



# NEWS FROM HOINA HOMES OF THE INDIAN NATION

PO Box 87, St. Charles, Missouri 63302 • [www.hoina.org](http://www.hoina.org) • October 2010

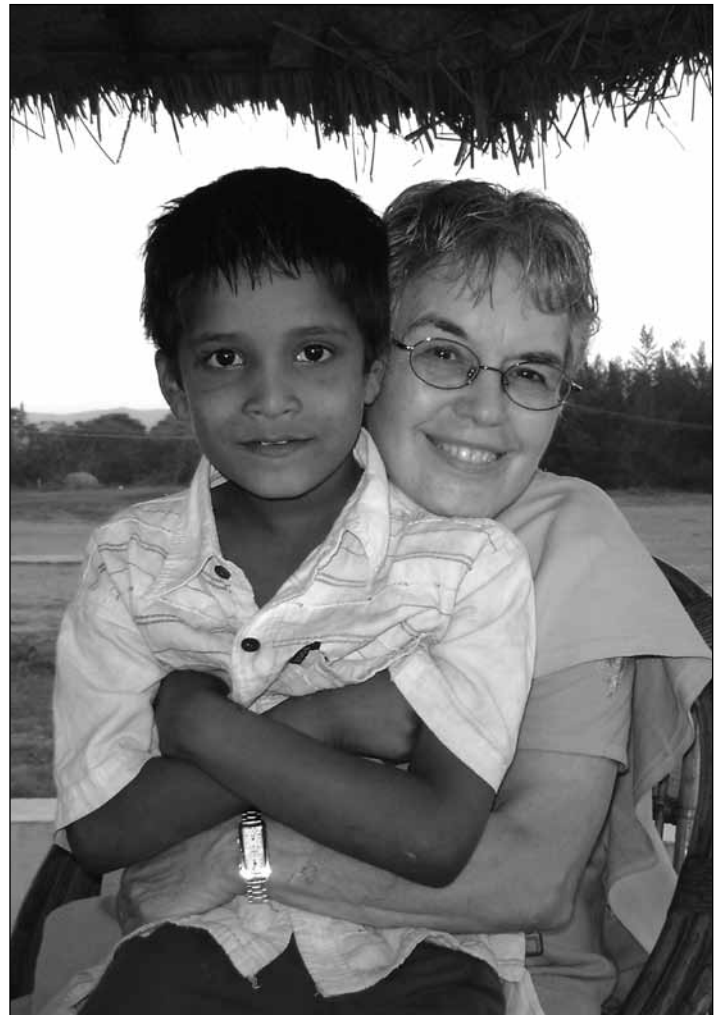
## “People Matter. Stuff Doesn’t.”

*By Darlene Large, HOINA President*

As I write this newsletter, our pet monkey, Sweetie Baby screeches away and swings on an old tire. The little ones in our nursery sit in plastic tubs taking their morning baths in the courtyard while the crows and ravens fly in and out of the dining hall. We have been trying to take out all of the windows and doors and replace them with metal ones. The ten days I was without windows in my upstairs apartment was unnerving. Open holes for windows meant birds, rats, wasps, chipmunks, mosquitoes, and flies came in and out, not to mention the worry of snakes that climb trees. Fortunately, we had only insects and birds visit us. I am still being teased because when my windows were out, I kept locking my apartment doors at night. I suppose I am a creature of habit.

The Penn State University students and our staff helped us take out the windows as you saw in our last newsletter. Then, our staff did the doors. The middle of September has arrived, and we still wait for the window work to be completed. As for the doors, we have no idea when they will arrive. The rains we’ve had this year have been more than we’ve seen in years. Without the door sills, the water pours into our open courtyards, puddles up, and runs into the rooms. Our children have faithfully swept the water back out every day. It is an endless battle.

Sometimes, I feel that the termites are winning. Over 100 windows and doors are to be replaced. Today, some of the windows in the storage area are being taken out. We won’t do the library until some of the doors arrive. We need a safe place to store the books and the computers. We are grateful to everyone who helped us do this job—those of you who paid for the windows and doors and those of you who



Hamanth and Mom

helped do the labor on the job.

One night as I was taking down the curtains in the office, a lizard ran up my leg and onto my back. That was an unexpected surprise! Another evening, I was feeling discouraged and wondered if this job would ever be done. I

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# People Matter . . .

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took my bath and emptied the bucket and went off to sleep. In the morning I noticed the bucket was full of water. All night the tap had dripped one drop of water at a time into the bucket. I smiled to myself. I remembered when we tried to build a wall around our old girls' home and there was no money. One of our grads, who was studying engineering at the time, offered to do the work for us. Saint Luke's Lutheran Church in Schaefferstown, PA, helped, too. It took us four years, but we built the wall—one side at a time—until we had the property enclosed. Like drops filling a bucket, we will have windows and doors—one at a time—while we, in the meantime, learn patience.

The rains this summer meant mosquitoes, and mosquitoes mean disease. We had many viral fevers to cope with this summer and then an epidemic of pink eye. We have had staff members down sick as well as the children. We have been short-handed at times, but we are coping. When we were discouraged in late August, we had a meeting where we decided to be positive and look for the good instead of focusing on all the problems. We offered to do something nice for our local police station to keep our attention from

being too self-focused. Our boys volunteered to help. We built a mosaic tile mural on the wall of the police station that reads: "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO TELL THE TRUTH." Everyone was happy with the message. We found leftover tiles on the roof of our boys' home, and we contributed those as well to tile their porch floor. Our police inspector provided the sand and cement.

Another bit of good news is that two of our cows have safely delivered two calves. We now have 16 cows and two little bulls. We started with only seven. We are growing. Selling that milk has provided a nice offset to our grocery budget. The milk is highly desired in the village.

As we headed into September, we cleaned out storage areas and old files that had been moved from the old girls' home. Within an afternoon it was transformed. We finished painting the tires and placed them along the sides of the driveway. Our masons built a private office for our general manager, and then we planned a roof for our laundry area. Every time our dhobis wash clothes in buckets and hang the wash out to dry, it suddenly pours rain and everything is soaked again. (Maybe we should quit rinsing them!)

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This mural was a service project completed by the HOINA boys at the local police station.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

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

Oct/2010



I want to sponsor a HOINA boy / girl (*circle one*). Here is my first monthly gift of \$30.

Please use this \$\_\_\_\_\_ toward the Christmas Fund.

I would like to order \_\_\_\_\_ sets of notecards.  
Here's my check for \$\_\_\_\_\_ made out to HOINA.

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




**ALL DONATIONS ARE TAX-DEDUCTIBLE**

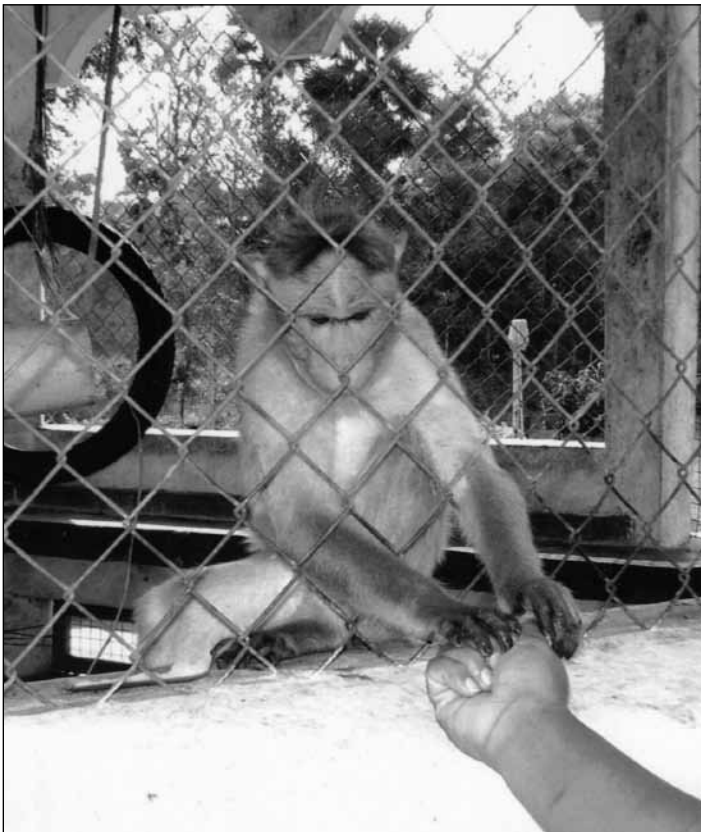
## People Matter . . .

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As I sat writing this, one of our little boys came to bring me a message. His name is Hamanth. His mother was mentally challenged. One night, a stranger found her wandering along the road and sexually assaulted her. She became pregnant. She did not realize what was happening inside her. When her delivery time came, she sought shelter on the porch of an old couple who lived in a mud and thatched hut. After the baby

was born, the mother again wandered off. That night, the old couple heard the baby crying and came out to investigate. They found Hamanth and cared for him for five years. When the old lady died, the husband found HOINA and brought Hamanth to us. I looked at his smiling face and realized again why I was here and why all of the problems we had faced in July, August, and September did not really matter. As my daughter Letti says, "People matter. Stuff doesn't."

Thank you for all your prayers. So much is getting done. Even the rain helps us be thankful and reminds us of the hymn from 1883, "There Shall be Showers of Blessings." We are reminded to be thankful for the sun when it shines, and for beautiful flowers that bloom because of rain. Our lives are full of work to care for the children growing and blooming at HOINA. Thank you for helping us. 



Sweetie Baby, our pet monkey.

HOINA is a 501(c)3, tax-exempt organization with international headquarters located at:

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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.



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## Thank You for Giving A Child Hope

Chintala Lokesh was born in December, 2003. He came to HOINA in March of this year.

Lokesh is one of four children. His father was a herdsman before he died in 2008 from jaundice. Lokesh's mother went to live with his grandmother but could not care for four children. A local pastor suggested she bring Lokesh and his brother Ravi Teja to HOINA.

Lokesh likes lions and deer. His favorite colors are red and green. He likes playing kabaddi and cricket. He is studying second standard in the local school in Darivadi Kothapalem and would like to be a policeman when he is grown. ♿



## Cards for HOINA Kids

For the last several years we have sent Christmas/Holiday cards to all the HOINA children.

With the help of church groups, school groups, friends, and relatives we have made 200 cards to send to ensure that each child gets one with their Christmas present. I have used pictures from old cards, stickers, stamps. This year I am asking you to help. Maybe you would like to start new holiday tradition.

If you would like to make one specifically for the child that you sponsor, please print your name on the card, and your child's name and number if you know it. If you would like to make one or several cards for the children that do not have sponsors still put your name on the card.

Please mail them to the HOINA office at:

HOINA, PO Box 636, Brownstown, PA 17508

Please do not include an envelope, as it just doubles the weight and postage required.

To ensure that the cards are to India by Christmas, I will need them to me by November 24, 2010. If you have questions, you can email me at: [hoina@frontiernet.net](mailto:hoina@frontiernet.net) or call the HOINA office 717 355-9494.

*Thanks for all your help, Amy Mowbray, HOINA Board Secretary* ♿

