

PCCR

PLAIN COMPASSION CRISIS RESPONSE



There are tens of thousands of refugees that fled Syria to escape the fighting in Syria that are in desperate need of food, water, clothing and blankets.

"Syria"



SYRIAN REFUGEES

BY DANIEL BEILER

On October 9th Turkish forces started bombing Kurdish occupied towns and villages in Northern Syria. Since then an estimated 400,000 Kurdish people are caught in the middle of this conflict and have fled for their lives. Now, hundreds of them are coming across the border into Kurdistan every day.

The KRG (Kurdistan Regional Government) has set up a receiving station where the refugees are processed. They are identified, registered, checked by medical personal and held there until they can be sent by bus to the refugee camp. We have been providing water and food to the refugees as we are able to. The government is asking if we can do more. Yesterday one of the Generals in charge of the refugees called Daniel (Country Director in Iraq) and asked if there's any way we can help them with food and water. So far, we have provided the refugees with more than 10,000 bottles of water and 5,000 packs of food as they are brought into the bases to be processed. Daniel is currently in communication with the government officials about how we can continue to help.

At this point there are two refugee camps that are available to house the refugees once they are processed at the border but there is still housing needed for hundreds of thousands of people (the average camp holds about 20,000 people). The government is scrambling to come up with a plan to meet the needs of so many people. Our team is doing what they can to bring aid to them as we have time and funds. As always, this is a golden opportunity to share the love of Jesus with these people who have known fear and hate for all their lives. Now we can show them something different. Please pray for our staff: that God would sustain them through this intense time, that God would keep them safe, and that they would know how to use each opportunity to share the gospel with not only the Kurds but the military and government personnel as well. 🇮🇶



This lady didn't have enough clothes for her children, and several of them only had a bath towel to cover themselves.



The Syrian refugees have started coming across the border into Iraq. Today I went to 2 military bases where they are holding these people until a refugee camp is ready for them. Most of them were sitting or lying on a concrete floor, and some didn't have much to eat in 20 hours. At the military base at the most remote border crossing, the commander was begging us to feed the refugees that were there. He said they have no idea how they will feed the 180 tomorrow, in addition to the 100 or 200 people that may come through the border tonight.



The man in the middle is Khabat. They fled the fighting in northern Syria, taking nothing with them. They came to the Iraqi border and were denied entrance, then 2 days later they came back again and were allowed in. Now they have no place to stay except on a small military base on the Iraqi - Syrian border. These people do not know where their next meal will come from, or what the future will hold. Turkey, the Syrian army, and ISIS are all out to get them. So they run once more



People waiting to be picked up by buses

We also met an 11-year-old boy today who had his entire family killed several days ago, by an airstrike that hit their house. He had just stepped outside the house when the airstrike hit, so he was fine, however he was right there as the house collapsed on his parents and 6 siblings



The last 4 days we delivered 9,700 bottles of water, and, 5,100 packages of snacks. We delivered it to the military bases at the Syrian border, where they gave each of the refugees a bottle of water, and a small package of food as they were brought into the military bases for processing and registration.

THY WILL, NOT MINE BE DONE

Poem by one of our Volunteers

I began my journey homeward
From a dreary path of sin
I surrendered then to Jesus
Victory in me He did win
Thy will not mine be done

At this point my eyes were opened
Men in darkness sadly walk
I began to show them Jesus
Of His power to men I talked
Thy will not mine be done

Then at once my burden deepened
Millions die without Christ's love
And a door the Lord swung open
He was leading from within
Thy will not mine be done

As I neared the open pathway
Expectation slowly built
Seeing God still working mightily
Sweet communion then I felt
Thy will not mine be done

As I neared the door yet closer
Suddenly and quickly it closed
My heart was then in deep confusion
Till my feelings I composed
Thy will not mine be done

Life grew dark and sometimes painful
My own self-will then I fought
In everything you must be thankful
He this lesson to me taught
Thy will not mine be done

Now I wait in expectation
Wondering what through me He'll do
And I give this exhortation
Let Him in your life lead too
Thy will not mine be done

May this be my repetition
As I walk the homeward path
Full surrender my condition
And this be my epitaph
Thy will not mine be done

PRAYERS & ISIS

by Daniel Beiler

This past year has not always been easy. In early summer we decided we are going to stop trying to make things happen, back off, and simply focus on prayer, God, and what He wants to do here. For ten weeks we maintained our relationships with government and military officials, neighbors, and friends in the camps. We did several projects in Mosul, continued some of the emergency work we have been responding to, like fire damage, and emergency food needs that came up.

But the thing we focused on most was prayer. We traveled to nine mountain tops and high places and prayed. We prayed for the principalities to be removed and for the land and the people to be redeemed. Some places we went to many times. The one place we traveled for three hours, prayed for five minutes, and drove the three hours home again. We had times of fasting, and had a total of six nights, of all night prayer and worship. Gradually we got the sense that something is opening. In July we started doing the paperwork for the community center and eight weeks later the paperwork was complete, the center was cleaned, and ready to go.

We are currently at the end of our third week of teaching. We have two teachers, and are teaching English, computer classes, and are doing a children's program. We are already teaching forty-eight people each day, and have the potential to be teaching 150 - 200 people a day with more dedicated staff. We are setting it up with a mixture of local, and international leadership. We put a Yazidi believer in as the center manager. Things have been going smooth, and there is already an open heaven anointing there that makes people want to stay. We have had challenges, but it feels like the hard work was already done in those months we spent focusing on God and prayer. It feels like it's going supernaturally smooth.

For many months I have had a passion burning for the 150,000 - 200,000 ISIS family members that are stuck in these refugee - prison camps around Mosul, and in Syria. Most of the Iraqi people hate them, where these family members get discriminated, and treated harshly. The common mindset is that it contaminates the whole family if there is an uncle, father, or cousin that was or is affiliated with ISIS.

Al Hol camp in Syria is the worst camp, simply because ninety percent of the adults there still believe in the ISIS ideology. The camp guards have lost control of part of the camp, where these female ISIS fanatics have acquired weapons, installed ISIS law, and are executing some of the people who do not bow to the ideology. Most of them came out of the battle of Bagouz. The camps in Mosul seem to have more of the innocent family members, although they are still hated as if they too would still be holding to the ISIS ideology.

CRISIS REPORT: IRAQ



Two days ago I had a three hour meeting with a Syrian who has access and connections into Syria. It seems that this guy can help us get into Syria and take us wherever we want to go. This includes Raqqa, Bagouz, Kabane, and the Al Hol camp. It means Syria is now open for us, although we're not sure what will happen now that Turkey has invaded Northern Syria. However, this connection is an answer to prayer. For 11 months we have been traveling out to the Syrian border, raising our hands, and praying into Syria. Those prayer seeds have now germinated and started growing.

What is the solution for these ISIS family members in Iraq and Syria? The local authorities, militaries, and the global governments don't have the answers, and they know it. Currently these people are stuck in refugee - prison camps. An entire generation is growing up in this toxic environment. They can't access much medical care, no education, and can't legally get married or hold government jobs. There they sit, becoming hard, angry, and bitter. Some people call it ISIS academy. The people here are at a loss for answers.

The only people that have the answers are the believers. We hold the answers. Yes, it seems overwhelming sometimes but we are continuing to be faithful in the opportunities that God has given us. By reaching out to the ones in the camps through the community center, we can introduce the love of Christ to not only the students but to their families, friends and even the whole camp. These people are hungry for a better way and we can show them what that better way is.

Thanks for your prayers and support, and for making this work possible. 🇮🇶





Shelter for the night



A light breakfast for weary travelers

Every day, approximately 5000 Venezuelans are forced to leave their homeland in search of food and shelter. More than 4 million have left Venezuela in hopes of finding security with more than 1 million having left in the last year. Most of them are heading into Colombia looking for work and a safe place to sleep. On foot, carrying a few belongings in backpacks and bags, many of them with little children, they have become known as the Walkers.

Venezuela is in the midst of a leadership struggle, with authoritarian President Nicolás Maduro facing challenges from opposition leader Juan Guaidó. Guaidó has been recognized as Venezuela's leader by many countries, including the United States. This leadership struggle has caused Venezuelan currency to lose most of its value, with inflation of more than 30,000%. To put this into perspective, if you had one million dollars worth of Venezuelan currency in 2014, that same currency would now be almost enough to buy one dozen of eggs. Most of the people crossing the border are without any savings, having lost it all to the hyperinflation.

PCCR first sent a team to Colombia this summer to see how we could help. On October 5th, I travelled to Colombia once again, this time with a young man who wants to take his family down there to assist with the crisis. We were able to connect with a local Christian man who has a burden to help the Venezuelans in any way he can. With his help, we were able to open a very simple shelter in a strategic location where the Walkers would wait overnight hoping to catch a ride with a truck or some kind hearted fellow for the trip across the desert on the way to Bogota. Many of the Walkers were sleeping in the open and heading out the next morning with empty stomachs unless someone was willing to give them a few bites of breakfast. Now we are able to provide bathroom and shower facilities, a safe place to sleep, and a simple but nourishing breakfast along with an encouraging message and gospel literature. We are also looking at the possibility of opening a soup kitchen in a different city where we have been told that, because of the remote location, the Walkers are not receiving much (if any) help.

There are so many opportunities to reach out, to be the hands and feet of Jesus, in Colombia. Most of the Venezuelans are from a catholic background and have mixed in parts of the idol worshipping religions found in the jungle regions of southern Venezuela and Colombia. We didn't meet anyone that was a true Christian. Neither did we meet anyone who didn't want to hear what we had to say about the true hope found in Jesus Christ.

Our vision is simple. To be the hands and feet of Jesus in Colombia. So that by reaching out with love, by meeting their physical needs of food and water, their emotional needs of safety and knowing someone cares for them, we would also be able to meet their spiritual needs by introducing them to the One who cares for them more than anyone else, Jesus Christ.

We ask that you would join us in this work by praying for the salvation of both the Walkers and the Colombians that we will be working with, for the safety and health of the volunteers, and that the seeds of the gospel we spread would take root and bring forth fruit in abundance. 🇨🇴

Thank you for your support.
Mike Stoltzfus, CEO

FINAL REPORT

by Daniel Schneider

I certainly did not expect to be back from Bangladesh this soon. Around a month ago, we anticipated that the current FD-7 would be extended for another 6 months, and we expected Jacob, Sarah, and Elijah to be joining us by the end of September. However, all of these plans were quickly changed when the NGO Bureau stopped processing projects for foreigners. This meant that Jacob, Sarah and Elijah were unable to get their visas, and Walter and I had less than a month to try to transition the project off so that it could be continued.

It might be needless to say, but those last few weeks were some of the busiest that we had experienced so far. We came up with idea after idea to try to find another NGO willing to sponsor the project so that it could be continued. After several meetings with UNHCR, UNICEF, World Vision, and others, it became clear that it was not going to be possible for anyone to simply take the project over as it was. The UN organizations are pushing for fewer NGO's to be working in the camps, and were not interested in sponsoring our project which would require partnering with the NGO we worked with, PHALS. Instead, they suggested that we provide documentation for a project handover, which would allow other WASH NGO's to understand how many additional wells they would be responsible to repair after PCCR withdrew from their work. They offered that we could provide our workers' contact information, and they would consider to hire them if they had need of additional repair technicians. This is not what we were hoping for, and most of the locals were not confident in the ability of other NGO's to be as faithful to keeping wells maintained as PCCR was.

In these last few days, it was discouraging to uncover more negative things about how the NGO's operated. We learned that most of the NGO's already had a repair fund, but it is likely that they have been pocketing the money, because no one has ever seen these organizations in the camp fixing wells. While it was discouraging to learn this, it was also neat to hear more about the reputation of PCCR as we had to start telling locals and staff in the camp that PCCR was needing to end their work. There was a unanimous opinion that PCCR was the only NGO in camp that people could count on to get things accomplished. They all agreed that they could not imagine wells being maintained without PCCR's help. While it was sad that our vision to nicely transition the project off was not met, it might be for the best. I hope that this transition point will help to expose financial corruption and help make the NGO's more accountable to repair wells. I also hope that this will be an opportunity for the Rohingya workers to learn more self sufficiency. When we left the team, we tried to encourage them that they were the ones that helped maintain PCCR's reputation in camp. Even though two Americans are leaving, there are nine local workers that can continue their hard work in the camp. We left the workers

CRISIS REPORT: BANGLADESH

with all of their well repair tools, as well as recommendation letters, with the hope that they will be able to find an organization willing to invest in them to keep repairing wells. It was just a couple days ago that the project officially ended work; I am hoping to hear soon that the workers react well to the situation and are able to independently keep the wells maintained.

From a spiritual perspective, the last few weeks were very fruitful. We had deep conversations with our translator, Zainul and another local that we met named Iqbal. Zainul is not far from the kingdom of God. We were able to leave them both with Bangla bibles, and hope to continue spiritual discussion over email and phone. Several other seeds were planted with tracts and conversations, including a long term contact with a Hindu background, Santush. We were also able to leave him with a Bible, which he was very grateful to have in his mother tongue. Even though I am not sure why doors closed in the way that they did in Bangladesh, I believe there was a great deal of spiritual breakthrough during the last month and hope that the seeds sown during this time will produce fruit.

Overall, it is very hard for me to express the impact that this trip has had on my life. I have learned so many things that it will take a long time to process everything now that I am back in the US and have some time to think. How should I live differently in the US when I know what people are going through in the Rohingya camp? How should I spend my money, when most people in poorer countries make significantly less than we do? Do the possessions that I own make sense, when I know that most of these luxury items are not accessible to the people in Bangladesh? How should I spend my time, when I am now surrounded by English speaking people that have significant spiritual needs? How can we live sacrificially so that we can have more resources to help other suffering people in a crisis situation like the Rohingya people?

Thank you to all of those who have supported the project in Bangladesh. I am grateful for the experience, and I will never be the same again.



As each day passed, things kept getting worse. Every day we heard of people dying. Babies and elderly had the hardest time of it. Mothers were running out of milk for their babies and babies were dehydrating. For eight days we stayed on the mountain, moving only when the sun wasn't too hot so as to conserve all our energy possible. We slowly made our way across the mountain range, not really knowing where we were going but heading in the general direction of Turkey where we had heard that there might be safety for us. The only problem was that the mountain we were on was completely surrounded by the dread ISIS army. We couldn't get off of the mountain and no aid was able to get to us.

The morning of the eighth day started pretty much the same as the one before with the sun slowly rising over the edge of the mountain, a red ball of fire that seemed to reach into the very center of my being. By this time we had not found any water for almost two days and my mouth was parched, my tongue was swollen and felt like a hard chunk of leather in my mouth. Last night we had heard that airplanes had been spotted to the East of us and that a helicopter carrying water and emergency first aid supplies had actually managed to land on the mountain. However, we had not benefited from this and when the helicopter tried to take off again to fly back to the base and return with more aid, the helicopter was overloaded with desperate people trying to get a ride off of the mountain and had been pulled sideways and crashed, killing the pilot and some of the people who had climbed onboard. What had been a bright beacon of hope had been suddenly dashed again.

As we sat there, huddled under a rock outcropping to try and stay in the shade, my ears suddenly picked up a rumbling sound that was slowly getting louder and louder. I sat there a bit and then stood up and walked out from under the rock outcropping and looked towards the north, straining my eyes to see into the haze.

Suddenly I saw it, an airplane headed straight towards us! "Dad!" I shouted excitedly, "Look! Help is coming!"

Suddenly, every one in the family was at attention, standing there in the dust watching as the plane came closer and closer. If I would have looked, I would have seen hope written on their faces for the first time in eight days. However, my own eyes were riveted to this plane, this beacon of hope, as it flew slowly and majestically closer and closer. Suddenly, from the back of the plane, a crate came tumbling, followed by a parachute. Then another, and another. We took off running in the direction of the falling crates, not knowing what was in them, knowing only that someone had heard of our plight and was sending aid.

It seemed like we ran for hours and we still hadn't reached the crates. Finally as we crested the last hill we saw a crowd of people already crowded around where the crates had fallen. As we pushed our way through the crowd, our hearts fell as we saw littered on the ground, a smashed wooden crate and bottles of water smashed and broken on the rocks with the precious water already drying on the parched ground. I fell to my knees and searched frantically for a bottle with a little water still in it but found none. The bottles that had not burst on impact with the ground had already been picked up by others who had gotten there first.

Dejectedly, we turned and walked a short distance before sinking to the ground. We sat there, not talking, trying to catch our breath as our last hope disappeared with the last drop of precious water into the parched earth.

As we sat there that evening, dejectedly staring into the distance, we suddenly heard another sound. The welcome sound of a truck making its way up the switchbacks on the North side of the mountain. However, by this time we were almost too exhausted to care, much less get excited about it. Our emotions were so wrecked by now that when the truck came around the bend and ground to a halt less than ten feet away from us, we just sat there looking at it until someone jumped off the back of the truck and came running towards us. "Come! Come!" He said, "The border is open, let's get you out of here!" ■

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.



STAY INFORMED

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