



Bangla Hope

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

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EMILY'S STORY

By Beverly Waid

Sweetie was in serious trouble—she had finally delivered a healthy baby girl, but she was still having severe pain and bleeding! What to do? Sweetie's parents knew they needed to get her to the hospital three miles away and get her there fast! Pedaling a rickshaw would be too slow. While they wondered what to do, they saw a mini bus approaching. They flagged it down and were able to transport Sweetie to the closest hospital. After an emergency exam, the doctor discovered she had not delivered a second baby and the baby had died. By this time Sweetie had lost so much blood, she was very very weak, and soon she died too.



With no husband in the picture, what were these two old grandparents going to do with a mother-less baby? They felt overwhelmed, sad, and frantic about the whole situation. Thankfully they'd heard about Bangla Hope and contacted Ruben, a villager in the village across from our orphanage.

Lina, our orphanage director, Ruben, Matthew, our driver, and myself headed for the little village to see if we could help. The nearer we got to the village, the smaller the road became until all that was left was a narrow path. It was obvious we'd have to walk the rest of the way. More and more villagers joined us as we walked through the paddy fields. As we neared the small village, I could see the huts were arranged in a circle. We continued following the leader as he walked into one hut, through the room, and out the other side. As we emerged, there were villagers standing around the perimeter, pain written all over their faces. I searched their faces as we waited. Soon, I saw grandma coming towards me with her tiny granddaughter wrapped in an old cloth. The tears were streaming down her face as she placed the baby in my arms. She had just lost her daughter, and now she was handing her new granddaughter to me. So much sorrow in every tear. Grandma and grandpa felt they



were too old to raise this precious little girl, and they were entrusting her to our care. As we left the village, my heart broke as I turned and saw the grief on their faces.

Bangla Hope Orphanage strives to give these little ones a chance to live and hope for a future.



From Dave's Desk

One never knows the twists and turns in life. We arrived back in the states from Bangladesh the beginning of April. The beginning of June I returned to Bangladesh to help evaluate challenges and give support to our staff there. We have had problems periodically with three or four village young men. Though they did some work for us earlier and we paid them the agreed amount, greed seems to have taken over their lives and they continually demand more and more. They have even threatened physical harm to our workers at the orphanage. Recently, they beat Litton, one of our employees. He was bruised and swollen, but there were no broken bones. We have been urged by the local authorities to file a case against the young men and we are in the process of doing that paperwork.

Another urgent matter has come to my attention while I've been in Bangladesh. We need to purchase a van for transportation soon. This purchase has just moved to the top of the priority list. We have learned that beginning July 1, the government is raising the price of vehicles 50%. We plan to move ahead with the purchase by the end of June to avoid this additional amount. We have \$10,000 in reserves for a van and the remaining amount needed is \$12,000.

Please pray for the safety of the children and staff. If necessary, we will hire government-armed guards. Also pray for wisdom as we look for a van. We know that our God is fully able to help with and solve every difficult situation.

BAGGAGE TO BANGLADESH

Another one of our big challenges is getting needed items to Bangladesh. It is so outrageously expensive to ship large packages, pay custom charges, as well as the oft-expected bribe to officials, that we just can't do it. The best way we've found to transport bags is to encourage those visiting the orphanage to take one checked bag for us. We need your help to be able to ship the bags to various US locations. That shipping cost is approximately \$50 per 50 pound bag.

MISSION TRIPS—I LOVE THEM!

By Dr. Rebekah Cote

Dr. Rebekah Cote, a friend and Bangla Hope supporter, traveled to Bangladesh again earlier this year. While there her itinerary was filled with travel, hugging the kids, and seeing hundreds of patients in medical clinics in the villages. Dr. Cote wrote some of her experiences, and we thought you would enjoy reading them also. Following is a condensed version.

Mission trips—I love them, but where should I go on my next one? I began praying about it and things started coming together. It would be Bangladesh again. There is much preparatory work getting all the meds and other things together. When I finished I had one large suitcase and four large trunks full of supplies to take. Our group consisted of five people—two nurse anesthetists, an administrative assistant, a grandma to love everybody, and myself.

After 36 hours of airports and airplanes, it was good to be in Bangladesh. When we arrived in Dhaka, we met Jason who had been waiting outside for five hours for us! The others headed to the orphanage in the mission truck and Jason and I took the bus, as there was not room for all of us in the truck. After a five-hour bus trip (should be 6 hours—does that say anything about the driver!), Jason and I arrived at Bangla Hope. The children placed a lovely marigold and rose lei around my neck. The others had arrived about an hour earlier and the children did a welcome program for them. Staff had moved the children to the new country orphanage in June 2008. The first floor of the orphanage and a building for staff housing is complete. There are 87 children (18 boys and 69 girls) from a few days old to about 6 years old. Mrs. Waid wants to school them here and teach them about Jesus and Christian morals.

The children can sing so well! It is definitely a

talent that the Bengali people have. At Bangla Hope they all have worship two times a day. They sing a lot of songs in English. They also sing a prayer before each meal. The children sit on mats on the floor to eat. Can you imagine about 70 children age 1 to 6 years old sitting quietly on mats? It is absolutely amazing!

They have a nap in the early afternoon. The caregivers put each child in their crib or bed, put a mosquito net over them, and tell them to lie down. They all lie down and go to sleep. The same procedure is repeated at bedtime. It is just incredible! These children do not seem like most orphans. They know they are loved and special and are given a lot of attention. Mr. and Mrs. Waid love these children dearly. It is rare to see them without one or two of the children in their arms and several hanging onto their hands. The facility is clean and neat and

the children are cared for in a loving environment. We all so enjoyed being with the children. They love to be held, played with, and in general, just being with us.

There is still a lot of building to be done. They were working on the clinic building while we were there. The work is ALL done by hand. They dig out the dirt with hoes and then young men pile dirt in baskets that are suspended by a sling. There is a stick that goes across their shoulders and there is one basket hanging on each side. They work for hours. All the cement is stirred up by hand and carried to the holes. It is amazing to see how quickly they work. One day we gave all the workers some Advil. They were grinning from ear to ear! I know they must ache after some of the work they do.

The first couple of days we spent around the orphanage. We enjoyed seeing progress. There were vegetable gardens, banana trees, buildings for tools and supplies, a lovely playground for the children, and the medical clinic in progress. They asked me to preach for church. The kids sat on mats in the front. The children were all so attentive during the sermon. I wish children in the US could see how reverent and attentive the children were! In the afternoon we walked around in one of the villages right beside Bangla Hope orphanage. We watched as villagers cooked in open fires over "mud stoves". Huts are made from dirt, straw, and cow dung. We watched a lady make dung sticks to stretch the limited supply of firewood. She filled a hole with cow dung. Then she kneaded it with her feet. She scooped it out with her hands and kneaded it some more, then formed it into loaves. After mixing it with straw, she fashioned it onto sticks. This was one experience I was satisfied to just watch.

The orphanage has a large megaphone set up on the building. Anytime there were worship or church, the songs, lessons, sermons, etc. were broadcast through the megaphone. It was not unusual to see many villagers lining the fence to hear what was happening. The megaphone is a common "instrument" in Bangladesh.

Sunday, we headed south to visit village schools. It is really important for the driver to be alert. People, animals, a pile of sand, or a broken-down truck may be in the middle of the road any place, night or day.

On our trip back we stopped at the house where ladies work for Bangla Hope Handicrafts. There were about 20 women working on cross-stitch. They do this for about eight hours a day. These women would probably not be able to support themselves, and in some instances their children, if it were not for this job. They are so thankful. In Bangladesh, parents generally arrange marriages. Sometimes the girls are married off as early as age 13. These marriages sometimes fail or the husbands just leave the wives. The abandoned wife often has no way to support herself. The cross-stitch work gives these women an opportunity to survive.

Thursday we got things ready for the 10am clinic. A large tent



was set up on the front lawn area, and we set out about 20 chairs. We started by seeing some of the children at the orphanage that Lina, the orphanage director, wanted us to check. Within a few minutes, the chairs filled with villagers wanting to be seen. We saw patients from about 10am to 3pm on Thursday and Friday. Each day we saw about 300 or more patients. Our translators did an awesome job working with us! There were lots of general "aches and pains" from the hard work they do. There was also a lot of skin problems. One child had a horrible burn from a fire she fell in. Half of her face was severely burned. Another child had a burn from many years ago and her skin was drawing up on her arm. We treated an infected foot wound caused by a machete and there was one snakebite (non-poisonous).

One girl came to our clinic tent on Thursday with a painful cyst on her right thigh. I tried to puncture it but it was encapsulated. She was crying because she had no money to go to the hospital and get it removed and she was afraid because of all the infection at the hospital. She said the cyst hurt so much it was painful to walk and carry her baby. I told her to come back at 5pm. I talked to Rolf, our nurse anesthetist, and we tried to come up with a plan. At lunch about 3:30pm, I asked Shati, our cook, if she could fix up our eating table into an operating table. She looked a little wide-eyed, but got right in the spirit and said she would put some old plastic on the table for us. We sent another worker to town to buy a razor, as I did not have a scalpel. I thought maybe the girl wouldn't show up as I told her I really did not have the proper tools to do that kind of surgery. She came—early!

At the last minute, when I was leaving the clinic in the US, I decided to bring some suture and instruments, mainly if one of us got cut or needed it. But apparently God had other plans for our meager tools. I evaluated the cyst carefully—it was about 4 cm. I was doing a lot of praying! It was a larger cyst than those I remove at my clinic at home where I have all the tools I need. Our brave patient begged us to operate. We fixed up our "sterile" field with alcohol preps and a blue surgical towel. Rolf and his daughter, Becky, also a nurse anesthetist, assisted me. We numbed the area with lidocaine. Becky drew the elliptical shape. Fortunately, my assistants brought headlamps. The electricity kept going off so I was most thankful we had the headlamps! A razor blade held with forceps was my scalpel. The fatty cyst was large and deep. I hit some arteries along the way. Becky and Rolf kept applying pressure to the areas that were bleeding. Since the incision was so deep and large, I had to cut out some more tissue at the ends so that we could get the skin to approximate. I did not have any absorbable sutures so used 3-0 to do a mattress stitch and then did a simple suture to finish. I used 15 stitches. It looked really nice when we were done. It took me about an hour to do the surgery. We all prayed together before she left. We didn't have any "strong" pain meds so I gave her some Advil.

The lady came back Friday for a dressing change. She was hobbling as she came to the tent where we were seeing patients. Her mother and sister were with her. They were crying and I feared the worst. They just held my hand and cried and thanked me over and

over again for doing the surgery. Of course the area was very sore, but it looked great! There was no swelling and there was just a little discharge. We had all been praying for her!! She returned on Sunday, and I changed the dressing again and it looked great! I told her that we were leaving and that Lina would continue changing her dressings and take the stitches out. We told her to be sure and not get the area wet for a few more days. I thank God for helping us with the surgery!!

Now I am back and adjusting to this time zone! I grabbed a few newspapers that they gave out as we got on the airplanes. The headlines in Dubai, Saudi Arabia said, "Obama ushers in an era of hope" and "Obama promises change." The headlines in London read, "Obama remakes America." I realized that I had left the US under President Bush and returned under President Obama. The good news, as I see it, is that God is ultimately in control. He is the one that we need to look to for "change, hope and remaking." The most important change is "Create in me a clean heart, O God and renew a right spirit within me." Psalm 51:10. No matter what "change" happens this year I am looking forward to another change, "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth..." Revelation 21:1. Until that day may He keep us faithful!

SPECIAL PEOPLE HELPING CHILDREN Thank You



~Dorothy K. for donating her fee earned for a musical performance for a women's ministry event.

~Elinor G. for donating her one-time social security stimulus check.

~Geneva K. for making so many cuddly soft dollies for the toddlers; and for her husband, Richard, who tenderly held each baby doll and asked a blessing over it and for the child who would find a loving "friend" to cuddle with.

~Flo D. for making so many crocheted afghans for our children and caregivers in the orphanage

~Carol for making baby quilts for our babies in the orphanage

IN LOVING MEMORY

Burton Hoosvesto

by Kay Sorensen

Jamile & Lois Jacobs

by Doris Krueger

We apologize for the misprint in the previous newsletter.

