOSE.**

TODAY, I WILL
ENJOY MY JOURNEY.



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Our vision is to leave a **legacy of love**,
transforming lives and communities **around the world**.



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