

*...ating the next generation,
Christ.*

Ndola, Zambia

How Far We've Come

Vince Smith

Chairman, Haven of Hope Ministries

The building project is well underway at Haven of Hope, Ndola. A brief history: Haven of Hope was able to pay cash for a beautiful 2 Hectare (almost 5 acres) piece of ground in June of 2011. The property is within walking distance of the building our children are currently meeting in.

In December 2011 the US team that traveled to Zambia had the privilege of participating in an awesome dedication service with our children and their caretakers! After more than 6 long months of waiting, our Zambian architect was finally able to get us the drawings and an estimate of building costs in February 2012. The bad news, those estimates came in almost 80% higher than we had anticipated. Our best educated guestimate was \$100,000, the actual estimate came in at almost \$180,000. The good news, there are several things we can do to reduce those costs.

A few ways the cost will be reduced will be by providing some of our own labor and making our own bricks. One of the most significant areas of savings could come though if Haven of Hope were to receive tax exempt status in Zambia. Haven of Hope in Zambia is officially recognized by the government as a non-profit organization otherwise known as an NGO (non-government organization). The NGO status offers Haven of Hope many benefits, but there is still one step that the Zambian Government is dragging its feet on. That step is granting us tax-exempt status. John filed this paperwork well over a year ago and things are now held up in the government offices. John visits those offices regularly and continues to receive the standard Zambian government reply, "Come back next month."

The tax in Zambia is 16%. Receiving this tax-exempt status would immediately save more than \$25,000 in building costs. PLEASE JOIN US IN PRAYING THAT THE GOVERNMENT WILL RELEASE THESE PAPERS SOON!

We would much rather spend that money directly on the school and the children rather than paying taxes.

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Another tidbit of information about Zambia is that when an NGO purchases property, it has one year to begin construction or the Zambian government could reclaim the land. Therefore, we did not delay and started digging the footers in June 2012. While there is no threat that the government will reclaim the land, we are still short of our financial goal for completing the building project for our students. We are committed to remaining debt-free, so we will build as the money is available. See page 8 for more details.

Will you please prayerfully consider what you can give towards completing this project? Maybe it's a one-time gift or maybe you can commit a certain amount per month over the next three to five years? Please let us know! Please, share the Haven of Hope story and invite others to get involved in saving orphans in Zambia both physically and spiritually.

The children can't wait to get into their new school building! As Shannon Morrison reports after spending the past seven months at Haven of Hope, the children spend their time discussing whether they'll get to be in the new building before they graduate from Middle School. Let's not keep them waiting!!

We know this is a God-sized task! We are trusting Him to provide!!

Because it Matters,
Vince Smith

***Faith is being sure of what we hope for and
certain of what we do not see.
Hebrews 11:1 (NIV)***

From John Banda's Desk

*John Banda, Director
Haven of Hope Schools*

In 2005 I met Carol, Brian and Ireen Mbuzi when we carried out a baseline study on the orphaned children in Nkwazi Compound. The Mbuzi's were living with their father who had just lost his wife and a mother. Mr. Mbuzi was not very well. He was struggling to take care of his three children due to his alcoholic habits. His income was used to support this habit. I personally interviewed Carol and Brian and from that interview I gathered that these children needed education. The family was malnourished and did not have enough to eat.

When we started the School in 2007, I had in mind Carol and Brian and I invited them to join the first students. It was very fulfilling to see Carol and Brian Mbuzi grow academically and to watch their health improve. Later we brought their sister, Ireen, to join us at Haven of Hope. The Mbuzi's attended the school until Brian's attendance began to drop and eventually he left school for good. We did all we could to keep Brian in school but to no avail. Carol, on the other hand, has excelled to go to grade 8 and is doing very well at her new school. The teachers have good things to say about Carol.

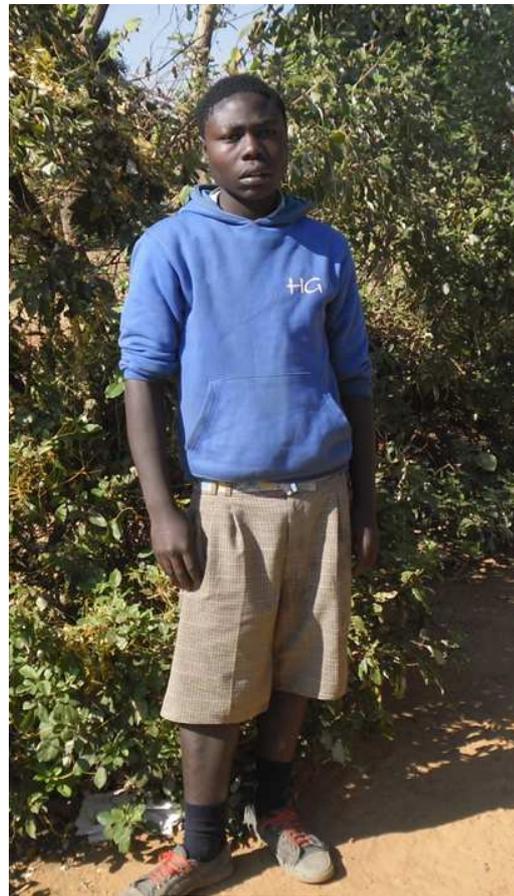
Unfortunately, this is not the case with Brian. I met Brian recently on the street and he is doing drugs and abusing alcohol. I invited Brian to my office and we walked together down memory lane. Brian's life on the street has not been easy. It has been a life of abusive language, fights and abusing drugs. I was fortunate to meet him in his sober mood. I could see as I talked to him that he regrets the decision that he made to drop out of school.

He also had an opportunity to talk with his old school friends like Isaac Chulu. I am sure the time Brian spent with Isaac was a learning experience for him.

It is very easy to take for granted the goodwill of people. That is why I feel compelled to teach the children the value of thanksgiving. They should make the most of every opportunity and use it to their advantage. If Brian had taken the opportunity that was presented to him, he would not have been in this present situation.

Most importantly, I had the opportunity to lead Brian to the Lord Jesus.

Pray for the children, staff and our families that God will continue to bless Africa and grant us wisdom to take care of our lives.



Jzi

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Morrison returned home with the n June. Amy Munn, who traveled remain in Zambia, working with r. It was a changing of the guard, of ned, but both journeys brought life n whose hearts have been changed mbia with Haven of Hope. Please is they continue where God is



my & Shannon in Zambia

en of Hope -- their very e the children visited a children have never left the ; any of the animals that l as, giraffe, sable, impala s also a great opportunity



Albert & Abraham on the bus.



the snake skin!!



Amy holding a snake!



At the crocodile area

Shannon Back in the USA

*Shannon Morrison
Haven of Hope Missionary*

Thank you all for praying for me and supporting me in my journey to Zambia. It's hard to sum up 7 months of Africa simply. I had a lot of different experiences of all kinds. It was quite difficult to say goodbye to the kids at the school who had become my family in the time I was in Zambia. Everyone there was very kind with taking me in and treating me as one of their own.

The schools that we have in Ndola and Luanshya are making a difference in these children's lives. For many of the kids, Haven of Hope is their family and is the one safe place they know. A couple kids will even linger around after school because they don't want to go home. My heart aches that they have such homes that they don't want to go to, but I have to realize that Haven of Hope is paving the way for these same children to change the way their community is. Not only do our kids have a safe place to go, they will also receive an education.

The exciting part is we are striving to make this education better than what the kids would receive in the government schools, this is great news! We already have evidence of this coming true with our recent 8th grade class. Haven of Hope is an ongoing mission with ongoing needs. We are always seeking to improve the education we are giving these students. Right now our students in Ndola are anxiously awaiting the new permanent school building. However, we are in need of some more funding before completing this project is possible. I'm excited to see how our possibilities will explode once we have this building project complete! It will be such a great avenue to bring in more kids to our school and the education opportunities with our inclusion of a library and multiple classrooms will be amazing to see!

Words cannot express how awesome it was to see God provide for me throughout my stay in Zambia and I look forward to seeing what else God has in store for Haven of Hope.



Some of you may wonder what is next for me. Right now I will be working part-time with the church and Haven of Hope for the remainder of the summer. Just because I am back from Africa doesn't mean I'm done helping Haven of Hope; it will forever be a part of me.

Now that I'm back I'm excited to be sharing with you all what I've learned about Haven of Hope and your precious little sponsored children. Please don't hesitate to ask me questions about your sponsor child or the program in general. I would love to come meet with you, your church, or organization to further discuss Haven of Hope. If you are interested, contact me at s.e.morrison22@gmail.com or call the church office at 814-238-5913.



From Amy's Blog...

Amy Munn

Haven of Hope Missionary

Posted July 18, 2012

101.

It's been over a month and I'm still trying to find the right words to describe this whole experience. For now, I figured these were some things you should know about life here in Zambia:

I am temporarily staying with the Banda family in Luanshya (a very small town where our 2nd school is located). There are 6 of us staying in the house: John and Charity (who run Haven of Hope), their 5 year old son, Daniel, their niece, Womba and their nephew, Adolf.

It's cold here. Really cold. From 18:00 when the sun goes down till about 10:00 the next day you can find me bundled up in as many layers as possible. This is because we are currently in Zambia's "winter," although it works more like America's fall in that some of the trees lose their leaves and it's quite windy.

There are people walking EVERYWHERE at EVERY minute of the day. Children walking to school, woman carrying giant bundles on their head, men making their way to the mines, or friends just passing time. Hiking (aka hitch-hiking) is quite common in Zambia, and there are always truck beds filled to capacity with people coming to and from work.

When you don't feel like walking, you hail a taxi for a whopping \$0.60. There are legit taxis and then random people with cars who want to make some extra cash. They honk at you to let you know they have an open seat and then continue honking during the drive until their car is full. These cars generally have broken window shields due to the poor road conditions and the passenger's side is usually covered in stickers supporting the driver's favorite football team.

Nshima is the staple meal in Zambia. It's ground up maize that is then made into "cakes" that look like mashed potatoes but are thicker. You eat this with your hands and dip it into the "relishes" of meat or vegetables. Most people in Zambia eat nshima twice a day if they can afford it, and consider any other meal without it just a snack.

There are over 73 tribes in Zambia, many of which are known for a specific type of strange food that they eat. For example, the Bembas are known for eating monkeys and the Nsengas for eating rats, although most people don't actually follow these traditions. The other day, I was asking our students which tribe their families come from and a large majority said Bemba (the most common tribe in our part of Zambia). John, a child from the Chirwa tribe, jokingly said we should start buying monkeys to cook at school so that all our Bemba students would be happy.

Because of the many different tribes, most Zambians can speak 3-4 different languages, depending on their family's tribal heritage. I always cringe when people ask me how many languages I can speak. Oh America and our "we only need to know English!" mindset.

Zambian time is MUCH different than American time. If you know me at all, you know that I'm pretty much always late; but here, I'm pretty much always early. Because in Zambia, being on time is being early and being 15 minutes late is being on time. The pace of life is completely different and most people knock off (end their day) by 16 or 17 hours. The rest of the night is devoted to resting, working in the garden, playing and eating dinner.

Everyone wants to go to America. Even in the poorest communities, you will see satellite dishes outside mud homes, and these people are mostly watching American television. Because they admire America so much, EVERYONE wants to get to know me. I've already had multiple taxi drivers ask for my number so that we can be friends and I can tell them all about America. For an introverted girl, this is a strange phenomenon.

An average teacher's salary at the government schools is 1.5 million kwacha, or about \$300 a month. Before taxes.

HIV/AIDS is still extremely high in Zambia, but most people still don't talk about it. There are still many myths surrounding the virus, which keeps people from getting the help that they need. Many people are afraid to admit that they are HIV positive, but I was blessed the other day to have a new friend open up to me about her status. It was not easy, but knowing that she trusted me enough to be honest was huge. It's hard to wrap your mind around a disease that causes so much devastation.

A major backlash of HIV/AIDS is the millions of orphans left in its wake. It is extremely common for children to move from house to house, living with extended family members temporarily until a better situation is found. The family unit is extremely strong in Zambia, and it often makes asking a child about their family very complicated. For example, if I ask a student how many brothers and sisters he has, he'll most likely count all of his cousins and any other children that live in his household.

Zambian people are the strongest people I've ever met. Physically, mentally, spiritually, emotionally. If you could see the conditions some of these people live in, or could hear their stories, you would be dumbfounded. And yet, they are the friendliest people in the world. They ALWAYS have smiles on their faces. They sing the most beautiful songs you'll ever hear. And they dance with more joy than I've ever seen.

So there you go. A quick glimpse into my world. I truly believe I was made for this place; or it was made for me. I have not once felt uncomfortable or regretted the decision to move here. I love everything about my new life in Zambia, and I can't believe I get to call it home. I am making true, trustworthy friends that I can be myself around, I am learning something new every day, and I am blessed with the ability to come alongside our teachers and students to help them reach the next level in education. God is good and I'm so excited to continue sharing this journey and this place with all of you!



Posted July 25, 2012

Moses.

I was walking to church with a friend the other day and she told me that she is HIV-positive. She told me how the only man she's ever loved gave her the virus without even telling her his status. She told me how she lived in denial for a year after finding out, refusing to take the medicine that would keep her healthy and help her live longer. She told me how the only reason she finally started taking them was her faith in Jesus. She told me how she gets splitting headaches and sores and rashes. She told me how she goes to the hospital by herself. She told me how she takes her medicine twice a day. She told me how she has to forgive the man who gave her this disease because he's dead and she's still alive.

She told me all this with the most beautiful grace I'd ever seen. And then we went to church where she danced and sang; a smile never leaving her face.

Charity and her sister Brenda told me about a 14-year-old girl named Memory, from the school where Brenda teaches, who died the other day. They told me how she was born HIV-positive. They told me how her parents both died when she was young, and none of her older siblings would take care of her because of her status. They told me how this girl came to school every day and gave Brenda a hug. They told me how she worked hard and never complained. They told me how the school had no idea she was sick or why she suddenly stopped coming to school. They told me how this girl sat in a hospital room for the last month of her life, and not a single family member visited her. They told me how the nurses and doctors adopted her as if she was their own. They told me how, at the funeral, these same nurses and doctors talked of her smile and how she sang worship songs during her final hours. They told me how her family brought her nothing but a torn school shirt to bury her in. They told me how the teachers at the school came together and raised money for that little girl's funeral.

They told me all this as we drove through the dusty, bumpy roads of the compound where most of my Ndola students live. The pain and frustration of living in this country that they love so much was clear on their faces and in their words.

My precious students come from many different backgrounds, but most of them have known more pain in their short 7, 10, or 14 years than I can possibly fathom. One student was abandoned by his mother when she remarried a man who didn't feel like taking care of her children. Another student stays with his uncles and grandmother because his mother has lost her mind and can no longer take care of him. One of our older students was removed from school for months at a time so he could instead go to the city to make money for his family. Most of them wear the same tattered clothing every day. They have cuts and bruises all over their bodies. Many of them only eat once a day, at school. And I'm sure some of them are HIV-positive due to the poor decisions of their parents, who are long gone by now.

And still they come. They come to school and laugh with their friends. They learn Bible verses and songs about how much Jesus loves them. They follow me around like baby chicks, clamoring to be the one to hold my hand. They giggle when I try to speak in Bemba and every day they ask, "Please, Teacher Amy, come eat nshima with us!"

This has become my norm. This chasm of difference. And most days I am able to move past it. Most days I can focus on being the change; the blessing. Most days I can distract myself with the tasks of teaching and loving these precious humans. But some days I am broken. Some days the injustice catches in my chest and I can barely breathe. Some days I fall to my knees asking God why. Why is my story so different from theirs? Why did I get to grow up in a loving, safe home with both of my parents? Why was going to school never a question for me? Why have I been spared so much pain and fear and suffering??

And then I remember Moses.

Moses, the Hebrew child who was spared. Who miraculously avoided the death that so many others suffered. Who lived a life of luxury in the palace of Pharaoh instead of the life of slavery he was born into. Who woke up one day and saw the chasm. Who could take it no longer and demanded justice. Who met God face to face and was finally blessed with an answer to his why's. Not because he was special or because God loved him more than the other Hebrews. Not so that he could simply live a life of indulgence and never look back. But so that he could save them all.

So that he could bring justice and grace and favor to an entire people group. So that he could perform miracles. So that he could live a life of purpose, not pleasure.

I am Moses. I was spared. I am privileged in a world of impoverished. And I pray that I see God's face every day. I pray that I never settle into comfort. I pray that I bring justice and grace and favor to every person I meet in this beautifully broken world.

I pray.



Follow Amy's journey on her blog at:
investyourlove.blogspot.com



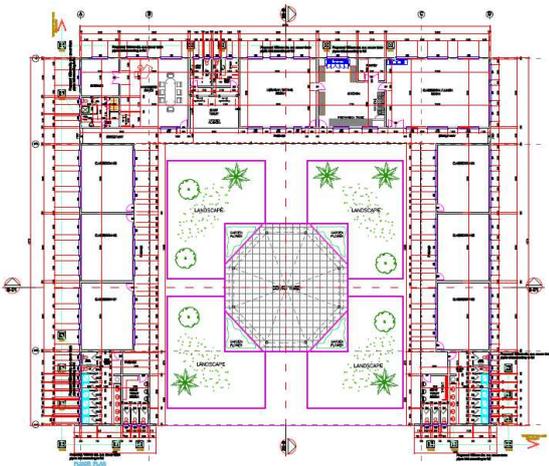
Building Update:

The fundraising campaign continues as we strive to finish the building project. We broke ground in June! The land has been purchased and the foundation work has been paid for. We will continue to work toward raising funds for the next layer. Will you help us build our school?

- Approximately \$0.75 per Brick
- \$75 is 100 Bricks
- \$750 is 1,000 Bricks
- \$18,450 buys all the Bricks to build our school

Our hope is that establishing a permanent presence in the community will help strengthen our ties and deepen our roots in Ndola. A permanent facility will also help to strengthen the church in Ndola by providing a place for worship on Sunday mornings as well as serve the community by offering a facility for job training opportunities.

Want to make a donation to the Building Campaign? You can send your **tax-deductible** gift any time to: Haven of Hope Ministries, 403 S. Allen Street, Suite 112-A, State College, PA 16801.



New Sponsor Waiting List

All of our students are currently sponsored!! Praise God!

New students become available quickly. We have begun to recruit the students for an entire class (at least 10) instead of individually. This allows the children to begin when school starts as an entire group instead of mid-session. It also creates a sense of continuity so that classes are not being disrupted by children coming in after classes have begun as they are sponsored.

For this reason, a **Sponsor Waiting List** is being established. Sponsors will begin their sponsorship immediately, and will be assigned a student at the start of the new school session. We are hoping that this new process will better ensure that all the children's needs will be met, better communication is achieved with the caregiver of the child, and our teachers will have more continuity in their classrooms. If you have any questions about this new process, or if you would like to join the sponsorship waiting list, please contact Marci Bidelspach at:

marci@havenofhopezambia.org



Financial Goals

Here is an outline of financial goals that Haven of Hope is striving for:

- ❖ We are looking for generous people interested in making a financial commitment toward John Banda's salary. Sponsoring John and his family with an ongoing, monthly amount would allow him to focus completely on the Haven of Hope ministry.
- ❖ Join us in the Building Campaign. Funds raised will finance a permanent school facility in Ndola, Zambia. All donations are tax-deductible.

Upcoming Trips to Zambia: Join in!!

December 2012 – A trip is being planned tentatively for the week after Thanksgiving this year. If you are considering joining this travel team, please let us know by **September 1**. This travel team will have the rewarding experience of delivering the Christmas gifts from sponsors to the children at Haven of Hope.

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