

Over the past five months, Godgift's body has transformed. Before your support changed his life, Godgift was severely malnourished.

He rarely ate, and when he did, it didn't stay down for long. He was wasting away. Thin and wispy, with little stick arms covered by loose flaps of wrinkled skin, he was immobile.

Mami remembers how afraid she felt as she held Godgift in her arms. "I was feeling so bad," she says. "He was only getting skinnier." Mami's home is a small mud hut off a dirt road a couple miles from the Medical Teams-supported clinic. Mami took her grandson to be examined by doctors at the clinic. They discovered he was severely malnourished.

"When I took him to the clinic, they laid him down, they weighed him, and they said, 'He needs food,'" Mami says. This was the same advice she'd received

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Mami says she feels blessed by Godgift's recovery and the support, advice and treatment he received—treatment available because of your generosity.

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from doctors before, but this time it came with steps for recovery.

Doctors immediately gave Godgift emergency food called Plumpy'Nut and explained to Mami the steps for recovery. She would need to feed him a porridge mixed with micronutrient powder several times a day. She would also have to return to the clinic regularly so doctors could monitor his progress.

As Mami cooks the porridge outside, Godgift's eyes light up. Godgift loves to eat now, Mami says. He makes this clear when the food is gone, crying out for another portion.

He hasn't been sick once since being on the feeding program, Mami says, and has continued to gain weight. Mami says she feels blessed by Godgift's recovery and the support, advice and treatment he received—treatment available because of your generosity. +



Ine-year-old Kentia was lying on a hospital bed while her mother wept over her frail child. Kentia's listless body shook rapidly, her eyelids barely opened and when they did her eyes would roll back into her head. In an alternate world, my own nine-year-old daughter could have been in Kentia's place, ill in that bed. The distraught mother could have been me.

I found myself desperately praying that the medicine entering her veins through the IV drip would work faster—no child should suffer this way, and no mother should have to watch it.

We learned from the nurse that Kentia had been struck by an acute, severe case of malaria. That morning the girl had gone to school like any other day. When she returned home in the afternoon, her mother asked her to help prepare a meal. But after the family finished eating, they found Kentia collapsed on the ground, convulsing and struggling to breathe. One moment she was healthy, the next she couldn't speak.

Kentia's parents rushed her to the Medical Teams-supported hospital near their home in the refugee camp. "I thought my child would die

soon," her mother later confessed. And she had reason to think so—the nurse confirmed that the malaria was so severe that Kentia would not have survived if she hadn't been able to receive life-saving medicines as quickly as she did. Those life-saving medicines were

available because of you.

That night I prayed for a miracle. And the next morning, I steeled myself before walking back into the hospital. Would Kentia's mother still be weeping? Would Kentia's frail body still be shaking on the bed?

My colleagues and I couldn't contain our shouts of joy when we saw
Kentia sitting up on the bed, her
mother still by her side but no
longer distraught. "I thank God
because I can't believe my child
is in this condition right now,"
Kentia's mother exclaimed.

With your help, lives that could have been lost are being saved.

Kentia told us she was surprised to find herself in the hospital that morning. She remembers feeling a sudden headache, followed by chest and joint pains, but once she fainted, she has little memory of what followed. "Slowly, slowly I'm getting better. I was very sick yesterday," she explained. And she's glad to be feeling better now — once the IV malaria treatment is complete, Kentia is expected to make a full recovery.

Thanks to you, Kentia experienced a miraculous healing. With your help, lives that could have been lost are being saved. Mothers who would have mourned are now rejoicing. +

## You Helped Bring New Life Into the World

## Khusida, a refugee living in Bangladesh,

was trying to give birth at home, but the baby wasn't coming. Despite her fear of delivering in a health facility, the pain was so intense she decided to go to a nearby Medical Teams clinic. "When I first arrived at the clinic I was scared. I never wanted to deliver in an unfamiliar environment. I was missing my home. The room looked dark and with all scary medical equipment. But as soon as the doctor started speaking to me, I started to relax." Your support allowed Khusida to receive loving care from expert doctors and safely deliver her baby. Gratefully, Khusida explained, "I am very happy that my first baby was born under the supervision of a doctor. I'm also happy that me and my baby are both safe."



## **Caring for the Hurting in Hard-to-Reach Places**

God calls us to love the vulnerable. When you give, you are doing just that.

Your gift sends life-saving care to people in crisis. You heal people who are suffering from preventable illness simply because of where they were born.

You send love to those who are pushed to the margins and forgotten.

You have the power to change a life. Will you give a special gift today? Every \$1 you give will send \$4 worth of life-saving care to people in crisis.

To give today, please mail a check in the enclosed envelope or donate online at www.medicalteams.org/lifesaving.

With gratitude,

Martha Holley Newsome, President & CEO

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