



Bangla Hope

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

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HOPE WITH JESUS!

By Beverly Waid

Christmas break and the end of the 2008 school year were nearing. Excitement was growing as the students at KMMS boarding school finished their class work and exams. It would be exciting to go home and have a change from the daily routine of classes and work.

Joya and her twin sister were eager to go home too. Home wasn't the way it used to be, but it was still home. Along with the happy memories, there were also memories of hard work and going without food because there simply wasn't enough to feed the six children and parents. The family grew as much food as they could, but the little plot of ground wasn't big enough to grow all they needed. They missed their mother too. She had passed away a few years ago.

Joya and her sister were both thankful for the opportunity of sponsorship at school so they could benefit from an education. Their older brother had only been able to study through grade 7 and their older sister only through grade 3. Joya and her twin were in grade 9 and they had no intention of quitting. Joya was going to keep going to school until she became a nurse.

It was exciting to be with the rest of the family again. There was still plenty to do, but being together was nice.

There were others who also took note that Joya was home. One village boy noticed and came to the house daily. When Joya was at the home alone one day, the village boy forced his way into the home, threatened Joya, and raped her.

Joya was fourteen years old, so young to go through so much. She knew the customs of her country. If anyone found out, she would be an outcast from her village and her family. No man

would ever want to marry her. The best thing to do was nothing, just tell no one.

Vacation came to an end and Joya and her sister returned to KMMS. Classes began. They knew they would have to study extra hard because this was their 10th grade year. At the end of this school year, they would have to take the government exams and pass them before they could continue their education.

Only a few weeks went by before Joya realized things weren't the way they had been. She was changing. How long could she hide her secret?

In Bangladesh there are often no questions asked, little thought given to the individual. When the principal discovered Joya was pregnant, he expelled her from school permanently. Some concerned faculty called Bangla Hope. Could we help her?

Joya came. On September 11, 2009 she gave birth to a healthy little girl we named Desiree.

What will happen to Joya? Is there any hope for her to be able to put her life back together again?

Joya is working with our handicraft program. She quietly and sweetly goes about her assigned work, her baby by her side. Joya plans to continue working with us while she finishes her 10th grade and studies for her government exams. Then she wants to go to college to continue her education. Little Desiree will stay at the orphanage where she will be taken care of and loved.

Bangladesh is full of heart-wrenching stories, stories you wish were just tales that weren't really true. Unfortunately though, the stories are true and wishing doesn't change them. I've learned that changing lives often involves sacrifice on my part—sharing my time, energy, and money—I guess just sharing me. Come to think of it, that's what we celebrate this time of year—Jesus sharing Himself.



Beverly adds:

I am here in Bangladesh enjoying the children so much. Some of the stories tear my heart apart. I look at each child and realize it is because of you that they are here where it is safe and happy. They love to run to me for hugs and kisses. I wish each of you could be here and have them run to you too. There will be more sad stories, but the 104 children/babies fill our first floor to overflowing. It's going to be hard to turn away children until we get the second floor built. You are helping so much I can't ask you to give more unless you feel impressed it is the right thing to do. We appreciate all of you and what you are doing to help the children in Bangladesh.

From Dave's Desk

I have never seen things happening so fast and so hard to deal with as the last month we've been here in Bangladesh.

We've had challenges from within and from outside our campus. Little things, if left to fester, can turn into giant problems. We pray for unity and each of us to have a desire to serve and bless those around us.

Things that might take ten minutes here in the states can end up taking a day in Bangladesh. Maybe this is a good country to work in if you need to develop patience. Frequently there are documents needed by different governmental agencies, banks, or the attorney. Because of the distance from Dhaka, we combine as many errands as possible when we make the five-hour trip.

As I look around there are always so many needs. I'd like to reach out and cover them all, but I know we can't do that. I adjust my focus, trim it down, and identify which projects are most urgent. I'll list a few:

~Wells—Ten of our village schools need wells.

~Van—In the summer we wrote about the need of reliable transportation. On our way to purchase a van, we stopped at the attorney's office regarding another issue. In conversation it came up where we were going next. Because of the status of our NGO paperwork and the laws at that time, he strongly advised us not to purchase the van right then because of the exorbitant taxes that would be charged. We continue to work towards the best and most economical way to pursue the purchase. At this point it appears we will need another \$15,000 to be able to buy one that will adequately meet our needs.

~Beds—Children grow and needs grow and change also. Our babies are growing and more need to move to the "big kid" bunk beds. They cost about \$200. To save space the care givers

will also be using bunk beds which will cost about \$220. The mattress and bedding for each bed will be about \$50.

~Orphanage Well—With 104 children, the care-givers, and administration on our orphanage campus, we are going to need to dig an additional deep well. We are working our way towards \$7,000 for this project.

~Operations—The day-to-day operations are always a major part of our budget. This year the economy seems to be affecting donations for many non-profits. As you plan your year-end giving, please consider the children in Bangladesh.

Have I seen God work through the challenges of this past year? Absolutely. Will He continue? Positively yes, I know He will.

Of Cockroaches and Squat Pots!

By Jehanna Shae (student missionary)

In Bengali they don't say hi—they say "How are you?" Most of the children have been taught to say "I'm fine." So I will say to you, "How are you?"

After quite the travel, I have safely arrived at an orphanage near the small village of Heli in northern Bangladesh. We flew out Monday morning and arrived in Hong Kong around 4am our time, 7pm their time. We did our best to sleep on the airport benches, but those became uncomfortable quite quickly.

Jumping on the plane to Dhaka was fairly uneventful. I was afraid the immigration people wouldn't let me through because my visa is for only 4 months and my return ticket is for March, but they did thankfully. We spent the night in Dhaka at the Adventist Dental clinic in the Uttara district. We met Litton who is the treasurer for the orphanage. He has a Masters degree in English from a university in India and is so great to talk to. We then went to get a SIM card adapter for the internet. I have never been stared at so much as that day... wow. I felt like I had 6 legs or something.

Things I learned in Dhaka:

1. If you don't have a car horn, you are nothing.
2. Big buses trump your little car when merging. Always!
3. Road lines mean absolutely nothing. Why fit 2 cars in 2 lanes if you can fit 3?
4. A life for a life means something in this country. If you hit a pedestrian, you will be pulled from your car and killed. Seriously.
5. If I ever go missing, first look for me in the potholes because you could lose a minivan in some of those things.

We took a rickshaw to London Plaza to meet Mrs. Waid and exchange money into takas. One

US dollar equals about 70 taka. The rickshaws were crazy! I think our driver purposefully tried to hit all the potholes in hopes of bucking us out of the cart. What an experience...When we found the others, we all got into a pickup truck and drove to the other side of Dhaka, Gulshan, where a dress shop was. However, the truck was very old and we broke down in the middle of the street in traffic. The 4 of us white women had to get out and push this truck while our driver steered us towards the side. Bengali men stood on the side laughing and taking pictures with their cell phones. One man did comment that there was very nice scenery but no one offered to help. Our driver, Jason, who also speaks very good English, called for an auto rickshaw, which is basically the tiniest 3-wheeled bus you've ever seen. The four of us (Mrs. Waid, Brittni, Elliot, and me) all squished in the back and rode on to the shop. We found such nice clothes there. We all got at least one nice church outfit there. We went back to London Plaza and bought a couple more cheap cotton outfits. We then headed to the tailor who measured each of us and would make us outfits in about 10 days.

Words I've learned so far in Bengali:

1. Donobad (dough-no-bad) means Thank you
2. Sal wer (sal war) are the pants of the traditional outfit
3. Kameez (ka-meese) are the shirts/tunic part
4. Orna is the scarf of the outfit
5. [not sure how to spell but...] mach (fish), dim (egg), dood (milk), a-may se-mar-kay ballo-bashi (I love you).

We stayed overnight at the Adventist college and headed to the orphanage early Friday morning. I can't believe it took so long to get here! The roads between the villages are crazy and on more than one occasion I really thought I would be lost in a car wreck. But Bengali's are very good drivers and we got to Bangla Hope safely. After putting our luggage in our room, we immediately went down to start meeting the 90+ children and see the facilities we would call home for the next couple months.

I wish I could put into words how wonderful the kids are here. Each one is so beautiful and so wanting to be picked up and kissed, wanting to feel special. I picked up one little girl and she wrapped her arms and legs around me so tightly, not letting go for about an hour. She pushed her head into my neck and stayed there the whole time, not letting me put her down for games or anything. It really did bring tears to my eyes to know this little girl just wants to be loved so desperately...wow. This is going to be an interesting experience to say the least.

We had communion the first Sabbath we were at the orphanage. I liked knowing that we are starting

this trip off right, starting it with God close. We did the foot washing and I chose to wash the feet of one of the house mothers. Her name is Juc-na and she doesn't speak any English but is really sweet in her mannerisms. I washed her feet first and when I was done I gave her a hug and she cried. It was an amazing experience!

A few last thoughts—On the way to the Orphanage we stopped for fresh naan bread. The bathrooms only had squat pots which was definitely a new thing! When we were unpacking our clothes, a giant cockroach crawled out of one of the drawers. It was gross! There are so many bugs here! They are all over my screen and it's gross... And we have geckos that crawl on our walls. They are kinda fun!

SPECIAL PEOPLE HELPING CHILDREN

Thank You



~Many wonderful people contributed New Clothing
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IN LOVING MEMORY OF

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Len & Hazel Burns



Ann Hoey

By: Cal & Ellen Ferguson

Paul Lindstrom

By: Marvin Titterud
Len & Hazel Burns

Robert L. Smith

By: Ronald & Shirley West

BANGLA HOPE HANDI CRAFTS



We all need cards or book-marks for special occasions now and then. Destitute ladies in Bangladesh make beautiful cross-stitch cards for all occasions. When you purchase these items, you are helping support a lady who may have no other way to support herself. Call our office and order what you need. We'll send them right away.

