

# PCCR

PLAIN COMPASSION CRISIS RESPONSE





Picture of Anise and Shahed repairing a well in the rain. This shows how their rope tying technique successfully prevented the cylinder from falling down into the well. Even though the threads stripped out from the PVC cylinder, the rope kept it tied on to the pipe.

The well repairs remain the primary focus in the Rohingya camp. The hot season has increased the demand for repairs; the team has repaired around 180 wells per month in April and May. Well drilling is still in process. Five wells are completed in camp 8E, and 5 more are about to be drilled in Camp 7. However, there is some delay because three of the wells in Camp 8E are still pumping sandy water. Zainul is working with the drillers to have them inspect the wells and figure out the problem before moving on to drill the next set of wells. The following list shows the number of households that will receive clean water from the 5 new well installations;

- Block 10: 164 households (currently only one well)
- Block 22: 91 households (No well when we selected the location, but another NGO has also begun installing a well in this block)
- Block 62: 93 households (no well)
- Block 64: 136 households (only one well)
- Block 66: 84 households (no well)

Additionally, we are wanting to promote self sufficiency for the Rohingyas to repair their own wells. The well repair team conducted three training workshops to teach the volunteers how the pumps work and how to repair the most common problems. We also offered follow up training for those willing to follow the team and get hands on experience repairing wells. Sadly, this idea has not been as successful as we thought. Many of those who were trained were only interested to continue if they could get paid for the work. To meet the immediate needs for well repair, we reached out to other NGO's to see if they would be able to finance additional repair teams if PCCR could provide the training. There was a similar response to this idea: they liked the idea and were happy to send volunteers for training. However, after a week or two, their interest also declined. We have not given up on these ideas, but have learned that it will take time, effort, and organization to bring self sufficiency to the Rohingyas.

Communicating the gospel with words continues to be a difficult due to the language barrier. We are trying to invest our time with Zainul and Sawidd, as they are the best English speakers. However, we still find ourselves trying to say things several different ways in order to bring understanding. Perhaps if we can plant seeds in those who understand English, they could bring fruit and be able to share the truth of Christ with many Bangladeshis or Rohingya. Additionally, we began communicating with two indigenous missionaries to see if we could join efforts to reach the Rohingya. They may be able to provide audio players with the New Testament that the Rohingya could understand. They also said that they could help translate and distribute tracts for locals in Cox's Bazaar.

Sadly, the evangelism project is on hold due to visa complications. We have applied for another 6 month FD-7 project for well repair. If we are able to get N visas through this project, then we will be able to re-enter Bangladesh and continue our work. If complications continue, we acknowledge that perhaps God is closing the door and has other plans for PCCR. We are continuing to pray for God's direction, that His will could be made clear to us in how to proceed with work in Bangladesh. ■

*Since this article was written, God has opened the doors once again and enabled us to resume the work in the camp. Thank you for your prayers on our behalf.*



- If you have a house built out of more than bamboo & tarp - give thanks.
- If you have a house built on solid ground that won't slide down the mud slide when it rains a lot - give thanks.
- If you have a house with a window and a closable door - give thanks.
- If you have electricity - give thanks.
- If you have running water in the house - give thanks.
- If you have hot water,, toilet and a sink in your house - give thanks.
- If you have your sewer going into a septic tank - give thanks.
- If you don't need to leave your house to take a shower - give thanks.
- If you have a bed softer than one blanket or just concrete or dirt floor - give thanks.
- If you have blankets enough to stay warm in the cold season - give thanks.
- If you have heat & AC in your house - give thanks.
- If you have clothes enough for all your children to be dressed properly - give thanks.
- If you have a husband that has a paying job - give thanks.
- If you have enough money to buy meat - give thanks.
- If you have relatives that care about you, or any relatives at all - give thanks.
- If you have your partner, siblings, children, still alive - give thanks.
- If you have more than rice, some veggies, eggs, and maybe chicken or dried fish - give thanks.
- If you have a place for your trash to go other than everywhere else but in the trash - give thanks.
- If you have money to buy meat and to eat three times a day - give thanks.
- If you have a vehicle to drive to the store and other long distances - give thanks.
- If you have a husband who marries you because he loves you - give thanks.
- If you have a husband who wouldn't divorce you if you weren't able to bear & birth children - give thanks.
- If you are in love with your spouse and you both know it - give thanks.
- If you're educated enough to know when you or anyone else in your household has a fever serious enough to seek medical help or just a regular fever - give thanks.
- If you have a Bible in your home - give thanks.
- If you know the truth about God & who He is and what He's done for you - give thanks.
- If you grew up in a Godly home - give thanks.
- If you are a born again, saved by grace Christian - give thanks.
- If you were taught as a child that stealing, cheating and being dishonest is wrong - give thanks.
- If you feel wanted, loved, and cared for - give thanks.
- If you can leave your town, country, etc whenever you want to - give thanks.
- If you have a male adult figure in your life that provides for you - give thanks.
- If you can live in peace where you are and don't have to flee for your life - give thanks.
- If you don't have a horrible scene of your parents, family, siblings, or your babies being brutally murdered, running through your mind - give thanks.
- If you don't need to worry or be scared of the future, because you have God to trust your future to - give thanks.
- If your children have toys other than empty water bottles, sticks, and plastic to play with - give thanks.
- If everyone in your family is healthy - give thanks.
- If you have a loving church family - give thanks.
- If you have a blanket to wrap your baby in - give thanks.
- If you have more than a concrete slab & a hand pump water pump to wash your laundry with - give thanks.
- If you have shoes to put on each child's feet - give thanks.
- If you have a table & chairs - give thanks.
- If you have a set of clean, healthy teeth - give thanks.
- If you have a dentist that can help & fix your teeth when you don't have healthy teeth - give thanks.

~ Written from an American viewpoint of the dire situation of individuals (and as a rule, all) of the Rohingya refugees.  
From an American wife and mother of two after spending three months in Bangladesh



We are back in Iraq again after having spent five weeks in the States. During the time we were gone we still had somebody taking care of the most urgent food needs in the camp we have been working in. That usually consists of us being contacted by the camp staff when they find a family that has nothing to eat. These needs are rapidly increasing since the UN cut their food rations in half. Many people are again going hungry, and the people in the camps are increasingly desperate. Their future is still uncertain. Their homeland still doesn't have the infrastructure restored, and it is politically unstable. So here they sit five years later, in the same refugee camps. We keep asking ourselves what the solution is. Pray for an answer to that question.

The last several months have been different since we went to the states for five weeks during the month of April. During that time we started putting work into an orphanage in Mosul. The children living there are the children from ISIS parents who were killed in the fighting. Some of them have traumatic stories. A two year old girl was involved in a suicide bombing where the mother detonated a suicide vest where she killed herself, nearby Iraqi soldiers, and all her children except this girl.

Several years ago, a three month old baby came into this orphanage. ISIS had laid this baby out on the street, and acted like they will kill him. One at a time, three Iraqi soldiers dashed out to try and save this child. As they did so, they were promptly killed by ISIS snipers that were covering this setup. In the end an ISIS vehicle went to drive over this baby. Just before the wheels crushed him, a large dog ran out and carried this baby back to the Iraqi soldiers who had just sacrificed three men in an attempt to save this baby's life. This orphanage took in the baby, who was then adopted out.

Our first project there was rebuilding a bus they desperately needed to transport their children to school and other functions. We were able to refurbish it, and it is now in great working condition. The people that run the orphanage also have a school where they teach disabled children. These children come from a distance, since it is the only place in the area where disabled children have a chance to get an education. It is located in one of the worst, war torn areas in the city of Mosul. We are currently working out the details to help rehabilitate this school, which will enable them to function more efficiently. We checked into the possibility of us doing some hands on work with the children, however at this point it doesn't seem like that will open up.

We have also been doing small food distributions where we are supporting several families. The refugee's food rations were cut in half for several months, then they were doubled again. It has created some struggling families.

We are spending time with several Muslim and Yazidi families. These people have become dear to us, and the one family we now call our Iraqi family. God is bringing hearts toward Him.

Pray for Iraq and the middle east. Many things are at a pivotal moment in time. Revival is sweeping Iran, and Syria, and we are praying for revival here. God bless you. ~ Daniel Beiler ■



The headlines flash across my phone, I read them one after the other. I don't know what to think. By now I have learned to do my research before I believe everything I see in the news. I decide that it's time to go see for myself. What is happening and can we at PCCR do something to help these people?

My wife and I arrive in Bogota, Colombia a few minutes before midnight and it is colder than I expected from a country so close to the equator. The elevation here is about 8,660 ft above sea level. As we settle in for the night, I have to think of those fleeing Venezuela. How do they manage with these temperatures hovering around 50°? Two days later we arrive at the border town of Cucuta, across the river from the town of San Antonio, Venezuela. We aren't sure what to expect. The news seems so divided on how bad the situation really is since Nicolas Maduro has turned down millions of dollars of US aid.

The steady stream of people pouring across the border in the direction of Colombia is shocking. As we interact with people in the area, the common theme is simple, desperation. They are coming to Colombia for food, work, medical supplies, and anything else to help the dire situation at home. Hospitals are bleak, often having no water or even simple medication. Supermarkets have almost no food and the little they do have is old and too highly priced for the common person. Some of the ladies will cross into Colombia to sell their long black hair to have money to purchase simple necessities before heading back into Venezuela.

Everyone is very friendly and eager to tell us how they went from one of the richest countries in South America to their current state of desperation. They suffer from severe inflation. It's hard to completely understand, but here is really what it comes down to: If you had \$100 in your bank account a few years ago, that same \$100 is now worth 100th of a penny. All their hard earned savings, gone. Those that live close to the border will cross each day and try their best to pick up little jobs here and there before crossing each night. Others will just sleep on the streets because they have no idea what to do next.

Many of the people we meet have given up and are heading west with hopes to make it as far as Lima, Peru. A city of hope more than 2,700 miles away across 3 borders. That is as far as Los Angeles is from New York. With no hope at home, they begin the journey with their sights on Bogota, Colombia, 241 miles over the mountains. My wife and I have read about the treacherous route so we rent a car and set out to explore the route they will use to make the first step in their long journey. They start out with the hot plain of Cucuta stretching to meet the mighty mountains in the far distance. When they finally cross the hot plain the next few days consist of walking upwards. Imagine carrying a 1-month-old baby over that mountain, leaving behind all but what you can carry, not knowing where you are headed, what you will find there, or if you will have a warm place to sleep. That is not the exception, that is the norm. We stop at 'shelters' run by Colombians that are allowing people to sleep in their houses. Kind-hearted folks who can hardly survive on their own. There is always a big group of walkers but never enough blankets and space, so some have to sleep outside. The temperatures can dip below freezing at night, all summer long.

We have the privilege to hand out socks at one shelter and I am so amazed by the respect and sheer thankfulness of each person. Some of them are without shoes, walking all day, their feet blistered. All of them are shivering as we share out of the Bible with them. Most will tell you they don't know what is ahead, but they just couldn't stay any longer.

Our journey takes us into the bigger town of Bucaramanga, Colombia. Some stay here on the streets as they rest sore feet and legs. Others pass right through, using it merely as a stopping point. As they exit town they face once again the hot, dry and windy desert. Some Colombians refer to it as their own Grand Canyon. Mostly cactus grows here, with little to no shade along the way. Then abruptly the road begins to wind directly up the mountain again with nowhere to find rest. The road just stretches on and on. All along the road, the walkers are trudging along with children and their little school issued backpacks, carrying everything they have left. Some find rides with helpful truck drivers, others are forced to hand over the little they have left for a ride. The women, especially, are taken advantage of by the drivers. One driver even asked a woman if he could keep her child in exchange for a ride. She points to her baby sleeping in the shelter beside her and exclaims, 'I said NO!'. She, along with two other women have made it most of the way to Bogota in 7 days, a 241-mile trip, walking almost the entire way. ■

~ Shawn Zimmerman



Of course, the god that I was crying out to, didn't answer as I struggled to grasp what was happening. Even as I heard the gunfire behind me, felt the rough gravel bite into my bare feet and the occasional thorn rip open the skin on my legs, I really couldn't convince myself that this wasn't all a dream and I would wake up suddenly, safe on my own sleeping mat. After all, this wasn't the first time I had dreamed that Daesh, that dreaded force, had invaded Sinjar. Just last week Oli and I had overheard a few men talking about the way Daesh treated prisoners that they captured. It had been enough to turn my blood cold! Of course, we had tried to act tough and had made a show of not being afraid but that night I had awoken abruptly with images of black-clad soldiers still vivid as I shook my head, borrowed under my thin blanket and tried hard to go back to sleep.

Now I shook my head again, trying hard to wake myself from this horrible nightmare. Mom was carrying Hannah, Papa was urging us all on trying to get us to move faster as the mountain rose before us, getting steeper and steeper until we were almost crawling up the steep slope that was covered with rocks and low thorny bushes.

After what seemed like hours, we finally crested the top of the first rise and were able to move a little faster. Suddenly, a loud boom and a bright flash that seemed way too close! I jumped forward, tripped over a rock and fell. I tried to catch myself but felt pain shoot through my leg as I slammed it into a rock. For a moment I lay there, tears pushing to escape from under my eyelids, as all illusions of this being a dream were rudely shattered. I tried hard not to cry as I pushed myself back to my feet. As I tried to stand, I winced as pain shot through my leg again. Ignoring the pain I tried hard to keep up with the rest but thirst and sheer exhaustion combined with the pain until I suddenly crumpled in a heap. Papa stopped, "Demiz! Hurry! Daesh is coming!" His voice was urgent.

I gripped my knee, trying hard not to cry and numbly shook my head, biting my lips. He grabbed my arm and pulled me to my feet but my leg buckled. By this time mother and the girls had caught up to us. "Here" she said, "Climb on to my back and I'll carry you."

However, I knew she had been carrying my sister and was already tired. I shook my head. However, when Papa offered to carry me I agreed. Quickly he knelt in front of me and I grabbed ahold of his big, strong shoulders. He stood, reaching back to grab my legs, and headed quickly across the short flat stretch before beginning to climb once more as the mountain rose ahead of us.

My leg still hurt but since I wasn't putting weight on it anymore the pain eased some. For the first time since being so rudely awakened, I felt a small sense of peace as I gripped tightly to my father's strong shoulders. As the scorching sun rose higher into the sky, and the thousands of feet raised a cloud of choking dust, I buried my face in my Papa's strong shoulder and tried not to think about what was happening. Questions flooded my mind; where will we go? Where will we sleep? What will we eat? Will I ever get a drink again? Will I ever see Oli and Omar again? And the one question that I tried hard to push from my mind, what if Daesh caught up with us? There were no answers as we continued to walk.

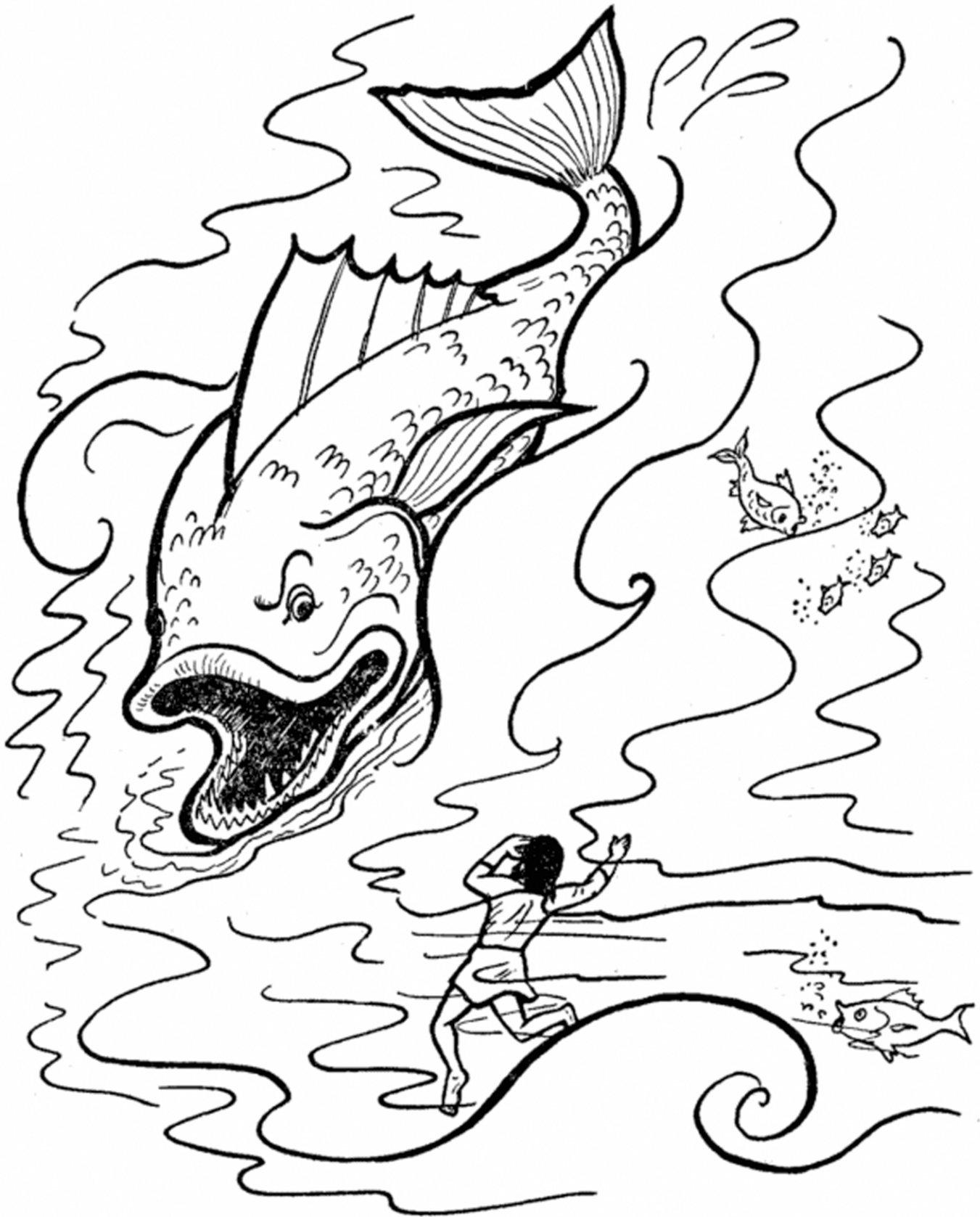
Finally, as the sun beat down without mercy, we reached the top of the steep part. Behind us we could still hear the sounds of fighting. In front of us stretched the mountains, rising and falling as far as we could see, parched and brown in the relentless August sun. "Come", Papa said, "we can't stop yet. Let's go a little farther".

After walking for a ways, we found a place where the rocks made an outcropping that provided a bit of shade. Here, hundreds of people were resting in the shade while hundreds more kept walking, determined to put as much distance between them and Daesh as possible. "We'll stop here and rest a bit before going on," Papa said as he knelt so that I could slide off his back and we all sat on the dirt, dazed, thirsty and tired. No one said a word as hundreds of questions raced through our minds without any answers.

*TO BE CONTINUED*

**ACTIVITIES • DID YOU KNOW THAT MOSUL, IRAQ WAS NINEVEH?**

coloring page



## PLAIN COMPASSION CRISIS RESPONSE

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## HOW YOU CAN GET INVOLVED

- Pray for us
- Host an event in your area
- Partner with us financially

## VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES

- We have volunteer opportunities working with the refugees in Northern Iraq. 1 month, 3 month, or 6 month commitment
- We also need a married couple to run the project in the camps in Iraq so that the current director can focus more on Mosul and other front line areas. This position would be responsible for the spiritual care of the short term volunteers as well as overseeing the household stuff and the work in the refugee camp.
- There are new volunteer opportunities to work with Venezuelan refugees in Columbia. 1 month, 3 month, or 6 month commitment. Positions include: those with medical training, spanish speaking volunteers, and daily operations volunteers.



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