



NEWS FROM

HOINA

HOMES OF THE INDIAN NATION

P.O. Box 636, Brownstown, PA 17508-0636 • www.hoina.org • September 2021

Mothers Never "Retire"



Darlene, all smiles (circa 1980s)



Darlene with beach villager (circa 1995)



Darlene (circa 2010)

In 1971 I had my HOINA vision to help orphans and widows. After 50 years of helping native Americans, Mexican tribal women and their children, Indian orphans and widows, and the lame and poor of India, I am retiring from much of that work and have turned it over to Glory Janes. Since the HOINA teens reminded me that mothers do not retire, I will continue to check on our grads and others to see if they need any mother's help with problems in their lives.

I have great confidence in Glory. I met her when she worked as a psychologist at Apollo Hospital in Visakhapatnam. She accepted a position with us at the turn of the 21st century. Her ability to understand problems and work with staff and children was inspiring. She was raised and educated in the Visak area. Glory is fluent in Telegu, the state language of Andhra Pradesh; Hindi, the national language of India; and English. Her multi-lingual abilities will be helpful on both sides of the ocean as the U.S., itself, has 600,000 Telegu language speakers.

Glory has served on our U.S. Board and is now HOINA's Executive Director. She is greatly acquainted with members of the Indian board and our staff overseas and will be a great help to the U.S. board, serving as a liaison among them all.

I want to thank you for all of your support of our HOINA children over the past five decades. It was such a blessing to do this work. I have loved meeting so many of you in person. Thank you for visiting our campuses, for writing to the children you've sponsored, and for making this work possible with your financial gifts and prayer support.

God bless you and all your families.

Darlene D. Large

President and Founder

"If we don't stand up for children, then we don't stand for much."*

by Glory Janes, HOINA Executive Director

My association with HOINA started in 2000. When I took a job at Apollo Hospital in Vizag as a psychologist, little did I know that I would meet an American lady who would change the course of not only so many children's lives, but also mine. I met Mom (Darlene Large) when she came to get her check-ups, and I would invite her to sit in my office instead of the crowded lobby. Over time and visits, our chats over tea turned into



Glory Janes and HOINA "Mom" Darlene Large

conversations; conversations, into lunch meetings; and lunch meetings, into trips to the Kothavalasa HOINA site, then under construction. Our common passion for children helped turn an acquaintance into a friendship.

As one of the many people who have been inspired by her, I joined the team as an occasional volunteer to offer counseling sessions to the girls, especially the teens. After a couple of years, Mom asked me if I would be the General Manager for HOINA. I worked in India until I got married and moved to Oklahoma in 2005. With a desire do more for HOINA, I joined the U.S. Board in 2017 and served as the Board Secretary.

Now the most important question—Why HOINA? And why am I still with HOINA 20 years later? That question brings to mind three things: Mom Darlene, the children, and my calling to serve.

During my first visit to the HOINA Girls' Home near Chennai, I remember Mom telling me about her initial days of building HOINA. *On one certain day Mom was trying to reach out to her husband, Papa Large, and went to the post office to book a trunk call. (To place a call in those days required you to give the number you were trying to reach to the operator, who placed the call. Then, you sat and waited. And waited. And waited for the call to be connected. These calls were hard enough within India, let alone as international calls.) Mom placed the call and sat. After*

four or five hours of waiting, she finally heard the phone ring and was told her call had gone through. She hurried to the phone, excited to hear her husband, talk to him, ask him about how things were in the U.S. and how her children were doing, as well as to tell him about things in India and her children there. Unfortunately, she barely talked to him for three or four minutes when she heard static on the phone line.

Eventually, the call dropped, which made her so sad.

When mom narrated this tale to me, she did so very casually. This story was just another incident to share for her; but for me, it was a whole storm raging in my heart and head. I could not stop thinking about the kind of despair and disappointment she must have felt at that moment—for her to travel to a totally foreign land, not knowing the language or culture, not having any family or friends around, to have no cellphones or emails, and to be unable to see her family for weeks and months at a time in the 1970's. Can any of us imagine that life now?

Wow! What kind of dedication, sacrifice, and passion does she have to do this? I thought if she can leave her family and country and come to my country, to save children from my land, I surely ought to do whatever I could to help her in the cause.

I've always had a love for children. Growing up, my mother would mention how I had given away all the snacks she made for me and my siblings to kids in the neighborhood. I always had a pack of children with me. She would say, "No matter where you were, kids would always come to you, like ants towards a piece of candy."

When I was growing up in India, children had no rights. Few laws protected children. I remember a TV program called *Vaaradhi* in which Indian leaders would answer questions from NRI's (Non-Resident Indians) living in

* Marian Wright Edelman, founder and president emerita of the Children's Defense Fund (CDF)



Glory and Doug pose with the HOINA boys when they visited in 2010.

other countries as I now was. I would call many times and ask each leader who came on, “What will you do to protect children from abuse?”

I was about eight or nine when I was talking to my father. I told him, “Pappa, I want to open an orphanage.” Maybe that was God’s etching what He was calling me for. As years passed, my goals changed. I wanted to be a pediatrician, a special-ed teacher for the mentally challenged, then a child psychologist. Now I realize that whatever I wanted to be, it was always related to children; and the burden I felt towards under-privileged, neglected, and abused children grew heavier and heavier. Now I have been given an opportunity to realize my childhood dream and to fulfill my life’s purpose—to help orphans. I don’t necessarily have to open another orphanage but can be a part of one that’s doing great work already.

My husband and I have visited, helped, and volunteered at many orphanages all over India in my lifetime, but I have yet to see anything like HOINA. I remember my first time seeing the campus near Chennai. I was awestruck! This place was no ordinary orphanage but a 5-star home for children. All this was possible only because of one woman who said “Yes” to the calling that she got from God. How can anyone not be inspired, motivated, and feel encouraged to take part in such a life-changing cause?

With my background, I can continue the work that Mom Large founded as my joy and humble honor. My

degrees were earned from Andhra University. First, a Bachelor’s degree in IRPM (Industrial Relations & Personnel Management, Social Work, and Psychology). My Master’s is in Clinical Psychology. Andhra University’s AP Theological Seminary awarded me a doctorate for my work among the lepers and fishing community in Visak.

Today as an American citizen, of Indian origin, I have every opportunity and responsibility to work, serve, and fight for these children. And so I will.



Glory Janes and Doug, her husband of 16 years, with their three children.

HOINA is a 501(c)3, tax-exempt organization.

Contact us at:
717.355.9494
Toll-free: 877.99.HOINA (4.6462)
Email address: contact@hoina.org
Website: www.hoina.org

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

Edited by Letti L. Becker
Layout by Eberly Designs
Printing by Prestige Color

Send donations and address changes to:

HOINA
PO Box 636
Brownstown, PA 17508-0636
U.S.A.

The official registration and financial information of Homes of the Indian Nation (HOINA) may be obtained from the Pennsylvania Department of State by calling, 1.717.787.1057. Registration does not imply endorsement.

HOINA Sponsor and Contribution Coupon

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____


State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

Account Number (on your mailing label): _____

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

September 2021 



- Please accept this gift of \$ _____ in honor of HOINA's 50th Anniversary.
- Please use this gift of \$ _____ toward the HOINA General Fund.

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

(please give name and address of person): _____

(please print clearly)

- Please consider donating online at www.hoina.org

All donations are tax deductible.



HOINA
PO Box 636
Brownstown, PA 17508-0636

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

Non-profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit #910
Lancaster, PA



Darlene with Gayathri



Darlene with T. Anand