



30  
:30  
THIRTY  
30  
30  
30  
30  
30  
30  
30  
30

Partners Magazine March Issue 2012

**PUBLISHER** Partners Relief & Development  
**OUR VISION** Free, full lives for the children of Burma  
**FOUNDERS** Steve & Oddny Gumaer

**CONTRIBUTORS** Steve & Oddny Gumaer, Sunniva Vikan, Joyce Hazlett, Charis Peich and I-man Uyeda  
**PHOTOS** Ryan & Leah Roco, Stu Corlett, Steve Gumaer, Kris Ryan  
**LAYOUT AND DESIGN** Sacha Olson

Printed in Thailand  
© Partners Relief & Development 2012  
Permission to reproduce any of the material found in Partners Relief & Development magazines can be obtained at: info@partnersworld.org

**NONPROFIT STATUS NOTICE** Partners Relief & Development (PRAD) is a nonprofit organization with a 501(c) (3) federal tax exempt status. Any contributions given to PRAD are tax deductible for U.S. taxpayers.

Partners Relief & Development is a registered charity in the USA, Canada, UK, Australia, Norway, New Zealand and Thailand

**FIELD OFFICES** Chiang Mai and Mae Sot, Thailand

**SUBSCRIPTIONS** For a free subscription to Partners magazine and for information on how you can help us in our mission, please contact us:

<b>USA</b> Partners Relief & Development PO Box 912418 Denver, Colorado 80291-2418 USA TELEPHONE 909 748 5810 EMAIL info@partnersworld.org www.partnersworld.org	<b>UNITED KINGDOM</b> Partners Relief & Development UK PO Box 557 Mexborough S63 3EN United Kingdom TELEPHONE +44 (0)1709 578904 EMAIL info@partnersworld.org.uk www.partnersworld.org.uk
---	--

<b>CANADA</b> Partners Canada 33130 Springbank Road Calgary, Alberta T3Z 2L9 Canada TELEPHONE 403 242 7903 EMAIL info@partnersworld.ca www.partnersworld.ca	<b>NEW ZEALAND</b> Partners NZ PO Box 40 284 Upper Hutt 5018 New Zealand TELEPHONE +64 (0) 4889 2644 EMAIL info@partnersworld.org.nz www.partnersworld.org.nz
---	--

<b>AUSTRALIA</b> Partners Australia PO Box 98 Alstonville, NSW 2477 Australia TELEPHONE +61 280 033 458 EMAIL info@partnersworld.org.au www.partnersworld.org.au	<b>NORWAY</b> Partners Norway Staffeldtsgate 4 0166 Oslo TELEPHONE +47 9930 1919 EMAIL info@partnersnorge.no www.partnersworld.no
---	---

**REPRINTS** Bulk reprints can be obtained directly from PRAD as availability permits.

Unless otherwise indicated, all scripture quotations are taken from the Holy Bible: New International Version. NIV. Copyright 1973, 1978, 1984. Zondervan Publishing House.

**FRONT COVER**

"Kris Ryan and her daughter traveled through Karen State with Oddny Gumaer to capture the stories of the beautiful Karen people she met. This is just one of the many compelling images."

# NEW STAFF

## WELCOME TO THE FAMILY



**Gavin**  
NATIONAL DIRECTOR, AUSTRALIA  
Gavin Davies has recently joined Partners as the National Director for Australia. He lives in Melbourne and is married to Sandra and they have three boys, including twins. He has worked over the last 12 years in ministry, missions, and aid and development work. Gavin has extensive experience in church life and the work of missions in numerous countries including Burma and Thailand. Gavin is looking forward to expanding the awareness and support of the work of Partners throughout Australia.

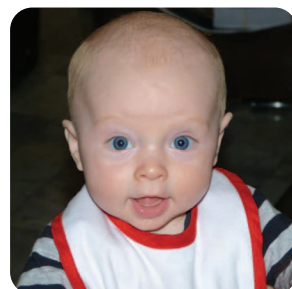


**Jaa**  
ADMIN ASSISTANT  
Jaa is our newest staff member in the Chiang Mai office. Her role is crucial to the work of Partners Relief & Development, helping volunteers and staff with processing important visa paperwork and organizing other documents. In her free time, she enjoys playing computer games and likes to read books that evoke imagination, like Harry Potter. She feels that Partners has become her family.



**Dr. Bert**  
SHAN MEDICAL  
Dr. Bert White trained as a doctor in New Zealand and has been visiting Thailand for over 15 years. Four years ago he settled in Chiang Mai with the aim to work with the disadvantaged in his so called retirement. Currently Bert is involved with teaching and providing medical care to Karen, Chin and Shan people in Burma. This allows Bert to continue to use his skills in medicine and to meet personal objectives in life: *that is to convey by my actions my personal convictions in God, to meet my sole belief that we are here to help each other, and at the same time be happy and enjoy the beauty of life.*

## ANOTHER LITTLE ADDITION



**Zach Charman**  
Would you believe it? The family is still growing! On the 14th of October 2011, Zachariah Maurice Anthony Charman (Zach), 3.2kg (7lbs) was born to Kath and Dan. Zach is a very happy, contented, easy going and social little man. With his sparkly blue eyes and big smile, he is definitely a charming Charman!



Photo of me with some of the first boys around Rose Mu's bamboo hut in Sho Klo camp. (c. 1995)

## WHAT'S YOUR 30 DOLLAR STORY?

On the next page you will read a snapshot of mine. You'll read that the life of an orphaned child and the opportunity to help her combined at a moment when my wife and I were ready and willing to become part of her story. That decision kicked into motion the far-reaching work our team does today in Burma.

In the following pages you will see gut level "30" stories. They have been penned by staff and coworkers who have been moved to action by the same elements of injustice and opportunity as I have.

My wife Oddny writes about a family she met and spent time with in Kachin state. The story reaches out and makes me feel the pain these people must feel as they try to endure an unthinkable twist in their lives. It can leave you with a hopeless feeling. This is something we have had to wrestle with nearly every year since we began in 1994. But contrast that desperate sense with the tremendous homespun hope you meet in the lives of the Karen, Kachin, and Shan people you will read about in this edition of our magazine.

Over and over again I am surprised that the people of Burma have the capacity for change, the talent to make it happen, and the resources to sustain it, if only the regime would desist from their abuse and attacks. Seeing that side of Burma's people, and experiencing first hand their tenacity and joy, I know that there remains a powerful story of redemption in the ashes of the world's longest running war.

So while the war continues in the mountains, and the children of Burma continue to suffer, we at Partners Relief & Development will do everything in our power to affirm the goodness of God and His care for them. This is part of that redeeming script; that we, and so many of you reach over the mountains and oceans to help an orphan, a widow, or a family displaced by war. This is beautiful to me.

What started with 30 dollars and one orphan child has grown into something that affects the lives of hundreds of thousands of people each year. I am humbled by this fact and encouraged that it was all made possible because we aren't the only ones who care; you do too! In your hometown and the social network where you travel, I know you have a 30 dollar story. It will be something you do for love, for God, and for what is right. For me, it made me turn a corner in life and my job became my calling. Thank you so much for being part of ours and responding so generously; as together we do our best to paint a hopeful and redemptive picture in Burma.

Your brother,

*Steve Gumaer*

Steve Gumaer  
CEO, PARTNERS RELIEF & DEVELOPMENT

She was sleeping. If my memory serves me well, she wore a bright t-shirt and beige tights. By her size I would guess she was four years old. Her face was clean; her hair shiny black and parted on the side. She was beautiful, resting on the split bamboo floor like some Karen angel.

Rose hopped up the stoop behind her bamboo shack with a bowl of rice and a plate of curry for us to share. "You must be very hungry," she said as she set down the dishes. This was our fourth visit to Sho-Klo camp and Rose had already become a fast friend to my wife and me.

As I drew my spoon out of the yellow curry I asked her about the little girl in the corner.

I don't have a photograph of the 30 dollar child, but I think of her all the time. We started our work with one little girl and 30 dollars. We continue the same way today: one life and one step at a time.

Rose laughed. It was unsettling and out of context. She did that whenever an awkward or disturbing moment arrived. She looked down, then looked up at me, and began, "Our soldiers brought her to me." And then added, "**As far as they know, this little girl is the only known survivor from her village.**"

Rose said that the village was attacked, burned down, and deserted a week prior; that Karen National Liberation Army (KNLA) soldiers were sent to document the event, try to determine what happened, and help survivors if any were to be found.

When they arrived they found the remains of a rice-growing village. Walking through the rubble they heard a sound, followed it, and discovered the source: it was this little girl.

# THE \$30 GIRL

"Maybe her parents were killed. Maybe they were sure they would be caught and hid the child, but kept running to divert their attention from their beautiful daughter."

Rose paused. We hadn't eaten the steaming rice in front of us. The little girl kept sleeping, curled up in a ball like a kitten.

The soldiers carried her for a few days to the Moi River, crossed into Sho Klo refugee camp, and walked the trails along the Sho Klo river to St. James Anglican Church. Next to the church was the bamboo shelter belonging to Rose. The little girl was left in Rose's arms.

We showed up the next day.

Rose finished the narrative and looked up into my eyes. She said, "Steve, please tell your friends in the West what is happening to the children of Burma. Ask them to pray and help so that I can start a home for children like this one."

Breaking through the granite of my self-centered hypocrisy was this wonderful life in the arms of a woman who herself had survived tremendous pain before arriving on the border. The little girl sleeping on her floor was vulnerable in so many ways and needed nurture and protection. Rose was willing to take her in but she needed a partner in the project—someone to help provide the basics for this new member of her family.

"Will you help me Steve and Oddny?"

We calculated the cost of care for Rose to become her foster mother. Flip flops, school fees, an umbrella, supplemental food, clothes. Total Cost: \$30. We went through the numbers twice, three times. The result was that it would cost Rose a total of 30 US dollars per year to provide comprehensive care for this little girl for an entire year.

My answer to Rose's questions was an easy one.

*the story continues...*



BUY THE BOOK TODAY!  
[WWW.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG](http://WWW.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG)

## Picking Flowers ON DUSTY ROADS



ODDNY GUMAER

*"When I read her (ODDNY),  
I can feel the borderlands of Burma again.  
She's found words for the ineffable."*

Brad Jersak AUTHOR, KISSING THE LEPER

The children's eyes lit up as they were given the t-shirt. It wasn't an Abercrombie & Fitch, but the joy on their faces was priceless. It was a simple blue t-shirt with green letters. The words printed in many languages were powerful. The kids got the message before reading it. Someone came to see them—they are not forgotten. Someone brought them a gift—they are loved.

A few of us trekked into Shan state. I must admit it was a bit more strenuous than I had imagined. Converse shoes were perhaps not the best choice for the trip. But I made it and we all arrived at a village on top of the mountain. It is a community of people that won't be silenced. They take care of orphans and they sacrifice comfort to show love.

The scenery was stunning. Beautiful tall trees surrounded us and the sunsets were breathtaking. *At least they have this, I thought to myself. But it really can't compensate, can it?* The conditions people lived in were

We made our way to the hospital that Partners helped build and met Liv Wendel, a Norwegian nurse. I was pleased to meet a fellow Norwegian. She had volunteered at the hospital for some months and was sleeping in a pop-up tent on someone's porch.

Paw Hser Gay heads up the hospital ward. Health workers are being trained who go back to their villages and work as medics. Many of these villages have no health services whatsoever.

Paw Hser Gay was frustrated that they didn't have enough money to finish the maternity ward. This meant that patients with tuberculosis were in the same room as the expecting mothers. Still Paw Hser Gay tries as best she can to make it work with what little she has.

Later in the evening the whole group found ourselves sitting around drinking tea and discussing politics. Paw Hser Gay sneaked in and pulled her chair right up to mine. This is something only Asian women can do without me feeling like they are invading my personal space. What she then whispered into my ear has stuck in my head ever since: "Don't forget me, ok? Don't forget me." I promised I wouldn't.



WITH EVERY T-SHIRT YOU PURCHASE PARTNERS WILL GIVE A CHILD IN BURMA A T-SHIRT TO SHOW THEM THEY ARE NOT FORGOTTEN

*buy 1 / give 1*

Pre-order your T-shirt TODAY!  
30.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG

# I AM LOVED AND NOT FORGOTTEN

by Sunniva Vikan

not as pleasing. The team and I stayed in the nicest house in the community, but even it was as simple as the most basic hut. There was no running water, and even though the temperature dropped to near freezing, the only way to take a bath was to bucket cold water over ourselves from a basin that had been filled by our hosts.

We met one hero after another. A highly educated and humble man with a Masters of International Relations from Bangkok University was the principal of the school that had 857 students. Around 250 of these were orphans. Ten adults were also caregivers for the orphans in addition to teaching at the school. I am sure their paycheck didn't reflect their workload. When we asked the principal what he needed, his reply was: six more notebooks for each student.

While passing out t-shirts at this school, I met Sai-Boi. You may have read about him in our last magazine. He was wrongly diagnosed and is still suffering from the consequences. He had difficulties walking, but he still came over to say Hello. I felt that the difficult hike and the cold baths had been worth it just to see his smile. It was radiant. "How are you feeling?" I asked. "Better," he said. "Better."

So this is my prayer for all of us. That we too may become like the heroes I met. I pray that we will not forget the people of Burma. I pray that we will shout their stories from our rooftops. I pray that we will sacrifice some of our comfort to show others God's love. We want the message that they are loved and not forgotten to ring into eternity.

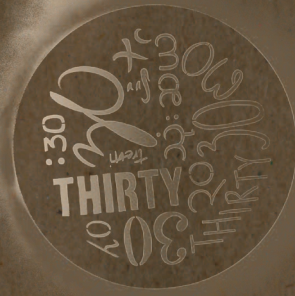
*"You are the light of the world. A town built on a hill cannot be hidden. Neither do people light a lamp and put it under a bowl. Instead they put it on its stand, and it gives light to everyone in the house. In the same way, let your light shine before others, that they may see your good deeds and glorify your Father in heaven."* Matt 5:14-16

Sunniva Vikan joined us in 2011 as the National Director of Partners Norway. She has studied media and politics and says she has found her dream job. When she is not dreaming she's travelling non-stop, taking pictures, nurturing relationships and enjoying life in the big city of Oslo.



WIN A TRIP TO THAILAND & AN iPad

"If you're feeling helpless, help someone"  
AUNG SAN SUU KYI



# help someone

a contest

HELP SOMEONE  
IN BURMA?  
*want to*

Let your idea  
GO LIVE

H E P  
L I P

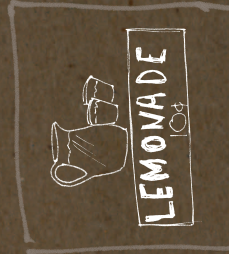
enter YOUR  
FUNDRAISING  
IDEA BELOW  
*(and we can help you  
get it off the ground)*

30.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL &  
CREATIVE IDEA WILL

*win an epic*  
PRIZE!

SIGN UP ON THE FORM  
ATTACHED OR ENTER  
ON OUR WEBSITE



FOR ALL THE DETAILS GO TO 30.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG

# A by Joyce Hazlett STOLEN HEART

A newborn's arrival was abruptly silenced. His innocent cry could jeopardize their jungle hide-out. Their lives depended on not being detected. The mother, along with another two-year-old son, was hiding deep within Karen State. The stillness of the lush green forest surrounding her belied the conflict in her country of Burma. Somewhere in the darkness her husband was fighting to save their land and their people from an enemy who had driven them from their small village more times than she could count.

Tonight, without him, she would name their new son Thaw Thee Htoo (TTH). In the coming years, she would experience two more jungle births before the conditions turned terminal. Medical intervention was not an option. She lost her life giving birth to a second daughter. Her husband was forced to leave his post as a soldier and came home to care for his four children. His baby daughter died a year later from malnutrition.

When TTH was about seven his dad first noticed an abnormal swelling on his neck. Arrangements were made for TTH to go with his grandfather for evaluation in Rangoon. There, he was misdiagnosed with TB and received surgery to remove the growth on his neck. However, when TTH returned to his village, the swelling continued. Concern turned to alarm for his father and he made the difficult decision to take TTH to Thailand. After a difficult week of trekking, sometimes passing enemy checkpoints, TTH and his father finally arrived in Thailand. There, help came from many strangers. An Italian physician, Dr. Elisabetta, living and volunteering in Thailand, championed the cause for Thaw Thee Htoo. Further examination revealed that he was actually in an advanced stage of Hodgkin's lymphoma. The new correct diagnosis required a new course of action. Chemotherapy. Radiation treatments. CT scans. Hospitalization. Who would be responsible for the boy's care? Where would he and his father stay between treatments? One question proved to be the most immediate need: where would the money come from for such an expensive treatment?

Sometimes, our hardship brings people into our lives who want to show they care. For TTH it was an Italian boy his age and a couple, far away in Italy, who wanted to assist with his expenses. It seemed as if God had given TTH a blank check made out to hope.\* Logistics gave way to action. TTH was thrust into a world filled with unfamiliar city sounds, doctors, hospitalizations, procedures and people who did not understand his language.

I first met Thaw Thee Htoo last June when I was helping with patient referrals for Partners. I delivered a small package with a letter for him from his new Italian friend. With a broad grin overshadowing his enlarged neck, TTH projected both disbelief and elation that someone his age, and so far away, could possibly know about him... or care. I was audience to what felt like a hug from God to a boy He wanted to assure was far from being forgotten. In the months that followed, I too found myself completely attached to this little boy with an infectious smile.

Sometime in December TTH turned ten; it could have been a different month. Details like birthdates just aren't that important in his village. It was around that time where his care was at a crossroads, where calculations are crucial yet doctors' prognosis can't be guaranteed. The tumor wasn't disappearing as hoped. What if we give a more accelerated treatment? What is best for TTH? What about his father? His brothers and sisters? He hadn't seen them in almost ten months. Had God really led TTH this far just to turn away? Where prayer underscores faith, the decision to continue on couldn't have been more positive. The cluster of nodes has been radically reduced from a recent 5cm down to 1-2cm!

For TTH, progress is measured each month through days of sheer boredom on a cancer ward. He longs for the days between hospitalizations where he can go to the airport to watch airplanes, or the zoo or just spend his days in freedom from the cancer ward. But today he is happy. It would be another month before returning to the hospital. It was as if the sunshine bounced off his face in celebration. I wonder about how his life's experiences have changed him. Although, what ten year old is going to be that reflective? So I asked him, when he lived in Burma, what did he want to be when he grew up? "A soldier." What about now that you've been here in Thailand? "A doctor". Why? "So I can go back to help my village." Ambitious for a child who has only a year's worth of education. Yet not surprising for a boy, with a giant-sized spirit, who has overcome so many obstacles in his short lifetime. When I got up to leave, he raced off on his bicycle, with people from the compound greeting him as if he were their own celebrity. As I watched him pedal away, I realized I'm not the only one whose heart he'll take with him when he leaves.

*\*The husband of the donor couple never had the opportunity to meet Thaw Thee Htoo because he was in a fatal bicycle accident in Italy. Months later, his wife came to Thailand to visit TTH.*

*Joyce Hazlett — with her many talents she fills a multitude of roles on the Partners team. Caring for IDP patients is just one of the many things that fills her time. Joyce is married to Brad (Partners COO) and just so happens to be his much better half.*





# tears for LOST DREAMS

BY ODDNY GUMAER

It had been a long day and I was looking forward to going back to the place we would be staying. Sleep sounded good. All the impressions from the day were buzzing around in my head like bees looking for a place to stop. We had met so many people, heard so many stories, tried to listen to hearts cry, tried to comprehend the pain, and tried to give something that would help or encourage. It was getting dark and we were done with the last interview. Rest was in sight.

"Please, teacher, there is somebody here who wants to see you. Can you please come over and visit her? It will only take a short time, but this lady needs a visit. Teacher, just follow me."  
I am embarrassed to admit that I wished there was a way out of another visit, another sad story and another plea for help. But I went.  
The room was lit with a single florescent lamp that hung from the high ceiling. It used to be a storage facility before it had become a refugee camp for Kachin refugees fleeing the brutal and ongoing attacks by the Burma Army. A few hundred were living here on the compound that had been named 'The fishpond camp', since a big fish farm was next to the camp. The refugees were of course not allowed to fish there. The only effect the fish farm had on them was that it contaminated their drinking water.  
A beautiful woman in her forties welcomed us into her temporary home. She spoke softly to our Kachin guides. There was, however, urgency in her voice. She led us to the middle of the room and sat down by a lifeless body. It was her husband who was in a coma. "He rode his motorbike together with my 15-year old son a few

weeks ago," she told us. They had gone to give some money to their eldest son who was fighting in the resistance army. On the way back they had an accident in a traffic intersection, the husband was badly injured and has not yet come out of the coma. The 15-year-old son, in shock, got on the bike and rode to get help. He did not know how to ride it, had another collision and died in some bushes on the side of the road. They found his body ten days later.  
"They took my husband to the hospital," the lady explained through a translator. "They kept him there for a long time, but now we have spent all of our money and he can not stay there any longer. Also, he needs brain surgery, and it will be very expensive. We don't even know if a surgery will help him now."  
As she spoke, her husband reached out for her hand. She took it and squeezed it, then held it. She sat with his hand in hers while she continued talking about what her life was like now. Her husband would from time to time utter a sound, but it could not be understood by anyone. Their three remaining children came inside and sat down beside their mother. They looked at their father tenderly, and I knew he was a man they loved, admired and depended on. Now his body was there with them, but he was no longer the father and husband they once knew.  
I kept adding up numbers in my head. Could we pay for his surgery? Would he survive if he got the surgery?  
I consulted our hosts and asked what we could do. "I am sorry to say this," they sighed, "but even if he got a surgery now, he would probably not survive. But please help the wife with some money. They have nothing left." I pulled out what I thought would be a generous gift and handed it to her. She took it, smiled and thanked me. Then she bent down and whispered in her husband's ear. I would not have heard what she said even if I understood her language. What was said was just between the two of them. Then she took the money and placed it under his pillow, and kept holding his hand.  
It was then that I started to cry. I tried to hold my tears back, but they just kept coming. The whole situation seemed so hopeless and unfair. Why should this beautiful and innocent family have to experience this kind of trauma?  
First they lost their home because soldiers entered their village and destroyed it.  
Then they had to move into this hot, smelly, dirty and over-crowded camp with only three toilets to share for hundreds of people.



Then their eldest son had to become a soldier and fight the enemy, risking his life and giving his youth.  
Then they lost their second son in a terrible accident.  
Then they lost their father and husband to a head injury that most likely would cost him his life.  
Then we came, and all we could do was to look at them stupidly and give them a little bit of money.  
I could not do anything but cry. Cry for the hopelessness. Cry for the injustice. Cry for the pain. Cry for the love between a man and a woman. Cry for my inability to do anything else. We walked away in a somber mood, leaving a small family behind that we had only known for some minutes, but who had become a part of our lives.  
There may be change happening in Burma. But this little family in the north of Burma will most likely not experience the joyful anticipation many feel when they think of Burma's future. They have lost what is most valuable to them. Their lives are shattered. And that happened after Burma became a so-called democracy. I wonder if somebody will ever tell them they are sorry for the pain they caused them.

*Oddny Gumaer is the co-founder of Partners. She is an author, an advocate, and a mom, not necessarily in that order. Oddny can often be found right in the homes of the people in Burma, listening to them speak from their hearts. She passionately works to tell their stories to the rest of the world.*

# 30

DOLLARS  
STARTED IT ALL.  
YOUR

# \$30

WILL CHANGE THEIR  
FUTURE!



PLEASE  
GIVE  
TODAY!

Become a part of the 30 story today by committing **\$30 A MONTH** to help change thousands of lives in Burma this year. (use the enclosed envelope)  
[30.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG](http://30.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG)

30 CAMPAIGN 2012

COMING IN SEPTEMBER!

*30 days of Prayer*

"And when they had prayed, the place in which they were gathered was shaken" Acts 4:31

Send your email address to [info@partnersworld.org](mailto:info@partnersworld.org) and receive our daily devotional & prayer reminder.

LET'S JOIN TOGETHER AND SHAKE UP BURMA WITH OUR PRAYERS!

2012 TOUR DATES/LOCATIONS

USA	June
NEW ZEALAND	April/May & November
UNITED KINGDOM	September
NORWAY	Throughout 2012
CANADA	October

FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE GO TO OUR WEBSITE [30.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG](http://30.PARTNERSWORLD.ORG)

## DIRECTORS DESK



What I know for sure is that nothing stays the same and going back to anything is beside the point. The point being our hope is in a future where reconciliation brings healing and love overwhelms bitterness and hatred. I always like to be moving forward.

The news about Burma these days pours into my inbox and onto my Facebook page. Good news sometimes, not such good news other times. It drives me to cry out to God to have Him explain what He's up to. I'm confused much more often than I'd like to be and in my own heart peace is sometimes hard to find. I want God to write me a status report on His plans for redemption and restoration so I can get in step with the program. I don't like to be kept in the dark. The Bible says that we are meant to know our Master's business because he calls us friends. (John 15:15) Does he have my correct email address?

Here's what I've concluded today as I'm imagining free full lives for Burma's children. God will probably only share with me what I am able to handle. I'm a much bigger wimp than I'd like to admit. He's told me that "when I ask I must

believe and not doubt, for he who doubts is like the waves of the sea, blown and tossed by the wind. That man should not expect to receive anything from God". (James 1:6-7)

I believe 60 years worth of prayers from hundreds of thousands of people for a free Burma have not gone unnoticed or unanswered by God. I will wait in eager expectation for Burma to open up like the petals of a flower awakening slowly to the warmth of the sun, one petal at a time, releasing its fragrance to all those who will stop for a moment and take in its beauty. God's handiwork can't be rushed!

Keep praying, keep believing, keep helping and keep loving as we move in step with God in the creation of His masterpiece.

*Maureen Beighey*

Maureen Beighey  
PARTNERS RELIEF & DEVELOPMENT USA

Dear God, we have been praying for a *change in burma* for so long. Now it seems like the change is coming. Thank you for hearing the pleas of so many. Please continue to *work in the hearts* of the leaders of the country.

We pray for *president their sein* and for *aung san suu kyi* who are so important in the peace process. We pray that their courage will not fail and that they will have the best interest for the people in mind as they try to move the country towards democracy.

We pray for an *end to the ongoing conflict* in Kachin State. So many people are suffering, and too many have died. Thousands are on the run, away from their home and their security. While the situation in Burma seems to be getting better, it seems to be getting worse in one corner of the country, the Kachin area in the North.

We pray for the new and still fragile *ceasefire agreements* in the Karen and Shan states. May they be upheld with the absence of violence and war.

We pray for *partners ongoing work* in Burma. Lead us as we seek to do what is right in order to give the children of Burma free, full lives, and for reconciled communities to live in peace.

We pray for the Partners team. We pray for *ongoing unity and love* as we work together to reach our goals. May we see that our weaknesses can be our strength.

*amen*





NONPROFIT ORG.  
US POSTAGE PAID  
SAN BERNARDINO CA  
PERMIT NO. 3208

Partners Relief & Development  
PO Box 912418  
Denver, Colorado 80291-2418

info@partnersworld.org  
www.partnersworld.org

Change Service Requested

HMANGAIH KA NI A THEIHNGHILH KA NI HEK LO  
ခပ်ရှင်ရှင်: ခပ်ကမ်, လိုမ်းရှင်:

I AM LOVED &  
NOT FORGOTTEN

ယမုတ်အဲဒ်တဲာ်ကွံ ဒီး ယတသးပုးနီၣ်တဲာ်ဘၣ်.

NGAI TSAW RA AI. RAI TIM  
MUNG GALOI N-MALAP AI.

သူငါကိုချစ်တယ် သူငါကိုဘယ်တော့မှမမေ့ဘူး  
ဗုဒ္ဓမဇ္ဇ နပုဇ္ဇမပုဇ္ဇ ဂုဇ္ဇိ နဇ္ဇကဇ္ဇပုဇ္ဇပုဇ္ဇနဇ္ဇကဇ္ဇ