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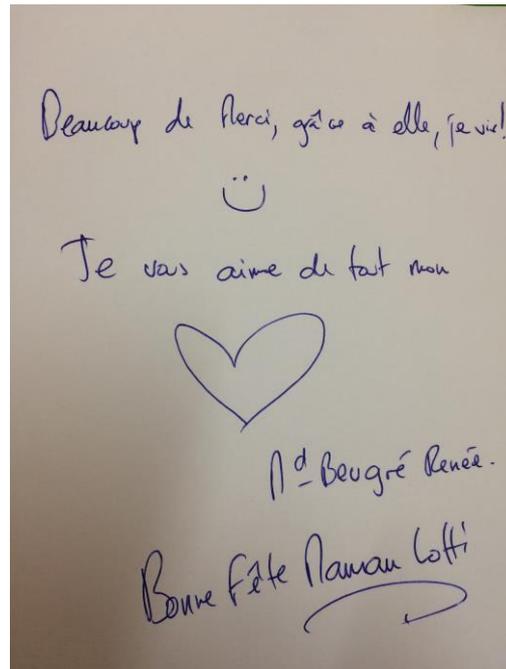
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Grand-Bassam, June 2018

### **Dear Sponsors**

I sincerely hope that you enjoyed the wonderful spring, just like I did. This year at that time I was in Geneva for a short while and was allowed to experience the waking-up of the nature. It feels my heart with joy to experience the life here but time to time I am also sad. Why not all the people in the world can have such happiness, why not everyone can enjoy such beauties, why millions of people are not able to be so happy at least for one day, as we are in the West for whole of our lives? Why have we clean water from taps, enough to eat, shoes in the right sizes, clothes for every weather condition, schools for our children, readily available medical care and peace - why millions and millions don't have these? Dear Sponsors, all these make me very sad and I am endlessly thankful to you for your support, with which we can help thousands, so that at least they receive the minimum to live a life with dignity.

As already mentioned during the Mother Day I was in Geneva and received a Greeting from Grand-Bassam; it came from a HIV infected mother, who receives help from us and impresses me enormously with her energy. She wrote me (better said that she got it written, as she is also analphabetic, as many others here), that in the name of all the mothers she thanks us that she is still alive and she loves us dearly. I happily share this 'Thanks You' greetings with all of you.



Madame Beugré and her 'Thank You' Card - a balsam for my heart.

### **DAVILA - a destiny - like many**

Davila, a small creature of six years, was brought to us. She could hardly stand. The ordeal of her miserable conditions was so terrible to look at that people looked away from her. But we didn't look away; that was middle of February this year.

The little one was abandoned by her mother when she was one year old. Why? We don't know and we also don't want to know and we are not also interested to know, as we are not here to criticise or to judge. Whatever the reason may be, Davila was brought to her grandmother in her village, when she was just twelve months old. She looked after her for four years poorly rather than well - as good as possible considering her age and poverty. Then Davila got very ill, when she was five years old and her father, who worked in Abidjan as a daily worker was informed. He gathered all his mere savings together, walked by the difficult way to the village and fetched his daughter and brought her to – not to us, as at that time he didn't know about us - but to an African "healer", who promised that he can cure Davila, but made the condition that the father has to leave the daughter with him for eight months and will not be allowed to visit her during this time; he explained that the isolation from her family is part of the healing process.

Yes, then she did come to us as in the meantime the father has heard about us- for which I am thankful to God. Davila was a bundle of misery; looking at her brought tears in our eyes. She was checked, all sorts of tests were made and everything was controlled. These unbelievable diagnoses? Serious chronicle malnutrition and heavy mistreatment by the "healer" - which were eminent from her whole body. Long, for very long we thought that she will not survive. The father, who came to visit her wept bitterly as he saw her, went to the police and put a case against the so-called healer - luckily now he sits in the prison. We struggled for the life of this little innocent girl; we knew that a wonder has to happen to keep her alive. Many times she felt

in deep coma, had elliptical attack; her stomach was full of water, she had an apoplectic stroke, which paralysed her left side; she couldn't see any more and lost her speech. On top she had an infected wound in the neck. I can't tell you how that looked like and how it was "treated" by the "healer".

We didn't leave any stone unturned to save her life. Cardiologist, Neurologist, Nephrologist, Tests for Tuberculosis, infantile Paralysis, MRI and many others. We took her to the best specialists in the city; she even got blood transfusion as almost no haemoglobin value could be detected in her blood. The good thing was that all the tests were negative. Then the day came, the day when we have to inform her father that the end is nearing and we have to leave her to God's mercy. He looked at me silently for a long time and said, "But, Madame Lotti, wonder can happen; please tell me that it does?" I held his hand and said, "Yes Papa, such things do happen, but I doubt that we ought to believe in such things".

He had a different opinion: "I believe in such a thing; it can't be that such a small, innocent child, who had to suffer so much has to die just like that. It can't be so. You have surely not put so much effort, so that Davila die now?" What shall I answer to that? - That rarely have I experienced such a wonder, but I do trust in the Justice of God? That for Davila it is more humane to die than to suffer further. What can someone tell a father, who feels responsible for the fate of his kid. At the end I said "Papa, let HIM decide. You saw that we have done everything humanly possible; who knows, maybe God really let some Wonder happen". And - really a wonder did happen.



In the meantime Davila is feeling better, much better. She talks and *how* she speaks. She eats as though she has never eaten in her life before, she laughs, she rejoices, she brings us to tears being simply so contented. We engaged a Kinesiologist for her, who visits us three times a week, hoping that with the time even her paralysis will cure. Everyone loves the young Davila - the other kids, the personal; she is being spoiled by every trick in the book; every day she is brought to the garden in her wheelchair to play and to sing. Slowly but surely man is forgetting how it was, forgetting what injustice were done to her. Naturally some scars will remain, deep scars, not only physical ones but also the mental ones. Once again I experienced what can be achieved through Faith, Love, Patience, Hope and Support.



Everyone loves little Davila



With Marie Odile...



The kinesiologist helps her to take the first steps



... and with the head physician Dr. N'Da

Davila's father made me to realise that Miracle can happen and we should never give up Hope. So I don't give up Hope that our world will improve, *all* human beings will be able to live happily and being satisfied. Davila's story is one of the tragedies from millions; they will not suffer so much if there are many who don't look away rather than look at them. You are the ones who are aware of this tragedy and don't look away. You belong to the group of people, thanks to whom we are allowed to help. Thanks to you we are able to tell about such Miracle and we are glad to know that the Righteousness does exist. God bless you!

Thankfully yours

Lotti Latrous