



Family Circus Children's Ministry Update
 Volume 414 No.34 August 26, 2011
 by Darrell Blatchley - Missionary to Asia's Little Ones
"Heartaches & Whispers"

Hello again, friends,

We received a text: "Fatima's 13 year old brother Rolex drowned..." Tears spilled and our hearts ached for



the family and for our own feeling of loss. Rolex was a special young man who grabbed our hearts. We have known him since birth. His smile and gentle spirit were refreshing to all. Some of his first words to me were "God loves me..." He followed us to Family Circus and was eager to learn. Though poor, he was rich in his spirit.

I remember one evening last week being stopped at a traffic light, and he stopped playing basketball to come and greet me. We shared a few words, then the light changed, and the last words I said to Rolex were words I rarely say to the children:



"Goodbye, Rolex."* We both paused and soberly looked at each other; the moment seemed frozen in time. Then he turned and walked into the afternoon dusk, and I rode the motorcycle home.

*The reason I usually choose to not say "goodbye" is because it is so final. Kids here often know what it is like to be abandoned by parents and friends. Thousands of kids live without families on the streets of Davao. Yet Jesus gives us a hope that, even at death, we are only temporarily parted, if our trust is in Him. So for that reason, it is rarely "goodbye." "See you later," is much more accurate.

We helped the family with the preparation, and the funeral was last Saturday. We put him in the cement burial box which was built on top of his grandmother's grave, stacked as they are in the poor cemetery, sometimes four to five cement boxes high. A few minutes later, I asked Fatima if she knew where her brother was, and she replied, "Yes. In Heaven."

That's why we came here, and why we have been out here for the past 26 years...

This week I was chatting with our son Ken in the US. He asked what we'd been doing, and I told him about a little girl in the hospital we've been trying to help. (Story below.) Ken whispered, "Save her, dad." Ken understands that we are not God, and we depend on Him to make the miracles, but he also knows that we work as hard as possible, knowing that we have a responsibility to care for 'the least of these'...

About the little girl: The 3 1/2 year old in the hospital--named Christian Joy--was not much different in appearance than any child dying of starvation. After the meds, more than four lbs of tapeworms emerged (the hospital weighed them), and her weight went down to about 18 lbs--skin and bones.



Still a beautiful child. Often her eyes are rolled back as she went unconscious. Sandy and our family and team have been there every day last week praying and working to help her live.

I sang softly to her as I leaned over her bed, "Jesus, name above all name, beautiful savior..." Her eyes opened and she recognized me. Fighting to live, but so weak.

Saturday morning, as I walked into the government hospital, and thought about how it's not a pleasant place, overcrowded and less than sanitary. In the children's ward, it's so crowded, there are two sick children who have to share each hospital bed which must also be shared with their watchers (generally mothers), making it

4+ people per small bed. Yes, four people and often more than that sleeping together at one time on the



single bed! They made a place for me, and I sat beside Christian, and she whispered several times, "Uncle Darrell..." She wasn't coughing any more, and her mom had gotten her to take at least one bite of food.

The road to recovery is now over. On Monday, Christian Joy had taken a turn for the worse. Our son DD assisted in the hospital for about 4 hours and hand squeezed the plastic respirator bottle to help

her breathe. The hospital had none available; their respirators' already rented out. We asked a doctor friend if we could transfer to their private hospital but he regretfully replied they had no spare bed nor available respirators'. (We are praying for an electric respirator

that we can keep available for kids in the future.) About noon Sandy, DD & I stepped out to get a sandwich, and we prayed that God would either heal her or take her home quickly. Minutes later, Christian Joy raised her hand and weakly waved goodbye to her mom whispering that she was going for a walk to a place far away. Within minutes the heavenly door opened, and Christian Joy was welcomed home to Jesus. Her mother had gone out to pay for additional medicines that the doctor was requesting, and when she returned Christian Joy was gone on that walk to Heaven. Her grandmother, asked her daughter Mae, "Who is Sandy? When you were gone Christian Joy was asking for her." The mother explained, "That's Aunt Sandy, our friend from Family Circus."

The rest of the day passed quickly as we bought a coffin, and she was embalmed, and it was getting dark when, at the edge of the ocean where their family lives in a little bamboo shack--about 10' square--her body was placed under a small roof that was built to hold the coffin until time for burial which is scheduled for this afternoon.

For the King & His kids,
Darrell & Sandy Blatchley



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Click on the following link if you can help us financially in ministering to the King's Kids:

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