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QUIE PASA

WHAT'S HAPPENING

A Publication of International Children's Care
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A SPONSOR'S HEART

In the early years of our marriage, we desired to be involved with children who could accept our love, even from afar. In a second marriage, my husband had 3 children from his prior marriage and I entered the marriage childless. Not choosing to have late-in-life children, we desired children we could share together. We chose ICC as a means of loving children who had equal attachments to us both. We both cherished a niece who had been adopted from Guatemala through ICC and we knew of the wonderful work the Flecks were doing with orphan care.

We began our sponsorship journey with a little girl in India. She was a preschooler with a beautiful capacity to love. She sent us the most loving and precious drawings and letters, always calling herself 'our daughter.' That touched a place in our hearts that needed filling. We could send her simple gifts, but mostly pictures of our home and life in a place far from her imagination. She always responded in the most thoughtful ways. As she grew, we traveled into her world as well through her

letters and drawings. She had siblings, house parents, school, pets, gardens to talk about. She always promised to pray for us. We were enamored with each communication we had with her, coveted the pictures we were sent, swelled with pride in her accomplishments. She has now graduated from high school. It has been the most marvelous journey of love. We long for the day we can meet our dear daughter in person. She has filled our hearts with so many memories through the years.



Somewhere along the sponsorship trail, we decided it was time to expand our family. We chose a 'child' from Mexico this time, thinking it would be fun to communicate in a foreign language, in a place that someday we might more easily visit. We were first 'given' a girl near the age of our

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PLEASE SPONSOR ME!

I need a sponsor. I am a refugee headed soon for my new home at Patmos village in the Congo. Please return this coupon or call the 800 number below to sponsor me each month. God bless you for helping me have a chance.

\$30 \$60 \$_____

(800)422-7729

Sponsorship Department



Blood Man

Part one of a three part series

Hugo had the fortune of being born in a good family, with a loving mother and a hard-working and responsible father who provided for the needs of the family. “We were poor, but my father always provided enough for our basic needs, and we were happy,” Hugo tells me as we drive along a narrow country road in New York State on a hot summer day.

Sometimes the father would take the children for a walk to the park where they would practice throwing and catching a baseball, giving the mother a much needed break. Hugo loved baseball; he loved it even more when playing with his daddy.

His mother would stay home and care for the children and attend to their needs. He remembers how even after a long busy day she would find time for them and show them tenderness. As evening drew near, Hugo knew that soon daddy would be walking through the door. The thought made him feel warm and secure. Sometimes daddy would be a little too tired to play with the children, yet it felt very good to have him home. They would sit at the table and talk about their day as they enjoyed the simple meal mother had prepared.

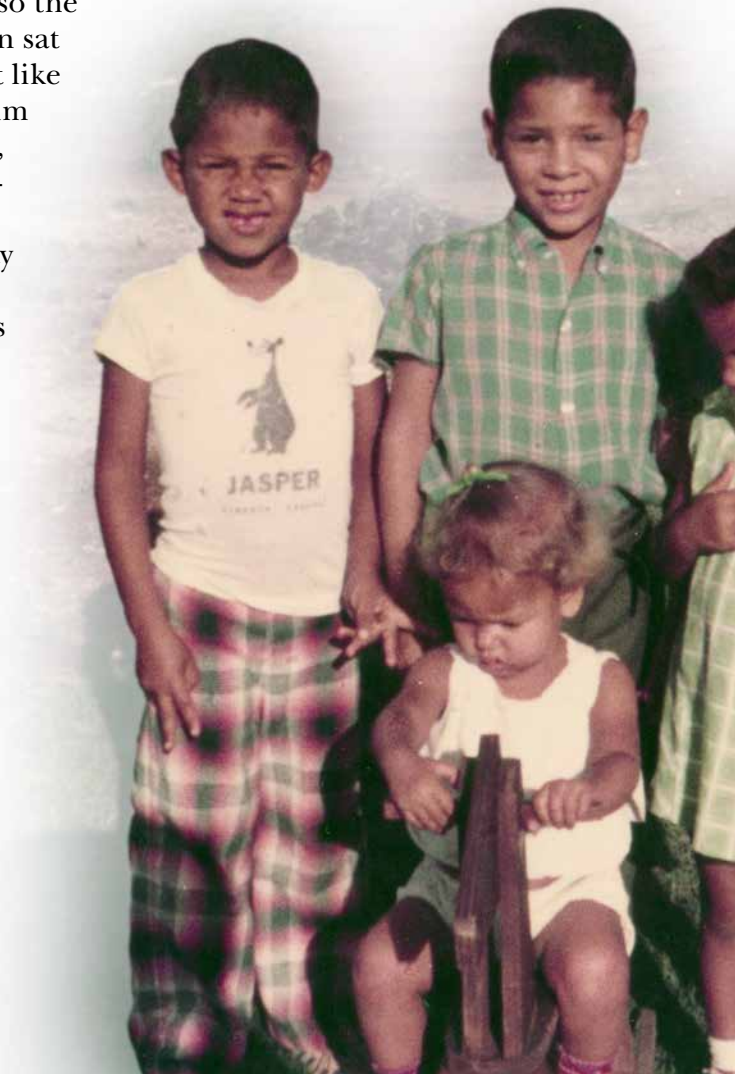
One day Hugo waited for his father until very late but he didn't come home. It was not unusual for his father to come home late, so the family didn't think much of it. The mother and the children sat at the table and had dinner without the father. Hugo didn't like having dinner without his daddy. He liked sitting next to him at the table and felt kind of lonely when daddy wasn't there, but he understood. The evening was very long and the children eventually went to bed. Their mother reassured them that everything was fine and that daddy would come and say good night when he got home. Hugo tried to stay awake in bed for as long as he could. The night was very long and his eyes got very heavy, but he didn't want to go to sleep without seeing his daddy. It was very late when he eventually gave up and fell asleep.

He woke up a little earlier than usual the next morning. He wanted to see his daddy before he left for work. To his surprise his father wasn't home. There were many other adults all talking in low voices. Some were crying, including his mother. It was a somber morning, not the type Hugo had envisioned. Later on that day he understood the reason for his father's delay. He had been killed before he could reach home. Worse yet, he had been killed by one of his best friends. The killer was drunk.

“My world ended that day,” Hugo says with a sigh.

Everything began to collapse around the family. The children spent a lot of time alone at home as the mother had to find ways to provide for their needs all by herself. No more evening dinners. No more walks to the park.

The mother tried very hard to be strong for the sake of the children hiding her pain and sense of loss. There was



Hugo surrounded by his sisters and brother

no time to mourn. She was now the sole provider for four children in need of love and care. She felt lost and lonely. The extended family was very poor and unable to offer much, other than a shelter to spend the night. Hugo and his older brother tried to help her by doing little jobs for people who would give them food in payment. They would also go into the hills to gather firewood so they could sell it in town and buy food. Many times the family would go hungry for entire days. Every day the task became more and more unbearable. The Mother was overwhelmed by feelings of depression and the realization that unless she found help, her children would not survive. Through contacts, she was directed to the International Children's Care (ICC) children's village in the Dominican Republic.



One of Hugo's most vivid memories is the day they arrived at the ICC children's village. They were very hungry. He remembers the smile and the loving words of the care-givers as they welcomed them into their new home. He remembers the table and the chairs carefully set just like they used to be at home. He remembers the house mother serving dinner that day. As he looked at the rest of his siblings sitting around the table, he thought of his own mother and the home they used to share. It felt good to be sitting together around a table again but sad when he thought about the family he had no more. He also felt anger, lots of anger. He felt that life was unfair.

As time went by he began to appreciate the love and kindness demonstrated by those who cared for him, yet deep inside he could not get rid of his anger. He thought of his former home. He could not erase the memories of that dreadful night when his daddy did not come home. The images would play back in his mind time and time again, making him miserable and filling him with more anger. He tried to imagine the last seconds of his father's life. He imagined him bravely fighting his assailant with his bare hands to stay alive. Oh if he had only been there with his daddy, he would not have let him die!

In his long quest to make sense of the confusion that engulfed him, he reasoned in his own childlike way that at least part of the blame must lie with him for not being there. If he had only been there, things would have been different. He would have fought to protect his father! Then an idea crept into his mind. He realized he could do nothing to reverse the events of that fateful day. His father was dead and he could not bring him back, but he could definitely do something to honor his memory and correct the wrong. He would find the murderer and kill him.

Joel Reyes
Director of Public Relations

This story will continue over the next several months. For back issues of this story you can download them at our website: www.forhiskids.org/newsletters.php.

Matching Funds

We have been gifted \$5,000 as a matching fund for donations made to our project in the DR Congo. Any donation you make will be doubled until the matching funds have been assigned.

Children are dying every day in the DR Congo. Every week we receive stories from our staff in the DR Congo about how children are dying without hope.

We have been given the opportunity to actually save the lives of a number of children. These children otherwise face a desperate future and near-certain death. Please help us to be a savior to these children. Please contact ICC today and let us know that you want to double the power of your donation to "His Kids" living at our Patmos Children's Village. Please mark your donations "Congo Matching Funds."

God bless you all!



A SPONSOR'S HEART - CONTINUED

'daughter' in India. It was fun to think of them as 'sisters' through us. We rejoiced when we were notified that our Hispanic child had been reunited with her siblings, but, then bittersweet joy came when we found that she had an aunt and uncle who wanted to claim all the siblings. She left ICC, but not our hearts. As with all losses, our hearts were soon filled with another little one from El Oasis. She was a jewel who had so much to conquer. We were touched again by her early history and so grateful to be able to help her as she adjusted to life in a new home with siblings and structure. As God would ordain, a diagnosis of cancer led us to Mexico for treatment. Being so close, we had the unforgettable experience of spending a week at El Oasis, with our precious, shy girl and all her companions. Our hearts just overflowed with the love of all the children, and, that one moment when we knew that our little one

recognized us as the ones who had sent her cards and little gifts. The look on her face will always thrill us. We felt so privileged to see ICC up close and personal. We came away with love for each and every child, house parents, administrator and especially the founders who had the vision of real homes for children in need.

Again, our hearts desired more, so this time we chose another continent. ICC had just entered Africa with a home base on an island in the Congo. Our imaginations both remembered mission stories from our past, relatives who had served in Africa, and mostly the faces on the news of children who had nowhere to go. Our son came from tragedy, but, again, we have seen him mature into a handsome young man in an environment of care. We have a bit less communication because of the turmoil of conditions in Africa, but, each letter, each picture is treasured as we

hear of his gratitude, accomplishment and goals. In each Que Pasa report on Congo, we search the faces for our boy, we delight when we pick him out of the crowd.

We now have 3 teenagers through ICC, loved, trained and preparing for a life much beyond their imaginations when they first arrived 'Home.' We feel so fortunate to have been able to support them, love them, write them and always pray for them. We have gained as much in return, knowing they are loving us, thinking of us, treasuring our pictures and cards, and praying for us each day as well.

Sponsorship with ICC is a blessed two-way street. We gain as much, many times more, than we give. We long for the day when all of us, from every continent, can be reunited in Heaven to rejoice in Eternity together. May that Day be soon!

Nancy & Bill Pellow

CONGO UPDATE

2013-03-18

They have arrived!

We are excited to report that after much anticipation and prayer, fourteen orphan children have joined our ICC family in the Democratic Republic of Congo (DRC). They are currently being cared for in our former office in Goma while a transition plan is implemented. In time, they will be integrated into homes and families at our Patmos Island Children's Village.

These children have come from refugee camps that were set up to handle thousands of people who were displaced as a result of the recent conflict between M23 rebels and government forces. These children have suffered much and have had to survive any way they could. In fact, two children who had been assigned to us died before our director, Desire, could reach them. One died from malnutrition and the other from diarrhea. Life is fragile indeed in this country ravished by war, and ICC's mission to the children of Congo is still very much needed.

Desire recently sent a report and pictures of the new children. Here is an edited excerpt:

"The children were transported by car to the PROLASA Medical Health Center of Goma for effective medical care by the physician. Since they are with us, they get three meals daily, whereas, according to what they told us, they used to get only one meal per day or just one for the two days. Furthermore, they told us that they used to cover themselves with mats and were sleeping on tree leaves in the refugee camps. And sometimes they were sleeping in the forest just like animals without any care.

"Today they are delighted because they can cover themselves with one bed sheet and one blanket each. Some of those children who are over five years old are being schooled in a neighboring Adventist Primary School. At night, all of these children tell us many bad and unfortunate stories they have experienced and faced in their previous lives. Those who are eight or ten years old ask us questions to know how long we will assist them, because they wouldn't like to go back to the refugee camps. They say they were very tired of sleeping in a banana plantation and escaping rebels who were killing, raping people and looting their properties at the same time by force."

In his update, Desire also shared that "these children [urgently] need food, clothing, school fees and medical care."

Taking in these children has required a step of faith, because the budget for this project is already stretched to the limit even without the addition of these 14 new children. Extra funds are needed to make them fully a part of our ICC family. Can we count on you for help at this time? Perhaps you'd like to sponsor one of these new children. Or maybe you'd consider giving a monthly gift that would be designated specifically for their care. Whatever you can do, please know that you will be making a difference in the life of an orphan child who just a few days ago faced a bleak and dangerous future. Help us to be able to continue to give these children a new life.

Note: Since this is a special situation that has captivated the attention of our ICC family, we will continue sharing reports on these new children as we obtain further information.

