



QUE PASA

WHAT'S HAPPENING

A Publication of International Children's Care
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FIGHTING RETURNS CONGO TROUBLES

We received this urgent message on September 5th from Gilbert Dewinter, our chapter leader in Switzerland. He relayed to us the content of a phone call he had received from Désiré Murhima the director of our Patmos Children's Village in The Democratic Republic of the Congo.

"Just received a phone call from Désiré. The Congolese government wants to clean up the rebels in the eastern part of the country. Many government soldiers from Kinshasa, Lumumbashi and elsewhere have been sent to the region of Goma. The rebels reacted and fighting is going on at 20 km from Goma.

Désiré has brought the children from Goma to Idjwi (location of the Patmos Children's Village) where they will start school this Monday (September 10th). Many were terrorized because of previous experiences. At Idjwi they feel safe and their situation has improved. In the region many people were killed and huge crowds of refugees are on the roads. Désiré asked me to keep you updated. We continue to pray for Patmos. Gilbert."

Here is a bigger picture of what is happening in the region.

An upsurge in fighting between Government forces, renegade troops and rebels in the eastern Democratic Republic of the Congo (DRC) is not only causing a mass exodus, it is also hampering efforts to deliver food aid to tens of thousands of people driven from their homes, the United Nations has reported.

At the same time, a shortage of funds is aggravating the situation, with available food quickly being depleted. The fighting is uprooting more people every day and making it even harder for

WFP (UN World Food Program) to reach them with the assistance they urgently need.

New arrivals are streaming into camps for the displaced near Goma, capital of North Kivu province. They are being registered for emergency food rations. There are reports that 40,000 people have fled the violence in recent days, in addition to 200,000 people displaced in the region since last December. The recent fighting has claimed more than 100 lives and no one knows how many casualties.

This is a desperate situation. Please pray for the safety of our children and a quick resolution to this situation.



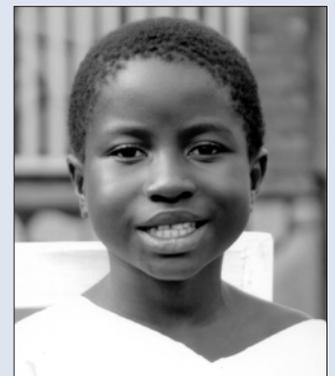
PLEASE SPONSOR ME!

My name is Chancelline

I need a sponsor. I am 10 years old and live in Congo. Please return this coupon to sponsor me each month. God bless you for helping me.

\$30 \$60 \$_____

(800) 422-7729
Sponsorship Department



Circle of Hope

It is not ICC's desire to turn children away from our homes. Unfortunately, having to refuse children a place in our homes is a reality for us. Lack of funds to expand our programs is why we cannot take in those orphaned and abandoned children who so desperately need our help.

While sponsorships are a vital element of providing for our kids, the funds that sponsorships create do not of themselves cover all the expenses that are generated as we care for our children. This is why general donations to ICC's world-wide ministry are so important. Those general

donations help to close the gap between our needs and the support that sponsorships furnish.

You can help ICC in bridging that financial gap by attending our second "Circle of Hope" fundraising breakfast on Sunday, November 18, 2007. This free buffet-style breakfast event is being held to raise awareness in our community about the ICC ministry and our need for general fund donations.

If you are a supporter of ICC, and live in the Portland, OR, - Vancouver, WA, area, please plan on attending. We would greatly appreciate it if you would also

bring a friend with whom you can share the vision of ICC. We need "table captains" as well. Those of you who would be willing to "captain" a table and invite those people in your sphere of influence to attend are needed to make this event a success. For those of you who live outside the area, we solicit your prayers that this event will be a rousing success.

Those planning to attend or who are seeking further information, please contact Liana St. Clair by phone or email here at ICC HQ. Liana's phone number is 360.573.0429 ext. 2021. Liana's email is: Liana@forhiskids.org. We'd love to see you there!

FROZEN FORGES

It came out of a clear, blue sky to dispense diabolical devastation with a force of frozen projectiles flung down from the heavens with enough fury to split innocent watermelons asunder as they lay quietly basking in the afternoon sunlight. Boiling up out of the East like an immense, enraged, vaporous cauliflower that eclipsed the sun, it swept without barrier across the placid landscape riding on a giant self-perpetuating pillar of aqueous affliction. Hurricane-force cyclonic winds, torrential rain, hail, lightening, flash floods, dust storms and wide-spread property

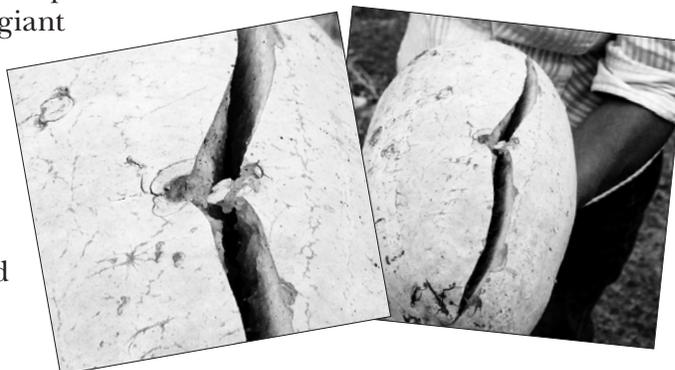
and crop damage all delivered in the space of less than half-an-hour.

Three of these storms pounded the area around our El Oasis Children's Village in Baja, Mexico in the past month. All of the farms (including ours) in the Valley of the Trinity where El Oasis is located, lost their crops. As these storms marched

across our campus they blew down a tree, scattered tree limbs, created flash floods and broke windows while also destroying our first-year farm. Our crops of tomatoes, squash and watermelons were all ruined in less than fifteen minutes.

This farm is a vital part of the effort of El Oasis to become as self-sufficient as they can. The investment in seeds cost \$4,500.

The watermelons could have brought in \$8,000 in much needed funds. With our crops rendered worthless by nature, the operating costs of El Oasis will naturally increase as the project must purchase food to replace that which was lost.



A Personal Note

Dear ICC Family,

“Señora, Pedro* is back and he wants to stay, but the school administration has refused to accept him. What do you think we should do?”

“Do you think he is ready to settle down, study, and follow the school rules?” I asked.

We were just leaving the church service that was held at the secondary school campus at The Pines. The civil war was still raging and things were tense, but most of the time we felt fairly safe at The Pines. I had come in that week on the military plane that gave Ken and me free transportation.

It was approximately ten years since a group of children were brought to us from the area of conflict. All the adult males of a small remote village had been killed. It was rumored that the terrorists tried to get a safe haven in their village and someone had reported it to the army. This was their revenge. Pedro and his siblings were among those children.

Juana continued, “It is true that Pedro’s behavior wasn’t good, but he is still a minor and really has no place to go. He thought he could go and live with his father and find a job and make money, but I guess he found out that the world out there isn’t that great a place to be. His father remarried, and the step-mother doesn’t want Pedro around.”

“Have you talked to him?” I asked her.

“Yes, he came right to me asking for help. I think he has learned his lesson.”

In a few minutes Juana found Pedro and brought him to me. I knew we couldn’t talk there in the crowd so I told him, “Pedro, why don’t you come over to the camper where I am staying and we’ll talk tomorrow?”

“Thank you, Mami Fleck. What time can I come?”

“How about ten in the morning?”

I could see relief in his eyes. Later that day Juana and I discussed his situation. I remembered that day ten years before when a call to our office in the city told about the tragedy that affected so many families as well as the twelve children who came to us. It wasn’t uncommon for an older boy to have dreams of going out on his own and even to go back to his village. When the school director gave Pedro a choice of shaping up or leaving he opted to leave.

The next morning Pedro was on my step right on time. The trailer that was my home at The Pines was on a cement patio with a roof over it, so Pedro and I sat out in the shade that overlooked the campus and the children’s homes. One of those houses had been his home growing up, and now he regretted his behavior that cast him out into the cold, hard world.

Pedro had no idea of what I might say, probably expecting some reproof for the behavior that had led to his situation. But I just said, “Pedro, tell me all about yourself. Tell me what you remember about when you first came.”

I was hardly prepared for the unloading of his heart that day.

He began, “I remember the morning of the massacre as if it were today. My father was on an errand away from home. There was just my mother, my little brother and our baby sister. It was still dark, but the noise of bullets awakened us. Mama must have found out that the guerrillas were there shooting people. There were screams and a lot of noise. She got me up. I was six years old. ‘Hurry, Pedro, dress quickly. We have to escape!’ she cried. Soon, she had the little ones ready and told me to take my brother’s hand and follow her. She had the baby in her arms, but just as we left the house, the baby started to cry, and she knew it would attract attention, so she stopped behind the house and sat down on a log to nurse the baby.

Just then we looked and across the way we saw a man with a gun pointing at us. All I remember is that he shot at Mama and hit her in the chest. The blood was running down on the baby. She cried to me, 'Pedro, take the baby and your little brother and run to your uncle's down at the river. Hurry!'

"She was hurt and couldn't get up. 'I can't leave you, Mama.'

"But she cried, 'Take the baby, quick, and run!'

"I had to obey, and started off with the baby in one arm and my little brother by the hand. But I looked back just in time to see another bullet hit Mama in the head and she fell over."

By then Pedro put his head down as the tears rolled down his face. My tears were falling too. All I could do was to take Pedro in my arms and say, "I am so sorry. I never knew what happened to you that day."

It was a little while before Pedro could speak again. "I'm sorry, Mami Fleck, that I didn't behave better. Can you forgive me?"

"Of course I can forgive you, son, and you must understand that God can forgive you too. Also, Jesus understands what you have gone through. He loves you and wants you to know that He is coming back and you can see your mother again."

We talked about the possibility of being reinstated in school. He believed that I would have to intervene. I assured him that I would talk to Juana and that she would go with him to see the director. He told me more about his situation. His father had come back and found his family gone, and he had remarried. The new mother didn't want Pedro around. He hadn't found work, and his home at The Pines was looking better and better. We knelt to pray and when Pedro left he had a smile on his face. "Thank you so much, Mami Fleck. I won't disappoint you."

Pedro stayed and graduated the next year. He didn't forget our visit. There was a lovely card for me the next Mother's Day, and when I visited The Pines, there was one boy who gave me a special welcome. When Juana and I discussed the situation that day I told her, "We must always let children know that, even when they stray or make mistakes, there is forgiveness, and that their Heavenly Father is always waiting for them to come back and be forgiven."

Pedro is just one boy whose life was changed because of the cooperation and generous support of people like you. Without our faithful ICC Family we would have been helpless to make a difference in the lives of hundreds of children. This Thirtieth Anniversary Year we can look back and see how far God has brought us from such a small, humble beginning. Be sure to save the date of May 3 when we will have the grand finale of this celebration. And remember to include ICC in your prayers and in your support. What we do for God's little abandoned children here on this earth we are doing for Him.

With our love,

Alcyon and Ken



Alcyon & Ken Fleck - Founders