



NEWS FROM HOINA HOMES OF THE INDIAN NATION

PO Box 87, St. Charles, Missouri 63302 • www.hoina.org • February 2013

Love in Any Language

*Darlene Large
HOINA President*

Last March as I struggled to complete all of the tasks on my “To Do” list, there was a knock on my door. A police constable, who was a HOINA friend, had come with a small child. He found him sitting on top of a garbage pile, searching through all of the debris for a morsel of food. He had been unsuccessful. He did not belong to our town. As the police searched for his family, this little boy was lodged in a government orphanage. After some time, they discovered he had come from the nearby mountains and was an Adivasee tribal. His



Ganesh

neighbors were monkeys, tigers, and bears. The police learned from the other villagers that his name was Ganesh, his mother had died, and he had no father. Recently, his grandmother had also died. When she was gone, Ganesh had no food so he left their small hut and went in search of one banana. The police never learned how he came from his mountain top village down to our valley. Ganesh would not or could not communicate. The police spoke Telegu, Hindi, and English; however,

Ganesh spoke a tribal language.

Our friend, the police constable told the staff at the government home about HOINA and our animals, flowers, bright colors, toys, playgrounds and smiling staff. He said there were happy children and good food, sometimes even ice cream. If anyone could get Ganesh to talk, it would be the people of HOINA, he reasoned. That was in March of 2012.

I left India for home and returned overseas in late June. As I walked into the HOINA boys’ home, Ganesh ran up to me, put his arms around my knees which nearly knocked me over, and looked up at me smiling as he said, “Mom, I

love you.” I was shocked!

I guess the constable was right. HOINA was the right place for a little boy without family to learn to communicate and to find a gift called love. Fast-forward to January 6, 2013. There I sat among 200 HOINA children on that Sunday afternoon. The HOINA children and staff had already had their Christmas dinner and prayer on Christmas Day. Now, on Three

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Kings Day, we were to give the children their gifts. We do this traditionally; so that, I can be with them and share in the joy of the day.

One by one, the children came carrying their presents and saying thank you. There was a quiet moment as the cake was cut and passed to each child with a fruit drink. As everyone ate their treat, a small boy made his way over to me. His presents were higher than he was so I was unable to see his face. I took out my camera to take a photo, and then I realized it was Ganesh. He was shining with joy. I thought of what an Amish friend told me long ago—Papa David Huyard said, “Joy is Jesus first, Others next, and Yourself last.” How true that was! When I allowed Jesus to be number one in my life, He sent me to serve others, and here I stood gathering my chicks like a mother hen. It truly was Christmas again. I thanked Him for this gift—not just boys like Ganesh but all the HOINA children. I knew 2013 was surely going to be blessed with God’s love.

It is now February, and this is a really challenging trip. We have been trying to build a place for prayer. First local

villagers objected. They used that space on our property as their open-air toilet. This caused us to build a wall around the area. Next they filed a police case against us. The constables came and looked at our land papers and then announced, “Your documents are in order. India, Madam, is a democracy. This is your land, and if you want to build a wall here it is perfectly okay.” I heaved a sigh of relief. However, after we received approval, we had months of heavy rainfall which washed away our foundation work several times. Family illnesses arrived, and one problem after the other. I became discouraged.

Then one morning, after prayer, I thought to myself, remember what Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi said to you, Darlene, in 1986? “The road you have chosen, Madam, will be a difficult one; but people like you are the real peace ambassadors of our world. Promise me this, you will never, ever, ever give up.”

So we persevere, and we search for agricultural land. We plan to begin the construction of a vocational school—the Ranji-Nesbitt school, as we continue on with the chapel construction as well. Our district child

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Congratulations to our HOINA boys. Pictured above are the winners in the various competitions. From left to right: V. Erun Prakash, district throw ball competition; M. Jeevan, district football competition; B. Sunil, district football competition; V. Prasad, district volleyball competition; G. Anil, state handball and state chess competition; Ch. Dhanunjay, state hand ball competition; and K.V.N. Rao, state athletic meet.

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PO Box 636
Brownstown, PA 17508-0636



Feb. 2013

I want to Sponsor a HOINA boy / girl (*circle one*).

Here is my first monthly gift of \$30.

Use this gift to finance HOINA's ongoing projects through the General Fund.

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

(please give name and address of person): _____

(please print clearly)



All donations are tax deductible.

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and women's welfare director, Mr. Roberts announced that we are the number one children's organization in his district out of 64 organizations.

I appreciate all of your prayers. I wish you could meet our HOINA angels and heros. Definitely you would love each one. They reminded me to tell you that they heard about America's difficulties but they are praying for all of you and for our nation. So wherever you are in your life right now, don't give up, ever, and remember that God loves you. Keep on keeping on.

Love to all of you from me,

Darlene

HOINA is a 501(c)3, tax-exempt organization with international headquarters located at:
HOINA
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HOINA
PO Box 636
Brownstown, PA 17508-0636
U.S.A.
717.355.9494

Toll-free: 877.99.HOINA (4.6462)

Email: hoina@frontiernet.net

Website: www.hoina.org

The official registration and financial information of Homes of the Indian Nation (HOINA) may be obtained from the Pennsylvania Department of State by calling, toll-free in PA, 1.800.732.0999. Registration does not imply endorsement.



Remembrances - July-Dec



Thank you to the many donors who chose to give memorial and honorary gifts in the second half of 2012. When requesting a gift to be listed in someone's memory or honor, please include the name and address of the individual or family so we can send them an acknowledgment.

In Honor of

Pat J. Anderson
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Amy Mowbray
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In Memory of

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Betty Judy (2)
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Siblings Need Sponsors

Bhagya Lakshmi Pendurthi and her brother, Karthik, came to HOINA last June. Their parents were married in 1998 in an arranged marriage. Their father worked in construction while their mother was a laborer. Five months after a motorcycle accident, their father died. Their mother was an HIV patient, who died last May. A social worker brought the children to HOINA as there was no family to care for them.

Bhagya Lakshmi celebrated her 8th birthday on January 20th and is studying in third grade. Like girls around the world, she likes pink and skipping and would like to be a teacher when she grows up!

Unfortunately, we don't know Karthik's exact birthdate, but we know he is nine years old and studying in fourth grade. His favorite color is red; he enjoys playing and watching cricket. Someday he would like to be a computer engineer.

Would you like to sponsor this brother-sister pair? Or maybe you have a friend or relative who would sponsor one while you commit to sending \$30 per month to cover the costs associated with caring for and raising just one of the siblings? Unlike other organizations, HOINA provides more than just food and shelter for our children. Your gifts will cover the costs for food, clothing, housing, all medical costs, lessons in the arts, practical life skills, tutoring and all school fees and expenses through upper level or trade education. Your gifts make a difference!



Bhagya Lakshmi



Karthik