



Bangla Hope

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

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From Bad . . . To Worse . . . To . . .

By Beverly Waid

The arrangements were made, Shilpi would marry Bipil. She really didn't know him, but her family and close relatives had agreed.

There were rituals before the wedding—the tumeric party is a messy one. All the relatives came to participate. A mixture of spices, primarily tumeric, was combined into a paste. The relatives smeared the yellow-orange mixture all over the bride and groom for good luck and good fortune. Soon friends and neighbors joined in the “adventure” and before it was finished, everyone was smeared.

The wedding took place at Shilpi's family home. She wore a beautiful sari, Bipil wore a nice white punjabi for a shirt. After the wedding the newlyweds made their way to the home of Bipil's parents.

Married life had begun for Shilpi—cooking on the outdoor fire, washing dishes and clothes in the pond, and helping her mother-in-law. When Shilpi had their first child, she was sure her husband would be pleased—their first-born was a son and they named him Pronto. Shilpi watched with anticipation, but Bipil showed no interest or love for little Pronto. She might have understood if the baby had been a girl, but their firstborn was a boy, just what every Bengali father wants.

It wasn't long before Bipil began leaving for days at a time, sometimes weeks. Then he began taking anything that had some value and going across the border into India. His absences stretched into months, then he'd return home to take anything else he could find that had value and return to India. On some of his trips back, he'd take things from his own mother's home. His aging mother was left without the necessities of life. Shilpi had nothing left either except a child who was dependent on her for survival.

Maybe her uncle could help her. She left for his house to hide with little Pronto. It was better for a while. Then one night her uncle came home after drinking too much, and raped her. She was desperate. What could she do now?



Ginger is waiting for a sponsor

She heard about a job in Dhaka as a housekeeper and maid. Surely it couldn't be worse than the situation she was in. When she arrived at the home where she was to work, she was met by the woman of the house. She didn't know a little boy would be coming along. Immediately the woman informed Shilpi she would have to find another place to work.

The woman knew about Bangla Hope and she contacted our sponsorship director who found out more information about Shilpi's situation. Maybe Bangla Hope could help. We asked her if she would like to come work for us. She agreed and Shilpi and Pronto arrived. Shilpi worked in the laundry and Pronto had lots of children to play with. Things seemed to be going along quite well. Then we learned Shilpi was pregnant with her uncle's child. Shilpi was distraught and just wanted an abortion. We talked with her and offered to care for her baby if she would like. Shilpi agreed. She continued to work in the laundry until her baby girl was born. Shilpi wanted nothing to do with her newborn baby. She left her with the ladies in the nursery to care for.

A few weeks later Shilpi left Bangla Hope, leaving her baby girl, Ginger, behind. She took Pronto and returned to her home in the south. What will she find there? I don't know. Will she find joy and happiness? I wish I knew.

I hope and pray that if life gets unbearable again, she'll remember she was at a place once where people loved her and cared about her. I pray she'll remember something she heard about a God in heaven who loves her and has a plan for her life even though so many horrible things have happened to her. I hope, I really hope.

From Dave's Desk . . .



We arrived safely in Bangladesh—all seven of us along with our mounds of luggage. Not even one bag traveled another route!

There's never a shortage of things to keep us busy. There's always decisions to make, improvements to implement, items to purchase, projects to inspect, and kids to love, just to name a few. We've begun the

distribution of pocket money at the boarding schools which always takes a considerable amount of time.

In the last newsletter I wrote about the delay in occupying the new second floor of the orphanage. By the time you receive this newsletter, the older girls should be moving to the second floor. Moving day is always exciting when you're old enough to understand what's happening. The additional room is needed desperately, and we are grateful to be able to move in. We still need fifteen bunk beds, mattresses and bedding. (For costs refer to "Projects You Can Help With.")

Classrooms and administrative offices will comprise the rest of the second floor. We want to move into them by the time the new school year begins in January—we're still planning on that happening.

Rice harvest is over for this season. It was abundant. Some of our neighbors commented that our rice crop looked better than theirs. We're thankful that we have been able to grow enough rice to feed our children. With costs on the rise, as in every other part of the world, we're grateful we can cut expenses some by growing our own rice.

Our cafeteria also serves as the room for our church service each week. We need to replace the amplifier for the sound system which will cost about \$200. Our little cafeteria is so full, it's hard or impossible for everyone to crowd in. We would like to build two churches—one on campus and one in a nearby village.

Many of you consider a variety of charities for your year-end giving. We hope you will include Bangla Hope. Though we are not a large multi-million dollar operation, we take very seriously the trust donors place in us when they contribute to Bangla Hope projects. Thankfully volunteers in North America cut our expenses drastically, and we do everything we can to make each dollar stretch so we can help as many children as possible.

ANOTHER BAGGAGE MIRACLE

By Beverly Waid

Every year is different at the airport. Regulations change. Some years we can check our bags all the way to Dhaka, sometimes we can't. Charges for extra luggage are always unknown. Some years everything moves smoothly through the many processes at the airport, some years we barely make it on the flight in time. This year there were six people in our group leaving on the same flight from the Spokane, Washington airport. Each had their allotted carryon, two had their allotted number of two checked bags, two had three checked bags, and then Dave and I came with eleven bags to check. The look on the faces of ticket agents says a lot. Sometimes it's obvious, they really don't want to see us. (Several years ago, we even had a ticket agent in Seattle refuse to help us.) As we waited in line, we prayed as we always do. We knew the charges for the extra bags could be between \$1,000—\$1,500. The young man processing our tickets was especially helpful. He tagged each bag, printed boarding

passes, and handed us all the papers. We wondered, but didn't complain. Perhaps the additional charge for all the extra bags would be charged when we got our boarding passes in Vancouver, BC. They weren't, and I began to hope and pray even more that we might make it all the way without extra charges. Hong Kong was the last airport where we might get charged. They printed our boarding passes and we went on our way, thankful we were able to get all those extra clothes and educational supplies to our 116 children.

TAX RECEIPTS FOR 2011

All receipts will be mailed in January, 2012.

NEPAL PROJECT

Thank you to each who sent money to help with airfare to Nepal for our two ladies who supervise the handicraft project. They will be helping establish handicraft projects for girls who have been rescued from the trafficking industry. We still need about \$250 to purchase the airline tickets for our two ladies.

MEDICAL/DENTAL MISSION TRIP

Our president, Dr. Ken Rose, is preparing to lead another medical/dental mission trip to Bangladesh. The dates are March 15 to 28, 2012. The cost is \$200 plus airfare which should run about \$1,800 to \$2,000. There are always additional costs to plan for—visa application fee for Bangladesh is \$150 and additional immunizations for international travel that some may need which could range in cost from \$100 to \$200 depending on the types needed. For more information about joining the team, you may e-mail Dr. Rose directly at kenlanarose@yahoo.com.

LAST CALL . . .

When we built the 1st floor of the orphanage, those who donated at least \$1,000 for the orphanage could have their name, or the name of someone as a memorial, engraved on a plaque hung in the room of their choice. We have chosen to do the same for the 2nd floor. The rooms you may choose from are: 1. older girls' room; 2. classrooms; 3. library; 4. offices. If you choose to contribute to this project, let us know which room you would like to help sponsor when you send your donation.

PROJECTS YOU CAN HELP WITH

With one child out of every five in the world going to bed hungry, who wouldn't be thrilled to know they have helped a child?

Some supporters of Bangla Hope have chosen, in lieu of giving gifts at holiday times and birthdays, to give a donation to help the children in Bangladesh. We have Thank You cards and envelopes available for you to share with loved ones to let them know of your gift in their honor. Contact our office and let us know how many cards you would like.

Some specific projects you might consider are:

Boarding School Student Needs:

Scientific calculators: \$30/each

Orphanage Needs:

- Cribs: \$90/each
- 15 Bunk beds: \$150/each
- 30 Mattress & Bedding sets: \$50/each
- Amplifier for church sound system: \$200

Village School Needs:

- Bulletin boards: \$30/each

Village Needs:

- Coats: \$4/each; Blankets: \$6/each

TAXES AND AUDITS

Incident 1: We weren't planning on additional taxes in Bangladesh, but we have now been told we need to pay an 8.5% tax on all supplies purchased for the second floor of the orphanage which amounts to about one million takas (\$13,000). The van purchased earlier this year will also need to have more taxes paid on it—another \$2,500. It definitely wasn't in the budget, but it will have to be paid very soon.

Incident 2: "This is Mr. Jones from the IRS and we would like to audit your books for 2008." We listened, asked a few questions, and said we would have Gary, our treasurer, contact him. We collected the requested items and supportive documents and were prepared for the scheduled two-day audit. The gentleman from the IRS arrived and began the audit. He went through our documents, and within four hours he had completed his work at our office.

We are committed to being legal and ethical in all our work. You, supporters of the projects of Bangla Hope, deserve that, and we don't want to ever disappoint you or break your trust.

MISSIONARIES' BLOGS (Diaries)

Bob & Kerri Finkbiner (11/12/11): "Sabbath afternoon Beverly, Dave, and the two of us got in rickshaws and had them take us to an area of slums near the Bangla Hope Dental Clinic where we were staying. While some of us wanted to take the van so we wouldn't feel so conspicuous, Beverly insisted on us taking the rickshaws to experience being closer to those existing there and more a part of what we were seeing. We



were glad we did. We had driven by very poor areas many times on our trips into and around the city, but never had we seen anything like this. Pieces of plastic, burlap, cardboard, tin, anything

that could be used to help create a small sense of "mine" was nailed or stuck up to create little shacks sharing their separating wall one after the other as far as one could see down the alleyways. Smoky fires burning leaves or whatever scraps of garbage found nearby, cooking whatever had been purchased by the few takas earned sweeping streets or sidewalks or doing whatever

menial jobs they could to earn something for food for that day. Children with no clothes or just with some indiscernible piece of clothing on stood by the cooking fires, sat in the doorways, played in the street, looking at us with the look of wonderment we too felt. Ours was one of wondering how anyone can exist this way? Theirs was one of why would anyone want to see us living this way combined with what must it be like to be like them? Then when they saw Kerri's camera come out, they did as any little child who believes a camera makes them memorable to everyone does, they gave us a smile that said, 'Love me,' or began running beside us wanting their pictures taken, or watched us with the curiosity we felt at experiencing our differences, both wondering at what it would be like to live like the other. The imagination couldn't conjure up that scenario for either of us. As we celebrate our Thanksgiving, can we somehow shorten that distance between for someone?"

Lauren Resler (11/8/11): "The official sport in Bangladesh is football. The official sport of Bangla Hope is badminton. Every night Mr. Waid gets out there with Ponwell, the pastor, and some other Bengali guys and they duke it out for hours. There are 2 courts set up in the grass complete with dug out lines and lights. One court is reserved for the pros and one is for the beginners. Badminton has never been my strongest sport but I love getting out and playing—or watching. Mr. Waid is in his early 80's I believe, and I am resolved that if I can play as well as he can at any point in my life, I will die a happy human being."

Blogs from Chantel and Heather (our other 2 missionaries) will appear in the next newsletter.

SPECIAL PEOPLE HELPING CHILDREN

Thank You!



- ~Dona W. for the new children's clothing
- ~Ginger B. for the new handmade children's clothing

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Don & Edna Loomer

By Al Wiggins

Clifford Chappell

By Ruth Squier, niece

Cathy Holzer

By Ruth Squier, friend

Glenn Graham

By Beverly Holland



Cheryl Sanderson

By Johnnie Willard

IN HONOR OF:

Matthew Saulsbury, Student Missionary

By Al Wiggins

Lisa McMillan

Merry Christmas! from Grandma & Grandpa McHan

