

Bangla Hope

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

No. 63

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Sponsoring . . . Is It Worth It?

By Litton Mowalie
as told to Hazel Burns

I laid on my bed and waited . . . and waited. I knew I had to go, but I didn't want to. I dreaded hearing what I knew I'd hear. Reluctantly I climbed down from my bunk bed, paused, and leaned my head against the bed. There was only One I knew I could ask for help. With my head against the bed, I pleaded with Jesus for help in this impossible situation.

It wasn't a long walk to the principal's office from the boys' hostel (dormitory), but it seemed long. My feet were heavy as I deliberately placed one foot in front of the other. Why did it have to be this way? My father was so sick at home. He couldn't help me, and I had no money to pay my past due tuition. Without my bill being paid in full, I would not be allowed to take the government exams. If I couldn't take the exams, I would never be able to go past the tenth grade. Everything seemed pretty hopeless to me as I entered the office and saw the principal sitting behind his desk. I wasn't alone though. Two classmates were there too. We were all in the same predicament.

The principal explained what we already knew—we would not be allowed to take the test unless our bills were paid in full. I begged to be allowed to take the exam and then work my bill off through the summer months. The principal had probably heard that story numerous times before. I don't know what happened to me at that moment, but I just broke down and cried. I wanted to go on with my education so badly, but it seemed pretty hopeless at that moment.

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By Gary Fisher
As told to Hazel Burns

Half way around the world in a small Utah town I was talking with my friend, Dave Waid. He invited me to join him on his next trip to Bangladesh. I hate flying. Actually—I HATE flying! I didn't really know why I would go or what I would do if I went, but suddenly I heard myself say, "I'll go."

I think I've lost my mind, I thought to myself. A few weeks later as we flew across the Pacific Ocean, I was pretty sure I'd totally lost my mind.

After arrival in this third-world country, God put me in many situations where I could serve, but one circumstance stands out in my mind more than any other. I was at the KMMS school. That particular day I had gone to review the financial records. The computer I was using was in a small room just outside the principal's office. I noticed a young man going in to see the principal, but I continued my work. I caught my breath, though, when suddenly there was loud crying coming from the principal's office. I assumed someone was in deep trouble for something, but then the principal called me into his office. Three sober-faced young men sat with dejected looks on their faces.

"What can I do?" asked the principal. "I get this same story over and over. All three of these students want to go on with their education, but they still owe money on their school bills."

The principal and the three students all looked pretty dejected.

"How much do they owe?" I asked.

"About \$450."

"Four hundred fifty each?" I questioned.

"No, \$450 for all three of them."

I didn't have to think long before I said, "I'll pay it."

The three students jumped to their feet and thanked me over and over. Their gratitude was obvious.

Later in the day, one of those students sought me out again and thanked me profusely. I learned his name was Litton, and in his face I saw such earnestness.

Because of the previous financial problems, Litton wasn't able to attend the preparatory coaching classes for the government exams, but that did not stop him from studying, working, and praying. He scored the highest marks in the school.

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Litton continued his education. In 2008 he completed a master's degree in English from Puna University in India. Though he was busy with his studies, he took time to help other students when they were having a tough time with their studies. He shared his love for Jesus when opportunities arose. After his graduation, Litton joined the administration of Bangla Hope in Bangladesh. On March 12 he married Saborna who also works at the orphanage as director of children's care.

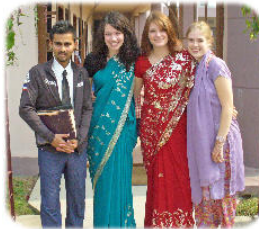


I wish every sponsoring experience had such a rewarding conclusion so quickly, but they don't. Some are disappointing. Some students have to experience some heartache before they recognize the gift that is being offered to them and settle down to take advantage of the opportunities. One thing I do know, the education and the experiences the students have in a Christian school will impact them for the rest of their lives.

From Dave's Desk

The pace is picking up—it always does just before we leave Bangladesh. The past 6 months have been full of all sorts of interesting events. It was hot when we got here, so cold around Christmas, and soon we'll be melting again. We've had many six or seven-hour trips to Dhaka to work on legal paperwork or get supplies, and we've dealt with employee issues. (It's really not acceptable to flush children's underwear down the toilet!) We've sat in meetings with villagers for hours wishing we knew what on earth was being said. Four of us were in a bus accident, but thankfully we're all OK.

This year we've been blessed with young people volunteering their time and energy—thank you Josiah, Elliot, Jehanna, and Brittini (*left to right*). You've blessed all of us for all the months you've been here. You've made an impact that will never be forgotten.



In January, Dr. Cote (*left*) came again with an array of medication and a desire to relieve suffering. During clinics in the surrounding villages, the medical team saw about 1,000 patients. Mary, Evon, and Tammie came equipped with a variety of things for children. Tammie brought supplies to start a children's church program in a nearby village. Nearly one hundred mothers and children (*right*) continue to attend each week. Some men also watch from the periphery but haven't gotten involved yet.



Ryan Wilkinson and his mom, Janet, brought more supplies. Roger Cook, board chairman in the states, and Dr. Jim Brewer, board chairman in Bangladesh, staggered their trips over so one or both of them were here helping from the end of January through the first week of March.

Beginning the third week of March, we had lots of action. A team of twenty-six people arrived led by our president, Dr. Ken Rose. This group included young people, medical doctors, dentists, anesthetist, nurses, and a film crew including Tim Wolfer and Dan Mathews doing on-site interviews. I'm always glad for the opportunity to share this place that I love with guests.

Periodically I'm asked about our current needs.

There are many, but following are the most critical:

- ~additional land around our campus (\$50,000)
- ~2nd floor of the orphanage—we should have enough funding soon. We've accepted a \$92,000 bid
- ~additional guard houses (\$5,000)
- ~cabinets, tables, and chairs for clinic (\$1,000)
- ~sponsors for village school students—enrollment has increased and we don't want to make any cuts especially with the noon meal.

I'm so grateful for the generosity of our donors. It's a sacrifice for many of you, especially in these tough economic times. Some have had to discontinue donations, but we're certain God will impress others to give so together we can continue to feed, clothe, and educate children in Bangladesh.

NO NEED FOR MORE

By Elliot LaPlante, student missionary

Ra-june is a street boy. He lives on the streets of Dhaka and begs for his family. Ryan and I met him one evening around 11pm. He was begging for money. We took him to get some food. He was inspiring. When told to get whatever he wanted, all he would pick out was one roll. Upon prompting I was able to convince him to get a few other things, but always he insisted on the smallest amount. When we finished, we started walking away with him, only to find out that he would not be eating this food. It was for his little brother and mom. I quickly returned to the store and bought more food for Ra-june. He was so grateful, but his concern for others came through again. He tried to give the food back to me so I'd have something to eat. This is a boy who had nothing. Not even a place to sleep, for I saw the hard pavement that his lightly clothed body would be laying on that night. He had no blanket and it was cold. Even I, a foreigner, would sleep with two blankets that night. But still he took no more or asked for anything. Ryan and I were so impressed with this boy, his tattered clothes, bare feet and wholesome heart, broke, inspired, and pulled at my inner most soul. This boy was something I never expected to find on the streets, he was more than I think I could ever have been if I was in his shoes.

The next day we met up with Ra-june for my most memorable day in Bangladesh. Ryan and I took him with us for the day. We took him out shopping, let him pick out (with LOTS of prodding) new clothes, shoes, toiletries, we went to lunch together, got him a bath. It was the most amazing day ever. This boy was inspiring. Never once did he ask for more, never once did he complain. During this day his eyes changed from pools of nothingness to flickers of joy. He gave me Joy. We met his mother on the street and his brother.



Ra-June and I just before his bath



Ryan, Ra-June & I after his bath.



Ra-june was the most remarkable person I've met in a long time. Life had given him nothing, yet when given the opportunity to get anything and everything, he was not greedy. He was not entitled. He was happy. He was content. He was Inspiring. That day Ra-june challenged me to look at every principle and stance I have built my life on. That day he inspired me to be a better person, to be content and not always looking for more. That day Ra-june gave me Joy again, a joy that was not found from getting but from loving. Joy is not based on your position or location in life, it is based on a choice. It is based on something bigger than me. It is based on God. Ra-June's attitude is something I aspire to.

BANGLADESH MEDICAL MISSION TRIP 2010

By Dr. Rebekah Cote

A stooped old woman (looking 80 but probably only 50 or 60) grins and nods as she grips her little baggie with 15 Ibuprofen and leaves the "clinic." She's waited in line for one or two hours. A mother smiles as a volunteer puts socks on her baby's feet. A boy jumps for joy as he's handed a hat to wear. An orphan child lifts up his arms begging to be held and hugged. A school child hangs on to a toothbrush and smiles his biggest grin. These are just a few of many images burned in my memory.

After arriving in Bangladesh, we saw patients nearly every day. The first two days we treated people on the veranda of the newly built clinic at Bangla Hope. The other days we went to villages that were a distance away. Some days there were 12 or more of us packed in the little pickup truck! Usually we saw 200-300 patients per day. We usually had two or three "working in the pharmacy" and two student missionaries, a local nurse, and myself seeing patients. Saw lots of "general pain." The people work hard and often have headaches, backaches, leg pain, etc. One day we had a girl with a loud heart murmur. The little girl needs a valve replaced, I am sure. She can't run and play because she gets so short of breath. Also had burns, sprained ankles and knees, and lots of adults and children with worms and diarrhea. One day two little boys about four years old came to the clinic. They came by themselves and waited to be seen with all the others (probably for an hour or more). When it was their turn, they said that they had "scabies inside!" We gave them hats, toothbrushes and worm medicine. I hope that helps the "inside itching." We saw a blind baby about 1 year old. She had pus coming out of her eyes. It was so sad. That was the second blind child they brought us. I wish we could have helped more! A lot of the adults complain of "eye problems." They get a lot of cataracts from working in the rice fields and getting the glare off the water with no sunglasses for protection. There was a guy with a cut on his foot that had gotten infected. His foot and leg were badly swollen. We gave him the strongest antibiotics we had and cleaned out the cut. I hope he won't lose his leg. There were lots of skin problems. We had several creams and I wasn't always

sure which to give but just made an "educated guess." Some of the skin infections looked terrible, and sometimes I tried antibiotics for the real oozy, draining ones! There were also lots of ear problems—ruptured ear drums and pus in ears. Most children have really short haircuts. This is to help with lice control! One day we bought some soap for lice and scabies and gave it out. One day a lady asked if we had medicine for tuberculosis. She had TB but couldn't afford medicine.

As the days went by, Jehanna and Elliot got really good at helping "see patients" at clinic. The first couple of days I would see a patient and zoom down the line to see what we could give their patients. There was also a nurse, RoseMerry, that works at Bangla Hope. She helped see patients too and did a great job. Sometimes I was called four different directions but after a few days, they knew the meds and the most common complaints so things ran smoothly and efficiently. My other real heroes are the ones who helped get the meds in baggies for us and also the men that kept people lined up and orderly while we saw patients. There would be people all over and these men got the people lined up to be seen. It was quite an operation!

It's a hard life for people living in the villages. They waited in line for a long time just for 15 Motrin or Tylenol. It is a temporary "fix" but it felt good to relieve someone's pain even if for a few days. Hopefully this will open the way for people to find Jesus, the Great Physician, and be more open to Christianity.

SPECIAL PEOPLE HELPING CHILDREN

Thank You



~ Sid & Mari L. for their Praise Gift.

~ Phyllis B. and her children for sharing their Christmas gift money.

IN HONOR OF

Paul Zabolotney, 92nd birthday

By: Arla Zabolotney

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Edna Mae Anderson

By: Nancy Wagerle, daughter

Gloria Bandy

By: DeLinda Fouts
Ralph & Julia Hogate
Steve Bandy
Virgil Morris
Len & Hazel Burns

Paul Lindstrom

By: May Adair
Delores Martin

Arlene Wiggins

By: Al Wiggins

Isabelle Haverkamp

By: Family and Friends

Morris Willard

By: Johnnie Willard

