



NEWS FROM HOINA HOMES OF THE INDIAN NATION

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Hard-working Hands

by Sue Reese

Going to HOINA for the second time was just as remarkable as the first time I went, seven years ago. This time I brought five other women with me, who, like me, are members of the Longboat Island Chapel, Longboat Key, FL, while another is the sister of one of them.

The children overwhelm you as they arrive by school buses from their day at school. They are so glad to see you and quickly ask what is your name, tell you theirs and want to know your favorite color. The girls surround you with their warm smiles and hugs. The boys grin broadly and shake your hand, even the little ones. All are endearing and pull at your heart-strings.

I was so anxious to see the girl I have been sponsoring. When I told the girls to find Swathi for me, they rushed around and came running back with a beautiful, 12-year-old. They couldn't wait to tell me that she's a sports star, especially in handball and running. From then on Swathi seemed to be everywhere I went, never



Meeting Swathi, whom I sponsor. I was happy to hear that she is a star athlete in school.

leaving my side.

The other women in our group, Linda Diaz, Betty Rahm, Barbara Ludwig (Betty's sister from Wisconsin), Liz Yerkes, and Marilyn Johnson were amazed at it all. Our favorite part was helping out. One day we had sewing room duty at the girls' home. Linda took on mending on a treadle sewing machine, remembering what her grandmother taught her years ago. Barbara repaired piles and piles of clothes, then Betty ironed them while I helped mend, too. When the girls came home from school, it didn't take long for them to find us. Several of the older ones helped out by sewing buttons and

threading needles. Another even got sewing machine lessons from Linda. We sang songs as we worked. What fun!

My big concern was the construction of the chapel beyond the boys' home. Since I had raised some money for it from my friends this past fall, I was anxious to see progress. It wasn't good. As I got to the site, I was told

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by Bujji (a HOINA manager) that they were still waiting for the cement mixer to arrive so work was almost at a standstill. I was amazed that everything was being done very slowly by hand, with the women carrying sacks of cement on their heads to where it was to be mixed. The foundation was to be laid as soon as the mixer arrived. It should have been there that day, so I was told to come back later to see it in action. I went back to the office at the girls' home and emailed an S.O.S. to many of my friends and the two churches I have been corresponding with about HOINA, asking for their immediate prayers that the cement mixer would arrive. Their prayers were answered.

I expected to see a mixer truck like the ones in the USA ...

wrong! It was so small, behind a little truck, and had to be pushed up the last 100 ft. by many workers to get it up to the site. Then it took a long time to set up. Finally, it began working ... for about 15 min. Then it stopped. Bujji told me there was a loose screw, and they needed a screwdriver. Not a single worker had a simple screwdriver! Bujji was quick-on-the-draw and had his staff get one from a workshed across campus.

The next day there was some headway, and the next day even more with concrete poured for the entire foundation and some of the risers. Now I'm hoping the progress continues. We all need to pray that it is completed before spring.

A wonderful highlight of our stay was an entertainment show the children did for us guests on their nice-sized cement stage outside (see photo right). It was really fantastic. On a pleasant Sunday afternoon with a slight breeze blowing and the sun getting lower and



Clockwise from top: The progress on the chapel foundation; the cement mixer pulled by an autorickshaw; the men pushing the cement mixer the last 100 ft. to the work site.



lower, the girls and then the boys took turns with various singing groups, dancing, and even providing a puppet show. Such talent and enthusiasm! Afterward we all enjoyed cake, which we guests sponsored. All this before dinner, and it didn't seem to spoil anyone's appetite.

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Mail coupon to: **HOINA**
PO Box 636
Brownstown, PA 17508-0636



March 2013

I want to Sponsor a HOINA boy / girl (*circle one*).

Here is my first monthly gift of \$30.

Use this gift to finance HOINA's ongoing projects through the General Fund.

This gift of \$ _____ is in honor/memory of
(*circle one*)

(please give name and address of person): _____

(please print clearly)



All donations are tax deductible.

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The next day was our last, and we packed up from the bright and airy guest house and said our goodbyes to Darlene and the staff while the children were still in school. We headed for the hour-long ride to the airport in HOINA's smaller school bus. I think we were all fighting tears as we left. I know I was. A bit of your heart and soul stays there as you leave. HOINA is such a loving, caring, beautiful oasis in India, and it was such a thrill to be able to touch the lives of others in some small way, where the need is great and so very appreciated.

My deepest thanks go to Darlene Large, who is lovingly known as "Mom" by all at HOINA. What she has done and continues to do is nothing short of a miracle. I hope we all help her in any way possible, for there is still much to be done.



Photos clockwise from top: Barbara Ludwig and Sue Reese mending HOINA girl's clothes; Linda Dias remembered how to work a treadle sewing machine; Betty Rahn ironing mountains of mended clothes.

HOINA is a 501(c)3, tax-exempt organization with international headquarters located at:
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Provide for this Princess

Kusuma Kumari was born on October 15, 2004. Her parents were married in 2001. Her father worked as a supplier in a private hotel, but he was an alcoholic and was violent. He left his family and went to live with another woman. Kusuma Kumari's mother worked as a maid, but with her heart condition she could not work enough to support her daughter. In 2012, she approached HOINA and asked us to care for her child. Kusuma Kumari is studying in the fourth grade. She likes elephants, the color white, and playing Kabadi (a kids' outdoor game). Someday, she would like to be a nurse to help people.

If you would like to write to Kusuma Kumari, her address is:

S. Kusuma Kumari (K-417)
The HOINA Campus
Kothasunkarapalem
Balighattam B.O.
Kothavalasa Mandal
Vizianagaram - 535183
A.P.
India
Thank you for giving a child hope.



Kusuma Kumari (her middle name, Kumari, means princess in her native language).