



NEWS FROM HOINA HOMES OF THE INDIAN NATION

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Overcoming a Language Barrier with Love

by Maddie Collins
Student at York College of
Pennsylvania

Let's face it, Americans don't put an emphasis on learning about the world. We teach and travel our own country. The U.S. does not have a nationwide foreign language requirement in education. Many times our politicians encourage us to build walls, not break down barriers. We hear the bad about other countries on the media—kidnappings, bombings, shootings, and disease. In reality, we face these same problems in our own country. I believe the lack of learning about other parts of the world is mainly because of fear. Those fears include not being in the loop with what is going on, not being connected to the local news alerts, and a fear that we will be unable to read the “slow down” sign in another language. Thankfully, some Americans are out there exploring the world and breaking down cultural barriers. Thanks to people like Dr. David Fyfe [HOINA board member and York College Professor], we come back to the USA, dispel myths, and encourage our friends to become



Anjali shares a special moment with Maddie Collins.

more aware of our world.

Personally, I had an internal fear that I was going to travel to the other side of the world to find children who I couldn't comfort because we didn't understand the same language. As a dual major in Early Childhood and Special Education I had plenty of delightful experiences with children in America. But what if I got to India

and they didn't like me?! Thankfully, my fears were unfounded. When I walked through HOINA's gates, I heard Telegu and a small amount of English. When I looked around, however, the children and the Americans spoke together through love. I was amazed with their caring nature in everything they did. They

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didn't have to tell us how they felt about us in English because they showed it. The girls showed it through their hugs, kisses, smiles, and hands that never wanted to let go. The boys showed it with their huge smiles, their sacrifice of losing the cricket match to give us a turn, and through thumb wars.

One young man in particular showed me that I didn't need to understand Telegu to let him know how much we enjoyed each other's company. Our way of communicating was through helpfulness, smiles, and double thumb wars. I will admit, the first couple times I played Anand, I let him win. I started to notice he got a little bored with winning, so I beat him for the first time and his face lit up like he had been given extra chocolates. Soon enough, I found myself playing thumb wars against Anand while sitting, while playing cricket, during study time, and even while walking to church.

Each time we went to church he didn't say anything to show helpfulness, he would just take my Bible and water bottle out of my hands and start walking along with it. I offered to carry my things, but he would just smile and shake his head each time. Eventually, he needed to play thumb wars again,



Maddie entertains some of HOINA's younger girls.

so Anand handed my belongings off to another boy and held out both hands. I was a bit confused, but without talking he crossed my arms and began a double match of thumb wars. He could distract me with a thumb war in my right hand while he beat me on my left hand. Anand's eyes would light up, his smile stretched from ear to ear, and his laugh would ring for minutes. I noticed that something as simple as thumb wars brought us together, without a language barrier getting in the way.

My college peers and I had nothing to fear. The children were full of unending amounts of love. Activities like thumb wars, puzzles, cricket, soccer, and volleyball brought us all together. The HOINA children were not worried about something as silly as a language barrier. At the end of our trip they drew us pictures to show us how they enjoyed the time together. They communicated with us in silent ways that went further than spoken words.

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Time Flies When Visiting HOINA

by Kylie Jones

Student at York College of Pennsylvania

During my two weeks at HOINA, I gained 100 new brothers and 100 new sisters. Immediately welcomed in by the staff and kids, I thought it was unbelievable how accepting and wonderful they all were. As soon as I arrived, I felt comfortable and could feel so much love from everybody.

While there, after meeting all the boys and girls, I connected with one of the girls, Ranjani, a beautiful young girl who welcomed me with open arms as soon as I stepped onto HOINA property. We bonded from that point on. Every day when I was at the girls' home, Ranjani was by my side. She is like the sister I never had.

The first week or so we talked about all kinds of things—favorite color, favorite class, what do we want to be when we get older, etc. She absolutely loved to dance and sing. When she started dancing, six other girls would run over and join her. I could sit there for days and just watch them dance and sing. Their love for Jesus was so inspiring; almost every song was a song about Jesus. I couldn't get away with just watching though. I had to record them on my phone. When Ranjani wasn't singing or dancing, she was teaching me new games, Telegu words, or taking crazy pictures on my phone. All the girls loved taking pictures. However, one thing they loved even more was looking at pictures of my family. The girls were so happy when I showed them pictures of my mom or my dog that they even asked me to mail them pictures.

As the days went on and all the girls were growing close to the other York College students who visited HOINA, there were Ranjani and I. We started talking about our families and what we hope and dream for. I specifically



Ranjani and Kylie Jones, with a great example of henna handiwork described in our March newsletter by Brie Dadich.

remember one unforgettable moment when I mentioned to her that my father had passed away when I was 11, and she brought up that her father had also passed away. Immediately after that she said, "I still have a father though, God is my Father." That simple statement gave my heart so much joy. Ranjani doesn't let anything bring her down.

About our second week there, Sister Kari (York College student), began teaching the girls how to crochet. Of course Ranjani learned, and since I also know how to crochet, she and I would spend time sitting out in the gazebos (gazebras) and

crocheting. Sometimes, she would hand me hers and have me crochet a few lines for her while she danced and sang. Many of the other girls also learned how to crochet, and they all loved it so much. Almost anytime we would sit outside, most of them would be crocheting. Even if they didn't catch on at first, they didn't give up. They fixed their mistake and moved on.

Our time at HOINA felt like it flew by so fast. Before we knew it, it was time to leave. During our beautiful farewell program, I received a mug from HOINA. It had a picture of Ranjani and me on it. As soon as I opened it and saw it, Ranjani and I burst into tears. We stood in the middle of the chapel hugging and crying for a good ten minutes. It was one of the best gifts I've been given, besides the gift of meeting all of the HOINA family.

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April 2016

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Aspirations for Medical School

A long-awaited son, Ganesh was born to his parents 10 years after their marriage in 1995. They were both poor field laborers. Unfortunately, in 2011, they were both diagnosed with HIV.

The mother died in September 2012. His father is sick and can no longer work, so a teacher from the village suggested that Ganesh be brought to HOINA

Ganesh will turn 11 on August 8th, and his favorite color is green. He likes kabaddi (a game) and elephants. He would like to be a doctor



when he is older. The children love getting pictures and letters from their sponsors: If you would like to write to Ganesh his address is:

P. Ganesh (K478)
The HOINA Campus
Kothasunkarapalem
Balighattam B.O.
Kothavalasa Mandal
Vizianagaram- 535183
A.P. India

Thank you for giving a child hope.