



# NEWS FROM HOINA HOMES OF THE INDIAN NATION

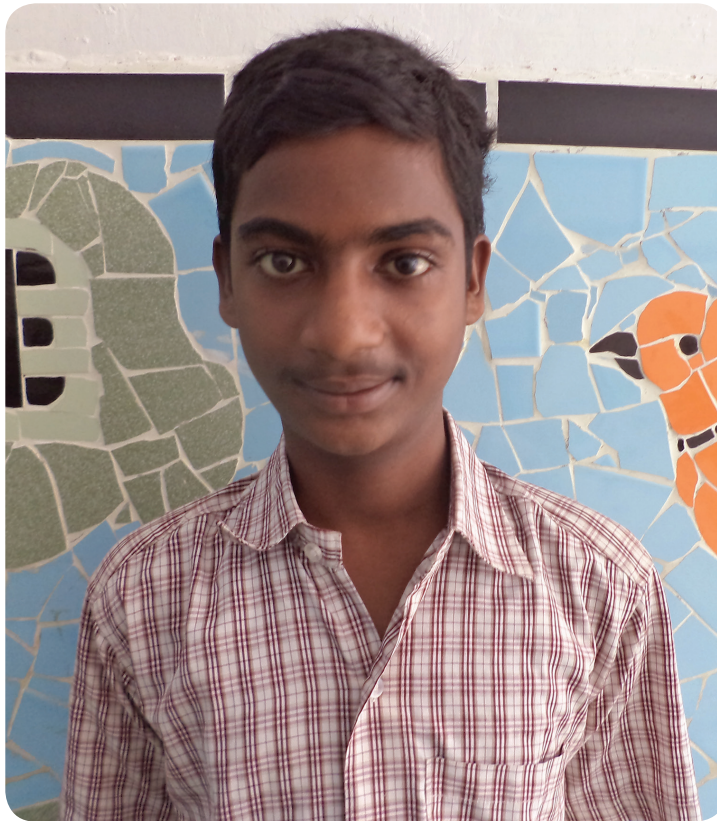
PO Box 87, St. Charles, Missouri 63302 • [www.hoina.org](http://www.hoina.org) • September 2017

## Fare Thee Well, Sai

by Darlene Large  
HOINA President

During the school holidays in May and early June, the staff allowed the HOINA children to visit their extended family as usual. Those children who have no relatives or friends to visit stayed on our campus. You read about Roz Vinci's visit with them in our last issue. That wasn't the end to their summer fun, however. The children who stayed on campus enjoyed a trip to the beach and a train ride to the forest in the nearby mountains where waterfalls and tribal dances make it a huge tourist attraction. As part of the day's events, the children were treated to a picnic lunch as well. A few days later they went to a mountain park to splash in a fountain, and then there were several trips to movies. All of this made for a happy summer holiday, and the children built memories to last them for a lifetime.

Of course, those children with family wanted to visit their relatives. Sai Allumallu and his brother Ravi who came to us in 2013 kept asking if they could visit their uncle and cousins. The boys are orphans. Their father had been an alcoholic, which cost him his life. Sai and Ravi's mother



Sai Allumallu

was a stay-at-home mom until her husband's death. Suddenly, she was a widow with two boys to support. Since she and the boys lived in a small mountain village, opportunities for earning money were scant as she had little education. When she was offered a job laboring in the nearby fields, she accepted it. The days were long, and the work was exhausting. She worried about her son, Sai, who suffered from convulsions. The doctors were baffled. Then, cancer invaded her body. She kept working, struggling to make a living, until the end of her life.

Her story reminded me of one in my own family long ago. When I was a young girl of 14, my father was killed by a drunk driver in a car accident on a beautiful October morning in 1949. My mother was left with two girls to support. After searching for six months for a job, she took one working 16 hours daily in a factory making tin cans. My sister and I were so grateful that we could stay in our home that Daddy had recently built for us unlike Sai and Ravi who were forced to leave their home and village. Sai's uncle took the threesome in for a time, but he found it difficult to support them with his wife and his own children needing

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[Editor's Note: Our HOINA family and my own family have spent many days in grief this year. We take comfort in the following verse: "Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his faithful servants" from Psalm 116:15.

We know that only God knows the number of days any of us is to live on this earth. Life is filled with many hardships and trials, and we take comfort knowing that these loved ones are now safely in the arms of Jesus with no more pain or sorrow.]

## Fare Thee Well, Sai continued from page 1

his support. His employment was selling cups of tea along the roadside. When one of his customers told him about HOINA, he brought the two boys to our campus seeking admission for them. After seeing their situation, our staff visited their village to confirm the story and discovered that it was true; the two brothers were admitted into our boys' home.

“ Sai helped me a lot. He is a very good person with a helping nature. When I was late to school and could not find my book bag, he helped me to find it. Sai is very respectful to everyone. He had a good habit when he used to collect any papers and trash in the campus, and he would tell other boys like me to also collect the papers on the ground. If anyone asks him to do any work, he does that work; and he does not care if that boy is younger or elder to him. I loved Sai and helped him when he had convulsions.”

~ P. Chandu

This year our staff gave permission for the two boys to visit their aunt and uncle and cousins. Having typical summer fun, Sai climbed a tree for a coconut. While at the top of the tree, he had a convulsion and fell to the ground, hitting his head. His uncle and cousins rushed him to the hospital, where he ran a high fever. The doctors there did tests to determine the extent of his head trauma. In the process, they were surprised to discover a parasite in his

“ I am Bhaskar. I miss Sai very much. We are so sad because we got news of Sai. He is my best friend. We play games and worship the Lord. One day I will see him. I know that Sai is good boy and good friend, also. Sai help me a lot, and I will never forget Sai.

~ Bhaskar

“ I am L. Sarth Kumar and I miss Sai. He helped me many ways. He used to spend much time with me. He was very funny, and he makes other children and me laugh. He is helpful to other children. He is very respectful with elders. If our managers tells him to do any work, he does immediately. Sai likes stitching clothes. He showed to us after stitching.

~ L. Sarth Kumar

brain. Could this have been the cause of his convulsions over the years?

While Sai lay unconscious, holding onto life, the doctors met with his family. The medical staff had a strong medicine for the parasite, but they warned that it could damage his brain. The family gave their permission because while Sai was unconscious and without medicine, they felt he had no hope. We are sad to say that the medicine did not help Sai, and he died that day.

“ I miss my friend Sai. He is one of our beloved friends and brothers. Sai is one of my best friends forever and ever. When I was suffering with chicken pox, my final exam was going on. I was afraid of my exams, and I was very sad because of not writing my final exams. I also cried. Sai came to help me to cool down. Sai loved his brother very much and me. We, the students of HOINA, loved his talking style. When he was talking to us we laugh and laugh, but now we not laughing. We are sad because we miss Sai who sleep in the name of God.”

~ P. Sai Eswar

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“ I am Hari Haran, and I miss Sai, too. Sai helped me a lot. When I got chicken pox and was sick, he supplied everything for me for my school work; and he also treated me like his own brother when I was sick. When I was not doing the prayer, he himself told me to do it because Jesus is the one who saves us, Sai said. Finally, I want to say that Sai is unfit for any work because he is a sick person, but God will choose the person who is nothing and then God can take the credit when the good things happen to that one.”

~ Hari Haran

Of the thousands of children HOINA has rescued, only about five have been lost. Usually, the cause of death is from drinking unclean water when they go home to their villages. Sometimes, they are bitten by a mosquito, which carries an infectious disease. When our children heard the news about their friend and HOINA brother, Sai, they were devastated.

As you can see, dear reader, the children miss Sai very much. At 15 years of age, he was very special to our children. Please keep them in your prayers.

## Losses Mount, Hearts Broken

by Darlene Large  
HOINA President

After I had just finished writing this month's newsletter article, I had a telephone call at 6:30 AM. Our general manager, Anand, called me to tell me more sad news.

He and our business manager, Jani, were offsite, checking on our farmland. They were gone for several hours. They received a call that our head housemother, Indira, who served at our girls' home was not feeling well. By the time they arrived, she had collapsed with no pulse. After performing CPR, they were able to start her heart and rushed her to the clinic in Kothavalesa. While she was there, she suffered a massive heart attack and died. Obviously, on the heels of Sai's passing, and even Papa Bruce's, this loss is a terrible blow to our staff and children.

I remember when our home was outside of Chennai. We hired Indira to be our cook because she had lost her husband and seven-year-old daughter. She worked for us for almost 20 years. When HOINA first began to take in infants, Indira volunteered to care for them. There was never a job that she would not do. She was a wonderful mother to our girls. She was honest and loving, kind and generous. So often, she spent her salary buying things for our HOINA children. Such a special woman, Indira will be sorely missed and impossible to truly replace.



## Home Again

By the time you read this newsletter, HOINA President and Founder, Darlene Large, should be safely home from a month-long trip to India to see about hiring Indira's replacement and to check on our children, staff, and work there. While she normally stays three months at a time, Mrs. Large was unable to stay so long this year. Please pray as we hire replacement staff and fill positions for our vocational school and other places where HOINA needs help.



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

HOINA  
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This newsletter is published to inform our readers of the work HOINA does among the handicapped and abandoned in India.

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**Send address changes to:**

HOINA  
PO Box 636,  
Brownstown, PA 17508-0636 U.S.A.  
717.355.9494  
Toll-free: 877.99.HOINA (4.6462)  
Email address: [hoina@frontiernet.net](mailto:hoina@frontiernet.net)  
Website: [www.hoina.org](http://www.hoina.org)

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Sept 2017

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## Be Part of Team Rohini



L. Rohini celebrated her tenth birthday on August 5th. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lalam were agricultural laborers.

In 2008 Rohini's father became paralyzed and could not work. The situation upset his father so much, that he passed away from the stress. The burden

of providing for the family fell onto Rohini's mother, but she couldn't bear it and committed suicide. In 2012 Rohini's grandmother (Mr. Lalam's mother) also died. After the death

of their mother and paternal grandparents, Rohini and her brother moved in with their maternal grandparents. Seeing the family's pathetic situation, an electrical serviceman from their town approached HOINA to help them.

Someday, Rohini hopes to be a teacher. If you would like to help her achieve her dream, ask your classmates or co-workers to pitch in. If you found eleven friends to each take one month, her sponsorship would be covered for the year! Just \$35 each month covers Rohini's food, clothing, housing, medical care, and schooling. Perhaps you'd like to sponsor her in honor of our dear Indira. That would have made her so happy. However you choose to help, know that we appreciate each and every gift.