



Bangla Hope

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

No. 83

Jewel's Story

by Beverly Waid

Monika's marriage was not a good one. She had wed a sickly old man in a traditional "arranged" marriage. He could not work or otherwise provide for the support of the family. Her in-laws attempted to help with food and necessities, but they resented having to share their meager means.

When Monika's baby girl was born things got worse. There was not enough food or clothing. Monika breastfed the baby, but had to go house to house begging food for herself. A year passed and things had not improved. Monika's in-laws told her she must get a job and support her own family. Monika had no idea of what she could do or where to find a job. She was desperate.

A pastor in the area heard about Monika's plight and travelled to her village to better understand her needs. When he saw how pathetic the situation was, he told her about Bangla Hope and offered to contact us for help in raising the child. Monika could see no better way to care for her daughter, so she asked the pastor to contact Bangla Hope. The pastor described the desperate situation to us, and we agreed to make the child part of the Bangla Hope family.

I assembled a team (student missionary Julie Pierson, Ruth Squier, Candy Ringer and Panuel Baroi) to travel to the southern part of Bangladesh to conduct some business and pick up Monika's child, Jewel (named in honor of student missionary Julie). We completed our other business, and arose early to make the trip to Monika's remote village. We travelled in the van until it could go no further. Then we walked along a path through the countryside until we reached a river. There we cautiously boarded a standing room only boat to cross the river. On the other side, we continued down the path on rickshaw vans. When it got too rough for the vans, we once again began to walk and



walk and walk. After about two and a half kilometers (about 1.5 miles) we reached a swampy area with a bamboo foot bridge. The ladies enjoyed the adventure of crossing on the bamboo bridge (see picture). A short walk later, we reached Monika and Jewel's village.

A group of Jewel's relatives were waiting for us in front of a small tin house. Near the entrance of the house was a small girl. It was Jewel. She was so thin and tiny with big, beautiful brown eyes. A tearful



Jewel and her mother

young lady came out of the house and talked with Panuel. It was Monika, Jewel's mother. We agreed to let her accompany us to the main road so that she could be with Jewel a little longer. We retraced our journey, but this time with a precious Jewel in our midst.

Jewel is with us at Bangla Hope now. She is a quiet girl who likes to explore and learn on her own. We are so happy to have her as part of the Bangla Hope family.

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Dave's Unfortunate Accident

Dave loves badminton. Oh, did I mention that Dave really loves to play badminton? He sometimes says he has to keep changing the rules so he can win once in a while. On the evening of February 14, Dave was enjoying his game until a powerfully-hit birdie collided with his left eye. The pain was immediate and excruciating. As his knees buckled, his badminton partner, Panuel, was able to catch him. Phone calls were made, flight plans changed, and the next morning Dave and Beverly were on their way to Dhaka by ambulance (the only relatively safe mode of transportation on the roads

because of the fighting in the country). When they arrived at the dental clinic after 8 hours in the ambulance, they got the news that they would be flying out the next morning. Midday on the 17th, they arrived at Harborview Medical Center in Seattle, WA. Dave was admitted and the wait for surgery began. He was scheduled repeatedly, but then an emergency would change the OR schedule once again. About 8 pm on the 18th, Dave was wheeled off to surgery and the surgeons spent about 2.5 hours repairing the damage to his eye. The next day, another specialist saw Dave and emphasized the importance of little activity the next three weeks—no walking, no bending over, no lifting, no coughing. They're trying to keep the retina from detaching. The specialist said that in about 90% of cases, the retina detaches within 48 hours after this serious of an injury.

They arrived home later that evening totally exhausted—Dave with a bandaged eye, Beverly still croaky from an illness she'd been fighting in Bangladesh.

Presently Dave can see light and some shadows with his left eye and we're praying he will gain his sight back in that eye. After all, he plans to play badminton again, but this time with protective glasses.

From Dave's Desk



So much is happening here in Bangladesh it's hard to know exactly what to write about. This country is in a real mess. There are killings almost daily. Mobs create road blockades continuously, demanding that the government step down and call for a new election. The ruling party will not budge from their position, so the opposition party has escalated the violence. Their supporters create blockades, pitch Molotov cocktails into open vehicles, derail trains and attack anyone suspected of supporting the party in power.

There is no longer trust between political parties. Division is everywhere. It is the worst I have witnessed in the 20 years I have labored in Bangladesh. I fear that war may not be far off, and in fact, may break out before this newsletter goes to print. But we pray that hostilities will be held at bay until we get some of our current projects finished.

We are trying to proceed with developing a new water system, but are experiencing some problems. There is a problem with the land that was promised for the new well, and the owner of the property has broken off negotiations. We are working on solving this, but are running out of time as the rainy season is fast approaching. Skyrocketing prices have also increased the costs. Please keep us in your prayers.

We do appreciate so much how our wonderful donors have helped fund our work of faith.

The Blessings of Sponsorship

By Beverly Waid

It was one of those moments that bring a warm, sat-

isfying feeling. It happened at the Gopalganj Boarding School in the South Mission. Ruth Squire, our Bangla Hope Chairperson, and I were visiting the campus and some of our sponsored children.

Ruth and I distributed some small gifts that Ruth had brought for all of the sponsored children. They were so excited. They do not receive gifts very often, making this a very special event. As we were enjoying the moment with them, a wonderful thing happened.

A young man approached me and related how thankful he was for the Bangla Hope sponsorship he had received as a student at KMMS Boarding School. He told us that after graduating, he continued his education at Bangladesh Adventist Seminary & College (BASC), and is now working for the South Mission as an accountant. Here is a photograph of the young man, Milon Ghorami, standing in the doorway of his office.

Milon is so grateful to Bangla Hope for giving him a chance to get the education he needed to serve in God's work. He was sponsored for sixteen years. Your sponsorship rewards are a reality here and will last for eternity.

THANK YOU...

Students at Laurelwood Academy are helping build a church in Bangladesh by donating



some of the proceeds from making and selling Christmas wreaths in 2014. Thank you for making a difference in the lives of people half a world away.

Dorothy Schook's Family for choosing the church project to be the recipient for memorial donations.

A big THANK YOU to those who are faithfully sending funds for our new church building. Through January 2015, \$23,350 was donated toward an estimated \$115,000 goal.



