



Mission among Children and Youth in Tanzania

October 2026



Led by missionary Torkild Jensen, sent out by Betania Church Center's Foreign Mission

Dear beloved friends

Isaiah 43:4 “You are precious in my eyes, highly valued, and I love you.” For me, this scripture has been a personal message from God over the past few months. It is a message we all need to hear—both children and adults.

When I traveled back to Tanzania, I carried a certain fear about whether I would be able to continue the work. I had listened to people’s concerned voices—both in Denmark and Tanzania—when they asked me if I was truly well and ready again. I had been in doubt.



A woman who works at the guesthouse is washing clothes. This is what everyday life looks like for most women in Tanzania without a washing machine.

One Tuesday evening a little over two weeks ago, I stood outside the guesthouse in Chitego—where we were to spend the rest of the week—and looked up at the starry sky.

By that point, we’d been traveling for two days from Arusha to reach this village in the bush, located in the Dodoma area. First, we’d spent the night at a guesthouse in Kondoa after a seven-hour drive. The last stretch of the journey doesn’t look that far on the map, but it was off-road driving, so it took another six hours. In places like that, we have to drive slowly so we don’t damage our equipment.



A cart delivering water to people in town. It had just stopped by the guesthouse to refill their water containers.



Children playing right outside my window at the guesthouse.



The gospel team, which also runs the school mission, consists of fantastic preachers and singers—but they’re also true acrobats. Here they’re running around with each other on their shoulders, doing flips, and so on. In the background, you can see a house that used to have a bar selling moonshine. They were so captivated by the music that they came over and joined in. They turned off their own music for the three hours that our meeting lasted.

As soon as we arrived, we immediately got to work setting up the equipment so we’d be ready for the campaign, which was set to start on Wednesday. It was very dusty and dry. It hadn’t rained in this area since May. We’d been given permission to use the town’s soccer field, and it wasn’t a nice grass field like in Denmark—no, it was more like a brown, dusty field. The team headed out into town with music and dancing in their rabbit costumes to promote the upcoming meetings. It was all very good. But to be completely honest, I wasn’t feeling very well.

So there I stood, just before I was to go to bed. The dark night sky was teeming with stars. I looked up at the sky and felt so small and inadequate. I found myself thinking of Abraham, who, in his helplessness, heard God say that his descendants would be as numerous as the stars in the sky. I didn’t hear God say a single thing. My head was just filled with my own thoughts—“It’s been nine months since I was last at a children’s outreach. Can I handle teaching? Can I remember what I’m supposed to do? Can I figure this out anymore?” I asked God, “Am I doing the right thing? Will any children even

show up? The Muslims are afraid of us—what will they say about all this?” Finally, I prayed: “God, please make sure this works out. If a lot of children come, I’ll take it as a sign from You that I’m on the right path.” Feeling weighed down, I went to bed.

The Children’s Campaign in Chitego

It was Wednesday, and the team was getting ready for the day’s gathering. At 3:30 p.m., they began playing music over the sound system. A few minutes later, I arrived at the venue, and I was almost shocked to see that so many children had already gathered—at least 800 of them. That’s not usually the case. I felt a deep peace within me and a certainty that the Holy Spirit would use me when I stepped forward. As I walked up onto the platform, God was with me.

Word of the meetings spread to the surrounding villages over the course of the week, so on Sunday in particular, a huge crowd gathered—both adults and children.



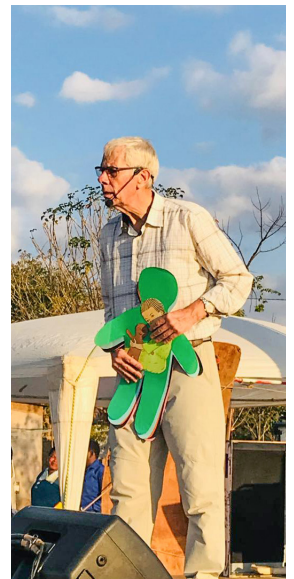
There were a lot of children at the children's meetings. When they sit there and listen to us, they forget all their problems and the things that hurt.

Torkild is teaching.



As we've mentioned before, we—along with the puppet Kadogo—hand out new clothes to the most needy young children we meet during our children's outreach campaigns. These two girls received new dresses. But then something funny happened: they wouldn't let go of Kadogo or me. The mothers thought it was amazing that a white man could sit with the children like that. Eventually, I had to pry myself free from them so I could get up on the platform and wrap up the day's meeting.

The square was right off the main road. During the last children's meeting on Sunday, a large Land Rover drove up with a loudspeaker system mounted on the roof rack. I thought it was probably someone from the government who wanted to publicize a vaccination program or something similar. But from a distance, I could see a man standing on the wide front bumper—that's not how they usually do things in the government. After the meeting, while we were packing up, an elder from the church came over and told us that the man on the car had been



standing there with a very large snake around his neck. The Muslims had tried to grab the children's attention that way. But it failed. To God's glory, not a single child left our event.

It was good for the team and me to feel the support of the pastor and the Christians. They often stopped by to express their deep gratitude and ask God to bless us.

When evening came after the meetings, I immediately felt a little empty. At the end of the day, I used to call Tabitha and share the day's experiences with her. But I took comfort in the fact that Tabitha had asked me to continue sharing the gospel with children.

During this first campaign, I received the greatest encouragement I could have hoped for: It's not me who brings the children here. It's God. The fear I had felt when I returned to Tanzania alone was gone.



Daily Life in Arusha

I'm trying my best to keep up with the office work that Tabitha had handled all these years. However, daily life isn't always so efficient here in Tanzania—sometimes the power goes out, sometimes the water stops running from the faucets. Things Take Time in Tanzania.

A lot has been neglected over the past six months. Fortunately, we've caught up on a great deal, but there's still quite a bit that needs to be taken care of. It pains me that I'm not keeping up as well as I'd like, especially when it comes to communicating with all of you who support the work. Tabitha handled this task so well. Please know that I'm very grateful for your support. Hopefully, there will come a time when I'll have more time for this part of the work and can get everything running smoothly. I hope you'll bear with me until then.

Braiton's Eye Injury

This little boy's name is Braiton Muhamba Loi. He was born in May 2021 in the village of Masange in the Kondoa District of Dodoma. He is now five years old. He lives with his grandparents, as his mother has disappeared and his father is an alcoholic.

On September 12, 2026, he unfortunately got a splinter in his eye while playing in a tree with a friend.

He was first taken to the local clinic on September 30, where they referred him to a larger hospital in the city of Moshi. His grandparents couldn't afford to pay for the treatment and the long trip, so they took him home from the clinic.

He is in severe pain in his eye. That's why I've decided to send him to the large mission hospital in Moshi, 80 km from Arusha, where they have an ophthalmology department. They now say that he waited far too long before coming to them, but they believe they can still save his vision.

He is scheduled for surgery on October 22. We do not yet know how much the surgery will cost, but in faith we have agreed to let them treat him. He is now receiving pain medication to help him cope with the wait.

I hope that reading this will inspire you to help financially. I hope his eye can be saved and that he can be free of pain. If you'd like to contribute, please mark your payment "MBU TZ – Eye."



News from Mirjam

Dear Friends

The year 2026 turned out very differently than expected, and now we're nearing the end of the year. This has led me to reflect and take stock of it all. I'm deeply grateful that I can continue the work alongside my father. It's been a turbulent time getting back on track without Mom, but we're seeing the team take on more of the load. There have been many changes and adjustments, but all in all, I'm grateful to see that everyone is willing to go the extra mile so that the work among the poorest in Tanzania can continue, just as Mom wanted.

My personal work with the many sick people has gone as it should. I'm glad the team managed to keep it going, even though I was having a hard time. However, it was important that I went out there last fall and spent quality time with them to tackle the tasks that had been put on hold. Making progress has brought peace of mind not only to me but also to the team. Now we're back in the game!

2026 has been a year marked by children in need of prosthetics. I've never experienced this before with the more than 200 children we've helped so far. Clearly, we must also help this group as much as we can. I'd like to share a little story with you here.

Vumilia is a 17-year-old girl in Form 3 of secondary school. She was born without one leg. Out here, it's common for the father to run away when things aren't as they should be. That's what happened here, too. She has two siblings. Her mother never remarried. There isn't a formal system like in Denmark, where child support is required. In Tanzania, the mother is simply left alone with the children—and what do you do when you

need help? That's why they came to us and asked if we could help her get a prosthetic leg so she can walk. She gets teased at school, and that's not nice. She really enjoys studying, so she hopes to be able to continue. She's

lucky enough that the government pays for her education. It will cost 7,000 kr. to get her a prosthesis like that, and I really hope that TOGETHER we can help her get it. As my mother always said: Many small streams make a big river.

Finally, I'd just like to mention that my work has been renamed: "Hope for the Maasai." New regulations have been introduced that affect how organizations may name themselves. This means that the word "Bjerre" may no longer be included in the name. I've also gotten a new email address, so going forward, please use mirjam@haab.betania.dk when writing to me.

THANK YOU for standing with us and supporting our work in so many ways over the years, but especially this year. We greatly appreciate your support and encouragement. You give us the courage to continue our work. Together, we are building God's kingdom. We will continue to do so as long as we have the strength to do so.

**Warm regards,
Mirjam and the team**



You can help Vumilia:

Transfer to IBAN account no. DK 7097 1207 4179 3075

Account name: Betania Kirkecenters Ydremission

Swift code: VEHODK22 Bank name: AL Sydbank

Please include "Hope – Prosthesis" in the message on your transfer.



A message from Jens

When I was in Arusha in August, I was there for reasons completely different from the last two times, when I was on a mission trip as part of my training at Acts Academy. This time, it was a more dedicated investment in my future as a missionary. I could really feel that during the trip. I've been working to carry on what Tabitha has built up over more than three decades.

I had a powerful sense that God was pointing me toward the path He wants me to take. During a meeting with the staff in Arusha, I saw the common thread running through my first tasks: to make their work easier. I can do this by developing software that can track and streamline the administrative side of the work with the sponsored children. This is something I'm continuing to work on here at home now that I've returned.

In addition, I've compiled a complete list of all sponsors, and I believe and hope that everyone has heard from me. I look forward to keeping them regularly updated on what's happening in the sponsored children's lives.

The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. I'm grateful for the opportunity to be part of the work among children and young people in Tanzania. When I was there recently, I didn't experience any major revivals

(though that would have been awesome). But I did get to plant seeds and see how I can best serve here in the beginning.

Next time, Sarah is coming along, and I'm looking forward to that even more!

**Warm regards,
Jens**



Jens is handing out Bibles to the children who are finishing 7th grade.

The newsletter is not forwarded but returned with information about the change of address.

Graduation Celebration

In keeping with tradition, every year since our school, Tumaini Mission School, opened in 2010, Tabitha has given Bibles to the graduating students as they celebrated their graduation. She always wrote a personal message and a Bible verse in these Bibles.

Tabitha was passionate about ensuring the children received an education. When she taught them, she made



them understand that education is important, but she always emphasized that the most important thing is to have God in one's life.

This year, Jens was given the opportunity to take up the baton and oversee the distribution of Bibles. By the way, "Tumaini" means "Hope." The school

currently has 345 students, ranging from kindergarten through 7th grade.

My heart is filled with gratitude

Finally, I would like once again to express my deep gratitude to all of you who support this work through prayer and financial contributions. Without you, this work would not be possible. But most of all, I say thank you to my Father in heaven, who has called me to this work and who guides, inspires, and encourages me. To think that I am still allowed to serve Him and the Tanzanian people.

Thank you for your trust. May the Lord richly bless you

**Warm regards and God's peace,
Torkild**



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