



May 2013

# QUE PASA

WHAT'S HAPPENING

A Publication of International Children's Care  
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## SPONSORSHIP IS A LIFE LINE

**A**t around the middle of the 21st chapter of Genesis we come upon a very disturbing picture of a mother and her child. They are surrounded by an endless wilderness, miles and miles of dry scorching desert. It is hot, it is dry, it is desolate, and they are alone. They have run out of food. The mother has done everything she can to save her boy, but now they have also run out of water and the sun is unforgiving. The

boy's feet begin to drag and soon he drops to the ground unable to continue. There isn't a tree in sight. With what little strength remains, the mother drags her boy to the best place she can find, the shade of a dry desert shrub.

Few things are as tormenting for me as seeing another human being in great pain and distress and not being able to do

anything to help, especially if that human being is a child. The Bible says that after placing the boy under a shrub, Hagar, the mother, walked away and turned her back on her child so she would not see the death of her boy (Genesis 21:16). There was nothing she could do. What a heart-wrenching scene!

We have been sharing with you our own Hagar experience in the Democratic Republic of the Congo--stories of children dying in the refugee camps without a mother or a father to care for them; stories of children wandering the desolate streets of villages looking for their parents. Fourteen of those children are now part of our ICC Congo family. Not because we have the resources, but because we couldn't just turn around and walk away while they died.

We have lost a lot of sponsors in the last few years due to financial constraints, so adding 14 more to that group of non-sponsored children is reason for concern. But the Lord has blessed our efforts and brought



—Continued on back page—

# Blood Man

## Part two of a three part series

**H**ugo was born into a loving family, but his life drastically changed when his father was murdered. His mother tried desperately to keep the family together; however, she became overwhelmed with feelings of depression and helplessness. Eventually Hugo and his siblings were brought to ICC's Las Palmas Children's Village in the Dominican Republic. Though Hugo appreciated the loving care he received at ICC, anger boiled inside of him as he thought of the man who had killed his father. He began to formulate a plan to do something to honor the memory of his father and correct the wrong. He would find the murderer and kill him.

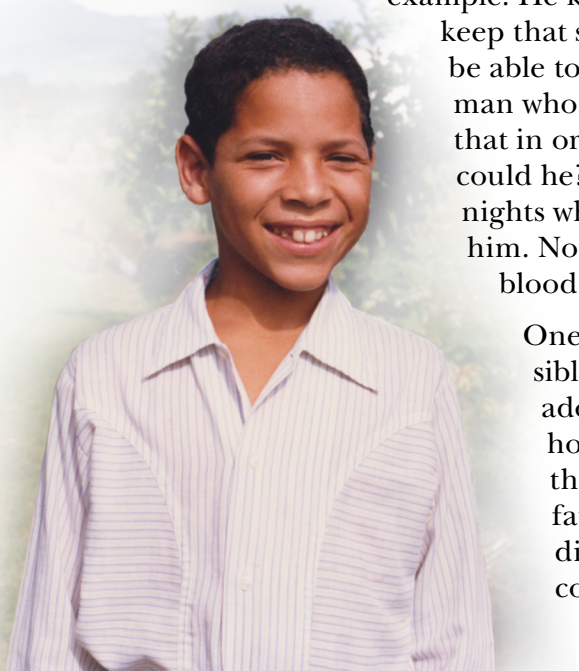
Hugo felt a strange pleasure when he considered his sinister plan. He felt he had found a reason to live, and a reason to grow up fast and strong. He tried to stay fit and healthy, and when the terrible memories about his father's death came to haunt him, he would find solace in his vengeful fantasies. He shared his plan with some of his close friends. They laughed at him, so he kept it to himself. He developed a tremendous fascination with blood, but not for the reasons we might imagine. Blood to him meant vengeance. Anytime he saw blood he would think about his promise to avenge the death of his father. His fascination with blood earned him the nickname of "blood man" among his peers. An epithet he carried with much pride. He continued to feel anger, but anger was now a good thing. He wanted to feel lots of anger when he met his father's killer. Only then, he reasoned, would his heart be at peace.

He would attend church with his new family and sing and listen to Bible stories with the rest of the children, yet in his own heart, he didn't believe that God or prayer could do much for him, because he could only be happy when he avenged his father's blood. Sometimes when the preacher made altar calls some of his friends would go to the front and the pastor would pray for them. Some of them began to make preparations for baptism, and even though he respected them, he didn't think he needed to follow their example. He knew that if he accepted Jesus in his heart, he would not be able to keep that solemn promise he had made to his father's memory; he would not be able to continue to feed his feelings of hate and vengeance toward the man who had taken his sweet daddy away. He resented the Christian idea that in order to be happy he needed to renounce his plans of revenge. How could he? This idea had been his only hope and recourse during those lonely nights when the ugly memories of his daddy's assassination came to haunt him. No! He was not going to let his daddy down. He would avenge his blood, even if he died doing it.

One day, as the family was getting ready for church, Hugo looked at his siblings. He felt grateful that they were all together. By now they were adolescents and as he looked at his sisters, he could not help but notice how beautiful they were, making him feel a sort of paternal pride for them. He could see in them the likeness of both his mother and his father. He thought about the day they came to the children's village, dirty, hungry, sick and hopeless. Oh what a change! "Oh, if daddy could only see us now!" he thought.



*Birthday party for Hugo. Hugo is in the center to the right.*





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A warm tear silently rolled down his cheek. He thought about the lessons the house father had tried to teach him and how patient the father had been throughout the years. There was a new speaker at church that day, a young energetic preacher who had been invited to have a week of prayer for the kids. Hugo liked the way he spoke to the youth. He didn't use big words. His message was simple. He spoke of the immeasurable love of God and the forgiving love of Jesus. When he spoke about the cleansing power of the blood of Jesus, Hugo listened. After all, he was "blood man."

As the congregation sang that day, something unusual began to take shape in Hugo's heart.

Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;  
I want Thee forever to live in my soul.  
Break down every idol, cast out every foe  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow  
Now wash me and I shall be whiter than snow...

This was not the first time Hugo had heard this song. He knew the words, but until this day he had not paid friends responding to the call from the n just for him. Now he sang with con- shall be whiter than snow..." Without , fell on his knees. The following Lord.

is in my heart. Help me oh Lord to  
I will serve you in whatever capacity I

a continuation of last month and will  
to next month. For the back issue of  
u can download it at our website:  
[ids.org/newsletters.php](http://ids.org/newsletters.php).



Joel Reyes  
Director of Public Relations



# A Life Line - Continued



## A new bed in the congo!

us several new sponsors for this new group of children. We are very happy for that and grateful to those who have come to their rescue. However, we are far from done. We still have a large number of children in need of sponsors. Obviously, our largest number right now is in Congo, but we have many others in India, and in Latin America waiting for someone to sponsor them. Perhaps you are already a sponsor, and know the joy that helping a little one brings. Perhaps you could help us pair

these children with loving sponsors by sharing your experience with a friend, a neighbor, or a relative.

Sponsors are the lifeline of this program, giving children a sense of belonging and stability, and we would love to see all of them fully sponsored.

Few things are as tormenting as seeing the pain and suffering of a

child and, like Hagar, being in a position of complete helplessness. But few things are as gratifying and empowering as being the hand that brings life and healing to a child in extreme distress. Thank you for helping us bring hope and healing to the lives of our children.

Joel Reyes  
Director of Public Relations

## PLEASE SPONSOR ME!

I need a sponsor. I am 12 years old and live in Congo. Please return this coupon to sponsor me each month. God bless you for helping me have a chance.

☐ \$30   ☐ \$60   ☐ \$\_\_\_\_\_

**(800)422-7729**

**Sponsorship Department**



## A SPONSOR'S HEART

I have been so very blessed and privileged to be able to spend several years at ICC's facility in El Salvador. Each and every child there is so special and precious and has filled my life with joy and richness. I had a very hard time choosing which child to sponsor, but the first child God sent me was a sweet, shy boy called Cruz\*. He is now grown and has a family of his own and I feel great satisfaction in being able to visit him on occasion and hear how God has continued to provide for his needs. Now I have two more

boys from El Salvador who call me "mom" and it's the sweetest sound in the world. Also part of my family is a little girl in DR Congo. I have never met her, but my heart weeps as I hear news of the terrible things happening in her country. I pray fervently for her safety, and all those who are with her. Words cannot express how much my life has changed since becoming involved with the children and families at ICC. God is so good and I thank Him for the blessing of family, even when they are far away.

Mandy

*\*Name has been changed to protect the privacy of the child.*

Occasionally when we ask for funds for a specific need we receive more in donations than we requested. In those instances when we have received more money than we solicited, those extra funds will be placed in "Alcyon's Angel Fund." In order to protect the privacy and safety of our children, ICC uses fictitious names when referring to minor children in the Que Pasa.

## THANK YOU!

### Funds Matched!

ICC would like to thank everyone who donated to the "Congo Matching Funds." We were given \$9,000 to match and you answered that call and made sure that all of that was covered. All of us here at ICC and the children of Patmos Children's Village are so grateful to everyone for your donations and prayers for this project.