

17th November 1981.

Dear Friends,

Greetings from the "Garden School" and from every little bud that is blooming in there, fed by kind thoughts and kinder deeds of benefactors.

It was a pleasure to meet Magda. She showed genuine love and concern for our children and offered to help me through you.

In this my first circular I wish above all to thank you for getting involved in a project like this. I feel it would be appropriate here to share with you some thoughts on Poverty and Sharing.

"All that you do for the least of these little ones you do unto Me."
The Lord needs us.

The poor man, whatever his misery may be: homeless or godless: is a PROPHET. Even though voiceless, he speaks of change - of sharing, of life-style, of love and pardon. He invites the rich man to come out of his cold solitude and to open wide the door of the prison in which he has locked himself - the prison of sufficiency, security, knowledge and pretended powers.

The poor man, in coming to disturb him comes to save him. And if the 'rich-man' is attentive to the living word, which is the poor man, he will discover, in the depth of his heart, a hidden energy: the power of love which is his, to serve and to be a sign of the love of the Father. A source of life, hitherto blocked, springs forth - He is free.

Yes, the poor man, whatever his misery, is prophetic, because it is Jesus Himself who knocks at the door... of the rich man, at the door of our heart' - He comes to disturb us, He comes to save us.'

I have shared these thoughts with you not to preach to you, but to console you and congratulate you for getting involved with the families who live below the poverty line.

Magda has seen the homes of many of our children but I would like to give you some idea of their background.

The following personal classification may give you an imperfect idea of what these people are and where they live when they possibly can :

They are either pavement-dwellers or slum-dwellers or joint occupants of servants' quarters, co-existing for the night with any number of others like them.

Occupationally, they are either domestics (lower class of servants), coolies (unlicensed porters), street hawkers of a very poor type, or odd-jobs-men waiting for some one to employ them.

Often they are unemployed for days, In good season, when there is more work than they can do, their monthly income can come up to Rs.150-00 which is 15 to 20 dollars.

Consequently, and since they have large families, they are not only under-nourished but are often in a state of hunger.

They have self respect and a wonderful sense of hospitality. Though they have no place, where to lay their own heads, they are always ready to 'accommodate' a 'guest' on the pavements where they sleep for the night or in the slums or servants' quarters where they themselves are uninvited guests or mere acquaintances.

Their possessions are very few: a battered tin trunk (to hold their wornout clothes, childrens toys collected from the street dust bins and anything else the children can lay their hands on) and the family bed-roller which they can hide in a the branches of a tree, or under a stairway in a public building (yes, I have seen such cases) during the day.

The children are lovable and sweet. They are willing to learn if only their parents are ready to send them to school everyday. The free lunch and snacks and the sets of clothes we provide are an attractive incentive. Like children everywhere, they have their ambitions. They want to become 'some one in particular', and almost all of them want to go abroad'. But their illiterate and absolutely backward parents want to look forward by putting their children early to work.

God love you and bless you . Though the children are Hindus, Muslims and Christians, they forget their religious differences and daily pray for you to the one tru God who is Father of us all.

Yours gratefully,

SR. FELICITY MORRIS.