



# Worldwide Heart to Heart Ministries



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Children's Village, Tegucigalpa, Honduras  
Oscar & Amy Serrano, Honduras National Directors

NEWSLETTER

APRIL 2009

## God Builds a Baby House

by Mary Frenter, President

### God Has a Different Plan

When we started this ministry, we had not planned to take babies. God had a different plan. In November of 2007, we went to pick up six children: four boys ages 4, 5, 6, and 12, and two girls, ages 1 and 2. Their mother asked us to take them because the father was sexually abusing the 2-year-old girl. She had already given us her 9-year-old Down's syndrome daughter months before because of the same reason.

The family lived in deplorable conditions. We arrived at their cardboard-and-metal shack and were greeted by six little *stair steps*, some totally naked, the rest almost naked.

### The First Building

So, we opened our Baby House on November 30, 2007. Originally built to be a small clinic, it was the first building finished at the Village in 2003. At different times, it has served as home for our boys, then our girls, and then the babies.

We now have 13 babies/toddlers living there, which is too many for that small building. Last summer, we started praying about building a new, larger facility.

### An Unexpected Reunion

In mid August 2008, I did a WWH2H presentation at a small church in Carson, Washington.

After the service, a man, his wife, and their grandson, came up to me and asked me if I believed in *divine appointments*? I told him, "Yes!"

Paul and Joyce Chiles, and their grandson, Loren, were visitors at the church that day—the first time in three years. While I was doing the presentation about Honduras, their grandson piped up, "Grandpa, that lady was my first-grade teacher!"

Loren was adopted at age 7 from Europe by the Chiles' son and daughter-in-law. They briefly lived in Stevenson, Washington, where I taught first grade. Loren spoke no English the two months he was in my class. They moved to the Seattle area and I lost touch with them. And here he was a teen and fully fluent in English!!

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Featured in this newsletter are gorgeous photos of some of our babies/toddlers taken by Alisa Lemons. Visit <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YvaTP70QN8o> to see a video she made of the March trip.



## God Builds a Baby House

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### Samaritan's Purse

Paul told me he was the Senior Program Advisor for Samaritan's Purse International Relief, a Franklin Graham ministry. He and Joyce had been their representatives in Honduras for a year after Hurricane Mitch. They knew all the places I had spoken about. He said meeting me was God's *divine appointment*, and they were there to help us. He asked me to write a proposal for something we needed at the Children's Village in the \$20-\$50,000 range. I was astounded!!

### Proposal for Baby House

I thanked God for answered prayer and wrote the proposal for the Baby House. We estimated the Baby House would cost \$70-\$75,000. We received a \$25,000 gift from Samaritan's Purse in late November. Construction on the Baby House began in December. By January 2009, we had the foundation, the floor, and the walls done and the money was spent.

### Funds for the Roof

We did not have funds for the roof. It needed to be built before the Electrical Team arrived March 1st.

We prayed! In early February, funds came in for the trusses.

It was the third week of February, and we did not have the money to do the sheet metal to cover the trusses. We prayed! An anonymous donor sent us \$5,000—the exact amount we had prayed for to finish the roof. Oscar got the sheet metal and finished the roof on Thursday. The team to do the electrical arrived on Friday. Amazing Grace!!

### Donation Covers Ceiling

Oscar told me we needed funds to do the ceiling so the electrical workers could do a good job. We began praying. I got a call from a WWH2H board member with news of a donation that would cover the ceiling and some of the rest of the cost of finishing the building.

### God's Finishes Work He Starts

Folks have asked what I would do when the Samaritan's Purse money ran out and the Baby House was not done. I told them that it was God who provided the start-up funds in the first place, and I was sure He would finish whatever He began. The funding for His work is God's problem, not mine. I will wait to see what He has in mind.

So, in faith believing, we moved forward and scheduled the teams to arrive to do the work. We are still short about \$30,000 to finish the house, so I wait in excited anticipation to see what God has in mind.

### Spring Completion

This new Baby House will be home to up to 30 babies/toddlers. It will also be home to 18 more girls, as our Girls' House is full. We built two rooms for three triple bunks each as part of the Baby House. The older girls will also be helpers for the little ones when their schedules allow. So, "Lord willing and the creek don't rise" we hope to move the babies into their new home sometime this spring.

### And God Has More Plans

I am not completely sure, but I think the next home God would have us build will be for mentally handicapped children. We will see. Serranos will be here in Washington State this summer to visit churches and organizations to share what God is doing in Honduras through this ministry. We will see where He directs us next and will follow joyfully!! "Praise God from whom all blessings flow..."  
—Mary





Cute as peas in a pod, toddlers sleep through the warm afternoon.

This photo illustrates the immediate need for more room for our youngest sons and daughters.

We ask for your prayers and support to complete the Baby House as soon as possible. God bless you!

## Missionary Letter

by Jim Culverwell,  
Volunteer

Jim Culverwell was on the November 2007 team that helped build the new Girls' House. John Sanders is a brand new volunteer.

*Dear Mary, here is the uncut version of Jim and John's Excellent Adventure in Honduras (Culverwell and Sanders, that is).*

*Arrival into San Pedro Sula was smooth—getting past Honduran customs was not. The customs agents spoke no more English than I did Spanish. However, the arm waving and frantic gyrations of the duo left no doubt that they wanted a tariff for the electrical parts I was bringing into their country.*

*With my own hastily put together rendition of battling an imaginary hornet on the attack, complete with arm waving, delicate footwork, fast and slow eyeball and head twitches, I managed to communicate that I had paid nothing for the parts. They were for the kids and therefore I should not pay any tariffs whatsoever. Amazing Grace! Apparently, they had seen this act before and let me pass after about 20 minutes. Note to self: Next time, wear the WWH2H uniform when traveling to this country. At least you'd*

*have a prop to point at if you sensed the performance was not going well.*

*Things really started looking up once I made it to the sidelines where Oscar, who had from a distance borne witness to my drama, quickly whisked me out of the airport and off to the village. Ahhhhhhhh, all better now.*

*In the morning, we went to church. Kids! Kids! Kids! I particularly love the melody of the girls singing on the bus ride. Afterwards, the bus took us to a mountain campsite, complete with a fast flowing stream and a small soccer field below the road.*

*Upon arrival, we observed the property owner putting the finishing touches on a temporary dam made of huge sandbags. This immediately augmented the aquatic real estate directly above the dam, transforming the small stream into deep pond. Oscar was on hand to guide those making a public procession of faith through baptism right there in our new pond. It was awesome.*

*Then the afternoon festivities began to rev up in earnest. A soccer ball was produced from thin air, a miracle which incited the crowd and caused ceaseless play until late in the day. Team Gringo held their own in the absence of referees. We all swam, played, and, at one point, built a seven-person human pyramid in the middle of the pond. Food, drink, and entertainment were in copious abundance at the creek that day.*

*Next day, we started wiring the new Baby House with a determined redneck vengeance. John and I started out each day with an abbreviated pow-wow, identifying daily goals and objectives, and laid into the project like Grant took Richmond. We worked 12-16 hours a day, and installed 8,000 feet of wire, conduit for boxes, switches, receptacles, stoves, dryers, water heaters, and air conditioners.*

*After school, the older boys would come and help late into the night, which was a real blessing. When we did retire for the night back at the Boys' House where we were staying, we would feast on hot dogs, M&Ms, and Mountain Dew (provided by Oscar*

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## Missionary Letter

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at our request). It was reasoned that man cannot survive on beans alone!

On one particular dark and lonely evening, about 9:30 or so, I was making up the terminations of an electrical panel and found myself the sole audience to the sweetest serenade. Four of the girls from the henhouse (Girls' House) next door had come over and were leaning on my window sill singing (in English) "Open the Eyes of My Heart, Lord" and other familiar hymns. It was dark and lonely no more.

On the last Sunday of our trip, following church, I asked the girls at the henhouse if they would be willing to clean up the dirt and construction debris from the floor of the new building. It was deep. We had tried to persuade the boys to do it, but found that the same boys who were great at construction couldn't have done less if they were in a coma with regards to the mundane tasks involving brooms and shovels.

Well, let me tell you, no effort John and I made compared to the effort those girls put into whipping that place into shape. By the time I had changed

from church clothes into work clothes and proceeded back across the field, there was dust billowing out of every window. It was all I could do to keep up running wheelbarrow load after wheelbarrow load out to the garbage pile. In about an hour and a half, it was done and really looked sharp. I negotiated a deal involving ice cream for their efforts which Oscar had delivered the next day.

In all, this ministry is simply a living breathing example of God's grace implemented through the caring hands and hearts of His followers.

—Your friend, Jim

A team from Tennessee and Montana visited the Children's Village March 14-21. They painted walls and ceilings, washed and set up the baby play room in the tech school, finished the baby bunks, bought all the ceramic for the Baby House and loved on our kids. Members of the team were: Karen Rybolt, Bob and Alisa Lemons, Lee Shands, Jerrod Kniffen, Betzaida Shands, Jackie Ramsey, Jacob Lemons, and Beth and Pete Higgs. Missing from the photo are Ashley and Gary Kwasney.



At night, I sit in my chair in a classroom that smells like a bathroom. Twelve boys packed tightly around me eagerly await the flick of my wrist. Three flash cards sit in my hand. Cow. Dog. Cup. Eyes dilated and mouths agape, they scream random combinations of consonants and vowels as if it's an answer to an elusive problem that has been evading them for years.

"GING!" "FOH!" "BA!" Like a war cry, they all take up the chant of the loudest or the most confident sounding shriek. You see, this is my Beginner's English Class. It boasts a cacophony of boys in the range of 6-14 years old that either cannot read, have learning disabilities, or just plain don't care. I've found that I can consecutively show three cards displaying a one-syllable word with an illustration (words like apple, or cat, or nuts, or kite), and it

will take roughly 10 times through the stack of three for them to remember just one of the cards. In the meantime, they bang out incoherent combinations of letters I never even realized were possible. "ZOWAP!"

I even made hand motions for each card (my personal favorite is the twinkling movement we make with our hands for "eh-star"). What's fascinating is they remember these body movements after one time through, but the sounds of a monosyllabic word escape them.

You'd think I'd try to figure out a more effective means of teaching, but mostly I just like to join in the yelling of un-words with the reckless abandon of an epicure. Thinking of drinking my tea out of a "GING" just makes life that much more interesting. —Ryan

## "Ba!"

blog by  
Ryan  
Closner,  
Volunteer



Ryan Closner is in Honduras from February to April. He lives at the Boys' House, teaches English, drives the school bus, and helps with constructing the Baby House.



## Village Update—March

by Amy Serrano  
Honduras National Co-Director

*Greetings from Puerto Cortes, Honduras! What can I say? God is amazing!! Things have been moving along here so well and God is blessing us more than we could ever imagine.*

### **Baby House is on the Move!**

Foundation and walls are all complete, and the roof is on. With much thanks to Jim Culverwell, John Sanders, and many of our boys and girls that worked alongside our construction team, the electrical system is done.

We are now just a little past the halfway mark at getting our toddlers and babies in their new home. We still will need to install windows and doors, ceiling tile, floor tile, sinks, toilets, showers, and plastering. Let's not forget outfitting it with all that it will need: fridges, stoves, furniture, and the like. We ask for your continued prayers and financial contributions in this effort that the Lord is surely blessing.

### **Building and Teaching Update**

We want to say a special thanks to John Atherton who, together with our older boys, has built the new crib bunk beds for our babies. Oscar says they are beautiful!

On behalf of John Atherton, Jim Culverwell and John Sanders, thank you to Ryan Closner, who has been a great help in the construction and in teaching English. Ryan came in early February and will stay until late April.

Thank you, Lorna Atherton who came to teach English to the girls. The kids enjoy the company of our many volunteers who work on various jobs for WWH2H. We are so grateful for all of you who sacrifice to come and give the gift of love to these children.



### **Professional Soccer Training**

Jose Santos and Danilo, our two young boys who are now living in

Puerto Cortes, are doing very well. They were both accepted into Deport, a school for young men operated by the National Soccer League that trains young men to be professional soccer players. They attend a private Nazarene school in town. Both of the boys are working very hard and really enjoying their studies.

### **Medical Brigade Partnership**

We are partnering with Mercy Ships International on a medical brigade. The team is treating community members in Baracoa, a very poor area between Puerto Cortes and San Pedro Sula. We see many of the same illnesses common to these areas; scabies, fungi, asthma, and various respiratory infections.

Each person is prayed over as we minister to them. One man prayed with me yesterday to rededicate his life to the Lord. We are going with Mercy Ships teams to do medical brigades in Santa Barbara, where we hope to build another Children's Village on land donated by the town of Concepción del Sur last September.

### **Mission Teams**

We are preparing for more groups. We will keep working on the Baby House until it is done. This new home will be a great blessing to these children.

I cannot close without saying thank you to all of you for your love and support. We really could not do this without you.

God bless you abundantly! —Amy

## Volunteers Needed:

If you live in the Longview or Castle Rock area, help fold the WWH2H newsletter once a month at the Christian Church in Castle Rock. Please contact Phyllis Haas 503-728-3507 or email [phyl@clatskanie.com](mailto:phyl@clatskanie.com) for dates and times.



## Many Thanks

by Mary Frenter, President

Huge thank yous to all our March Volunteers: From Washington, Jim Culverwell; from Oregon, John and Lorna Atherton, John Sanders, and Ryan and Lisa Closner; from Montana, Ashley and Gary Kwasney; from Tennessee, Alisa, Bob, and Jacob Lemons, Jackie Ramsey, Jared Kniffen, Lee and Betzaida Shands, Pete and Beth Higgs, and Karen Rybolt; from Texas, the Mercy Ships medical team lead by Gary and Sylvia Thacker.

Among them they taught English, completed 15 new baby bunk beds, finished all the electrical wiring, built the roof and ceiling in the new Baby House, painted the ceiling and purchased all the ceramic tile, repainted the exterior of the Girls'

House, took a medical team to Concepción del Sur, celebrated all the January, February and March birthdays of our children, and most of all, spent quality time loving on our kids! We could not do this ministry without you!! —*Mary*



## Our Financial Promise

We view contributions as a sacred trust, accountable to God and to you for their use.

We use all contributions as designated by our donors, and return or transfer monies to a related fund if a project is over-funded.

We use contributions to support the Children's Village home and mission outreach activities in Honduras.

A very small percentage of money is used for printing and postage costs.

Staff in Honduras receive salary and benefits. All U.S. board members and staff are volunteers.

We send year-end tax statements to donors for all monetary gifts given to WWH2H.

Please visit our website for more information about the children we serve, our history, and our mission.

Privacy Policy: Any information you provide WWH2H is held in strictest confidence. At no time will we share your personal information with any person or organization outside of WWH2H. Thanks!

*2 Corinthians 1:3-5*  
Praise be to the  
God and Father  
of our Lord Jesus  
Christ, the Father of  
compassion and the  
God of all comfort,  
who comforts us in  
all our troubles, so  
that we can comfort  
those in any trouble  
with the comfort  
we ourselves have  
received from God.  
For just as the  
sufferings of Christ  
flow over into  
our lives, so also  
through Christ our  
comfort overflows.

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