



PRAYER REQUESTS

1. Pray for the 3 churches to be dedicated soon.
2. Pray for the students who are studying at university.
3. Pray for the medical team from Missouri which arrives in July.
4. Pray that we will be supported by CBN, Hyderabad in regards to a new bore well for our AIDS Project.
5. Pray for our financial needs.
6. Pray our staff will be healthy & efficient at work.

PRaise POINTS

1. Praise GOD, the land for the HIV Centre has been registered.
2. Praise GOD, we have enough donations to build two cottages for the HIV/AIDS Centre.
3. Praise GOD for the good final exam results achieved by the 10th, 12th class and nursing students.
4. Praise GOD the hottest summer months are over.



G S M NEWS MAY 2008



My name is Erin Raffensperger, and I'm an American in India. I'm working with the Good Shepherd Mission until August, and I've been charged with most correspondence work. Henry asked me to write this month's newsletter, but I'm having a difficult time finding the words. As usual, it's difficult for me to articulate the way India makes me feel, as if there is something happening here that is not expressible in the English language, or at least not with my vocabulary. But I suppose I already knew that.

I wanted to spend this summer at the Good Shepherd Mission for a number of reasons, most of which I'm still learning. I wanted to watch the people here go about their daily chores, I wanted to know the names of the nurses in the hospital, I wanted to sit on the front porch with Henry and sip hot, thick tea. Every day the Good Shepherd Mission happens around me and I am privileged to watch.

The children are around, returning from their summer holiday and filling the orphanages in Puttur and the village of Kolladam. Every day I meet more children and I watch them shouldering their backpacks and boasting of new notebooks as they leave for school. Most of them have very sad stories, but they study hard and laugh loudly. I met one boy with a bright smile and large eyes – eyes that must see for two. His aunt is blind and childless and he is wide-eyed and an orphan. They walk around the compound together, hand in hand. When I first met them, Henry said, "You see, they need each other."



Every day families come with children they cannot feed and beg for a seat in the orphanage, for a meal, for a ten-rupee bill. Henry provides. God provides.



One village came to Henry and his evangelist friends with fear in their hearts. They believed their village was cursed – under some sorcery or witchcraft. They wanted the people of the Good Shepherd Mission to come pray with them. We sang songs and read scripture and Praveen spoke words in a language that is strange to me, but about a God with whom I grow increasingly more familiar every day that I'm here.

I spend some mornings in the hospital and watch the doctors and nurses at work. If I get to the hospital early, before the heat of the day sets in, there is always a waiting area full of people who cannot afford good medical care, but receive it anyway. The workers are proud of what they do. The Good Shepherd Mission Hospital is set to open a new PT clinic in July, and has begun gathering the necessary equipment. Their excitement is infectious.

It is clear that Henry cares very much about the orphanages and the hospital, but his eyes light up when he talks about his new project: building a Care and Support Centre for HIV/AIDS and TB patients. Through private donations, we were recently able to acquire the land for the Centre, but must continue to seek funds to pay for the construction of the buildings. Henry's dreams are big, but his budget is small, so on faith alone do we proceed. Every day there are more people in desperate circumstances and they are not turned away. Some days I see the concern on Henry's face and I know that money is tight. Good Shepherd plans to start a Relief Fund—for Henry's relief, I think—which can provide money for unforeseen circumstances – the unforeseen



circumstances that plead on Henry's porch every morning. My first day here, I met a woman seeking work after she lost her husband to Hepatitis B and was left to care for her two boys alone. Henry gave them a room in the Girls' Hostel and pays for their food and clothing. A few days ago there was a widow who suffers from renal failure. She comes every month for money to pay for her blood transfusions. Today a Christian man came in desperate need of new glasses, saying he couldn't even see the words in his Bible, and his wife sat next to him and told Henry that she required a hysterectomy –

they fear it might be cancer. Their bills are paid out of Henry's pocket. These are the stories of people whose circumstances demand a Relief Fund. This is the need of Puttur right now, but the money must come from outside.

Being at the Good Shepherd Mission is simultaneously a different way of life than I've ever experienced and also a lot like coming home, like I never left, like I was meant to be here.

Thanks for all you do.

In Christ, Erin

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