

May 23, 2007

Mr. John Smith
123 Main Street
Middleton, OH 35134

Dear John,

Someone once asked me, “How do you ever get used to all the poverty and suffering you see in the places you serve?” My answer was simple: You don’t. My heart continues to break for the destitute mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters we meet every day. The need is so great that sometimes it’s easy to feel overwhelmed. But then, I meet someone like 8-year-old Magalia, and I know that I simply cannot give up. The consequences are too great.

Just moments after I met Magalia for the first time, she took my hand and led me up the rotting steps of her dilapidated house teetering 6 feet off the ground in Georgetown, Guyana. She looked so small and fragile as she ducked inside, where missing floorboards, bowing walls, and a rusted piece of tin – more a strainer than a roof – formed what bit of space she had to call home. I was there to listen, and Magalia was just about to tell me a secret.

Magalia’s family lives on less than \$2 a day. She tells me that she likes school very much, even if sometimes she has to go to school without any food in her belly. The remnants of the runny porridge she had for breakfast tell me that even when she does eat, it’s certainly not much. But Magalia doesn’t mind the hunger pains or her tattered clothing.

The worst part of her poverty-stricken life, Magalia says, are the rainstorms that come at night and shake the house so hard that she sees the walls move from side to side. She’s afraid that her house, raised off the ground to escape flooding, will collapse in the heavy winds. After all, it’s happened to her neighbors.

The houses we build are so much more than a sturdy structure to keep out the rain. The house your gift will build is a home, a place where children like Magalia can grow up knowing they are cared for and loved. Your gift of \$250 will help change a life forever.



As I stood up to say goodbye to Magalia, she kissed my cheek. As bad as it gets, she told me, smiling for the first time in our conversation, she hasn't lost hope. Then came her secret: "I see God in rainbows," she whispered. God talks to her all the time, Magalia said, and promises to bring her help.

**"I see God in rainbows. He
promises to bring me help."
Magalia, 8**

Magalia's family desperately needs a new home. She needs you to be the one helps answer her prayers. Will you save her from the rain and wind? Your gift of just \$500 will help give a child like Magalia a safe place to call her own.

John, we are the hands and feet of our Lord. God has promised Magalia that He will bring her help. You are the answer to that promise. Please, join with me today in building a home for the countless Magalias who cry in the night as the rainstorms shake their homes and threaten their lives. Thank you for answering Magalia's prayer and bringing lasting hope to a child's life. May our Lord bless you with your own rainbow of peace and comfort.

In His Service,

Jacqueline McFarland
President, Homes of Hope.