



# Bangla Hope

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

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## Autishari's Story

by Beverly Waid

Autishari's life was miserable! Her step-mother never accepted her as a family member. She was treated like a servant. Life was so hard. Autishari tried the best she could but nothing pleased her step-mother.

Autishari was small and fragile. She had no self confidence and felt so alone. One day after her step-mother had been extremely mean she ran away from home. She went to the Full Gospel Church and asked them for help. She didn't ask for much—just a job, food and a place to stay. They let her stay and help them with jobs around the campus. She seemed to be settling into the new situation when something happened to change things forever.

As Autishari was taking a bath in the outside shower a man working on construction nearby saw her. He later approached her and they struck up a friendship. Their relationship progressed, and with promises of marriage, he took her home to be with him at night. When Autishari became pregnant she went to him expecting to get married. He talked to her but promised nothing. Marriage was not on his mind. He quickly left the campus and never came back.

Autishari delivered a baby boy and named him Abraham. She tried to work and take care of him. As he got a little older it became impossible for Autishari to both work and care for him. One of the ladies told Autishari about Bangla Hope, and the good care they would give her young son. The thought of giving up her little boy for somebody else to raise was painful, but she felt she had no choice.

One of the workers from the Full Gospel Church brought Autishari to Bangla Hope. She had befriended her and now was helping her let go of her little son. Both ladies came into our campus and we



talked with them privately in Suchitra's office. When they left they felt better about leaving little Abraham with us.

Abraham is doing well. He is adjusting to having many brothers and sisters to love him.

## From Dave's Desk

Dear Friends,

We left home on the 5<sup>th</sup> of October headed to Seattle for the first leg of our journey to Bangladesh. Len and Hazel Burns took us and our 12 pieces of luggage (50 pounds each) from our home in Kennewick to Seattle, Washington. We checked into a motel. There we met Ruth Squier and her friend Candy Ringering who had 13 bags between them. Diana Smith also joined our entourage in Seattle and Carol Young in New York. We eagerly anticipated an adventurous trip to Bangladesh via Istanbul. Little did we know...

Checking in for our flight was not easy. We arrived at the airport, and because of the large number of items to be checked, we could not use curbside check-in. We decided to get carts to take the bags to the check-in counter. It would have cost us \$24 to get all the carts we needed. We had just paid for \$10 worth of carts when a man came with a big cart and offered to take the bags for us. We put all we could on his big cart and took the remainder on smaller carts.

I will have to say that Jet Blue treats its customers well. They were so helpful. The lady at the check-in counter spent a long time trying to find a way to avoid the \$225 fee for each of the 17 extra bags. But regretfully, there was no way she could help. We paid the fee and proceeded to go to the gate.

I had requested a wheel chair because I have a hard time getting from one plane to the other quickly as well as standing for long periods of time. I will be 86 in January and because of my age, I just do better moving about the airports by wheel chair. We flew from Seattle to New York on Jet Blue, and then transferred to Turkish Air for a flight to Istanbul. In New York, Turkish Air did not have a wheel chair for me, but with my travelling companions help, I made it to the plane.

On the way to Istanbul a lady on board became ill and our flight was diverted to Ireland. We were on the ground for 3 hours getting the lady off and taking on more fuel. When we got to the airport in Istanbul,

there was no wheel chair waiting for me. The airlines sent for one, but the transporter would not take me all the way to the connecting flight. He dumped me off in some chairs where we all waited for him to return. He didn't. We waited for a very long time, then we struck out on foot for our connecting flight. We were too late. Our flight to Bangladesh had already departed.

Turkish Air was apologetic and put us up in a top rated hotel while we waited for another flight the next day. It was a wonderful hotel with the best rooms we had ever stayed in, and a buffet with the best food we had ever seen. They even took us around the city on a sightseeing tour. We all enjoyed ourselves in Istanbul. God is so good! We had wonderful experiences and hope we were able to make some contacts which will bear fruit in eternity. Our flight to Dhaka arrived without further excitement.

Work is progressing here at the orphanage. We hope to get the well finished in the next couple of months. Our campus is beautiful now—all bright green, and the rice fields are about ready for harvest.

It seems our needs never end, but we view our challenges as opportunities for others to partner with us in helping the children. We now have a need for a new generator to replace an old generator which is dying! This is the main source of power for our campus when the government supplied power goes down. It will probably cost us over \$20,000 USD.

Some challenges are more painful than others. The bugs are overrunning the campus, and the mosquitoes and ants are everywhere. The ant bites are terrible. They are little fire ants and their bites really hurt. They are in everything, even our beds and clothes.

We pray that our sponsors and friends are all doing well. Thank you for your prayers!!

God Bless You!

## DONATION BOX

Beverly Waid

We are back at Bangla Hope campus and it is wonderful to be here with all the children again. When I came



*Caleb holding the donation box*

into the cafeteria on Sabbath for our church service I could hardly believe how crowded it was. We have more villagers coming now which is wonderful!! We had to take away all the children's chairs so they now have to sit on the floor. It is still so very crowded. We are asking you all to pray that a way will open for us to build a church very soon. Each Sabbath the staff and workers here have a special box where they donate money for the church project.

## STUDENT MISSIONARIES

This year we are blessed to have 5 student missionaries who have taken a year out of their education to volunteer at our orphanage.

Caleb Rexin, Nathan Gray and Julie Pierson are from Walla Walla University; Nicole Amador is from Weimar, California; Katie Young is from Andrews University. They are teaching classes in



Math, English, PE, Reading and Social Studies. They also help with many other projects.

Thank you for sharing your talents to help our kids at Bangla Hope!!

## THANK YOU

Board Meeting—those words can give a person flashbacks. Meetings can be a group of people working together or a group of people on the warpath, so I hear. Thankfully, the thirteen board members for Bangla Hope, are headed to the same goal—to help as many people in Bangladesh as possible. Sometimes there are loooong discussions on the best way to implement the method, but at the end of the day, our goal remains the same and the board members remain friends. We are so grateful for the board members and the hours they donate.

In May of 2005, our friend and board member Roger Cook from Utah agreed to take the position of Bangla Hope Board Chairman. It certainly wasn't because it was a highly-paid position (all board members are volunteers). Over the next nine years, Roger not only chaired the board meetings, he made many trips to Bangladesh to work on projects that needed his supervision and practical ability to implement. I think he took vacation time from work so he could go work in Bangladesh! Roger's skills also include an ability to work well with all kinds of people. He's an excellent observer of people and problem solver.



Roger decided that our board meeting in August of this year would be the last one he would chair. We're glad he will still be a member of the board. We'll still be able to benefit from his observations, wisdom, and advice. Roger, thank you for all the hours you've donated and the people you've touched in ways you may never know.

## In Loving Memory of

Brenda Chappell  
Leonard Squier  
Gary Holland  
By Bev Holland

Marlene Anderson  
Pam Chonzena  
Johanna & Huldreich Reiswig  
By Al Wiggins

Dr. Karen Jeuseu, my dear friend  
By Katarina Stanic

Harold Fair  
By Len & Hazel Burns

## A Trip to the South

By Beverly Waid

It was Monday morning and looked like a good day for our trip to deliver supplies to two village schools in the South and to pick up a 17 month old orphaned girl. I was grateful to have some travelling companions; Panuel Baroi - campus pastor, Ruth Squier - Bangla Hope America Board Chairperson, Candy Ringering - a supporter and Julie Pierson - student missionary, and our driver Joseph.

It was the first trip to Bangladesh for several of my companions. We traveled southwest on a route that avoided the big cities. As we traveled through the countryside, we viewed scenes typical of life in Bangladesh; small manufacturing shops, retail shops, farmers in the field, animals, people and vehicles everywhere. It was so fun to watch the reactions of those who were new to Bangladesh. Everything was new and exciting for them!

It took about 9 hours to reach KMMS, a boarding school run by the Bangladesh Adventist Union Mission. We stayed there the two nights we were in the south. The principal and staff were cordial and friendly to all of us. The principal invited us to his home to share his food and pleasant conversation. It was the first real Bengali food the ladies had eaten. They liked it.

Our stay at KMMS was pleasant. We were able to stay in the newer guest house where Dave, Bristi and I used to stay. It was clean and much nicer than some of the older buildings. The next morning they invited us to the student worship. They sang for us and gave us beautiful leis. Each one of us was invited to give a little talk to the students.

After breakfast we started out for Ramshil School. The ladies took pictures continually. Everything they saw was so new to them. I asked Joseph to stop a couple times so the ladies could walk across the stilt bamboo foot bridges. These bridges consist of horizontal bamboo poles lashed to crossed stilts. The horizontal poles serve as the foot support and hand rails. The

ladies were amazed at the fragile appearing bridges and really enjoyed the adventure of walking on those bamboo poles. To reach the Ramshil School we crossed a small river on a ferry and hiked quite a distance before reaching the school. At the school, the children were lined up along each side of the foot path. As we passed through



this gauntlet, they showered us with flowers and sang a song to welcome us. The ladies loved it. They were able to pass out gifts they had brought for the children. The children were so excited. They never received anything like those gifts before. It was hard to say our goodbyes, but it was time to travel to our Suagram school.

When we were ready to go our van would not start! We had to take an electric Easy Power vehicle to get to our Suagram school.



They provided lunch for us. There was so much food we could not begin to eat it all. After lunch the ladies gave out more gifts and played with the children until it was time to leave. By now, the van had arrived at Suagram School, but it was still acting up and couldn't be depended on for the trip home. We rented a van and departed for the Gopalganj boarding school—another school run by the Bangladesh Adventist Union Mission. The van was dirty and not at all nice, but it got us there. When we reached Gopalganj the staff showed us around the campus and were very friendly. The ladies gave all the students candy which was well received and made them our instant friends.

The van repair took a long time so we were campus bound. As evening came on the mosquitoes started to attack. We had no mosquito repellent to ward them off. They attacked Ruth and I the most and we were so miserable. I almost started to cry! It was like being pricked by many little pins. I hurt all over—especially my feet. Then my feet started burning. Oh, how miserable! Finally our hosts got some mosquito coils to burn and it helped so much. Panuel put material around my feet and that helped too.

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Eventually we tired of waiting for our van, so we hired another van to take us back to KMMS, where we discovered that our van would not be fixed until 12:30 a.m. We were very late getting back to the Bangla Hope campus. Oh, the 17 month old girl? Well, I will have to write that part of the story later!