



# Christian Freedom<sup>®</sup> International

INJURED IN THE BOMB ATTACK THAT KILLED HIS PARENTS, A SISTER, AND WOUNDED TWO OTHER SISTERS, 10 YEAR OLD FAHD ALI SITS OUTSIDE HIS HOME IN LAHORE, PAKISTAN, MONDAY, MARCH 28, 2016. // ASSOCIATED PRESS

## CHRISTIANS TARGETED IN EASTER BOMBING

*"Remember those in prison as if you were together with them in prison, and those who are mistreated as if you yourselves were suffering." Hebrews 13:3*



# “IT WAS THE WORST TERROR ATTACK SINCE 2014...

MORE THAN 300 INJURED AND 70 KILLED

➤ Dozens of Christians who survived the Easter Sunday bombing are left in shock and mourning the losses of loved ones. Others are left jobless due to severe injury, and are unable to pay for their medical expenses and provide for their families. The following are just several of many accounts of Christians' lives affected by this tragedy.

CFI is committed to standing beside our brothers and sisters in Pakistan to care for and provide for them in their time of desperate need.

**PICTURED LEFT //**  
Our CFI co-worker in Pakistan is visiting with the mother of Wasaf Amanat, who died in the blast. She and her husband have requested prayer for their peace of mind and heart.

**PICTURED RIGHT //**  
Falak Shair is unable to walk now due to an injury in his spine. He is also unable to speak, as he is in shock due to the loss of his wife of one month. She was killed in the bombing.





“...THEIR PRIMARY  
TARGETS IN THE ATTACK WERE THE  
CHRISTIANS WHO WERE CELEBRATING  
EASTER IN THE PARK THAT DAY



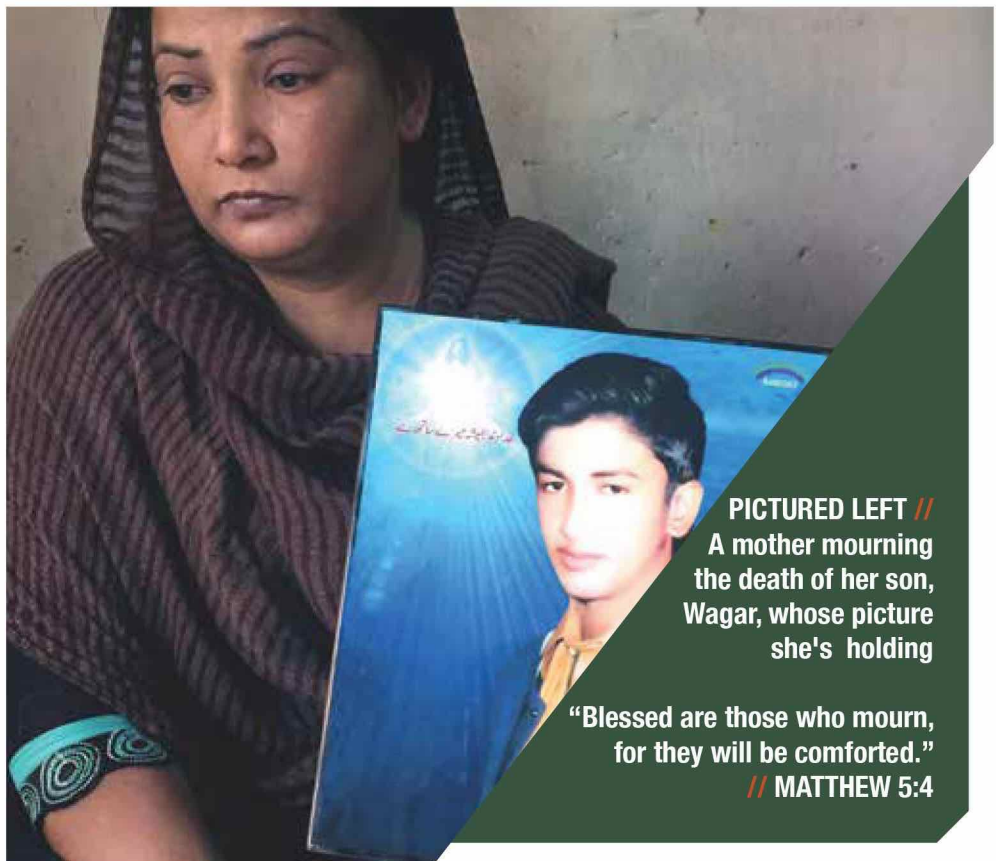
**PICTURED ABOVE //**  
This is Abraham Isaac,  
one among many who have  
been injured in the blast.



**PICTURED ABOVE //** This  
father is mourning the  
loss of his son Amon Jhon  
(pictured) and two other  
family members.



**PICTURED ABOVE //** Thanks to your ongoing support, CFI was able to deliver  
hope & much needed care packs to the Christian victims of the attack.



**PICTURED LEFT //**  
A mother mourning  
the death of her son,  
Wagar, whose picture  
she's holding

**“Blessed are those who mourn,  
for they will be comforted.”  
// MATTHEW 5:4**



# ACROSS THE BORDER

*A Field Report (cont.)*

## HELP



## KEEP OTHERS INFORMED ABOUT the PERSECUTED CHURCH

## PLEASE

PASS THIS NEWSLETTER ALONG WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED READING IT.

**"...SUCH A SHARP CONTRAST OF OPPOSITES."** The stunning mountains that border the village offset the hellish heat of the sun; the scarcity of food and the endless hospitality; the tragic stories of loss somehow not affecting genuine smiles and joyful spirits in all the villagers I encounter.

We were directed to the pastor's home in the middle of the village, and brought our things inside. His home was made of wood with a tin roof that did its best to reflect the intensity of the sun. There were two large common rooms and three tiny bedrooms, with a porch out back that held large stalks of ripening bananas, a makeshift stove, and a

large basin of water for dish washing. There were half-inch spaces between the floorboards and walls to promote air circulation within the hut. Although this meant anything outdoors could come indoors, I was quickly grateful for any moving air as the afternoon heat grew to be stifling.

His home was open to any villager, any child, and any visitor; no one is ever turned away at the door. His wife is a very small woman, with long black hair laced with grey, is usually pulled up in a low bun. She smiled at me often, and she was missing her two front teeth that had rotted away and blackened. She walked with an air

of humility and servitude, and was always bringing glasses full of drinks, some chou-chou (an Asian version of Jell-O) and other snack items for anyone who decided to drop by. The hospitality I encountered in this home knew no end.

My room while I was in Burma was the size of the walk-in closet in my last apartment. There was a thatched mat on the ground with a pillow for me to sleep on and a hammock was slung in the corner, where I spent most of my afternoons. Was I cold? I put on my warmest clothes in layers and took the blanket I had put underneath me on top of me for cover.



It turns out that despite the sweltering heat of the day, Burma got cold enough to be chilly at night. This chill lasted through the morning until around nine, when the temperature leveled temporarily before making its deadly climb again.

The village of Kwee Ler Shut provides rice and a house for the pastor in exchange for the work he does as the village preacher. He seems to be a pillar in the village as a pastor; the Karen Nation has a long-standing Christian history. Most of the villagers are rice farmers and although they are incredibly poor, they're proud to be free men who are working and providing for themselves and their families.

Every night men and young boys would come and gather at the pastor's

home. His home was one of few in the village that was lucky enough to have a light bulb. These bulbs are powered either using a battery fueled by running a tractor during the day or by solar panels that were gifted by past visiting missionaries. That single bulb in the pastor's home, which was hung strategically between the kitchen and the common room, cast a faint glow into both rooms for a few hours before we were all engulfed in the blackness of night. At that point, a candle would be the only source of light that was available until sunrise.

I noticed very quickly how unimportant meals were in this country. Food was something that fueled your body and nothing more. Most people only ate two meals a day, if that. Once was around half-past seven or eight in the morning, which would be "breakfast".

The other was at around half-past four, which would be "dinner". All meals followed a similar pattern and were served "family-style", in traditional Asian manner.

There was a table close to the ground and diners would squat, sit, or perch on a small wooden stool. All of these options got to be quite the balancing act by the end of the meal. Rice was always a staple and everyone was given his or her own helping. In the center of the table were several dishes, which could vary from a broth with noodles, to fried eggs, to cooked wild greens, and if lucky, some tinned fish or chicken. Leftovers from the previous meal, which were carefully kept under a basket away from flies, were also placed on the table for eating.

*(To be continued, submitted by CFI Intern A. Bovitz)*

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## Christian Freedom International



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