

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

- Currently we have volunteer opportunities working with the refugees in Northern Iraq. 1 month, 3 month, or 6 month commitment
- We also need a couple to run the project in the camps 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.
- Check out our website and stay tuned for more volunteer opportunities.



If you are not on our mailing list and would like to receive this newsletter please contact us and we will be glad to add your name to the mailing list. If you would like to receive these in bulk to distribute to your church please note the number of newsletters you would like to receive. This is a free publication but our supporters can contribute towards the cost of this newsletter if they wish.



PCCCR

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Jason's update

One of the last roofs I helped with was for a young couple that was living in obvious poverty. The husband had a mental condition and was really hard to communicate with. Interestingly they could both speak perfect English. The roof had taken a beating from the hurricane but it was still on haphazardly. We tore the metal off, added hurricane braces to the rafters and restrapped the whole roof. There were some hiccups with getting the metal on due to the fact that the roof was off square by a foot, but it ended up working out ok.

The lady's father lived next door and he was onsite all the time we were there. At lunch time he went and got lunch for us from his brother who has a food truck. It did not take long to finish the roof as we had an exceptional crew from Canada. The young family and their parents could not stop expressing their tear stained thanks. I was blessed beyond words to be able to spend two and a half months in Puerto Rico helping the less fortunate. ~ Jason Stoll



Jeff's update

This new roof we just completed was for a middle-aged poor lady. It definitely was an inspiration rebuilding this roof, this lady had a really compassionate personality and very generous which made it a true blessing to work with. We completed a small second story roof above a washroom and two bedrooms. We replaced all rafters and strapping with new steel we also put on some soffit and fascia on as well, this made this project not only look a lot better but was an inspiration to the family and the work team! ~ Jeff Martin, Canada



Joseph & Sandra with their children, Jason & Sharmitra



PCCR workers in Bangladesh



playing games

Including today, I only have three more days in Bangladesh before returning home. These past few months have felt like another life in some ways and exceedingly short in others. I am so so so thankful that God has lead me on this journey and grateful that I get to know the place, culture and people of Bangladesh. Because of the people I have met, friends I have made and things I have learned, I long to stay in Bangladesh. But, I am thankful for this season and excited to see where God will take me next on this journey of being known by Him and getting to know who He is.

To fill you in on some details, Cheryl Jantzi and I left Bangladesh for a week to visit friends in Malaysia at the end of October. I was very inspired by seeing what Jesus was doing in their lives. We then came back to Bangladesh (which worked out perfectly in order for us to renew our visas and camp passes) for another month (and extension to our plans). Just before we left for Malaysia, the new team leader, Joseph Dueck and his wife Sandra (from Oklahoma, USA) and their two children, arrived in Bangladesh. Jimmy, the previous team leader, left a few days after we did. We were able to go into camp with Sandra the day we left so that we could introduce her to some of the women that we had become friends with.

Coming back after being gone for a short time was so fulfilling in being able to see the flourishing of relationships that we have been building. Some people who we have seen many times walking through the camp but never had any personal interaction with, invited us into their homes without hesitation and have treated us as if we have known them on a personal level. And with the women we have previously met with, we were able to catch up and go deeper in our relationships with them.

I love the flexibility that this culture provides and I love how God is slowly but surely increasing my dependence for Him every moment. I may have an idea of what a day of camp will look like going in, but it may be completely different by the end of the day. But I love seeing how the day goes because then I know we haven't just completed Jana's plan for the day, but rather joined God in what He was doing in the camp.

One thing that I have been struggling with, but learning a lot about is God's sovereignty and his steadfast love for his creation. When faced with starvation, chronic sickness, and disease at every turn, it is hard not to become hopeless in the face of mass need. Hearing about the multiple emotional and physical needs of just one family is heavy, and then realizing this is only one of millions who need love, care and support.

I am learning a lot about what real love looks like. Real love doesn't try to fix all the problems she is presented with, rather it is to sit and just listen, showing that someone does actually care and that they aren't just another statistic. It's hard work. Michele Perry captures this perfectly in her book, Love Has A Face. "Seeing has been a constant challenge here in Sudan (for me, Bangladesh). The need is often so overwhelming that some days I would rather just turn away. But love sees. Love pays the price to see even when it hurts, even when it costs. The cost of blindness is much higher. Destinies hang in the balance."

Thank you so much for praying and thinking of me. I love you all and I am excited that coming home allows me to see you all again. ~ Jana Wagler

BANGLADESH PRAYER POINTS

- The unrest in the the camps caused by the possibility that the Bangladeshi government may send Rohingya people slowly back to Myanmar (I have heard many say they would rather commit suicide than to go back to Myanmar where they again will become people without rights and will likely face death).
- Wisdom for Cheryl and I as we close up this chapter in Bangladesh with the people we have come to love.
- Update on prayer requests: In the last update, I had asked for prayer for our dear friends Jubeda, Saraben and Fatima. You can join me in praising God that we got their rations figured out and they now get enough for three people rather than one. And because of daily medical treatment, Saraben is doing a lot better physically. You can still join me in praying for complete healing for her diabetes.



We keep seeing a spiritual awakening in the Middle East, and things seem to aligning. One by one, we keep seeing people touched by the presence of God.

We are seeing a pattern where the officials we work with are deeply impacted. The impact is just as great or greater with them, as it is with the refugees. So we continue loving people, one person at a time. It is so much fun!

For five weeks we had a team of girls in a refugee camp. They were working with widows, girls that came back from ISIS, and people in the camp who needed a boost.

It is currently on pause until we have a long term team to carry the vision. We plan to add either language classes, sewing classes etc, in addition to visitations.

We have a team of guys that are doing maintenance - repairs on the medical clinics, and the schools that are in the camps. We are planning to transition them part time into doing something with men, which may include teachings, various classes etc.

I am currently building relationships with a lady who is in charge of two orphanages in Mosul. These orphans are the children of ISIS parents who either died in the battle for Mosul, or are in prison. We are looking at ways we can partner with them.

At this point they are not looking for volunteers, however they have renovations, and remodeling that needs to be done. One of the orphanages was turned into an ISIS base while ISIS had the city. They are now wanting to turn it back into an orphanage.

I spent a couple days in Sinajr assessing the needs there. We are still looking at the big picture of what will have the most impact physically, and spiritually. That does not come instantly.

Continue praying for Kurdistan, and the country of Iraq. There is a political shift happening. It seems to be a shift that is going toward God and His principals. Also pray for wisdom and discernment for PCCR as we move forward and strategize how we can have maximum impact on the region, and the people who live here.

We appreciate your prayers, and support. Together we are making an eternal difference. - Daniel

BOOM!

I felt the very ground shake! Outside, I heard people screaming. Closer, I heard my dad screaming desperately for us children to run! Run!

Run? Run where? What was happening?

Quickly, I grabbed my trousers and pulled them on. I headed for the door, pulling my shirt over my head as I went. Suddenly, hearing a whimper in the corner, I stopped in my tracks. I turned quickly. Huddled in the corner, a blanket pulled up to her chin and wide eyes staring at me in fright, was my little sister. At that very moment, my mother came running into the room, almost knocking me onto the floor in her hurry.

“Deniz!” She screamed, “run!”

Run? Run where? I bolted out the door, nearly colliding with papa. “Papa,” I said. “What’s happening?”

He didn’t even take time to answer me. He simply said, in a voice that I had never heard before and that sent chills up and down my spine; “Get in the car. Quickly! Quickly!”

I didn’t bother to argue with him. From outside I heard the news that gave wings to my feet; “Daesh!” “Daesh!” I turned quickly and saw my youngest sister standing hesitantly outside the door. Having been just awakened and thrust out of the house with the command to ‘get in the car, quickly’, she wasn’t sure what to do. I ran back, grabbed her hand, and said; “run!”

Quickly, we piled into the car, along with my older brother and three other sisters. All of us piled into the backseat made for a tight squeeze but that was the last thing on our minds at that moment. I was just really glad that my papa had a good job and could afford to have a car. Right now, I just desperately wanted to put as much distance between the feared Daesh and myself as I could.

Suddenly I happened to think of all the stuff I was leaving behind. What about the toy gun I had painstakingly carved out of a piece of scrap wood? What about the knife I had been given at last holiday? What about all the treasures I had collected over the years? What if we never came back? “Wait! What about my...” But I was cut off by Amar.

“There’s no time!” He seemed to know just what I was thinking, “We must go, now!”

Just then Papa slammed the door, threw the car in gear, and lurched into the street. Turning, he gunned the car out towards the main road. I threw one last look over my shoulder at our house as it faded quickly in the darkness. Would I ever see it again?

Suddenly, I was slammed forward against the seat in front of me as papa slammed on the brakes. I looked up and saw the street in front of us clogged with cars, trucks, and people, all heading for the mountain. I even saw a few tractors and donkeys mixed in with the throng. Usually, about 88,000 people lived in Sinjar but now, with the threat of ISIS looming, many people had moved from the villages spread out among the olive groves and wheat fields to the perceived safety of Sinjar. At this moment, it seemed as if every single one was trying to go up the same road that led to the mountain. My head felt like it was spinning. I still hadn’t quite grasped the severity of our situation. Right now, all I wanted to do was turn around, go back to bed, and wake up in the morning to find that it was all a nightmare.

“Oh no! This can’t be happening!” I heard papa shout. In frustration he laid his arm on the horn. “Get out of my way!” He shouted. Seeing a small gap between vehicles he lurched the car forward and joined the stream of vehicles moving for the mountain. I heard mom in the front seat, crying out to Allah to save us as we inched along. It seemed to take forever until we reached the edge of town. Here, the paced picked up a little as the people on foot were able to spread out a bit and make room for the cars and trucks. However, It took us over an hour to go the half mile or so to where the road hit the mountain. Right now the very mountain that we thought would save us was working against us. My people have used this mountain as a natural fortress for generations and the only road leading up the mountain from this side was designed to slow down any possible intruders. More than 30 switchbacks meant that no one could go up the road fast. This was designed to keep our enemies from coming up the mountain. Now, it was keeping us from fleeing. In front of us, hundreds, thousands even, of people, cars, trucks, tractors, sheep, goats, and donkeys were all trying to go the same direction at the same time. Behind us we could hear gunfire as ISIS entered the town. We were trapped in the middle!

As soon as he could, papa steered the car onto the dirt shoulder in a vain attempt to get past the throng of people fleeing for their lives. He was able to gain only a few yards as everyone else had the same idea. In a desperate attempt to save his family, he steered the car across the field, leaving the road that was so full the traffic wasn’t moving at all. “Hang on!” He shouted as the car rocked and bounced. He headed straight for the mountain across the rock strewn field. My head bounced off of the ceiling. A few times I was thrown against the side of the car. At this point, I was just glad to be moving. Moving toward the mountain. Moving towards safety!

Suddenly we stopped again. I looked up and peered through the murky darkness. The headlights revealed what none of us wanted to see. We had crossed the field and come to where the road was the only way to get a vehicle farther up the mountain. Here, the road cut up the sides of the mountain in a series of switchbacks cut into the hillside. Beside us, the mountain rose up, it’s rocky sides disappearing into the dark. In despair, papa dropped his head. He sat there, not knowing what to do, for what seemed like a long time but could only have been a second or two. Suddenly, a series of explosions rent the dark night behind us and he jumped to action. “Come!” He said as he banked open the car door. “Run!”

Run? Run where? Ahead of us was the towering mountain. Behind us was chaos. Gunshots, explosions, screams! All around us was a mass of people. Grabbing the few bottles of water, a bag of food, and a couple of blankets that someone had thought to grab, we joined them. The sun was just starting to rise and as it did as scene came to light that was worse than anything I could possibly have dreamed of even in my worst nightmares. Tens of thousands of people, the entire city, was trying to flee in the same direction at the same time. Cars were stopped everywhere. Some had rolled into the ditch beside the road. Some had overheated and shut down and been abandoned right on the road making things even worse. Everywhere, people were walking, running towards the mountain scrambling up the steep sides. I saw men and women carrying their little ones. I even saw a man with an old woman in a wheelbarrow trying to make his way up the road, shouting for people to move! move! Suddenly, heard someone calling my name! Turning, I ran quickly to catch up with my family. As I did, I stumbled over a rock. I threw out my hands to catch myself as I fell. I got back up and shook my head, trying to clear it from this awful dream but nothing changed. I moved to catch up with my family and we began the long trek up the mountain as the sun rose higher and higher into the sky, its hot, August rays already driving away any chance of coolness the night had brought. Ahead of us rose the mountain, behind us was utter terror. “God” I thought; “Where are you?”

~ to be continued

ACTIVITIES • MARCHING AROUND JERICHO

coloring page

