

Dear Friends,

Do they look like punished?



Not them!

Easter time. But we did not sacrifice him for the Passover Meal. God, through your generosity provided for our meals and the kid like 'our kids' enjoys life. Easter Week we remained in Maranatha- Siliguri house because that is the best way to spent feast- together. Since Siliguri is a hot place most of the day children played in the

Hope you had a beautiful Easter. No doubt we had, thanks to your generosity.

But, to the matter-

Some "Agriculture News". The crop of green **pease** was overwhelming and children had enough to do. Actually whenever they became **impossible to manage** we put them to work (and it worked! for few days they behaved well).

We expanded our activities to look after the animals. For the beginning we got some goats. This little kid was the first welcomed, just

Kid and kids with the mother goat.



Incredible India, always overcrowded.



water in our swimming pool.

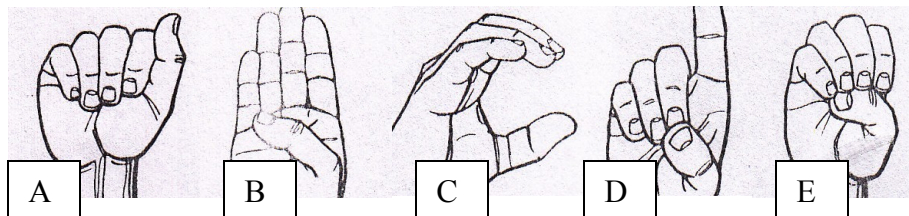
Whoever comes to India is always overwhelmed by the crowds of people, and everywhere children, children and more children.

So even the swimming pool is overcrowded.

Cobbler, cobbler, clean my shoe; make it ready by 8 o'clock.



Franco came back as he promised he will do and he is of great help to us. **He is not just limited to getting children ready for school but he** brought wonderful book to teach the sign language to Arpit. But Arpit doesn't like to study by himself. On the end the problem was solved by adding to our school curriculum one more subject- Sign Language.



and so on...

Whenever you plan to come beforetime you better learn because now children don't use anymore spoken words- they speak

in signs. But don't be misled- there are still noises that can blast your hearing system.

Easter season is always joyful and sometimes crazy joyful. Alessandro, Lino and Fabiola came to add to the

They would dance the whole night.



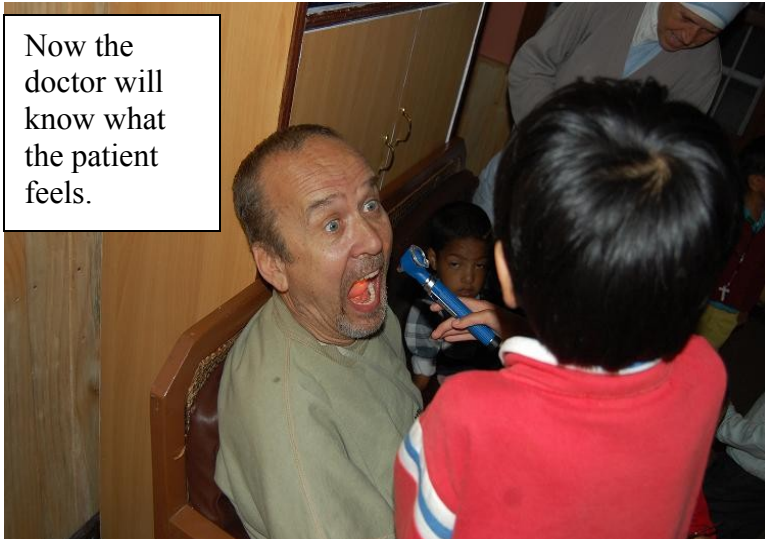
Lino didn't spare himself this time too. Children love him because he becomes one of them.



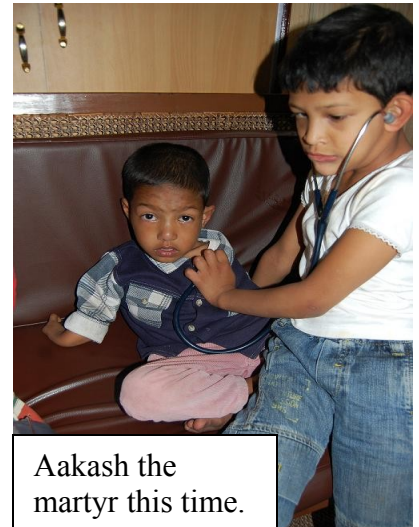
Pavitra may get job in Circus as magician.

happiness. (and craziness). It was a continuous entertainment from both sides. Our children can be so inventive. To my amazement they perform even magic tricks. As Sabrina- Maria was playing the flute the snake emerged from the middle of the table in a trance movement.

Now the doctor will know what the patient feels.



But they did some work also... Alessandro had to exercise his profession as our children one by one fell sick. And once he finished his round our children did not spare him from the same

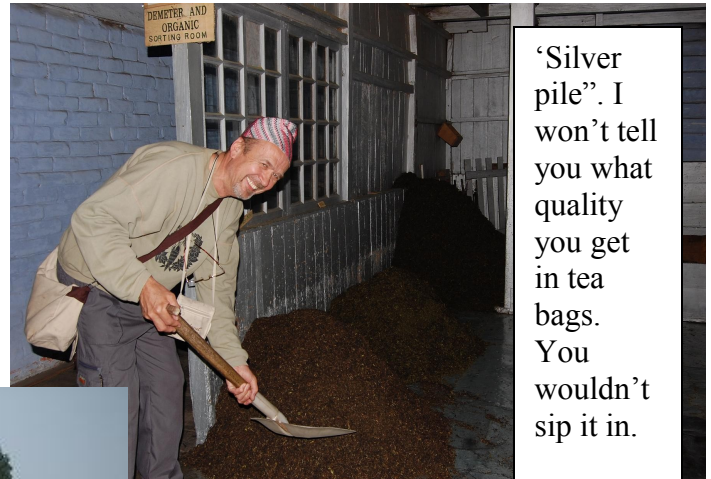


Aakash the martyr this time.

‘pain’. Then they checked each other. Akash almost did not make it through. He really was sick.

The other great job- they shifted the pile of freshly collected tea lives- the first flush- silver tips (very expensive) in Makaibari tea factory. The payment is still due to them.

Then the sad moment arrived, with no less confusion: who is going and who is staying, as children seized the traveling luggage.



‘Silver pile’. I won’t tell you what quality you get in tea bags. You wouldn’t sip it in.

On the way to airport we stopped to say



Who is going and who is staying?



‘My Peace I give to you’

same tearful goodbye to the Maranatha dwellers who are more peaceful, except Raju and Anjana.



AND NOW



I am presenting to you the Art Gallery and at the same time inaugurating the **auktion** of the drawings made by our children, few at the time. The original drawings are kept safely in our school and you are most welcome to order any of it. You may do it via e-mail with delivery free of cost.



The respectable artists have irresistible smile, don't they?

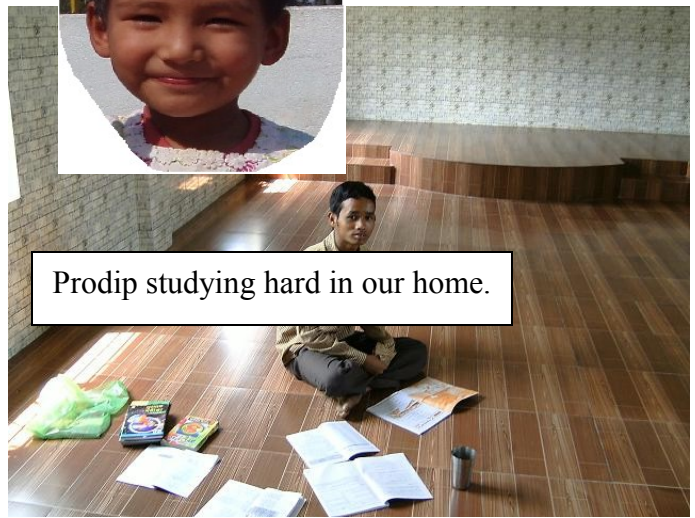


More paintings edition.



and more smiles in next

We have some more 'pending' needs to look into. As we are settling in Maranatha house in Siliguri



Prodip studying hard in our home.

and make the first survey we realize more and more the first need of the area. The people are very poor and life for them means struggle to survive one more day. However they have very strong family bond and they are not thinking of giving up their children for whatever reason. We came upon quite a few families with handicapped children but they love their child and are most willing to look after. However they would appreciate the help we propose to them– to take care of their children during the day. Those children just stay indoors, in miserable conditions with no future hope of any betterment. How good it would be to make the center for them where they could enjoy good care, good meal, good bath and medical facilities like physiotherapy for instance. When we mentioned about such idea the parents just can't believe that that could be possible. There are plenty of schools for the rich, there are schools for ordinary people and there are even schools which extend help for poor children like for example Jesuits school near by. But it's not for the special care children. They need special arrangements different from that of ordinary. You must be guessing to where I am going (and taking you along with me) with my wild dreams- to have nice school for special care children where we would welcome them, give them primary education including vocational training, primary health care, and GOOD MEAL. Yes, for poor the good meal is essential. This boy whom you see on the picture is half paralyzed. From the time we came to this area he kept on coming asking to stay with us. His house is close by, parents doing the odd job of collecting sand from the river. He wants to study, he wants to have different life from what he has right now but his parents can't afford to send him to school. So for now Pradip (that is his name) comes to our place to study. We got him into local school which he attends three times a week and for exams. Porimol reaches him on his motorbike. Rest of the 'schooling' Pradip does in our house.

And there is another 'need' that of having a simple dispensary. The other day Porimol's mother got very sick. The whole village believed that her days are very few. We went to see the situation and perceived that it's all combination of malnutrition and hard work. The village she lives is still very underdeveloped and the whole assembly there decides the local remedy that of performing some Hindu rituals. We took Porimol quietly aside and told him to allow us to take his mother to our house. We promised that we will bring her back in few days. The leaders of the village were **not at all happy** but family submitted to our request. We brought her to our house and immediately put on IV nutrition. We called the



Porimol's mother undergoing the treatment in our guest room turned to dispensary (we are always flexible)

doctor and got the additional medicines. Needless to say how hard we prayed that everything will go well. Next day the women started to take some food and in four days she was walking around. Often the poor people die not because of serious sickness but because they don't get right treatment at right time. They believe in superstition and the rituals that actually harm the body and squeeze out the last Rupee. We sincerely sighed with relief when we saw her in good condition and Porimol concluded in one breath- Jesus is the best doctor. They went to reach back their mother victoriously, proud of Jesus.



Since we are with religious subject- we had a visit of Holy Cross Sisters who are on vocational training to become teachers. They came to 'exercise' their capabilities but on the end it too became boogie event.

How true is the polish saying “**Kto z kim przestaje, takim sie staje**”

Holy boogie

Don't believe my words? Then see for yourself...

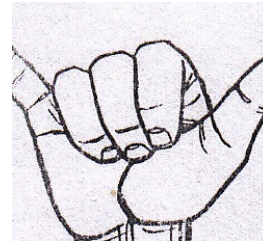


Alessandro

(Hope it won't affect Alessandro's carrier in his profession, because Fabiola is his patient).

Fabiola

Lino



B

Y

E

(I am not spared from influence. In next letter you might find only that).

With loving wishes from all of us, the Flame of Hope family

**The 'Art Gallery' I began to present to you is not just for a fun.
There are two EMERGENCIES that recently emerged.**

Here is her smile

and

here her tears.



Meena was born with deformed feet. When she was two and half old we did surgery for her in local hospital. The same surgery we did for Pavitra, more a less at the same time. Pavitra's foot became normal and except the scars there are no signs of deformity. She walks without any problems. Unlike her Meena's surgery wasn't that successful. The foot came only half way to normal and she walks like ballerina on the toes. It causes her many discomforts and even pain. Two years



back Alessandro brought for her specially made shoe. It helps but still it's not the lasting solution. Few years ago I took her to Calcutta for medical consultation. She underwent several medical checks up and the doctors advised to wait few years before doing the surgery. Now the time is ripe.

I show her to doctor in private orthopedic clinic here in Siliguri. We did the initial medical investigations and doctor said that now we can go for surgery. Probably it will be done in two stages but with promising results. Meena's face blossomed at the thought that she may walk like others and put on hm.. more fashionable shoe. She has to 'get ready' her weak body and enjoys extra nutritious food and Calcium Forte besides doing physiotherapy of both the feet. Doctor presupposes that she will be ready by July. The cost of the surgery is not yet fixed.

While she is waiting for her turn there is another child in need, with the difference that he has only one leg to be operated.

Here is his smile

and

here his tears



Sarfraj is a boy of about 8 yrs. He is living nearby and attends to our school. His foot is badly deformed causing him great difficulty in walking. Half year ago we took him to the orthopedic doctor who said that the surgery can be done. We soon admitted him in the government hospital where this doctor **worked** but one month passed and nothing was done They just did not bother at all that the boy is waiting and each time I would go to doctor he would say that the surgery is not an emergency and when there is free moment he will do it. After more than



a month this particular doctor who supposed to do the surgery died a sudden death and so did our hopes. But our hope resurrected (I hope for the same for the doctor) when I heard that there is a good place for orthopedic surgeries. It's a private clinic, expensive but with good medical staff and good care. I took the boy there. We did the necessary medical investigations and the doctor confirmed that surgery can be performed. The cost of it might be something like INR 2, 50,000/- which is about US\$ 5,000/-

This is the cause of my desperate move of selling of the Flame of Hope arts which are actually priceless. I know that I will not be disappointed as I never am whenever I ask for help and extra help and more help.

With many thanks and prayers, Flame of Hope family.

