

AUGUST  
'07

PRAISE GOD FOR

1. **Jagadish, Lama and Prasanth** who were admitted into hospital with typhoid fever but are recovering well now
2. His presence here at Mizpah and in our daily lives
3. The digital camera that we long needed for the progress of the work. By His grace the camera was donated to us by a young couple in appreciation of completing five years of Mizpah Home

PLEASE PRAY WITH US FOR

1. **Kunchok** as he is alone now and goes into the world to work and live the life that God has for him
2. **Devarani and Sam**, the new members in the Mizpah family – that they may like being where they are and quickly settle into their new life
3. His continued grace and assurance with us in our labour of love

Our dear friends,

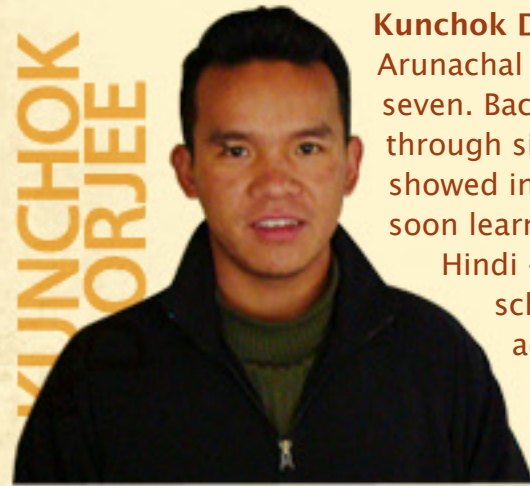
Greetings in Jesus the One True God.

It is always our joy to let you know of the happenings here at Mizpah. We often say that our home is such a happening place that no two days are alike. Being in the Master's Service, is joy unspeakable. We have for you in this newsletter two different write-ups. One is about **Kunchok** – our oldest boy, and the other is a child's view about the picnic we all enjoyed at the Glenmorgan tea estate. We do hope these will help you see a little deeper into our lives, our work and days.

We wish you every happiness in the keeping of the Lord. Trusting you have held us up before the Father, we too pray for you and your family with fervour.

With love and prayers

*The Mizpah Family*



**Kunchok Dorjee** is a Monpa tribal boy from the state of Arunachal Pradesh. He came into our care at the age of seven. Back then, we remember communicating with him through signs, since he only knew his native tongue. The boy showed interest in learning while still very young, and he soon learned to speak, read and write in English, Tamil & Hindi – and keep at the top of his class through his school years. His love for learning coupled with an adventurous spirit soon found him equipped with other skills too – swimming, athletics, cricket and even cooking. In short he prepared himself for life in a city, town or village. After completing his Class 12 with distinction he wanted to

pursue higher studies. We enrolled him for a Bachelor's Degree at the Government Arts College in Ooty. While he was pursuing his studies he was also helping the younger children with school work and making himself useful in the Home. Today Kunchok has finished his Bachelor's degree in B.Com C.A (Computer Application) and has gone back to his community in Arunachal Pradesh, finding a job placement with the Government of A.P. He is desirous to complete his Masters Degree and perhaps go higher in learning God willing. Please hold him in prayer.

“Picnics are for sunny days. Everybody knows that. Ever picnicked in the rain? Then you are as adventurous as the Mizpah kids and the Georges. When our weekly visit to the Lord's House was done one rainy Sunday we boarded the waiting jeeps and car for a ride to the Glenmorgan tea estate. The cold rain on the windows with so many breathing inside made the scene seem smoky, till you wiped the panes to enjoy the beauty of the hills. It's great to sing as you're driven through the rain. That's just what we did all the way. When we reached the Vadera's residence we were not just hungry, we were terribly hungry. Wow! What a spread was laid out for us – all steaming hot and tasty. We really devoured I think. Then we got to write our names in the big book and warm up at the fire prepared for us. I must mention we ate in long opened thatched halls. Yeah! It was pretty watching the rain come down as shining jewels drop by drop from the tips of the leaves as we ate our topi-akhu! Then we walked to the tea factory, the rain let up a bit, yet not enough for us to see Mysore city way down the valley but we did see plenty of tea plantations. We returned to the lawns to find the fire waiting, we sang again and this time we were served with chocolates. Yumm! We liked that! We played some word games with the Vadera's and sang some more, got more chocolates! The boys ran around like they usually do. While Stephen-anna shot them – with his camera! Then it was time to get into the jeeps again. The ride home seemed shorter, but that's because we all slept trusting our tired lives into the able hands of Mr Thomas George, Uncle Mohan and the Lord. That was our picnic. There's a standing invitation to go visit the Vadera's again. That I suppose depends on the day, the vehicles and the Lord.”

GLENMORGAN  
TEA  
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