



EDUCATE - EMPOWER - EQUIP

"If you empower a child in India, you empower the Family, the Village and the Community - Forever"



Tailoring Schools & The Elephant Project

Shama returned home as dark was setting in. She bent to step through the door to her modest thatched home and sank wearily



unto her sleeping mat. Her eyes closed, but there was no rest. There was no food for dinner again that night, and her stomach felt like an empty pit gnawing away at her insides. Shama folded her arms around her middle and rolled onto her side in an effort to still the pain. So tired, but no rest.

Her sister entered and made her way over to her mat. Shama didn't even bother opening her eyes. Let her sister sleep.

"Shama, something is wrong."

Her eyes flew open, and she sat up, grunting with the effort of even that small movement. "What

is it? What is wrong? Are you injured sister?"

She studied her sister's face and noted the drawn look around her eyes and the slight pale cast to her usually dark skin. Shama let her eyes wander over the rest of her and cringed inside. Her sister appeared painfully thin and looked a mess, probably not much better than she did at the moment, Shama mused.

"Sister, what is it?"

She held her arms over her middle and bent near double, clenching her teeth against the pain. "My gut,

Shama. It won't stop. It won't ever stop."

"It is just the hunger, sister. Go back to sleep." Shama began to lower herself onto her mat, but

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the look in her sister's eye stopped her. "You should lay down or..."

Her sister collapsed even before she could finish. It seemed to take far too long to push herself up and kneel by her sister's side. Shama laid a hand on her

back, grabbed her arm, and wrenched her over to lay face up. She couldn't tell if she was breathing. How could she see if she was still breathing? In near panic, she froze for half a second and then reached to put a hand just under her sister's nose. Breath tickled her fingers. It was faint, but it was there. Her sister's eyelids fluttered, but she did not wake.

"Help! Help! Please, someone!"

Within a few moments, her neighbors in the small village were at her door. Their leader knelt next to her sister and placed his hand under her nose. "She lives. How did this happen?"

"One minute she was standing here talking to me and the next she was like this."

The leader put his hand on her sister's head and left it there for several seconds. "She is burning up. Some



sickness."

"Is there anything you can do?"

"Perhaps. Let me take her to the prayer center. There is only so much we can do for her here."

"Those Christians?"

"They have done much good here, and they are still our people even though their beliefs differ."

He paused for a moment.

"I have heard their prayer has power. Let us hope they can help her."

The villagers worked to get her mat underneath her body and then together lifted her and took her out. The prayer center was a short distance from her home and it only took a few minutes to reach its



doors. Another man from their village answered at their knock.

"Please help us. She is sick."

"Yes, of course. Come in."

They brought her into the small

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one-room house and set her gently on the floor. A handful of others sat in a loose circle and looked up when they entered.

The man who had welcomed them inside addressed the others before kneeling beside Shama's sister and laying his hand on her shoulder. "Stop what you are doing and come over here. This woman is very sick, and they've brought her to us for



extremely poor, and often they do not have two proper meals a day. Her sister was sick, and when she heard about prayers, she brought her to our center for prayer. God healed her sister, and it impacted the life of Shama. She was also one of the best students in our sewing group. Along with tailoring, she learned quickly how to create advanced projects like sewing a handbag. Her sewing is excellent and she is careful to finish her projects so they look professional.

Shama told our Indian Team Leader that her family often did not have enough to eat and were on the edge of starvation. We would not wish that for anyone however, some very good things have resulted! She has learned a skill and is providing an additional source of income to her family, she has given her life to Jesus, and slowly but consistently her situation is improving and she

knows God will have mercy and will continue change her condition. Recently, we hired her as part of our Elephant Project.

The Elephant Project partners impoverished women in India with seniors in the US by shipping partially completed toy elephants created in India to Global Helps here in the Pacific Northwest for finishing. We have "sewing clubs"



and seniors in assisted care living situations stuff the toys and sew the finishing touches. The Elephants are then combined with a souvenir plaque commemorating the "Creator" in India and the "Finisher" in the US. These are sold as artisan projects which help fund further projects among the rural poor of India.

For information on how to purchase one of these Elephants and Plaques, contact Global Helps Network at GHN@GlobalHelpsNetwork.org with your request.

Written by, Michael Eash

prayer." They gathered around and laid their hands on her, bowing their heads as the man continued. "Father, we ask that you heal this woman knowing that your Will will be done." After those few simple words, there was a moment of silence, and then a soft "Amen" barely heard.

Shama watched as her sister

began to breathe deeply again.

Shama comes from a non-Hindu family, her family is

