



ELCT | EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN
CHURCH IN TANZANIA



CPE CENTRE

JOURNAL OF SUCCESS STORIES

Volume 2
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DISCLAIMER

The stories in this journal are true and reflect the experiences of beneficiaries who received counseling services from CPE participants. Not all images used in this magazine are real; some have been created using AI programs at <https://www.piclumen.com/>. Also, some of the names of the individuals in these stories are fictional to protect the privacy of the narrator(s).

Edits, graphics, and layout

Likati Thomas Likati

PARTNERS



WELCOMING NOTE



Dear Readers,

Greetings from the CPE Centre at KCMC Hospital in Moshi!

Welcome to ELCT-CPE CENTRE JOURNAL OF SUCCESS STORIES – Volume 2.

For over 50 years, we have been training people from all walks of life: Pastors, deacons, teachers, healthcare workers, social workers, and lawyers to serve their communities with care, counseling, and compassion. Regardless of where they come from be it ELCT, other churches, or non religious groups, they all share one goal: to bring comfort and hope to those who are in need.

In volume 2, we're excited to share more stories from the field. You will read about the real struggles, the victories, positive testimonies, and the dedication of CPE participants making a difference every day.

We sincerely thank everyone who helped to shape this journal from the contributors who shared their powerful testimonials to all those who supported the documentation and preparation process. Special thanks go to Rev. Prince E. Hiiti (CPE Supervisor), Ms. Monica Henry (CPE PMER Officer), Ms. Pendo-Edna Mahoo (ELCT MEL Coordinator), and Mr. Nickson Nyiti (ICT Officer, ELCT Health and Diakonia Directorate). We are also deeply grateful to the ELCT Bishops and KCMC leadership for their immense support.

We hope these stories will inspire and demonstrate to you why this work matters so much. As it says in **2 Corinthians 1:3–4** *'Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God.'*

Thanks for being part of this journey with us.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Archiboldy Lyimo'.

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Even When Time is Short,

Love Still has Something to Say



Rev. Zacharia
Daley
CPE

ELCT – Mbulu Diocese

It started like any other quiet day at Haydom Hospital.

Rev. Zacharia Daley, the Haydom hospital chaplain, had come to know the routine well. The soft beeping of machines. The quiet footsteps of nurses. Occasional murmurs from patients or whispered prayers.

Then a voice broke the stillness.

“Pastor, please. Can you pray with me?”

It came from a man named Mr. Samuel. His body was weak, but it was clear his wounds went deeper than anything medicine could treat.

As they spoke, Rev. Daley noticed something between the words, long pauses filled with regret. Samuel began to share his story.

“Pastor, I used to be a heavy drinker. Every time I came home, I would beat my wife. One day, she fought back.

During the fight, I broke my leg.

Furious, I drove her out of the house. I was taken to the hospital for treatment and stayed there a while. When I returned home, I found my wife was no longer there she had gone to her brother’s house. Enraged, I went to her brother’s place to confront her and tried to attack her. Her brother beat me, and I fell badly. I felt sharp pain in my side and was rushed to the hospital again. This time, I had broken my ribs.

I filed a complaint at the elders’ reconciliation council. We were told to pay compensation. My wife and brother in law were ordered to give me one sheep each for breaking my leg and ribs. And I was told to pay a bull to my wife because of my constant beatings. I was furious, not ready to do such a thing. So we left it that way.

We have been in conflict for thirteen years. I really wish to reconcile with my wife.”

Rev. Daley could feel the weight of that confession. He also knew there might not be much time left. Motivated by deep compassion, he reached out to her relatives. He didn’t push. He simply asked if she might come.

At first, they hesitated. No one blamed them. A wound like that doesn’t just vanish. But somehow, she and her brother agreed.

When she walked into the hospital ward, no one knew what to expect. Some thought she might cry. Others thought she might shout.

Instead, she listened.

And when Samuel said, “Forgive me. Please, let’s end this pain,” she looked at him quietly. Then she nodded.

There were no big speeches. Just a few honest words. A moment of grace. Moved to tears, Mrs. Samuel accepted and asked for forgiveness too.

Mr. Samuel then asked Rev. Daley, “Pastor, please buy one crate of soda so we can all share together.” Mr. and Mrs.



That evening, Mrs. Samuel went home and cooked his favorite meal, ready to bring to the hospital. By morning, he was gone...

Samuel shared sodas, smiling at each other.

Later, they took communion the first time in more than ten years they'd done so together. The chaplain welcomed them back into the fold.

That evening, Mrs. Samuel went home and cooked his favorite meal, ready to bring to the hospital.

By morning, he was gone.

"I thank God He used me to reconnect the two of them," said Rev. Daley. "It was God's time. I believe he died peacefully, his heart unburdened by regret."

Though grieving, his wife found solace knowing their relationship had been restored in his final moments.

This is what chaplaincy looks like. Not just being present or offering prayers, but walking with someone in their final moments, and helping them find a little light before the end.

Even when time is short, love still has something to say.

A Silent Struggle

Now Heard



Rev. Anziwisye Mbilinyi – CPE

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In recognition of her contributions, the Tanzania Association of the deaf in Karatu has nominated her to serve as their advisor at the District Council, representing their interests and advocating for issues that affect their daily lives.

When Rev. Anziwisye Mbilinyi began her ministry work in Karatu, she noticed something that others often overlooked, a group of people whose struggles were rarely mentioned. Not because their pain wasn't real, but because they couldn't easily be heard.

Many members of the deaf community in Rhotia lived in isolation. Some had been rejected. Others had been abused. Deaf women, in particular, faced even greater risks: violence, forced marriages, and exploitation. There was no one to interpret their cries. No one to listen, understand, or speak up for them.

Rev. Anziwisye refused to turn away.

After completing her Clinical Pastoral Education (CPE), she felt deeply compelled to act not only as a spiritual guide but as an advocate for change. With support from the Northern Diocese, she enrolled at Njombe School for the Deaf to study sign language. It wasn't just something new to learn. It was a way to bring hope.

Back in Karatu, she intertwined her chaplaincy at Karatu Lutheran Hospital with a mission to promote the rights of deaf persons. She partnered with the Tanzania Association of the Deaf in Karatu District to find and enlist deaf individuals in the community.

Many had never met another deaf person before. She brought them together, taught those unfamiliar with sign language, shared scripture, and helped them form a deaf choir. Today, they sing every Sunday in church. "The church became a safe haven," she says, "a place where they could feel valued and included."

For Rev. Anziwisye, compassion was not just a calling. It was a lifeline she offered to those often ignored by society. Grounded in scripture and a firm belief that every life has equal worth, she became a steady advocate for the deaf. She helped survivors of gender-based violence

reach the authorities, interpreted for deaf patients navigating the challenges of hospitals, and supported those facing personal struggles. One case stayed close to her heart: a young deaf woman whose parents tried to deny her the right to choose her own partner. With Rev. Anziwisye's constant support, the young woman found the courage to stand up for herself. Today, she is married to the man she loves, a quiet but meaningful victory of love over control.

During Christmas and Easter, Rev. Anziwisye used her own money to prepare feasts so the deaf community could come together, share joy, and celebrate. Her tireless efforts opened more doors: the District Council began involving deaf leaders in meetings at district, regional, and national levels. She also helped steer the deaf community away from illegal activities like brewing local beer or prostitution, showing them the possibility of accessing government loans to improve their livelihoods.

As the months turned into years, her work bore visible fruit:

- Over 100 deaf individuals mobilized across Karatu District
- 22 active in Rhotia, including 12 who sing in the parish choir
- 6 people with disabilities received loans from the District Council
- More than 7 deaf children connected to special needs schools in Njombe and Morogoro
- Deaf patients now experience effective communication during medical appointments, something previously unavailable

In recognition of her contributions, the Tanzania Association of the deaf in Karatu has nominated her to serve as their advisor at the District Council, representing their interests and advocating for issues that affect their daily lives.

"When we serve those in need, we serve Jesus — and God's vast work has only just begun."

Healing Hearts Behind Bars

One Chaplain's Prison Mission



Rev. Emanuel
Mhabhi
CPE

ELCT – Mara Diocese

Prisons are often seen only as places of punishment and control. They are rarely viewed as places where healing can happen.

Inside the walls of Mara Prison, faith easily slips away, buried under strict routines, lack of resources, and the heavy weight of guilt and shame. For many inmates, isolation replaces reflection. Mistakes end up defining them more than their potential for change.

This is where Rev. Emanuel Mhabhi steps in.

After completing his Clinical Pastoral Education (CPE) course, the Mara Diocese appointed him as Coordinator of Diaconical Work. In this role, among others, he organizes charity work in hospitals, schools, prisons, and orphanage Centres. But during one visit to Mara Prison, he

saw something was missing: spiritual care.

"We often provide material support, but we forget to bring spiritual care to these spaces," Rev. Mhabhi says. "Without church services, it's not just about missing a Sunday sermon. It's the loss of hope, the loss of community, and the loss of guidance for those who need it most."

With the support of the diocese, Rev. Mhabhi began the long process of getting permission to serve as a prison chaplain. Today, he leads services every Friday and once a month on Sundays. At first, about 200 inmates came, mostly from CCT churches. As word spread, more men joined.

But Rev. Mhabhi's work is not just about preaching. He offers trauma sensitive counseling and mentorship. Many inmates come to him seeking prayer for

their court cases, asking about salvation, or looking for ways to reconnect with families they left behind. "I see the emotional pain they carry. I am here to help them work through it and find hope through their faith," he says.

Even with this progress, challenges remain.

The ministry lacks enough Bibles, faith-based reading materials, and counseling tools. More trained volunteers are needed to help reach more inmates. And while many inmates experience deep personal change inside, they often leave prison without support, making it hard to continue their growth outside. "We have seen real change here," Rev. Mhabhi says. "But for this to last, we need to follow up after they leave. We need local churches to welcome them, help them adjust, and keep walking beside them."

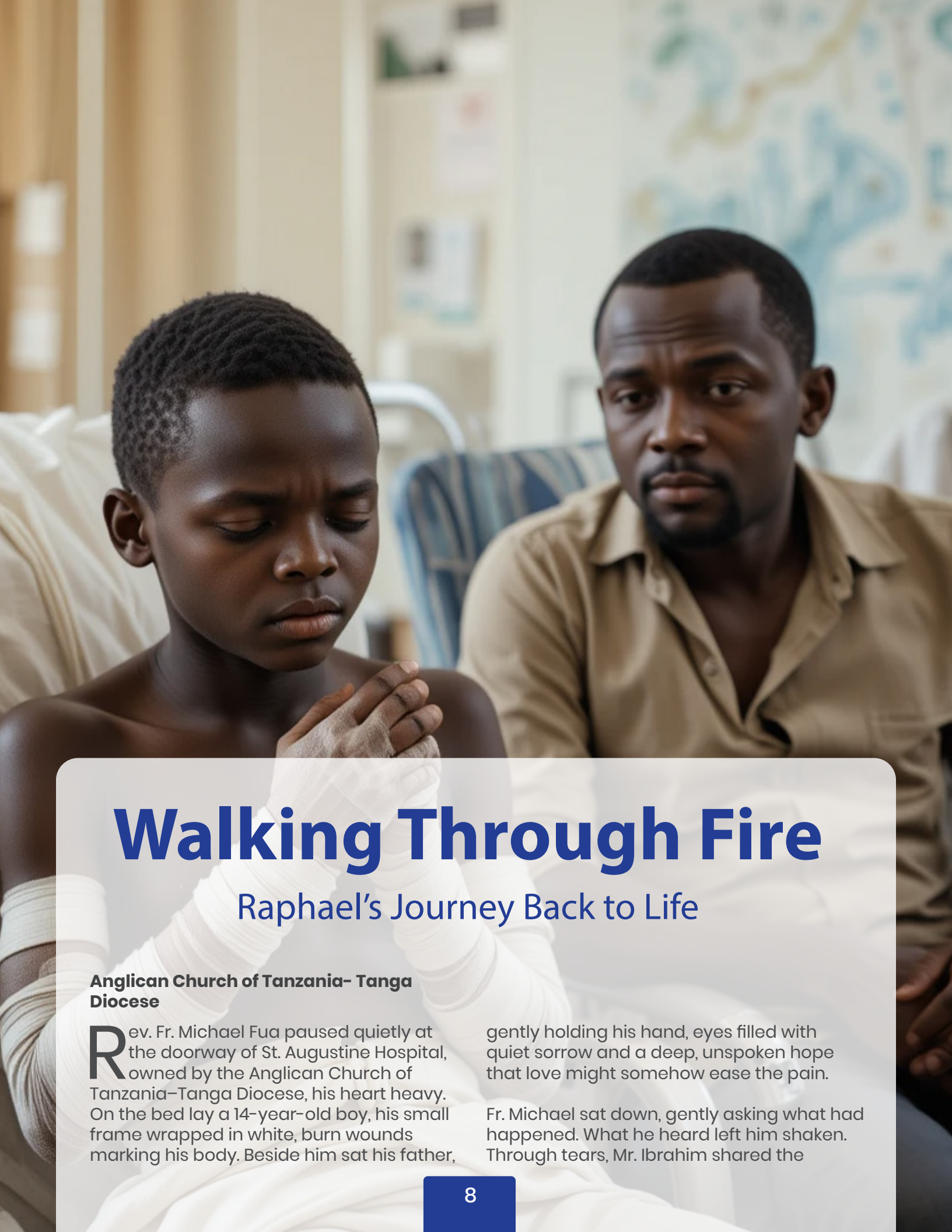
Looking ahead, Rev. Mhabhi hopes to build a strong, lasting



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I see the emotional pain they carry. I am here to help them walk through it and find hope through their faith...

program. As a beneficiary of CPE training, he plans to collaborate with other church members, including reverends and leaders, to strengthen ministry in prisons.



Walking Through Fire

Raphael's Journey Back to Life

Anglican Church of Tanzania- Tanga Diocese

Rev. Fr. Michael Fua paused quietly at the doorway of St. Augustine Hospital, owned by the Anglican Church of Tanzania-Tanga Diocese, his heart heavy. On the bed lay a 14-year-old boy, his small frame wrapped in white, burn wounds marking his body. Beside him sat his father,

gently holding his hand, eyes filled with quiet sorrow and a deep, unspoken hope that love might somehow ease the pain.

Fr. Michael sat down, gently asking what had happened. What he heard left him shaken. Through tears, Mr. Ibrahim shared the



Rev. Fr. Michael Fua – CPE

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***Raphael has come such a long way...
He can hold things again. His health is
improving day by day...***

unimaginable: his own brother, Raphael's uncle had poured petrol over the boy and set him on fire, all because 2,000 shillings had gone missing.

“Even if my son had taken the money,” Mr. Ibrahim choked out, “burning him was too cruel. And the one who did this... is my own brother. Pastor, we share the same blood. I don't know what I'll do if they catch him.”

Fr. Michael could feel the father's heartbreak, the raw mix of grief, anger, and helplessness. He learned the small family had been living together after Mr. Ibrahim's wife left. Now, after the attack, the uncle had disappeared, and the police were still searching.

Fr. Michael knew the wounds weren't just on Raphael's body they ran deep into the family's soul. He began visiting, offering counseling, helping Mr. Ibrahim find strength not only to care for his son but also to face the betrayal.

When Fr. Michael visited the place they were living, he saw just how bad their living conditions were. The place was crumbling, barely fit for shelter. Still, Mr. Ibrahim clung to hope, determined to help Raphael recover.

For three long months, Raphael stayed in the hospital. Fr. Michael reached out beyond the hospital walls, asking the church's partners for help. The response came generous donations from partners in Germany made it possible to build the family a modest two bedroom house. With support from the village government, they secured a small piece of land, and plans moved ahead.

Then, in August 2024, came a turning point. The German partners and St. Augustine's medical team arranged surgery to restore Raphael's movement. The operation was a success.

“Raphael has come such a long way,” Fr. Michael said, smiling softly. “He can hold things again. His health is improving day by day. Sadly, the uncle is still on the run. Maybe the family settled the matter quietly. But despite everything, I thank God we were able to do our part as chaplains. We saved Raphael's life, and we helped lift this family from the edge.”

Fr. Michael still visits when he can not just as a chaplain, but as a friend keeping watch over a boy and his father who have already survived so much.

The Healing Power

of a Reverend's Words



Rev. Shadrack
Ishengoma
CPE

ELCT – Lake Tanganyika Diocese, Rukwa

She had always been the one to lift others but when betrayal crept in, who would lift her?

Miriam had always been the light in other people's darkness, kind, faithful, and full of grace. She had a way of comforting the brokenhearted, offering prayers, a warm embrace, or simply a listening ear. But one day, the darkness came for her.

It all began when a fresh pastor and new to their parish, arrived for practical studies. Not long after, a cruel and baseless rumor swept through the congregation: Miriam, the devoted wife and mother, had been unfaithful to her husband, Jacob, with this visiting pastor.

"The people I had once comforted now looked at me with suspicion," Miriam recalls softly. "Even my husband, though he loved me deeply,

began pulling away. He didn't know what to believe."

As whispers grew louder, the weight on Miriam's heart became unbearable. Her mother-in-law urged Jacob to leave her, adding to the storm. Only Jacob's father asked for calm. Yet Jacob stayed silent. He shut Miriam out, his love hidden behind cold, heavy walls.

"I remember the pain of sharing a roof with someone who treated me like I was filthy," Miriam says. "I stopped eating. I couldn't sleep. And because I knew who started the rumors, I even thought of revenge. I imagined throwing acidic water on them, just to ease my pain. But something inside held me back."

The despair deepened. One day, Miriam bought poison, thinking she would end not just her life, but her children's too. But when

the moment came, she couldn't do it. Then, after Jacob stayed out one night, she reached for a rope, ready to hang herself. And that's when something stirred inside her, a final, desperate cry for help.

She picked up her phone and called Rev. Shadrack Ishengoma, a servant of God known for his wisdom and compassion.

Rev. Shadrack had heard the rumors too, but more importantly, he could hear the pain in Miriam's voice. Gently and calmly, he spoke to her for four long hours over the phone.

"I don't know the truth of what's been said," he told her softly. "But I do know this: you are more than the words of others. Your life is a gift, and no lie can take that away. The truth has a way of revealing itself, but only if you give it the chance."

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I don't know the truth of what's been said...But I do know this: you are more than the words of others. Your life is a gift, and no lie can take that away...



Through tears, Miriam poured out her heart. She spoke of her despair, her love for Jacob, her longing for peace, and her fear of losing everything she held dear.

Rev. Shadrack listened without judgment. He knew he had to act as a balm for her wounded soul, or she might not survive the night. He urged her to calm down first, to take things one step at a time, and promised that they would soon talk to Jacob.

After that call, he visited Miriam in person, bringing her a glimmer of hope. But he also understood that true healing would need Jacob's voice too. So he began to meet with

Jacob, patiently sitting with him, one-on-one.

At first, Jacob was cold and distant. His heart was troubled, and his mind tangled by the rumors. But underneath the silence, he was still the man who had once loved Miriam deeply. He missed the peace they used to have at home, and he longed for the trust they had lost.

With time and gentle guidance, Jacob began to open up. Eventually, he agreed to sit down with Miriam.

That meeting was raw and full of emotion. Miriam spoke her truth, her pain, her hope. Jacob listened carefully, moved by

her vulnerability and by the counsel he had received. Slowly, his heart began to soften.

Together, they prayed for healing, for strength, and for a way forward. The wounds of that chapter in their lives left scars, but those scars became a testament to resilience. They stood as reminders that even in the deepest hurt, love and compassion still have the power to heal.

Because sometimes, in the darkest moments, all it takes is the steady voice of someone who listens and cares, to remind you that you still matter. And that there is always a path back to the light.

Restoring siblings bonds

Counseling Turns Conflict into Peace



ELCT – Western Central Diocese, Tabora

What happens when a child is forced to become the parent? When responsibilities take the place of play, and love starts to look like anger, who steps in?

After completing his Clinical Pastoral Education (CPE) course, Rev. Lazaro Mtango returned to his diocese with a renewed sense of purpose. He was relocated to Sikonge Parish, where the pastor's house stood surrounded by three neighboring homes.

One of those houses was home to five orphaned siblings. The parents had passed away while the children were still very

young. The eldest, Bella, had been forced to become both mother and father to her four younger siblings. Among them was her brother, David.

"I heard screams and shouting almost every day when I returned home from the parish," Rev. Mtango recalls. Concerned, he asked a neighbor what was going on. The neighbor explained that Bella had been mistreating her younger brothers for a long time. Although the neighbors had tried to intervene, Bella was rude to them and refused their help.

One afternoon, the noise was louder than



Rev. Lazaro Mtango – CPE

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Through deep conversations, counseling, and strengthening communication between the two siblings, things began to change...

usual. Rev. Mtango looked through his house window what he saw disheartened him. Bella was kicking and fistfighting David outside their compound. David did not fight back; he was crying, pleading with her to stop.

“I knew I had to step in,” says Rev. Mtango.

He gently asked Bella why she was kicking David that day. She explained that David had accidentally dropped the rice cake porridge she was planning to sell for income. All Bella could see in that moment was the lost money.

“I felt how stressed she was,” says Rev. Mtango. “Her reaction wasn’t normal. I wanted to help these children.”

He asked if they could meet. At first, Bella was reluctant. But after his gentle reassurance that he wanted to help, she agreed.

Rev. Mtango began meeting with Bella regularly. She opened up, sharing how tired she was.

“I feel like I’m being deprived of my freedom,” Bella told him. “I have a huge burden of taking care of my young siblings. Since our parents died, our relatives forgot about us. I get angry whenever David makes mistakes instead of

helping me.”

Through deep conversations, counseling, and strengthening communication between the two siblings, things began to change. Slowly, Bella began to understand the impact of her actions and started showing more compassion. David and his younger siblings gained the confidence to express their feelings without fear.

To help even further, Rev. Mtango connected Bella and David with Focal Development College, which offers vocational skills training. Thanks to opportunities provided under Mama Samia’s TAMISEMI program, they met all the requirements.

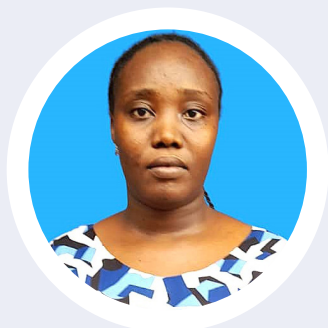
In October 2025, they will officially begin their programs: Bella in Designing, Sewing, and Cloth Technology, and David in Motor Vehicle Mechanics. Both programs will run for four months.

It is Rev. Mtango’s hope that after completing their studies, Bella and David will be able to engage in income generating activities and take better care of their family.

“Now, that home feels peaceful,” says Rev. Mtango. “Bella is still the big sister, but she’s also their friend. And David is starting to find his direction.”

What once felt like too much for one girl to handle is now being shared. And in that space, love has replaced hatred and suffering.

Restoring a Family on the Edge of Despair



Ev. Christina Olomi
CPE

ELCT – Northern Diocese, Kilimanjaro

When Evangelist Christina Olomi met Ericka, it wasn't during a planned outreach or a special event. She was on a work visit in Hai District, Northern Diocese, when she crossed paths with the 23 year old mother and her three children aged seven, five, and three.

Something about the young woman's eyes, the tattered clothes on the children, the weight in the air it all made Christina stop. She couldn't walk past.

With a heart full of concern, Christina sat with Ericka. Soon, the young mother opened up, the words tumbling out as if they'd been bottled inside for years.

"I had big dreams," Ericka said softly, her voice trembling. "I wanted to go to university. I worked so hard in school."

Her father had died when she was little, but her mother had held the family together. Then, during Form Five, her mother passed away, leaving Ericka completely alone.

"I didn't give up," she whispered. "I pushed myself through Form

Six. When the results came, I had passed with flying colors I was selected to join the University of Dar es Salaam."

But that's where the dream collapsed.

"With no parents, no relatives to help, no government loan... there was no way forward," Ericka recalled. "Some days I went without food. I was so lonely."

That's when she met Stanley.

"He said he'd help me, that we'd build a future. At first, he was kind. But then, I got pregnant. Then came the second child. And after the third, he left us."

Now a single mother of three, Ericka did what she could washing clothes, doing small cleaning jobs, scraping together enough to barely feed her children and send the older ones to the local public school. But life was brutally hard.

"There were days we went to bed without anything to eat," she murmured. "I felt like we were just disappearing from the world."

Ev. Christina felt the ache deep in her chest. As a trained CPE

chaplain, she knew this family needed more than sympathy they needed holistic care.

She connected Ericka to the Hai District Diaconical unit in the Northern Diocese. To lighten Ericka's heavy load, she arranged for little Emmanuel, just two years old, to be placed at the Kimashuku Church Orphanage Centre, where he would have food, shelter, medical care, and life skills.

She also helped enroll Emmanuel in nursery school at the Rafiki Foundation, a church based institution that offers vulnerable children the chance to learn and grow.

Back at home, Ericka and her two older children received additional church support. A kind member of the local community even offered them a safe place to live in exchange, Ericka would help care for their elderly grandmother.

Meanwhile, Christina gently encouraged Ericka to work with the local social welfare office to hold the children's father accountable for financial support.



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