



Compassion Asia
April 2011



Raj 2001



Rick and I have been in India the past month. While we were there we had the opportunity to visit a children's home that cares for deaf children. It was very moving to see the children and know that they came from villages where they would not have had the opportunity for proper care. Compassion is giving them a chance to succeed in life. I thought of our own 14 children in Bhaktapur, Nepal. Many of them came to us when they were eight years old and they've been in the children's home under the care of David and Sony Sagar since 2001. They have come so far from those early days when we found them hungry, neglected, and abandoned. They are now ministering in the church and community; they are doing well in school and are healthy. I thought you might enjoy hearing one of their stories.

My name is Raj. My father died when I was very young and when my mother remarried my stepfather beat me. He was an alcoholic. I stayed with my grandmother but she was elderly and could not care for me. When I was eight I ran away from home. The bus is free for children under a certain age. I took it and got off in Bhaktapur. There I made friends with the street boys. We would sneak into weddings and birthday parties to steal food. When we did have money we bought glue. We would take turns sniffing from the bag.

My mother, sister and brother moved to Kathmandu. Sometimes my half brother, Nabin, would come and see me. I always took care of him and included him in everything we did, even the glue sniffing. I did everything most street boys do. I smoked marijuana and cigarettes. We would roam the city all day long. One day, the boys and I were roaming around the city. That was the day that changed my life. David "Babha" found me and asked me if I wanted good food, a place to sleep, and a chance at a good education. I went with him. I was ten years old. Giving up the glue sniffing and drugs were easy, it was giving up my freedom to wander that was hard. Staying inside and not being able to do as I pleased was very difficult.

I was a Hindu but had visited Christian churches before. After a week at the home, I became a Christian. When my mother and sister heard I had been offered a home, they moved to Bhaktapur. By then, my stepfather had abandoned them. Soon, they also accepted Christ.

I am now seventeen years old. I had never been to school, till David "Babha" brought me to the Children's Home. I am now ranked 3rd in my class. My favorite subjects are mathematics and science. I play the bass guitar and I sing in our band. I am also a part of the worship team.

Living on the streets and seeing the suffering I saw has really impacted me. I want to be doctor and somehow give back to my community.

Thank you for giving Raj a better life!



Dream His Dreams

Bev

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Raj 2010

changing the world...one congregation at a time