

Medjugorje International Relief



Ulaan Baatar...Outer Mongolia .. Dolgion's story...in his own words..

People call us *transheiny* [sewage] kids and shun us. I've been living like this for the last four years. Before we lived in Yarmag District [an Ulaanbaatar suburb] in a *gher* [traditional felt-covered round tent of nomads]. My mother worked as a nurse at hospital. Father had no job. As far as I can remember, he was always unemployed. Our *gher* burnt down when I was seven. A relative of my father took us in. It was difficult to live with another family: too many people, crowded place. Father tried to find another home for us, but he began to drink too much. One day my mum left, and I stayed with Father. After Mother left us, Father returned home drunk almost every day. At the end, the family we stayed with told us to go away. We did not know where to go and just wandered the streets...After separating from Father, I wandered the streets, collected food from garbage dumps, begged on the streets. I was small then and people would take pity on me and give good money. There were times I was very hungry.

How do we live? In the morning one of us will go for water. Some wash their faces, some drink water and then we all go out to collect empty bottles. Sometimes it is very cold outside, so we wait until it is noon and gets warmer, then go for lunch at a canteen for the poor. In the evening we sell whatever bottles we've collected during the day. Together we make 2,000-2,500 tugriks [\$2]. Rarely more than that. A vodka bottle earns 40 tugriks, one soft drink can brings 15 tugriks. With this money we buy food in the evening. Mostly we buy Chinese noodle soup. We put the noodles into a plastic bag, add water and then place them on the heating pipes. There are two large pipes running in the bottom of our bunker. They are so hot that we easily get burnt if we touch them. So in a few minutes the soup gets ready



.If we don't have enough money, on weekends we go to a place giving hot food for free. It's quite far so we take a bus. We don't pay for the bus ride. Many poor people go there on Sunday, so the ticket conductors know.

Earlier it was much easier to collect bottles. They are becoming rarer now, fewer and fewer every day. People store bottles and cans at home and then sell them themselves. The apartment blocks' concierges collect the remainder. And some adults now own the garbage dumping places. When we go there they chase us away.

Clothes are hardest to get. None of us have good clothes – let alone a warm sweater. We don't even have underpants. We find our clothes mostly at garbage dumps.

The winter jacket I wear now was given by a man who knocked me down with his car. I was about to cross the street just near the [General] Zhukov Museum when a car came over and its side mirror caught and dragged me. I was carried for a few metres and fell down with such force that my jaw was completely displaced, hanging loosely. When I came to I found myself lying on a white hospital bed. When I got better, the man gave me 60,000 tugriks [\$50]. He said he would help me whenever we happened to meet again. One month later I saw him and he took me for a lunch and bought me this jacket. He's a good man

S e e k i n g s h e l t e r

Why don't we go to a street children's shelter to bathe? True, they don't charge money. But



we have no soap and no clothes to change into afterwards. If you hadn't given me a T - s h i r t [referring to a gift from the interviewer], I would wear the winter jacket alone. Without socks and underwear, it is very easy to get sick in the

winter cold.

One of my friends died of pneumonia. He was a year older than me. We hung out together in District 120,000. There was a niche in the wall on the second floor. We would climb there by rope and sleep at night. That day I covered him with my jacket and went out to find food. When I got back he did not wake up. I put my hand on his nostrils; there was no breathing. I immediately called an ambulance, but it never came. It is free to call police and ambulance from public telephone, you know. [Hospitals do not accept children without health insurance.]

Children's rights? We have nothing. We're just like human garbage. Nobody needs us. Anyone can come and beat us. I want to go to a place where there is no beating. Recently children from that house [points to a residential apartment block nearby] came over and hit us all for no reason. The police come to us only if a theft happens nearby. They take us to the police station where they beat and beat demanding we confess to stealing. They force us to sit on a stool like this [arches his back] and then beat us with batons. Or they tie you tightly on a bench, insert a wooden pole between the legs, right below the crotch and then start rolling it... so-o-o painful.

People rarely help us. Most are suspicious of us, thinking we are all thieves. There is a man named Ochir who lives nearby and operates a depot where people give bottles and cans. He is a very good man. Often he allows us to sleep at the depot building.

All people want to have a good life. I do not know what my life will be like when I grow up. I am afraid that I will die one day with my whole life spent like this, collecting bottles. Life is given only once and I am scared that I will see no good times.

God.. Before I did not believe in Christ. And then one kid told me about his revelation. After that I believed. It was only a month ago. The first thing I asked from God was to heal my sores because my hand was terribly swollen from fingers to elbow. My foot was also hurting with a wound from a burn blister. In three days the swollen hand got normal and the wound on my foot is now healing.

Hopes and dreams..When I grow up, I will own a bottle collection point. Most important is to get documents. When I turn 16 I will get a citizen ID card, then work for a while to collect money. With this money I will set up a collecting point..Other dreams? Well, I will find my parents. I will work all on my own and will find them myself. When I find my parents I will buy a house and we all will live together. ..

Feedback : Fr Sales (CICM) of the verbist care centre sent a letter to convey his thanks for all your donations for the street children, he looks after 120 in the centre and many more that he visits in the sewers, but there are many thousands like Dolgion, waiting for help. One worker who goes to the prisons put it this way .."***I go to the police street children holding Centre and it's like a dog pound, they all say, pick me, pick me, but I can't take them all***".they can help only to the limit of our generosity..please give what you can..

"The worst sin towards our fellow human beings is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them; that is the essence of inhumanity ."

Sudan ..Christian Solidarity International.. ..Slave Redemption Programme

We have been collecting for CSI's slave redemption programme for about 4 years now, starting with a 50 pound donation to free one person from slavery. Since then you have given over five thousand pounds, setting free more than a hundred people, getting them back to their homes and families, providing survival kits and medical help. Notable is the number of prayer groups who have helped, which shows how **'collectively'** we can make such a difference, it becomes an extension of the prayer life, an out-pouring of compassion which naturally flows from closer union with God. Thank you all for your prayers and generosity.

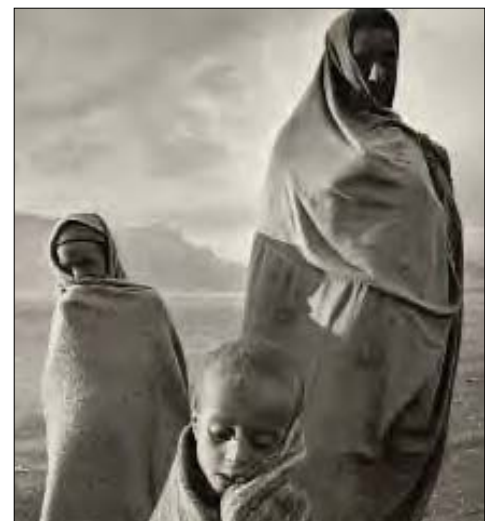
Feedback: Mary (pictured right) will soon celebrate her first anniversary of freedom since liberation from bondage. Carried away into slavery as a child, her slave master beat and abused her and fathered her two children. Finally at age 17, Mary decided she had to escape -- she fled during the night and walked most of the way back to southern Sudan, with her two children. But when they arrived in Mary's home region, they found nothing but poverty and hunger. Friends like you provided a Survival Kit and food for them -- helping to save their lives.



..Sold to a Camel Owner "My name is Bol Deng, I am 16 years old. My home village is Mabior Nyang, Aweil. I was enslaved by Arabs in western Sudan for three years. While in slavery, I lost hope of ever walking into freedom. It was early one morning in 1989, and we were playing... All of a sudden, we saw a band of armed men on horseback. They went wild throughout the village, shooting live bullets at random. Some of the grown up villagers escaped but many of them were killed while attempting to flee. My father Deng Baak was shot dead in the incident. My mother was beaten up until she dropped down unconscious, but later recovered. Those of us who could not escape were surrounded by the armed Arab bandits. They herded us together, men, women, and children. Then at gunpoint we were driven northwards. From our family four of us were captured: our mother, my elder brother, my sister and I. We were journeying on foot and were worn out and very tired. On reaching Safaha - the border point dividing the Dinka from the Rezeigat Arabs - our captors stopped us and they divided us among themselves. Hussein Mohieddin took possession of me. I was the only one among the captives who was owned by Mohieddin. My elder brother and sister were owned by the other Arab bandits. Moheidin's village where we were staying was called Fardos, south of Da'ein. Fardos in Arabic means Paradise. But for me this was no Paradise at all but Hell. I stayed with Mohieddin for one year. Moheidin was a harsh man. He used to cane me whenever a cow or a bull went astray. He and his wife insulted me and called me names which made me most unhappy.

One day he decided to sell me to a camel owner named laqabi Suleiman Hassan. I don't know for how much I was sold to Suleiman. Suleiman was a Kordofani. Unlike Mohieddin, he did not beat me, but overworked me like a donkey.

In the grazing land I often met my fellow captives - age-mates from my Dinka tribe. We shared our troubles and suffering together. I stayed with Suleiman for two years until retrieved from slavery. After that rescue operation I stayed a year in ad-Da'ein camp for displaced people, when arrangements were finally made for my departure to Khartoum."



'If you want peace, serve the poor' .. Pope John Paul II

SIR's Backpack Appeal

SIR's DVD which explains the project in more detail has been sent to participating schools. We have some spare if you know a school that might like to join in next timewhy not ask at your parish/school ?? Only a few schools got involved last year, so I hope more will come forward, its quite straightforward, just fill a school bag/ back-pack with :

*Note book/jotters
Pencils/pen/crayons
Erasers/sharpener/pencil case
Soap/toothbrush/toothpaste/spoon
Shorts/t-shirt/flip-flops*

*And a couple of pounds towards the transport cost/
Mary's meals ..*

**This will equip a child in Malawi to go to school
.....job done !**

Bring them in by **end of November** please.

How to help... a few ideas...

- **Pray**
- **Give what you can**
- **Jumble /bring-and-buy sales**
- **Carboot sales, coffee mornings,**
- **Dances in your church club**
- **Collection in your prayer group**
- **Raffles/ football cards**

- **Collect items for Recycling eg:
printer cartridges, mobile phones**
- **Sponsored events at work or your
church**
- **Make copies of the newsletter for
friends, family and other prayer
groups you know of....spread the
word !**

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Recycling

Thanks to all who continue collecting aluminium cans/foil as this has now put..**14 people** through college through the SVP Student scheme in India. Please keep it up ..

Why not ask your friends who work in offices to save **printer cartridges and old mobile phones** for you, its proving to be a great source of income for us.

Our Lady's Message (25th April 2006)

Dear Children, Also today I call you to have more trust in me and my Son. He has conquered by His death and resurrection and, through me, calls you to be a part of His joy. You



do not see God, little children, but if you pray you will feel His nearness. I am with you and intercede before God for each of you. Thank you for having responded to my call