

News Of Hope

LEBANESE EVANGELICAL SOCIETY FOR SOCIAL WORK & DEVELOPMENT



Giving hope to the unwanted

PRAYER REQUESTS

- Qualified volunteers & staff.
- Create a better future to our kids.
- Funds for diesel during the cold season.
- Prevention from diseases & sickness.
- People with heart for kids to work at HoH.

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AT HOME OF HOPE, I LEARNT...

This testimony below is given by one of our kids currently residing at Home of Hope Lebanon. As director, this kid's story motivated me to keep on doing my best & provide the best for our precious children.

Maher Tabarani

I was brought to Home of Hope when I was too young. I tried to escape several times but every time I did I used to come back by myself. My family does not want, they are blaming me for what my father did "he murdered my mom", I was always thrown out by my grandmother and aunt, but if I was welcomed home

sometimes that would be either to force me to work on the streets and bring them money, or tell my story to some people saying that I am an orphan my family is looking after me so they can financially benefit from them.

At Home of Hope I found the place where I am loved, cared about, & given everything I need without begging for it or having to give anything in return. I learnt how to respect & be respected, I learnt how to love & be loved, I learnt that I have rights: the right to learn, the right to play, the right to have a decent meal & a warm bed. At Home of

Hope I learnt that it is important to have friends, I have everything a child dreams of, we have computers, we participate in camps & activities. Now I'm never kicked out in the middle of the night under the rain, I never sleep hungry again. I miss my family, I call them so they can visit me, but deep inside I know that the only real family I have is at Home of Hope Lebanon, where I feel safe, happy, loved, & respected. The most important thing for me is that I AM LEARNING.

13 yrs old boy

LUCKY OR BLESSED

Exactly one year ago no one encouraged me to come back to Lebanon even my close family living in Beirut literally said: "Maher you are crazy don't come back the situation is dangerous & Home of Hope is not a good

place to work at". Luckily I ignored their recommendation. After one year of being director, I discovered one very important thing: I AM BLESSED. I'm blessed because God gave me the chance of serving these kids, I'm blessed because these

kids are showing me how privileged I am, I am blessed because Home of Hope kids are so generous to allow me to make major changes in their lives. THESE kids are MY kids, they're the best teachers & I thank them for the valuable lessons I'm learning

HOME OF HOPE LEBANON

KAHALEH, ST. LUKE STREET
LEISWAD BLDG

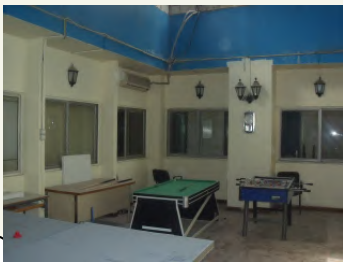
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NEW BANK INFORMATION

For your donations:
**LEBANESE EVANGELICAL INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL
WORK & DEVELOPMENT**

USD IBAN : LB43 0001 0005 5266 1512 0030 4001
LBP IBAN : LB53 0001 0005 5266 1512 0010 4001

SWIFT CODE : FSAB LB BX
FRANSABANK – HAZMIEH BRANCH



ANOTHER DREAM
TURNING THIS
ROOM TO A
LIBRARY. PLEASE
CONTACT US FOR
DONATIONS.

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED



Thanks be to God first & to our donors, we accomplished our new dorm project. The older girls are enjoying their privacy & their teenage years. You are all welcome to come & check how gracious God is with us.

Once Upon a Child

Once upon a time, a time much like your own, lived a little girl named *Profit*. She lived alone with her mother and father, but she rarely spent any time with them. *Profit* could scarcely remember a time when her mother was home in the evening. Her mother would commonly bring strange men over to the house for short periods of time. Sometimes when *Profit* came home from school she would find her mom with these strange men in the house.

As she grew up she began to realize what her mother did. One day her mother came and told *Profit* to get dressed and come with her. Hesitantly, *Profit* wore her clothes and went with her mother. The place they went to had many strange men and many women dressed like her mother, in flashy revealing clothing. *Profit* was scared and begged her mom to take her home. Her mom disappeared for some time, and after what seemed hours, returned and took *Profit* home. However, the little girl promised herself she would never go to a place like that again.

A few days after *Profit*'s mother told her there were some men who wanted to meet her. She knew what that meant, and so the next morning she put some clothes in her school bag, waited for her mom to leave, and ran away. *Profit* knew that she had to go to the police. She searched for a policeman and finally found one, who took her to the police station. The police asked her many questions about her mother and father. When they had finished talking to her *Profit* told them, "I don't want to go home; I want to go to an institution".

That afternoon the police took her to a place where they said she will be safe. They arrived to a big building with a sign written above the entrance, "Home of Hope". She could see other children inside playing and others carrying books as they returned from class. She was met by a tall man who asked her what her name was. She replied confidently, "My name is *Profit*, but I do not want that name anymore". The man gently asked, "What do you want to be called?" She answered happily, "*Precious*".

Note: Once Upon a Child is a dramatized, but not exaggerated, narrative of a child previously or currently present at the Home of Hope