

**FINISHING PHASE II OF THE FENCE PROJECT ...  
DREAMING BIG FOR THE FUTURE!!!**



Phase II of the fence project has been in the works for a long time. Pastor Jeff Sutton has dubbed this project "the Nehemiah project" based on the Bible story from the book of Nehemiah. He and his church members of New Direction Community Church of Wilmington, North Carolina, have led the way for raising funds to build sections of the fence every summer. Even though they were unable to visit this year due to the pandemic, between the money they sent and some additional funding, we were able to hire local workers to complete the project!

Now that Phase II of the fence project is completed, the plans for the future are more in our reach. Here are some ideas for utilizing this additional fenced portion of property:

1. We'd like to build a Chapel with a multipurpose pavilion
  - to hold special ceremonies
  - to hold church services, especially when teams are visiting
  - to have Bible study outreaches on Saturday, similar to AWANA
2. We plan to build a Pulperia
  - to sell affordable hot food to the students, who usually have money for chips, but could benefit with a hot meal instead
  - to sell school supplies near the school, eliminating the need for the parents to run to town to buy the supplies
  - to rent out P.E. equipment: balls, jump ropes, to provide something for the students to play with
3. There's a great need for building a clean Bathroom with a source of clean drinking water
4. Construct another Playground as a play area for the students of the school during recess
5. Our hope is to build a small Library
  - provide books to read
  - to have a small computer lab for the kids to do their homework, set up with a printer or copy machine, making life easier for students, so they won't have to travel to town to do these things,
  - set up a game space for games such as Wii and Play Station to provide activities in the neighborhood
  - provide a place for our Spanish speaking visitors to read stories to children
  - provide special tutoring classes for reading, math, language or music lessons
6. We really need to build new classrooms

The space where the classroom now exists would be deemed part of the living space for family use. Ultimately, our desire is for everything that is ministry related to now be located on the Phase II property. This new fenced area will serve as an outreach to the community especially to the "Mama Tara" Florinda Flores school.

We look forward to this new chapter of growth and expansion in the story of Mama Tara Miskito Orphanage! We look to the Lord for His faithful provision! We serve a "BIG GOD" who is more than able to provide for our "BIG DREAMS"!!



**THE DAY OF THE CHILD**



"Dia del niño" is a national holiday celebrated in Honduras every year on September 10th. It is a very festive event which is celebrated in homes, schools and churches. On this day, children receive presents and have parties similar to Christmas or birthday parties. Some neighborhoods have piñatas on the street. The photo above shows how the Mama Tara children joined in this joyful occasion!



Our beloved Mama Tara, recognized as one of the top indigenous leaders of La Moskitia.

## Noah's Story



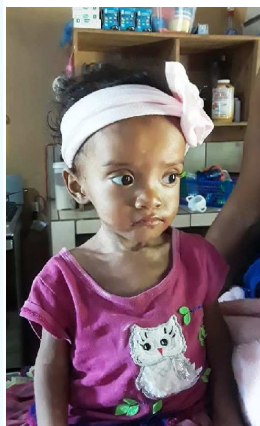
There are not sufficient words to describe the loss of a child. Within days, our family experienced this hollow grief twice. The first was my grandson, Noah Jasper. Many of you know that I was Mercy's sponsor, (madrina), when she was a little girl living at Mama Tara's. Some of you may know some of the challenges she has faced. I will not share those here, as her story is both hers to tell and still being written. Your prayers for her are very much appreciated.



Mercy's little girl, Helen lives at Mama Tara's, but Mercy has not been with us since June of 2019. In May of 2020, she gave birth to a precious baby boy. Although we are in quarantine, we brought milk, food bags, and baby supplies to help little Noah have a healthy start. I was very honored for the opportunity to name him. She, Kolby, and I sat on the edge of her aunt's bed in their one room wooden house in mid-May, pondering just the right name. We settled on Noah, restful peace, because he was a joy in the storm of Covid 19 and Jasper, red stone, because his sister's middle name is Scarleth, representing Christ's blood and because He alone is our Rock.

I saw Noah once every two weeks or so for the first three months of his life. I was really proud of how Mercy took care of him. She wrote about his days in a journal like I showed her. She let me know if they ever needed anything. However, her husband during this time was away. When he returned, he took her and Noah to his village. He did not make sure the baby had milk. The two did not communicate with me or ask for help. In only 11 short days, he grew weaker and weaker. When they finally called, I sent money for Mercy to come back to the city with the baby and took them directly to the hospital, where only a little over an hour later, Noah passed away from dehydration and malnutrition.

I can not describe the utter shock of seeing this preventable tragedy. There was (and remains) a piercing divide of mercy and justice. How do I minister peace and hope to the grieving heart of a young mother, my heart daughter, while my soul cries out for justice for the innocent life of precious Noah, taken seemingly, heartlessly? I wish I could tell you that I did a great job representing Christ. I hope I did. I hugged her. I stayed close. I cried with her. I spoke direct truth to her. We held an all-night vigil, (viewing), as is Miskito tradition. We made him a tiny tomb next to Piarka, his great-grandmother.



**The second story is that of sweet Ali**, a 23 month old baby girl who we welcomed into our home on Isaac's 6th birthday. She was from a village far away. She had been in the child protective system and reintegrated with her family. Unfortunately, she returned very malnourished. She only weighed around 13 pounds. We were so overjoyed to love her and try to nurse her back to health. Sadly, her little body just couldn't make the recovery. She was unable to absorb the nutrients in her food. She spent days in the hospital, cared for very lovingly by the beautiful team of pediatricians and our beloved nanny, Asucena. The two of them shared a tender bond from the moment they met. They even share their birthday!

We looked so forward to celebrating that birthday and seeing Ali recover like our sweet Ana, Isaac, Yosleni, and Lily. We are heartbroken, but so happy to have loved her well for the twelve short days we were gifted.

Great losses like these leave many questions to ponder, from poverty to sovereignty. We grieve the futures lost; we celebrate the lives lived. We worship the Maker of us all. We learn to love more deeply and serve more selflessly.

Remember our nanny, Asucena, I told you about? Could I share a little more about her? She is a volunteer, receiving only a bonus for her heartfelt work. She has been in quarantine with our family for six months, hardly ever seeing her own family. I learned so much from watching her beautiful service to the Lord, through our dear Ali.

She slept in my room next to Ali. She did everything that Ali needed, from diaper changes, cooking Miskito herbs to bathe her, to learning to feed her with a feeding tube. She slept next to her in a chair at the hospital, refusing to take even a break. She never once complained. She smiled as she gave her own food away to other struggling moms in the pediatric ward. She counseled the young ladies, made everyone smile, and preached the gospel with her beautiful service.

The day Ali passed; she was so deeply saddened. She was physically tired from giving 24/7 care and emotionally exhausted from the grief she was feeling. Somehow, she found the strength to help me clean and dress our dear girl one last time and prepare her body for viewing (there is no funeral home here, all is done by families). Then, she lay exhausted on the floor next to Ali's body, still refusing to leave her side.

I am ever grateful for this beautiful picture of Jesus in my Miskito friend's life. It is an honor to serve alongside such strength and humility. Thank you for your support of our staff and volunteers! Please pray for our family as we strive to love like Him in our times of joy and of grief. May His name be ever glorified!

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