



# Bangla Hope

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

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## Impacting Lives—Medical Mission Outreach to Bangladesh

By Dr. Ken Rose

Like the woman in the Bible, who had bled for years without a cure, Amala\* wondered if it would be of any use to come and see our medical staff in the makeshift clinic arranged in the middle of a beetle nut grove. Her Hindu husband encouraged her to go, saying, "They will touch you and you will be healed!" Amala came to our clinic where she shared with our staff her problem and fears. Could she really be healed? Did we have a cure for her? Could her life return to normal? Would her husband accept her again?

Lola Kissinger, our Physicians Assistant, did touch her and shared with this Hindu lady the story of the woman in the Bible who, through faith, touched the hem of Christ's robe and was healed. Amala and Lola then prayed together, asking for the same healing power to touch this lady's life and bring healing to her.

We went to Bangladesh with the sole purpose of being the practical hands, feet, and voice of God's love to people who needed relief from pain and suffering. We went with the hope that barriers could be broken down in a country where Christians from Western countries are looked upon with suspicion. But how better can those barriers be breached than by easing one's physical needs that are of paramount concern in a Bengali's daily struggle to survive.

In March, Enterprise SDA Church collaborated with Bangla Hope to put together a two-week medical and dental mission trip to Bangladesh. The team consisted of 26 members from different areas including Enterprise, OR, College Place, WA, Spangle, WA, Loma Linda, CA, Berrien Springs, MI, and Waianae, HI.

For some this was their first time out of the USA. Seeing first hand how millions in the world live was a true "culture shock". Mission trips like these help us see what blessings we have in America.

Besides holding medical and dental clinics, Vacation

Bible School (VBS) programs were conducted at the Bangla Hope Orphanage and surrounding villages. Many of the kids attending the village VBS programs were from Hindu and Muslim homes.

In addition, water wells were dug for year-round access to clean water in three villages. One of the issues afflicting Bangladesh is the contamination of their water sources with arsenic. In order to obtain clean drinking water the wells often have to go very deep. Two of the wells dug were over 800 feet deep, while the third was only 150 feet down. These are wells dug without the assistance of mechanized machines like we have in America.

With contributions from the Enterprise Lions Club, 300 pair of glasses were donated and distributed after careful screening. Watching the joy that comes to one's face when they can see clearly is like giving sight to the blind. For some, this was just about the case, as their vision was so poor.

As many members of the team can attest, we initially thought the greatest blessings from a trip like this would be what we have done for those in need. However, we each found that the real blessings are the changes that take place in our own hearts and lives after ministering to those in need. We came home thanking God for even the little things in life that we so often take for granted, like running water, indoor plumbing, a local supermarket, and even traffic laws!

In ministering to the impoverished people of Bangladesh we saw the face of God, and we will not be the same.

\* Name has been changed.

## Horn-rims, Heat and Being the Hands of Jesus

by Sherisa Finkbiner

"Oh Bah, Bah!" exclaimed my interpreter, Papri, as she surveyed the growing line of people waiting for our assistance. I still wasn't exactly sure what that Bengali expression would translate out to—probably



"Oh My Goodness" or "Oh My, My!" but I had heard her utter it several times over the past few days and that day, as I looked out at the sea of desperate faces crowded around me, felt the sweat dripping down my face and exhaustion setting in, I had to concur with her sentiments!

For four days, Papri and I had been distributing donated glasses to village people with vision difficulties. The first three days we worked from the orphanage grounds. A few days later we traveled to south Bangladesh and worked just outside one of Bangla Hope's village schools. This day was proving even more challenging than the rest had been as our glasses supplies were dwindling and our energy flagging, just as the demands of the crowds wanting glasses seemed to be rising. I was thankful to Dave Waid who was just barely keeping people at bay using whatever means he could – mainly his charming personality and a length of red yarn tied between two trees. The barrier of red yarn looked a bit ridiculous at first glance but did help in our efforts to keep everyone corralled.



Over the course of my days there, I found that matchmaking people and glasses is harder than it looks! This is especially true when you are only equipped with a basic eye chart and have very limited knowledge of all things eye-related. Large gaps in prescription strengths, language barriers, and the heat provided further challenges. Thankfully, the glasses themselves provided us with some comic relief from stress. We had horn-rims, "coke bottles" and all sorts of other interesting and "retro" styles that, when tried on, had all of us – including the villagers - giggling. Whatever the style though, the glasses were a big hit. Everyone was clamoring to get a pair!

There were many people we were unable to help. Some needed prescriptions we didn't have. Some had eye infections or had eye strain caused by their constant exposure to the sun as they worked in the fields. I saw so many eyes clouded by cataracts—elderly eyes blinded by this common, but devastating disorder. In Bangladesh corrective surgery isn't available for most. Our mission trip emphasis was being the hands and feet of Jesus to others. Sometimes it was a challenge for me to be content with my small efforts in being Jesus' hands for these people when what I really wanted was for the Great Healer to come and touch and heal them in ways that I was not capable of doing. I look forward to the day when He will come back and do just that!

In any case, it was with both relief and a little sadness that we handed out the last pair of glasses. All the

members of the medical team had also been kept very busy that day – and in days previous—pulling teeth and seeing patients with other medical needs. I was fortunate to be with a group who had big hearts and a lot of medical expertise! I felt blessed to have been able to give out hundreds of pairs of glasses and I hope that those glasses have made a difference in lives there.

When I wasn't playing eye doctor on the trip, I enjoyed spending time with some of the children at the orphanage and visiting nearby villages. One of my favorite memories from the trip was visiting the little Gohara school for a branch Sabbath School on the first Sabbath we were there. I observed dozens of beautiful little brown faces turned up in rapt attention as Jehanna and Josiah (student missionaries) told them stories about Jesus and then saw those same little faces turned down as they focused on coloring a picture. Crowded together on the hot schoolhouse veranda they excitedly worked with their crayons,



producing many a colorful masterpiece. I couldn't count the number of rainbow-shaded Jesus portrayals that were proudly displayed to me! Being able to bring a little brightness into those children's lives and getting the chance to hear these Muslim and Hindu children hear about Jesus' love for them—even for just a day—would have been enough to have made the whole trip seem worthwhile.



While much of my time there was pleasant, there were certainly times when it was a difficult experience. Mission-oriented trips have a way of pushing a person out of their comfort zone...and hopefully into places where the Lord can use them in ways they never expected. In my case, I had known I was in for culture shock, but the raw humanity and the culture differences in Bangladesh often pushed my comfort boundaries further than I expected. I wish each of you who haven't had the opportunity could have the real sensory experience of the country for just five minutes because it is something you have to take in with all of your senses to really grasp. You have to feel the heat and humidity (intense!), smell the smells (many not good), visualize the poverty all around and see the despair on so many faces to really get a taste of the country. On the sensory level, at least, it was often hard to find pleasant experiences in Bangladesh but I certainly did find them at the orphanage which seemed to me to be a happy little "oasis" of hope so true to its name. The sounds there were some of the happiest I have ever heard and were generated by dozens of happy, giggling children. The sights of green rice paddies, blooming flowers on manicured orphanage grounds and the joy on the faces there were a relief to the eyes compared to what I saw

in the surrounding areas. Even the smells were much more fresh and clean! I feel so thankful to have seen these children being raised in a place that is at least somewhat set apart from the worst of the countries harsh realities. They are given an upbringing that has the potential to prepare them to bring positive changes to their country in ways that we as "outsiders" may not be able to do as effectively. Each of those amazing little faces is a gift to the world!

One of my favorite texts (and a good one for those of us who take on mission adventures) is 2 Timothy 1:7—"For God did not give us a spirit of timidity, but a spirit of power, of love and of self-discipline." When I look back on my trip to Bangladesh, I am so thankful that God's spirit carried me through my time there. I am even more thankful that the Waids embraced that same Spirit and instead of giving in to timidity in a place where it takes a lot of strength to move forward, created the Bangla Hope orphanage—truly a place of hope and refuge for children in desperate need!

### THE BONDO-MOBILE BITES THE DUST!

Our pickup has been through many adventures since 1997. It's had the side wiped out, the chassis ripped out, the tires blown out, and everything but the roof submerged in a pond.

In May our sponsorship director and financial director in Bangladesh were traveling from Dhaka to the orphanage. The steering went out, and they lost control. After the accident when the locals saw the pickup, they questioned, "How many were killed?" Thankfully the people survived, but even Bondo isn't going to piece back together the body of the pickup.

Below is the account of the accident written by Jason Halder, Sponsorship Director, who was driving when the accident occurred.

*"I am sure that God and His angel is with us and with me. Litton & I started our journey from Bangla Hope Dental around 6:45 a.m. After two hours at the college, we started on to Bangla Hope Hazrapur. While I was driving I notice there is some problem in wheel but I thought nothing will happen. When we crossed the Jamuna Bridge (longest bridge in Bangladesh) Litton asked me he wanted to drive for few miles. I told him be careful he said ok. Then once he could not control and he hit with a truck then I told him please give me I will drive. Then when I was driving and came near to the Joypurhat, one sound was coming that some thing is broken down. I was trying to stop the car but it was impossible for me to control. Same time Litton was telling me Jason what are you doing, I didn't reply him that we are in big problem. Car tire kit broke down and car wheel was not working. Within a second we landed in a rice field. Our car hit a big tree and*

*then I don't know what happened when I wake up I saw Litton is beside me and he is ok. I asked him...Are you ok Litton? He said yes. Then I stop the car engine. Then I have open the car door and came out from the car. Litton also came with me. After few minute many people came near us and helped us to keep all our bags put inside the car. I called Rosemary (Bangla Hope nurse) she came and cleaned our sore and then Mrs. Suchitra Soren and others came and took us to hospital. Doctor checked us and he said there is no major problems.*

*When we came to Hazrapur (Bangla Hope), Papri, and Sathi came and clean our head where all the small pieces of car glass were there. Thank God for saving our life. I will never forget about this accident how God can protect his people. Thank you every one for praying for us."*

Periodically we have mentioned needing another vehicle in the near future. The "future" has now become the "present." About \$10,000 has come in for a vehicle, and we will need to raise another \$20,000.

### TELEVISION APPEARANCE

The Waids will be appearing on Hope Channel's *Really Living* program with Don Schneider. It will be airing on September 10th, 11th, 13th and 16th. Check your local listings for exact time.

### POCKET MONEY

Now is the time to send pocket money for your sponsored student. All pocket money and Christmas gift money needs to be mailed and received by our office by the end of July, so arrangements can be made for Dave & Beverly to distribute it when they arrive in Bangladesh this fall. Pocket money received after mid-August **WILL NOT** be delivered to your student until the fall of 2011.

The students use this money for personal needs and also to help their families.

### BANGLA HOPE HANDICRAFTS

We all need cards or bookmarks 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 and her family. Call our office and order what you need. We'll send them right away. The cost is \$3.00

You can go to [www.Banglahope.org](http://www.Banglahope.org) on the web to view a selection of cross-stitch items we have for sale.

### IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Paul Zabalotney

By: Arla Zabolotney, daughter

Leonard Squier

By: Ruth Squier

Bev Holland

David & Marguerite Obersinner

Carolyn Simmons

Claude Chappell

Stanley & Ruth Steffen



