



Bangla Hope

Devoted To Changing The Lives Of Orphans, Destitute Women & Children

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Doubly Sad

By Beverly Waid

Riiiiinnng, riiiiinnng, riiiiinnng—was it a dream or real? By the time I decided it was real and got up to find the cell phone, it stopped. I headed back to bed, but before I could snuggle in, the ringing started again. I knew the phone was somewhere in Dave's pants pocket, but he likes cargo pants with soooo many pockets!! I frantically felt each pocket, but again the ringing stopped. As I turned, the door of our apartment exploded open.

Lina rushed in. "Mommy, mommy, come quickly. Twin babies were born in the village next door and the mother died. They want us to come get them for they don't know what to do."

I dressed and Dave joined me as we flew down the stairs. I looked at Lina, expecting her to join us.

"I can't go. I'm pregnant," she explained.

"What difference does that make?"

"My mother and some others say it's not good luck for me to see a dead body when I'm pregnant."

I looked at Lina. It's so hard to give up the superstitions and beliefs that have been part of our lives.

"Lina, that is what Hindus believe. We have a loving God who cares for us."

Dave and I hurried through the security gate. Villagers were already converging. We joined them for the short walk across the road from the orphanage. I took a quick glance back—Lina was coming. She made another step in trusting the God who loves her and wants the best for her.

When we arrived at the home, the grandmother was crying as she held one tiny baby. I scanned the crowd for the other. As soon as I saw the baby in an auntie's arms, I knew it was the one. The babies were so tiny it scared me. When I held one, she was so very cold. We learned the mother had delivered the first baby about 10 p.m. the night before. The mother continued in labor all night, but by the time the second baby was born the next morning, the mother had lost so much blood she died.

The grandma was crying so hard. I hugged her and kept saying sorry in Bangla.



The grandma entrusting Beverly with baby Faith



Notice size of baby compared to bottle

Dave put his arms around the father and the father laid his head on Dave's shoulder and sobbed.

We took the babies to the orphanage, bathed them in warm water, and wrapped them snugly.

Their about three-pound bodies struggled to maintain body tempera-

ture. Dave

brought in a small heater and we held them close to it. As I sat holding one, I had lots of time to pray that God would save these babies.

I am naming them Faith and Charity for I have faith God will use our love to reach these Hindu people with His love.



Faith and Charity



10 weeks old and doing well

Following God's Leading

By Richard Bernhardt

Soon after Faith and Charity, our tiny twins, were born, Beverly notified Bangla Hope office staff and board members. Richard, one of our board members, responded to her by sharing some of his thoughts:

This is the very essence of why Bangla Hope exists. Obviously, no need to tell you, but I think the message needs to be shared so people have a feel for things that happen. Bangladesh is not a protected place, life has hardships and devastation, but in its midst is also joy, hope, and God's presence.

Even in the darkest times, Bangla Hope is there to offer a hand of help and compassion. That is what we must do without reservation. Right in the midst of our own community in Hazrapur over the past two years there has been some conflict and strife, but even under those circumstances, the community sought you out, and you gave comfort and helped in the face of a horrible and humanly wretched circumstance. Two children, Faith and Charity, just new to the earth, will have a home. The grieving father, grandmother, and

village community had and will continue to have a shoulder to cry on.

Life in Bangladesh is not just the sum of the circumstances and the politics and the poverty--it is the sum of each person in each community. Thank you for all you do and God bless you all for continuing the mission of Bangla Hope with such personal care and understanding of life in Bangladesh.

Waking Up in Bangladesh

By Becky Jarnes

The scratchy recording of a distant muezzin broke through the early morning hours. Not long after that would be dogs barking, some squealing pigs, and angry ducks. When the dawn finally appeared, a pink glow shining on the rice fields, another more treasured sound was heard – the noise of laughing children from inside the courtyard at Bangla Hope.



Rice fields, vibrant with color, growing behind orphanage

It hadn't taken long since arriving at our destination for the children to wedge themselves into my heart. Each orphan had their own story, their own personality, but it seemed with all that they had been through they were readily willing to let me in their lives.

As a recent anesthesia student graduate and avid traveler, I was excited to finally get outside the world of books and hospitals and experience a new country. There were five in our group, (Dr. Rebekah Cote, Mary Butler, and my parents Rolf and Judy Jarnes.) Throughout our two week stay, we worked with the orphans and also held medical clinics at the Bangla Hope orphanage for the nearby villagers.



Meeting nearby villagers of Bangla Hope



One of the village school kids

During our visit, the Waids were excited to show us more of their Bangladesh. They took us to the south, where we filled our stomachs with a Nan and banana breakfast before heading out for day trips to the Bangla Hope village schools. Smiling children, dressed in their maroon uniforms, greeted us with garlands of yellow marigolds. We brought them much needed supplies, and the teachers responded like we had given them the moon.

We also stopped at Bangla Hope Handicrafts where women have the opportunity to make a living they would not ordinarily get a chance to do. About 30 women were working inside and some were scattered outside chatting pleasantly on grass mats. They proudly showed the bright colored cloths their hours of labor had produced.

Back at the orphanage again, during our three days of medical clinics, we saw around 400 local people each day. This seemed to barely skim the surface. We had brought trunks of medicine, but we needed more.

And no matter how long we worked, there were always more and more people squeezing together outside our tent begging to be seen. What surprised me most of all was that in spite of their aches and pains and sometimes heart wrenching diseases – if you just took the moment to smile at them, their faces would light up and sun hardened faces would crack. What a beautiful people! How exciting it will be when they finally get the medical clinic built inside the orphanage compound.



Lines of people waiting outside the clinic



Woman at a medical clinic

Many people helped us throughout our trip and especially during the clinic. Thank you so much to the Waids, Ryan Wilkinson, Jim Brewer, Roger Cook, Lena, Papri, Bristy, Banni, Shati, Jason, Suman, and everyone else who I forgot to mention. You guys will always be remembered as well as the children I've come to love at the orphanage.



Back: Mary, Rolf, Judy, Becky (me), Ryan, Suman. Front: Rebekah, Lina, Papri

Back at home again, I already miss their hugs and kisses and hearing their early morning laughter as I wake up each day. What is the first picture that comes to your mind when you think of orphans? Perhaps a shadowy dirty room, somber faces, children dressed in ragged clothes, and then the empty eyes of a child whose heart has been broken. For me now, the image is engraved with the smiling faces of the beautiful children at Bangla Hope; small brown arms hugging my neck and patting my face contentedly. Their lives now have a chance to recover, feel love, and it is all because of people/sponsors like you who care.



From Dave's Desk



It's exciting to see the progress on our new orphanage campus in Bangladesh. The orphanage is a busy spot with eighty-eight children and babies living life at high speed. We are grateful beyond words to have a place outside for the children to run, play, and explore. The air in this area is probably as clean as any you'll find in Bangladesh. The children who are old enough are in school for half a day. The kitchen and laundry room are busy from early to late.

In January, construction of the medical clinic began. The first floor should be nearly completed by the time I leave April 2. I hope to put up the pillars and roof for the second floor before the rainy season so we can continue working as funds become available. A nurse has been hired and is on campus. She is great help with the health care of the orphanage children, but additionally our goal is to help the villagers. In America the nurse-to-population ratio is 8 to 1000; in Bangladesh it is 0.14 nurses to 1000 people. Who knows what doors the medical work may open.

Are there challenges? Of course, there always are, but we see God's hand working. We plan to continue working right along with Him.

Tuition Rates

Like any school in America, costs in Bangladesh also continue to rise. In just the last three years, tuition rates at the schools have increased about 50%. Dipping into tuition reserves allowed us to leave boarding, college, and orphan rates to sponsors unchanged since April 2000. Tuition reserves help cover the interim tuition between the time a sponsor quits and we find a new sponsor for that student. Reserves are also used to cover a month when a sponsor may forget to send tuition and additional expenses that the students' families are asked to cover but often can't. Those include costs for government exams, additional required items for classes, and graduation expenses.

As reserve funds dwindle, we are faced with either raising tuition costs or co-sponsoring some of the students.

We know that many of you sacrifice to pay the amount you are and can do no more. We appreciate what you are doing and will find another sponsor to help with tuition expenses. Many organizations co-sponsor students routinely without letting sponsors know, but we wanted to share this information with you.

If some sponsors want to be the only sponsor for their boarding student, college student, or orphan, the following new monthly rates apply:

Boarding student (LGB, LKM, LGG, LHTS, LWC in student number) \$40

College student (LGB-C, LCG in student number) \$50

Orphan (LOR, LCOR in student number) \$50

It will be helpful if you make your intentions clear when you send your donations.

Rates for the children in the new orphanage will remain the same at this time (\$35 co-sponsor or \$100 full sponsorship).

Results of Sponsoring

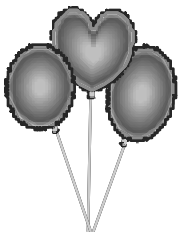
Growth takes place, sometimes imperceptible for a time. Physically, emotionally, scholastically, and spiritually the students change, and we see glimpses of the growth. In December 2008, eleven of our students graduated from college and are ready to launch their new careers. We wish each of them the best!!

Summer Plans

Dave, Beverly, and Bristi Waid are willing to provide programs again this summer. If you would like to schedule one, call our office at (509) 586-4259.

Happy Birthday, Dave!

Thank you for your generous response for Dave's 80th birthday surprise. On his birthday, Beverly gave him the letter from our U.S. office sharing the list of donors from North America who gave \$15,000 for the second floor of the orphanage in honor of his birthday. Additional donations continue to come in.



SPECIAL PEOPLE HELPING CHILDREN

Thank You



~Ruth S. for donating funds from the sale of her hand-made Barbie clothes

~Taylor & Morgan S. for donating funds from the sale of "Taylor & Morgan's Heavenly Honey"

~Nathan K. for caring about others and wanting to donate his birthday money to the blanket fund

~Jean C. for the tiny nightgowns she made and mailed for Faith and Charity so they could have something that fit

~Rolf, Judy, and Becky for taking so many bags to Bangladesh for us



IN HONOR OF

Our 50th Wedding Anniversary
By Mr. & Mrs. Albert Oakes

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Burton Hoosvesto

By Doris Krueger

Gladys Grant

By Ronald & Shirley West

By Shirley Canfield

By Fred & Roxy Lenz

By Nadine Willis

By Ronald & Shirley West

By Phil & JoAnn Hutchins



Jamile & Lois Jacobs

By Kay Sorensen

Ray Speight

By Sheri Speight

Ray Markham

By Len & Hazel Burns

Several years ago, I met Ray Markham on the phone.

At first I thought he sounded a little gruff, but soon I realized he really had a desire to help children whose young lives had been filled with tragedy. Besides sponsoring several students, he donated to the orphanage, repairs on one of his student's mother's home that was destroyed by flooding, and a motorcycle so Jason, our sponsorship director in Bangladesh, could get needed information. Ray hoped to one day visit his students in Bangladesh and see the country. If he had been able to go, I imagine he would have opened his heart once again to those in need.

