



Bangla Hope

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

No. 90

Winter 2017

Rays of Light Amid Rain Clouds

By Robyn Griffin

Saying goodbye has never been easy for me! Saying goodbye to my wife and flying half way around the world is even more difficult! For the second year in a row we face the world with missionary sacrifices. Myrna's mom is in need of care while the children in Bangladesh need my attention. And so, our paths diverge in order to carry out our individual six-month missions.

Our trip preparations began at Dave and Beverly Waid's home where we stayed for a good share of the closing days of summer. Purchasing clothing and Christmas gifts took center stage in August. When the gifts arrived, the wrapping began—all 151 of them. Gifts, clothing, felts, and felt boards, lovingly provided by friends and sponsors, were packed. Sometimes they were repacked while trying to get the allowed weight of 50 pounds crammed into each bag.

I planned to purchase my 'extra baggage allowance' ahead of my scheduled departure, hoping for the pre-purchased discount and assurance that all bags would join me on the flight. Wednesday evening I started my journey on the airline's website hoping to purchase ten additional bags. Eventually I maneuvered to the place where it asked how many extra bags I wished to purchase. I was delighted to see the options of 1, 2, 3. I quickly attempted to scroll down to the desired number—10. It refused to scroll!!! My second, third, and fourth attempts did not alter the situation. It was at that point that it occurred to me that I could probably only purchase three at a time—at least I hoped!

After entering all of the information, I prepared to purchase the first three. Oh, but I had to accept all the rules and regulations first. This was the first time I had found them on the website. My heart sank when I read that you could only purchase three extra bags. I stopped the transaction and called the Emirates' Seattle office. After explaining the situation, I was told that I could only purchase three online, but could purchase more at the airport. "How many bags do you wish to check?" he asked. I responded, "Twelve." "Twelve?!" he reiterated. "Well, you will have to try at the airport on the day of your departure." I hung up the phone and decided to wait until morning and give this problem to God.

Thursday morning I decided to go ahead and at least purchase three bags online. Upon arriving at the site I saw that my flight status reported that I had five bags already checked. *It must have held on to my information. I just need to pay for them.* After entering the financial information, I pressed the purchase button that I had avoided the previous night in order to read the regulations. After making my purchase, a screen

appeared which said that my purchase failed. I got back on the phone and dialed the Seattle office, but was transferred to Dubai. After explaining the situation to the clerk, he checked my status.

"You have six extra bags purchased besides your two free check-ins," he reported.

How did that happen?" I inquired.

"I have no clue...that's supposed to be impossible!" he declared. "Let me get with my manager and see if we can figure this out."

After approximately fifteen minutes, he returned explaining that they couldn't figure out what the deal was, but assured me that all fees were paid. He sent me the receipts for both purchases and asked if I would call back in the morning since it was already past midnight and they were supposed to be closed.

Friday morning I was back on the phone but this time with India. The girl assured me that I had somehow purchased six extra bags, but they couldn't understand how that occurred. She went on to say that I would only be allowed to take a total of ten bags, which included my two free check-ins. I could purchase the two additional bags at the airport. Once again my heart sank a little since I knew that would leave us two bags short.

Sunday morning, October 16, Len and Hazel drove us to the Seattle airport for Myrna's 1:30pm flight to Chattanooga, Tennessee and my 5:30pm departure to Bangladesh. After some repacking, I walked with Myrna to her ticketing area. After a tearful goodbye, I returned to Len and Hazel who were standing guard over our three carts of bags. Once again, I looked at 3 carts with twelve bags stacked on them, wondering—*will there be two more blessings when my time comes to check in?* I silently prayed that God would give me the right ticket agent. I was next up, but the available agent took a man from another line. Moments later I was

called by one who initially appeared a little stern. Finally, the inevitable question, "How many bags do you want to check?"



"Well, I'm hoping twelve," I mumbled, "we have an orphanage and we are attempting to get these clothes and gifts over to the children in Bangladesh."

The agent's smile grew as she quickly weighed each of the ten bags. All were within the allowed 50-pound limit thanks to Myrna's careful work. *Would the agent take our last two bags?*

"And the last two?" she asked.

I grabbed the next bag for the scale as the agent quietly turned to the man assisting her, gently giving him further instructions. It was at that moment I realized that she was the supervisor caring for the check in details for this flight.

God has a thousand ways, of which we know nothing, to help us in every situation! And if they hadn't let me take that many bags . . . then what? It didn't really matter. He's got everything under control . . . I just need to continue to rest in Him!

Like the Stars of the Morning

By Robyn Griffin

Oh, how I've missed these children! Six months is a long time to be gone! Arriving back "home" is something that most people look forward to. Arriving back on this campus is more thrilling than you can imagine! (If you don't believe it, try it some time...we'd love to have you.) Hugs are in store at every corner. They vary from ones that are normal size to ones around each leg, ones around the neck and two or three on each arm. Every single hug is very special. My, how the children and youth are growing!



Katie, our youngest, now has a full head of hair and is already walking! It has only taken me a few days to assure her that I'm really not scary.



Zachariah also is trying out his legs, and is beginning to crack a smile when he is tickled. He's also working on growing hair.



Amari still comes running yelling "Papa" or giving a piercing scream if she feels she needs to get my attention. (We're working on that one!)



Hazel and Roxy (not to be confused with our wonderful ladies in the home office) have discovered the joy of curling in the nape of my neck to just be cuddled.



Aaron and Jeremiah can't wait to be lifted, given a kiss on the head, and then tickled for as long as I will give it to them. Then I hear..."Do it again!"



Phillip and Thomas vie for who can be swooped up first for the inevitable airplane ride to bed. Amid lots of giggles of course!

The toddler girls and boys enter the morning and evening worship services tip-toeing to their mats on the floor. Their example is having a positive influence on the older children who are now copying them.

Our fifth graders spent six days taking their government exams the last week of October. They asked for special prayers every day as they traveled to the examination center. Pressure was high since a failure in one subject meant they would need to repeat the entire fifth grade. (We're awaiting the scores.)

Our sixth graders have become the leaders that any school would desire. Nine young ladies and six young gentlemen (2 of which are staff children) make up this auspicious group. The young ladies, needing minimal direction in housekeeping, doing their own laundry, or caring for their own needs, have become an example to the rest of our youth and children, perhaps outshining last year's class! Our gentlemen are only marginally behind, as are all male 12 year olds, but are becoming men of character. The girls are shown left to right.

Akhi really loves educational computer games,



typing, drawing, and videos, finds math difficult and desires to be a college professor.

Joni really enjoys computers, playing games, and things

like that, doesn't care for carrots and bread, loves her best friend Kimberly who is currently at SAMS, and longs to be a nurse.

Crissy loves life at Bangla Hope, loves jump rope, dollies, and art, loves Christmas, hates football and cricket, is remarkable at translating worships and bedtime stories for me, and wants to be a doctor.

Cloe loves computers, hates radishes, is a big help with the 2nd grade girls, and wants to be a teacher.

Brooke loves school and playing games, has two sisters here at Bangla Hope, one older (currently at school at SAMS) and one younger in third grade, and wants to be a nurse.

Deborah really enjoys living at Bangla Hope, loves cultural dancing and drawing, doesn't like selfish, mean people and bad dreams, loves her best friend Kakoli, and desires to be a doctor.

Brianna loves computer and other games, doesn't like to be sick or in a fight, and wants to be a nurse.

Rosie loves computers, hates dolls, loves her best friend Reisa, and desires to be a doctor.

Savannah also loves computers, hates dolls, has an older sister here at the orphanage (currently in school at SAMS), and desires to be a nurse.

Five of the 6 boys are shown left to right.

Jony loves computers, hates football and he desires to be a teacher.

Matthew loves football and playing with friends, hates dolls (imagine that), has two great friends David and Bart, and wants to be in the army.



Bart enjoys football, doesn't like cricket, has a sister Esther here with him, and wants to be a pilot.

Marc loves cricket and computers, dislikes work and eating wheat, does marvelous translating workshops for me, and wants to be a dentist.

Alex loves to play, dislikes math, does exceptionally well in all he undertakes, and desires to be a doctor.

Johnny (not pictured) enjoys computer, has a difficult time liking food right now (due to epileptic medication), is great friends with Alex, and wants to be a police officer.

These are only a smattering of the precious young people God is preparing to be workers for Him. It is only because of your prayers and generous support that these youth are who they are today. **You** are changing the world! Thank you for making a difference!

Family Sponsors Needed

By Robyn Griffin



Are you old enough to remember the sheer joy of receiving a letter or package in the mail? Those days are fast becoming extinct as the conveniences of technology take over. I love the ability to communicate instantly, but miss the days of real

mail. One of my former students, preparing to leave for her second year of college, turned and asked, "Would you write a real letter to me? Not an email...but a real letter?" There is something more personal about snail mail that makes emails dim in comparison. In fact, in my book they aren't even on the same chart. But who asked about "my" book?

Our children right here at Bangla Hope, also love to get mail. Oftentimes a child will bring a well-handled card or letter from one of their sponsors and request me to read it to them once again. I love to do that! However, inevitably one or more of the children will ask, "do you know my sponsor? I never get a letter!" Please don't misunderstand...I'm not trying to lay guilt trips on anybody!! Some of us in the States are so busy with work, family, church, and millions of other responsibilities that almost wear us down to nothing. We are fortunate to spend quality time with the family God has given us. Today's pressures are insane! That's what gave me this idea...

I'm looking for "Family Sponsors". Families who don't necessarily have the means to sponsor a child monetarily, but may have time that they could dedicate to a child by way of written communication whether regular mail or email. I call them Family Sponsors because it could include anybody from 7 to 107, who would give of themselves to a select child who does not receive communication, and keep an **ongoing** pen pal relationship with them. If an individual wanted to send a small package that would totally be up to them, but certainly not expected.

If you would like to be a Family Sponsor, please call or email our office (info on page 4), and we will be happy to help you get started in making a difference in the life of a child.



TAX RECEIPTS FOR 2016 WILL BE MAILED END OF JANUARY 2017

Special People Helping Children Thank You

Last year we shared how coworkers, friends, and acquaintances generously donated in memory of Nadja, who lost her battle with cancer. Some who knew her chose to turn their climb of Mount Elbrus, the highest peak in Europe, into a way to honor Nadja and to raise funds to help children in Bangladesh, the country where Nadja was born. In September we received a check from the GE Foundation Matching Gifts Program, matching donations from GE's employees and retirees. Their donation funds another 102 feet of security wall, in addition to the 240 feet already funded in memory of Nadja.

In Honor of

Susan Payne for faithful Christian service
Nancy Godman for faithful Christian service
Ken Frazier
By Al Wiggins

In Loving Memory of

Joy Dee Henderson
By Al Wiggins

**Jackie Smith
Heidinger**

By Lori Sharley
Lynelle Smith

Vivian Hatcher
By Doug & Linda Baker

A Christmas Present for Bangla Hope's Very First Orphan UPDATE

In last quarter's newsletter we shared Kakoli's story and the possibility of repairing her cleft lip. We have since talked it over with Kakoli. After asking for time to think and pray about it, she decided she would like to move ahead with a doctor's evaluation for the surgery.

Your response to this story is heartwarming. Donations and promised funds for her continue to arrive. The \$570 in donations received so far will help offset the costs of doctor's visits, testing and evaluations.



BANK OFFICIALS VISIT BANGLA HOPE CAMPUS

In mid October we had a visit from 2 bank officials from the bank where we do business in Bangladesh. They felt they needed to see where all the funds that go through their bank are being used. They seemed impressed with our operations, campus, and our children. They commented on how happy the children were even though they live at an orphanage. Hugs were exchanged, goodbyes said, and promises to return with their families for another visit.

Financial Update

Through **October 31**, we have received funds for the following projects in the amounts shown:

Multipurpose building (Church)	\$42,176 of \$130,000
Education complex	\$160,000
Security wall	\$40,313 of \$80,500
Cyclone damage repair	\$ 3,180 of \$ 4,035