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Care For Life is a 501(c)(3) charitable organization and has NGO status in Mozambique. It was founded in 2001.

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Morning in Mozambique

by Sylvia McMillan Finlayson
 Executive Director - Care For Life

It is morning in Mozambique. As we walk along a dirt road that is mud more than dirt, a seemingly endless stream of clear-faced children run out to greet us calling “morning, morning!” I’m nearly two weeks in-country now and the walk to the orphanage seems like a trek I’ve made all my life, yet I am a stranger in this ancient land. For thousands of years people here have lived, loved, hoped, struggled, suffered and died without so much as a second glance from the majority of the “civilized” world. Even under Portuguese rule (over 500 years), the indigenous population was severely abused at worst and ignored at best.

There are projections for 1.2 million orphans in Mozambique by the year 2010; fully half of these due to the pandemic of AIDS. The continent of Africa is bracing for over 40 million orphans by the end of the decade without any relief in sight. What we are witnessing is a civilization rapidly devolving as children are left to raise children. A whole generation of adults has died from AIDS, whose job it would have been to supervise, train, educate, care for and love these dear souls. The term orphan-led family is becoming all too common in an uncommonly tragic event of vast proportions.

We enter the gated compound and as word gets out we are there, literally dozens and dozens of children swarm us – hands outreaching for affection and their very much anticipated hug. Their bright eyes focus upon our faces searching for that so wanted and desperately needed smile. My first trip to the orphanage I was overwhelmed by this expectation of touch, but soon melted into the love of their arms and their smiles. I could not resist the unconditional love, welcome and friendship they gave so spontaneously and freely. I wondered then if I would ever leave this place. Love and affection is truly the universal language – the language God intended for all his precious offspring. I had expected to bring a small bit of cheer to the orphans; what I left with was something more precious than words can describe.



Mozambique is a country that has seen more than its share of tragedy. A former communist country, it is emerging from years of civil war that devastated not only the land and population, but much opportunity as well. I am reminded somewhat of this tragic history as I pass through the gauntlet of hugs. This is a community of true equality. As each child reaches for his or her hug, there are older children there to shoo along the little ones who would linger too long for their bit of affection. Each child gets a hug but must move right along in order that all get their turn. Each is given a bowl of rice, a chair, a cot and a small article of clothing that may or may not fit. Each child is also without parents, possessions or a place to call his or her own. This is equality in its severest form.

Less than five years ago Mozambique suffered devastating floods which left hundreds dead and hundreds of thousands without homes and food. It is numbered among the poorest countries in the world and has had that dismal distinction for decades. The poverty in Mozambique is so severe and systemic it will take decades of Herculean efforts to stem the tide of scarcity.

...continued on page 3

President's Message

Meet Sylvia Finlayson, Executive Director

by Cindy Packard
President - Care For Life

Sylvia Finlayson comes to us with an impressive resume. After receiving a BA from the University of Utah in Political Science, she went on to earn an MA from UofU in Middle East Studies, with an emphasis in rural development. Sylvia has done development work in Egypt, Kenya, Mexico, Peru, the West Bank, and the Navajo Reservation. She's served on the advisory board for CHOICE (Center for Humanitarian Outreach and Intercultural Exchange), and as Director of Development and Educational Programs for the International Gibbon Center. Her additional professional experience ranges from project manager at Apple Computer to teaching in a private school, to Associate Editor of Meridian Magazine.

May 2000. I had made the decision and for the first time I actually told someone I was going to Mozambique to find out if there was something I could do to help. I remember that just speaking those words brought tears to my eyes and a lump in my throat. I don't know why; maybe because it just seemed so remote, overwhelming, and impossible! Maybe it was an indication that something big was about to happen. I had absolutely no idea what, if anything, we could do to help or how or where to begin, but miraculously doors were opened and we just kept going through them and learning a lot along the way.

Fast forward to July 2004. We now have three schools, a large teaching farm, two free health clinics, Community Health and Orphan and Vulnerable Children programs in five geographical areas. We have a staff of dedicated Mozambican leaders that direct our programs, and strategic partnerships that magnify our abilities. In the next five months alone we will be teaching 40,000 students HIV/AIDS prevention, building 20 homes for orphan led families, putting in 40 family gardens and providing training and workers for 6 orphanages. It is humbling to realize what has taken place in a few short years.

To ensure that our funding resources could all go to Mozambique, we have kept expenses here in the US basically to zero. Our office

is in our home and our U.S. board is a small group of dedicated, talented, and passionate volunteers who have made sacrifices of their own time, money, garages, and sleep. Mostwork the "second or third shift," as we call it, to keep up with our growing organization. We have been incredibly blessed and directed and are so grateful for the help we have received. Still, we have often felt stretched beyond our abilities and longed for the day when a real professional could devote full time energy and expertise to carry us to the next level to reach more people in more effective ways.

We began our search for an Executive Director concerned that we could find someone that could be part of our CFL "family" and meet the demands the job would require. Just traveling to Mozambique is a daunting task, but to really understand the needs it would be necessary to spend some time there. While pondering how to go about finding this person, I met Sylvia Finlayson.



Sylvia among the people!

From our first meeting we both felt there was something happening that we didn't understand. She had a lot of questions about our work in Mozambique. I found out her first love was development work and she had a masters degree in international development. She had extensive early experience in the field, but then had worked from home as an editor while raising her daughter. With her daughter going off to college she had been giving serious thought to getting back into international development work. Well, "if the shoe fits – wear it" applied here. Sylvia was such a perfect fit. After interviewing with some of our Board members I asked what they thought. Steve Samuelian spoke up and answered with the question, "How do you spell 'manna'?"

Sylvia joined us in July for a two week trip

to Mozambique to get an overview of the projects. She returned to Mozambique last month for a three-month stay. She is working closely with Augusto Cherequejahne, our National Director, and learning more about the country, the challenges, and the solutions that are possible. We believe strongly in capacity development, or working with the local people to help them solve their own problems. This approach is the only way that aid organizations can make lasting differences. It takes time, patience, and understanding. But in the end it makes the greatest difference. Sylvia understands this and has the ability to make CFL an organization that creates effective and sustainable impact where it is most needed.

We are very fortunate to have a private donor fund her salary so that all funds we receive from our Care for Life donations still go directly to Mozambique. As a Board, we will continue to work hard but can focus on more specific areas. We are so elated to have Sylvia on our team. Her knowledge and skills will take us to a new level of ability and impact. Her genuine love of the work is the key to her success. The other day I was talking to her on the phone. I had been "downloading" a lot of information to her and discussing typical challenges that needed to be addressed. When I asked how she was doing she replied, "I have all these notes everywhere, a to do list a mile long, and ... I'm having sooo much fun!"

Since that first trepidatious trip to Mozambique, one thing has sustained me in this endeavor: I know God is aware of the trials of the people there and He is working to alleviate their suffering, foster their self reliance and instill hope in their lives. He requires some willing hands, hearts, and helpers to do that. Those of us who have the blessing of being involved in this work, by donating money, time, talent, prayers or just passing the word along, are given much. We learn and discover things we otherwise could not. We see miracles happen. People and resources are brought to us that we need. Doors we once thought sealed shut have opened. A new day is dawning for Mozambique, and for Care for Life. We want you, our CFL friends, to know that we are committed to learn all we can, seek divine direction, and do our best to use the resources wisely to do the most good in the best way. We are deeply grateful for your interest, trust, sacrifice and support and hope that you also find blessings and joy in being part of this work.

Ana Micas: A Compassionate Heart

If it weren't for Ana Micas, there would be no free medical clinic in Manga.

When the Care for Life Learning Center was opening there in 2002, Ana, a nurse at a nearby hospital, appeared. She wanted to help. And so, three times a week, Ana would come to the clinic after work and see patients. We paid her transportation, but her time was donated. She has her own family, but she put their needs aside to minister to the poorest of the poor. We tried to find others to assist her, but she was the only nurse we could find with the pure desire to donate her time to help others.

At one point, we considered closing the clinic, as it had not been part of our plans in the first place, and we were not sure we could sustain it long-term. But Ana championed the cause, and all the local board members insisted that the clinic was one of the greatest blessings Care for Life had to offer to the community. One of the local government leaders asked the CFL National Director to please not run a free clinic any longer. Worried that we were doing something improperly, Augusto asked why. "Because you will not be able to afford to maintain it, and we are afraid you will have to close down. There is no other clinic like it in this community, so we want you to begin charging so that you can stay open."

Thanks to your generosity, we have been able to continue operating as a free clinic, and are in the process of expanding. As Cindy Packard put it, "As long as Ana Micas is there, how can we not do it?" One of the

patients who recently visited the clinic said, "The nurse is a woman with the heart of a lioness and the patience of Job."

The most common illnesses that Ana treats are cholera, diarrhea, malaria, malnutrition, and various skin and fungal diseases. She has had assistance over the years from various CFL volunteers, including visiting



doctors, but she remains the heart and soul of the clinic. Soon, when the new clinic is completed, she will be able to leave her employment at the hospital and work full-time for Care for Life.

"I have watched Ana for years. She is just an angel in her crisp white coat, with a smile on her face always," said Cindy. "I will walk by the clinic, and with a pit in my stomach, see dozens of people lined up outside, waiting to be seen. I think, oh no, I could never do that, she will never be able to get to all of them. And then, two hours later, I'll pass by again, and she has seen them all. I have no idea how she does it."

Cindy related the following experience with tears in her eyes. "Here is the true picture of Ana," she said. When Cindy was trying to set up a time for an interview with Ana for this story, she walked into the clinic while Ana was seeing patients. In a hurry, Cindy walked right past a woman lying on a cot to talk to Ana, launching straight into her request for an interview. But before she could get more than a few words out, Ana took her by the hand and interrupted her, saying, "Cindy—I want you to meet my friend." Cindy's attention turned to the woman lying on the cot. This woman was the epitome of poverty and misery. She was old, frail and unkempt; obviously suffering from numerous maladies. Her hair was scraggly, and her open blouse revealed a scrawny body with a protruding belly, the victim of some abdominal disease. Ana, while holding Cindy's hand, took her other hand and ran it along the side of the woman's face, a slow, gentle, caress, and resting her hand on the woman's shoulder said softly, "Cindy, this is my friend, Johanna."

"To instill hope" is part of the Care for Life mission, and instilling hope is what Ana does. Patient by patient, smile by smile, the poor and the miserable of Manga are touched by a loving heart and hand. Our resources are limited, but she does her best with what she has. Hour after hour she stands on tired feet, letting each individual know that they matter as she attends to their physical needs. Cindy sings her praises: "She is the epitome of everything that Care for Life should be."

Morning in Mozambique (Continued from page 1)

Yet, there is hope in this great country and a spirit of optimism that is moving across the land. In many ways Africa is our future, indeed, the future. It is a land overflowing with people who have suffered beyond most of our personal experiences, but also a people who possess deep spirituality and a divine sense of destiny.

Care for Life has 'planted its flag' in this small corner of the world and is daily moving forward to assist in a noble metamorphosis. Our role is to nurture, help, serve, encourage, give aid and care for the people of Mozambique. Like a butterfly from its cocoon, we have visions

of Mozambique emerging as a nation ready to take its place on the world stage – having the wisdom, experience and refinement that come only from such a history of "trial by fire".

It is the twilight of day now and dusk is descending quickly. After a time of hugs, touching, play, games, talk and more hugs, we must leave for the comfort of our own dwellings. We pass through the gate and head down the lane towards home. No sooner have we left the complex when dozens of ragged little "meninos" run out to the road waving and calling "Morning, morning!"

There may be material poverty in Mozambique but there is an abundance of spiritual wealth. Once again I find an ancient wisdom calling to me from these innocents and this place. There is a brighter day in store for these of God's children and it is incumbent upon you and me to help bring it to them. "Morning, morning!" the call can still be heard in the distance. It is always morning in Mozambique.

*Please visit our website
www.careforlife.org
to make your donations.*

The Marrocanhe Project: Seeds of Hope

“Down with poverty!” exclaimed Antonia Charey, Provincial Director of the government agency Social Action, raising her fist in the air. “Down with poverty!” came the rousing reply from the crowd. This stirring exchange was repeated three times back in September 2003, at the groundbreaking ceremony for six very special acres of land outside the city of Beira, Mozambique, where seeds of hope are being planted.



Marrocanhe is the name of the little farm where those seeds are cultivated and nurtured. Care for Life, with assistance from NuSkin and other partners, has created this farm as a answer to many of the pressing problems addressing the local people, especially orphans of the community. “We believe that agriculture goes hand-in-hand with meeting the needs of OVCs [Orphans and Vulnerable Children],” said Cindy Packard, CFL president. As our Executive Director, Sylvia Finlayson, explained so poignantly in her “Morning in Mozambique” story, the needs of those orphans are dire, pressing, and growing exponentially.

Most of Marrocanhe’s land will be used for agriculture, including mango, papaya, and citrus trees and a vegetable garden with carrots, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, and other crops. Chickens and goats are being raised for eggs, milk, and meat. These crops and food products are being used to help feed the orphans at Beira’s Colegio Infantil, an orphanage that cares for children from infancy to age five from the entire province of Sofala. Orphan-led families, or children raising children outside the system, will also benefit. Farm workers will be paid in kind with food from the farm.

But food is not the only purpose for this farm. It is intended to be a teaching farm. “We want Marrrocane to be a model for the local people, where they can learn how to grow food on their own,” explained Cindy.

Nor is agriculture the only topic that will be taught at Marrocanhe. This piece of land has been designed as a community center or gathering place, and the small school that has been built there is already in operation. There is no other school in the area, and children were eagerly assembling there even before the school was constructed. When CFL presented its plan for Marrocanhe to the Mozambican government, they agreed to provide two teachers, so open-air classes began as soon as the teacher arrived.



Adults have also been eager to join the classes. *Alfabetização*, or Literacy, is the name of the most popular class at the Care for Life Learning Center in Manga. It is also being offered at Marrocanhe. Qualified teachers instruct their adult students not only in reading and writing in Portuguese, but also offer basic instruction in subjects such as math and science. We offer a certificate to students who successfully complete the literacy course, something like GED certification in the United States. Other subjects taught to adults are sewing, health, and, of course, agriculture.

In addition to the farm and the classes, there is also a small medical clinic at Marrocanhe. Twice a week, staff from the CFL clinic in Manga will visit Marrocanhe to administer free health care, especially to women and children.

The Mission of Care For Life

To alleviate suffering,
promote self-reliance,
and instill hope.

Care for Life has worked closely with Ana Paula Salgado, who runs the Colegio Infantil Orphanage in Beira, and the idea for Marrocanhe was first developed in consultation with her. When asked to propose a sustainable solution for her needs in caring for the children at her orphanage, as well as a broader vision for helping orphans throughout Mozambique, she came up with the idea of farms to provide food for the children as well as payment for the workers who cared for them. The Mozambican government simply does not have enough money to fund the orphanages under its supervision, so Ana



Paula, who is uncompensated for her work at the orphanage, had to find creative ways to provide food for the 80+ children. She spent days every month driving around the city and outlying areas, bargaining with merchants and farmers for discounts on food items for the children.

Care for Life loved Ana Paula’s idea, and immediately went into action to find a way to make it become a reality. The NuSkin Force for Good Foundation provided a generous grant, which was used to purchase the land and to fund building construction. An additional contributionsd from a private donors enabled CFL to purchase another piece of land and expand the animal-raising

operation at Marrocanhe. Part of a grant from the Mozambican government will be used to fund the building of homes for the orphan-led families mentioned earlier. (One of these was completed this year; see our next issue for that story.) In addition to housing, CFL's OVC program will ensure that they receive tuition for schooling, uniforms, free health care, and referrals to other agencies and organizations that can better help them.

Because Marrocanhe is located in a very rural area, the full cooperation of the local people was essential to ensure the success of our project. Therefore, at the groundbreaking ceremony mentioned earlier, their tribal chief was called in to perform a traditional ceremony, offering gifts of food and libations to appease the spirits. We hope that the chief himself was appeased by our show of respect for their traditions. Speeches were given, including Antonia's, in which she explained what the center would mean to the community, emphasizing, "They are



not going to give you money or food, they are going to give you an opportunity to learn how to better your lives."

Construction has continued through this past year, and there are now two lovely new buildings. The Ramada is a huge round brick one-room classroom that has already begun serving as the school and community center. The other building houses the office and will be the site of the medical clinic, once it is up and running.

Ana Paula is doing less driving around to feed those children now, and can focus her efforts elsewhere. The people in the area have a wonderful new community resource. And those children who are without parents

to care for them have a new source of hope for more than mere survival as they do their best to grow up safely and help their siblings.

As we cultivate these seeds of sustenance, care, education, and self-reliance, we eagerly await their harvest in the lives of the community surrounding Marrocanhe.



The Marrocanhe Farm produces! First tomatoes, then onions, and now, carrots.

A Song of Hope

Last April, I had the good fortune of visiting our friends in Mozambique. While there, I spent time at the Marrocanhe project. Alson, the agriculture director even honored me by letting me plant one of the first orange trees on the farm. It was a wonderful experience.

Yet when I look back at my visit, the predominant event occurred while I was standing alone in the middle of the recently turned fields. As I was taking pictures, a stream of children and youth began filing out of the wooden 'school' that had been constructed underneath a large tree in the center of the property. I had heard about the school - the residents of Marrocanhe were so excited at the prospect of improving their education, that they couldn't wait for the Center to be completed. So they eagerly gathered every day under the tree and held class.

The children lined up in rows, stood tall, and began to sing. "*Mozambique nossa terra gloriosa. Pedra a pedra construindo o novo dia.*"

I stood in the field listening, doing my best to understand - fumbling for my video camera as my eyes welled. They finished their song, smiled, and marched back into their shack to resume their studies. I truly felt honored, and I often reflect on the words they sang: "*Mozambique is our glorious land. Stone by stone we are building a new day.*"

With time, and help, these children will indeed build a new day.

Brad McBride



The students, the tree, and the new classroom (above left)

Volunteer Corner

Youth volunteers, mostly college students, are an essential part of the Care for Life mission and organization. This summer their primary tasks were orphan care work and building a house for an orphaned family of 5 brothers and sisters. They have also been heavily involved in the past with teaching Facts for Life (basic health classes) in many local schools and many of them help in the clinic as well. This feature enables us to hear the voices of these talented and enthusiastic young people and share in their experiences.

*In this issue, we hear from **Annie Packard**, the daughter of Blair and Cindy Packard, by now a seasoned volunteer. She went with Cindy on her first trip to Mozambique in 2000 and has returned three different summers. This year, her experience was put to good use as the volunteer co-group leader. She is currently a senior at Brigham Young University majoring in Early Childhood Education.*

After having spent nearly twenty-five weeks in Mozambique over the past three years, I felt confident in what to expect in my upcoming trip. I knew the traditional hand shake, how to get around the city and neighboring villages, how to tie a capulana around my waist without it falling off, and how to drive on the other side of the road. I've seen poverty at its greatest, friends die of AIDS, children suffering from hunger, the misery resulting from land mines, and the pain of an orphan child. Yet, I knew the country well enough to be expecting a daily dose (more like an overdose) of new and meaningful experiences.

The Mozambican people have a rich culture. It would be impossible for anyone to learn their ways and customs in a few visits. Each trip has given me a better understanding of the beautiful way the Mozambican people live their life together out in the "open." Open in the sense that they don't have garages, fences, or even a house at times to hide behind. They bond together and rely heavily on those around them for strength.

I have never felt more accepted into their culture than the day I went to a funeral of my friend's son. Raquel and I met two years previously at the CFL Center when her dad was one of our guards. After our first introduction, I looked forward to sitting by Raquel at church every Sunday for the next three months.

Despite the old innocent fun we used to have, this summer Raquel was a drastically different person. She was fourteen years old but already an "adult." Her three-month-old baby, Jordan, had just died. Though I am seven years older than her, I felt she surpassed me in some ways with her experiences over the past two years.

My mom, one other volunteer, and I arrived with our two trucks to help carry the family to the service. We had no idea what to expect. My mom thought to bring a bag of rice, cooking oil and a few other food items for the family. They were graciously accepted and pots of water were immediately put on the fire. Raquel's mother, Maria, came up to my mom and they embraced each other for several minutes. They cried tears that seemed to belong to mothers – mothers that have to let their children go through life and experience the pain the world would naturally bring them. No matter how hard these two mothers tried, they could not keep their precious children from the sorrows of life. They seemed to silently accept this.

Friends and neighbors were gathered together out on the dirt floor surrounding the humble mud hut. Following tradition, the women sat on the straw mats and the men sat in a mixed assortment of chairs opposite them. My mom and I were invited to come into the house. The pile of flip-flops outside the door was a clear sign that I was about to step onto holy ground. I quickly put my all-terrain Chacos in the pile and stepped in. It took a moment to adjust to the poorly lit two-room hut. There were about 20 women sitting on the floor in the first room. We followed Maria to the back room. Raquel sat against one wall with her baby lying out in front of her. In the room with us were three of her aunts, one close friend, and her mother. Immediately I felt the sacredness of this room. I also felt the love and

trust that this family had for my mom and I. The two candles showed the streaks of tears that were coming down each of the faces in the room. It illuminated the tiny outline of the baby that lay underneath the cloth. I will never forget the dim images that the tiny candles let my eyes witness.

I hummed along as the small group of women sang "Nearer My God to Thee." Even if I had known the words in Portuguese, there is no way I would have been able to produce them at a moment like this. I sat on the humble dirt floor crying for people around the world. For me, it is possible to cry for mankind in a collective way. For what exactly, I cannot pinpoint, but my feeling was no less real. Perhaps it was for all the mothers whose hearts ached, all the lonely orphans, or all the burdened souls.

This is why I come to Mozambique. The seemingly obvious differences that once existed between their culture and my own, time after time disappear. I agree with C.S. Lewis that there are no ordinary people on this earth. There are no differences large enough to separate us. Whether I am rocking a beautiful orphan to sleep in Africa or walking around BYU Campus in Provo, Utah, I am surrounded by my equals. We are, in fact, made equal in this work of caring and loving each other. Not because one gives and one receives, but that each provides the other things that could not be obtained alone or simply would never be available in any other way.



How You Can Help!

Christmas 2004!

Donations:

Many people have contacted us wishing to donate items to help the people of Mozambique, and we greatly appreciate their willingness. Due to prohibitive import tariffs in Mozambique, we have found that the most effective way we can help the people there is to purchase the items that we need within the country. This also serves to strengthen the local economy. Thus, rather than donations of needed items, what will really help is cash donations so that we can purchase these items.

What you can do:

- Hold a yard sale or bake sale
- Do a service fundraiser such as a carwash, golf tournament, banquet, etc. and donate the funds to CFL.
- Contact CFL and we can help you!
- Tell others about our work
- Refer friends to our website
- Pass along this newsletter
- Send a Christmas letter (see next article)

Translation:

Are you a native Portuguese speaker (or do you have native-level fluency)? Would you be willing to translate documents and other materials for us? We have a special need for English to Portuguese translation. Please contact linda@careforlife if you would be willing to be added to a list of translators to be called upon.

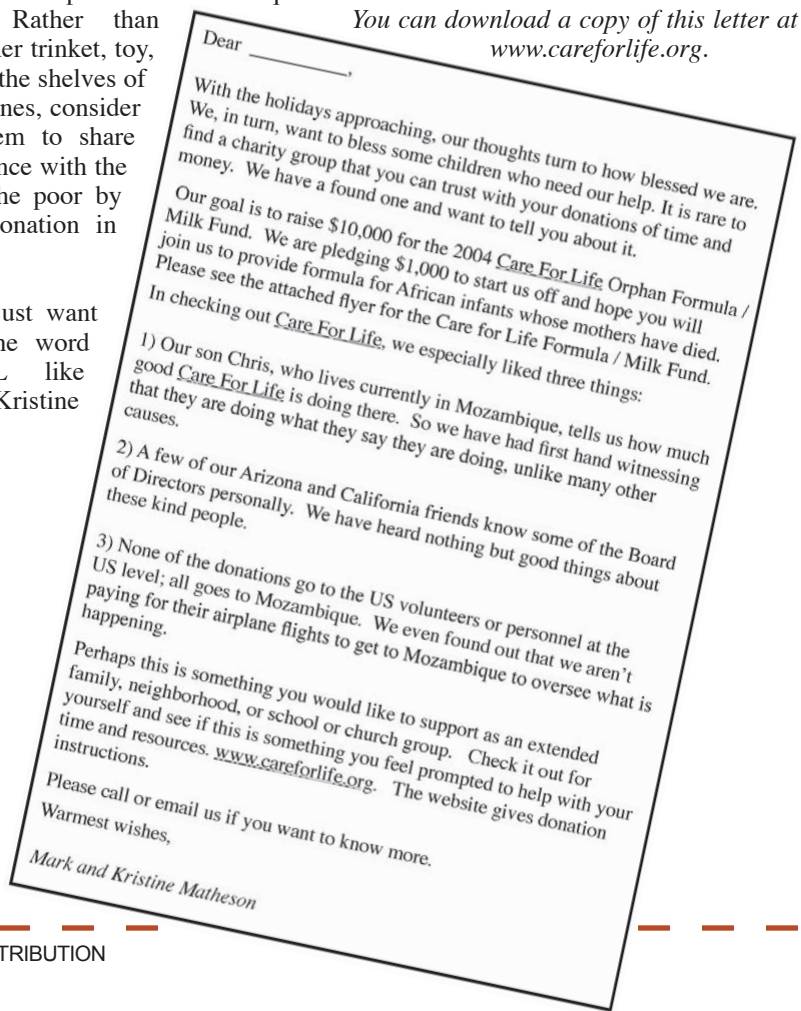
We hope that with the holidays approaching, as you consider your own blessings you will also consider the plight of the people of Mozambique who will not only have a sparse Christmas, but may be struggling for life itself.

Most of those on your shopping list are probably already blessed with abundance. Do you ever wonder whether your gift is unnecessary, not special or enough? Rather than adding another trinket, toy, or gadget to the shelves of your loved ones, consider allowing them to share their abundance with the poorest of the poor by making a donation in their name.

You might just want to spread the word about CFL like Mark & Kristine

Matheson of Highland, Utah, did last year before Christmas. We'd like to thank them for their efforts and for allowing us to share this Christmas e-letter they sent out last year to all the friends and acquaintances that they felt would be receptive to the message (see the story about their daughter under "Heroes."). We'd love it if you'd adapt it, adding your own testimonials, to send to your friends and family.

You can download a copy of this letter at www.careforlife.org.



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You Are the Real Heroes

Stories of remarkable people just like you who are making a real difference in the lives of Mozambican people!

CFL Milk Fund Garage Sale

Kelsey Matheson and Ashley Ormsby, of Highland, Utah, both 14 years old, have a lot to be proud of.

In September, the girls held a neighborhood garage sale to raise money for the Care for Life Milk Fund. Not only do they have the joy that comes from knowing they have made a life or death difference in the lives of African babies, but they will also be able to use this project towards certification in their church's Young Women Values program.

The girls printed up flyers with facts about infant mortality and the CFL Milk Fund, along with the CFL logo and website address, and distributed them around their neighborhood, asking for donated items for their sale. A total of 32 families responded with donations—some with items to sell,

and some with straight cash donations for Care for Life. "We have a garage full of stuff to sell," reported Kelsey's father, Mark Matheson, on the night before the sale.

The weather on the day of the sale



cooperated, the Mathesons' driveway was full of merchandise, and the Saturday of the sale kept them busy as shoppers came and went. "The girls had a lot of fun," said Kelsey's mother, Kristine. "They told everyone who came, 'Thanks for coming to our charity garage sale.'"

The girls had set the lofty goal of earning \$500 for the Milk Fund through their efforts. But they were rewarded beyond their expectations—when they added up the totals from the sale and the donations, they had \$744.50 to send to Care for Life. Any items that were not sold were donated to Deseret Industries, a local charity, so that all donations from neighbors went to charity.

Kelsey and Ashley, thanks so much!

www.careforlife.org

1-800-JOIN CFL



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