



# the C.H.I.L.D. Foundation / Australia NEWSLETTER Spring 2011



Remember this article from this year's Summer Newsletter??



The building project is going full steam ahead. After Christmas we were joined by Keith Kruijzinga. Keith is a carpenter by trade and volunteered to come and assist with the building. Over the 2 weeks he managed to install 14 window-frames and hang some 72 windows in those frames. It was interesting 2 weeks for all parties.

The (cultural) differences in the building industry come often to the fore, with the occasional scratching of the head.

We are very grateful to Keith for giving of his time and expertise. He surely has saved the project a great deal of money. Encouraged by this, we are now planning to take a team with us in a this or early next year. We received already 2 expressions of interest by 2 Dutch building professionals.

Meanwhile, Keith has written about his experiences during his stay. We have attached his story, which Keith also shared with the congregation of his church. Well worth reading in a style, showing Keith has more talents than carpentry

Our major fundraiser this year was undoubtedly the Benefit Concert. We were able to do presentations in various churches, to promote this event.

This concert had been 1 year in the making.

Our thanks go to all the performers and support staff, the Trinity Church for allowing us the use of their wonderful building and other facilities, and of course the audience. Over the 2 nights of beautiful music, the appreciation shown in donations was a whopping \$ 7,000.00.

A truly humbling experience, even more so by the fact, that some of the performers thanked us for having them in our concert. No surprise, that a 2nd. Concert is on the drawing board already. From this place we specially want to express our sincerest thanks to Colin & Nelleke Arnold and their oldest daughter Rachel.

They were instrumental (!) in the artistic part of the concert.



Available now:

on DVD

orders: [info@child.org.au](mailto:info@child.org.au)  
or  
[www.child.org.au](http://www.child.org.au)

\$ 20.00 + p/h  
Pre-paid orders only

## New Building

By the time you read this, the children and staff have moved into the new building. No pic's yet, however, next January, Johanna & I, together with Nico (our Dutch Board member) and a friend of his will be in India and be present for the official opening.

3 Orphan girls waiting for a sponsor

## New sponsors

always needed, particularly now that we are in our new premises, with the capacity to double our intake.





## Keith in India.....his story

Has anybody here ever let some words ~~run~~ carelessly fall out of their mouth then instantly think, "what did I say that for?". I'm not sure if this was the case or not, but just a few words turned my life in a different direction from then on.

"Can you do with a hand over there?"

With eyes like a startled monkey and a hand around the shoulder... It was 'WELL' and I could see the mind spinning.

"You better check with your wife" came the reply.

"That'll be right mate"

Passport organised, visa organised, flights and trains organised – and the very cheapest. All within a couple of months. (I'm surprised he didn't pack my bags – with 17kg of tools, supplies and 3kg of clothing you could be fooled he did).

It didn't seem long after I saw the same face at Chennai airport with his wife and 2 children. After a sleepover at a cricket stadium, an early start to catch the train for a 9 hour trip north passing many rice patties and more rice patties, we met people to give us a lift to the orphanage.

An hour drive in a 3 wheeled taxi, (or go-cart) ~~with~~ <sup>to meet</sup> 36 children in 2 straight lines, best clothes on and singing, Samson and Lalitha, flowers spread around; around the ground, around my neck, over my head, down my back – everywhere. I shook hands with each one of them – all with beautiful white shiny teeth and those eyes – like I've never seen before.

Such began my experience for the next 3 weeks. Shown my huge bedroom upstairs, complete with ensuite, I got changed for lunch. You guessed it, rice, any amount, and chicken, any amount, of bones. Like our T-bone steaks have bones, everything they cook has bones, (but very tasty). Gert, Johanna, Samson and I sitting at the table (lalitha never sat with us) and 2 – 3 girls waiting on us. We yapped for a while and it was quite clear I'd have no trouble filling my time with things to do. In fact, one of the outside toilet doors was falling off. I had hinges, I had nails, I had screws, I had my cordless drill – all of a sudden I had a dozen helpers. Especially trying a cordless drill – with its own light! Unbelievable, what is it?! Door fixer... look.

Imagine walking 20 minutes to church, hand in hand with these beautiful children, not ashamed, was certainly a buzz.

Being a lover of spicy foods I though hourly enjoyed my meals, (I wasn't always sure what I was eating, but it sure tasted good). However I did write in my notes about day 12, "even just a humble snag".

I suggested to Gert that I would like to take Samson and Lalitha out for dinner with the 5 of us, Samson chose the venue – A regency restaurant in town. Separate room upstairs; fancy everything and a couple of waitresses. Magnificent! A few courses later we rolled out. I had \$35 less in my pocket.

Another occasion Gert and Johanna had organised games of various kinds with the children on a Sunday afternoon with them divided into 4 – 5 groups. It was wonderful spending time helping and spending time with them.

I had previously asked Gert if it was OK to have some prizes for them – No problem. After the games I told them a story of the workers in the vineyard. You know those who worked all day received, so much, those who worked ½ days, so much and so much for those who only worked a few hours. Well, of course I had made all the prizes different sizes but same contents. When they all opened together there was a lot of looking around, but do you think any grumbled? The happy faces said it all. It was only a handful of assorted lollies wrapped in newspaper for 36 of them that put me \$3.80 out of pocket.

I must admit that sometimes it can cause one to seek a little solace with so many busy children around and usually I'd jump on a push bike and go for a ride to look around. This occasion, at about 7pm, I decided to walk – but not through the country side – but to see out the city and slums. I must remember this turn, right here, left there, you can guess what was going to happen later... ½ hours walk and close to the centre of town I noticed a small factory for furniture making. 4 or 5 men standing around, one man sitting on his feet, cleaning out a mortice with hammer and chisel. I stood watching for a couple of minutes thinking will I or won't I... To their amazement I walked between the men, knelt down near the worker and made a gesture to which he immediately reached around to give me a hammer and chisel for me to begin on another. I didn't think I had done a bad job considering the crowd I had watching by the

About 4pm the mozzies started coming in – which was a concern, cause I hadn't any jabs, but I had my 'bushman', not that I needed it, the 1<sup>st</sup> slap of a mozzie I ~~done~~, there were 3 – 4 children around me slapping the buggers before they even landed on me. That soon got a bit annoying; I think they just enjoyed slapping me to feel the white skin. Samson said something in their own incomprehensible language and instantly they were gone, I couldn't work it out. 10 seconds they all came back outside dribbling over a pot of cream, anti-mozzie. It's obviously good for the toes, feet, legs, arms, neck, ears and giggle giggle, my head. But it was a lovely pamper for ½ an hour.

Another good feed and an early night, (9:30). Woz I tired.

BANG, CLANG, CRASH, RATTLE, RATTLE! Sounded like a steel bucket throwing competition with teams of ten at 10 second intervals. 4:30 in the morning is when the drinking water comes through the pipes for ½ an hour and some children are rostered on every morning. Nothing like an early start. Early breakfast at 6am, (pancakes, coffee and bananas).

Off by 7am in an auto for a 45 minute trip on the other side of the city to the site of our orphanage. This was the whole reason I came to India – I thought.

4 days after chasing hardware and timber, negotiating materials and prices I could actually do some work. A total of 70 window frames had to be made and hung. I didn't have a problem with hanging them, but making them with the old 50 years ago mortice and tenon joints, with only hand tools, would have taken me 2 weeks alone. A tiny workshop in town with all the machinery quoted us 20,000 rupee, (or \$500 au) and ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> make them in 3 days (I'll look after that).

Although the days were long, leaving by 7am and usually home between 5:30 – 6:30 the next 2 6 day working weeks flew.

I would like to mention a few heights of the 3 weeks:

First and most special were the children. The love in their eyes and the love in their hearts. The same love they also have found in Jesus.

India is not a place to hide, everybody notices you are white – Apart from Gert and Johanna I didn't see another white person while I was there – So you can

time I had finished. A better than the rest dress man came through the crowd, curled his finger at me to come with him.

Through the crowd again, round the corner and into his workshop, (followed by ½ a dozen others) to show me some finished projects – very nice. But I couldn't help ~~but~~ notice on the wall a picture of Jesus. I asked "Jesus?" "Yes Jesus" was the reply, "you?" I said yes. "You pray for us". They all gathered in a circle, I put my arms around them and prayed for a while. For the men, their business, their families. I felt like Pastor Peter. Where they over the moon, yes they were!

Just quickly about getting home, which way did you say? Well I was sure I got the 1<sup>st</sup> 3 – 4 turns right, or was that left? No worries, I'll just ask. I thought Reddy Palem was like Toorak or Langwarrin. The 1<sup>st</sup> bloke had an idea, "down this street". Almost dark, 5 paces down the alley children playing jumped to their feet, jibba jabba, jibba jabba. It seemed to echo to the end of the street from what my ears could hear and however long the street was my eyes could not see. They wanted high fives and to touch me.

I stopped a couple of times to acknowledge the not so fortunate and to see the gloe in their mothers' eyes. But I figured every time I stopped it added another 10 to my entourage. Heard the story of the pied piper?

When I got to the T intersection there would have been 40 – 50 children lagging behind me. "jibba jabba" and all waved their arms with wide smiles.

Believe it or not, right on the corner was that unmistakeable outdoor milk bar. Ah ha! Chips. How much a pack? My good mathematics told me how much, so I reeled off about 30 packs of chips, then over the kids, paid the man and a tap – about 5 bucks and bolted – home in 5 minutes – Whew!!

Many more experiences come to mind and will keep in the memory bank for a while yet.

Many thanks to Gert and Johanna for organising everything for me – flights, trips, agencies and so on. Johanna for a wonderful companion, washing my dirty socks and jocks. Our host, Samson and Lalitha, who provided and cared for me so well. The children, those who helped me at work and those who shared at home. Their beautiful nature will not be forgotten. But overall, my God, who guided me, provided the opportunities and blessed me with travelling mercies – strength and no sickness. To the universal God who works in people's lives all over the world I give praise and thanks.