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Power of Charity

CHILDREN'S EDITION

EDITED BY PEACEKEEPER HUZ AND MUDAR PATHERYA



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Edited by Peacekeeper HUZ and Mudar Patherya

In aid of



Near, sweet, lovely children,

This book Power of Charity has been specially designed for you.

The word charity means to help someone in need. It could be in the form of wealth, or any other way.

Charity is one of the best deeds possible. The poor and needy get help and their suffering is reduced. God is always pleased with the people who give charity.

When you give charity, you will also feel happy because you have helped someone and made him or her happy.

Do charity. It is right.

With love,

Peacekeeper HUZ

Mudar Patherya



Nanhe munne bachche teri
mutthi mein kya hai?
Mutthi mein hai
taqdeer hamaari, Humne
Kismat ko bas mein kiya hai!

HASRAT JAIPURI



A CHILD'S PRAYER

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.



BY M BENTHAM-EDWARDS

SAVIOUR



A NUMBER OF CHILDREN WHO GREW INTO ADULTS HAVE ABDUS SATTAR EDHI TO THANK.

Abdus Sattar Edhi's Karachi office has a metal crib outside with a sign: 'Don't kill your baby.' And so does every Edhi Foundation

office in Pakistan. So that a mother can leave an unwanted baby there. Without divulging her identity. Of any caste or creed.

Edhi's Karachi office receives 90 babies a month, half of them alive. Edhi saved some 20,000 abandoned babies in his life. Gave away hundreds of brides as 'father'.

Edhi Foundation also has over 600 ambulances cross-crossing Pakistan. The largest volunteer ambulance service in the world (*Source: Guinness Book of World Records 1997*). Runs eight hospitals (provides free medical care), eye hospitals, diabetic centres, surgical units, cancer hospital, mobile dispensaries and two blood banks ...in Karachi alone. Aims to build a hospital across every 500 km in Pakistan.

There is another side to the man. Refuses donations from governments or formal religious organisations. General Zia-ul-Haq and the Italian government sent him generous donations, which he returned and thank you very much. Never taken a single day off work.

DROP BY DROP



THE STAVROPOL CHILDREN'S FUND, A NORTH CAUCASUS RESOURCE CENTRE CLIENT, HAS BECOME A HOUSEHOLD NAME.

Its clear plastic collection containers are all over town. Across restaurant cash counters. At entrances to clubs. In stores.

This is how the story began. When a young local boy lost his leg in a train accident, the Children's Fund and the local Red Cross chapter scrambled to rescue. The situation was bleak – his family was poor and at the time, state subsidies covered only hospital and outpatient care, not prosthetic limbs.

But using a new fundraising expertise, the Children's Fund launched a targeted campaign and within weeks had raised several thousand dollars towards a new leg for the boy. Rouble by rouble. Restaurant owners donated their time, space and services to hold charity dinners. Everyone pitched in. Complete strangers.

The operation happened. The boy can walk again. The impossible had happened.

No child's play.

TUMHARI AAKHRI KHWAAISH KYA HAI?



SOMETIMES WHEN YOU WANT TO SEE CHANGE, YOU JUST NEED TO DREAM ABOUT IT. THAT IS HOW MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION® ORIGINATED IN 1980.

A young boy called Christopher Greicius dreamt he wanted to be a highway patrolman...but had leukaemia.

Chris's mother resolved that she would make this wish come true. The result: Chris was sworn in as the first - and only - honorary Arizona Highway Patrolman in the state's history.

Chris's mother and some others who helped this dream come true realized that there must be other children like Chris who could similarly benefit from their wishes being granted. This simple insight was the beginning of the Make-A-Wish Foundation®

Making it possible for terminally ill children to see their dream come true.

...AND WE THOUGHT LAPIERRE WAS ONLY AN AUTHOR



“WHEN I VISITED UDAYAN, 19-YEAR-OLD ASHU SHOUTED, ‘DADA! DADA!’ AND RAN OVER WAVING A PIECE OF PAPER - A DIPLOMA IN MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.”

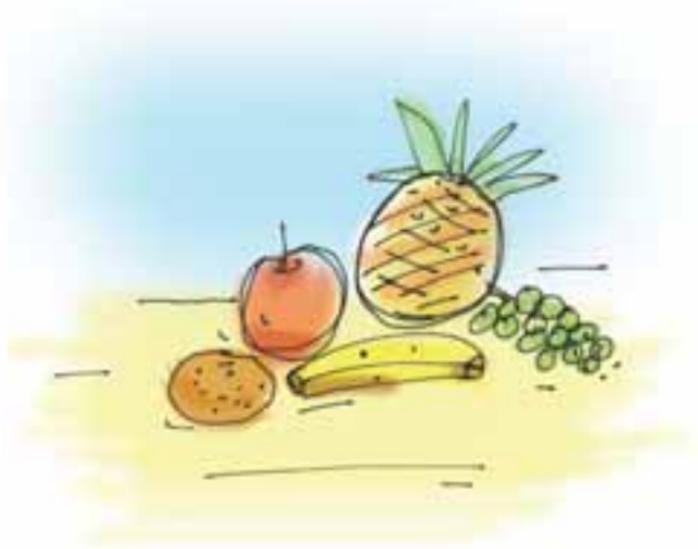
‘I had rescued this boy from a leper colony in India 12 years ago. I had tears in my eyes. I thought: ‘If I’d done only this in this world before appearing in front of the Lord, it would be enough.’

“Mother Teresa introduced me and my wife to an Englishman James Stevens, a wealthy haberdasher who donated all his resources to open a home in Barrackpore to rescue, cure, educate and train young leprosy patients. He called his home ‘Udayan’ (Resurrection). When I met him, he had run out of money to support this island of hope amid the most abject poverty. I handed him my royalties and told him, “James, you will never close Udayan.”

Result: Udayan rescued and educated 10,000 leprosy-affected children with heavy physical and cerebral handicaps, cured one million tuberculosis patients, dug 500 tube wells, educated 2000 village women, extended micro-credits to 10,000 families and provided medical supplies to 35 isolated islands of the Sunderbans.

Lapierre is now better known as ‘Benefactor of the Sunderbans.’

THANKS, GUV!



IT DOESN'T TAKE A LOT OF MONEY - OR HEART - TO ENGAGE IN CHARITY. SOMETIMES ONLY A LITTLE INGENUITY.

Bengal Governor Gopalkrishna Gandhi heard about how children, rescued from the streets and lived in Loreto Sealdah, had little to eat.

The Governor didn't merely slip the page. He simply connected two realities - his backyard which abounded in vegetables and fruit and children's needs.

The result: some 300 children from the pavements of Sealdah now have vegetables and fruit for their every day meal.

SOURCE: ADAPTED FROM AN ARTICLE THAT APPEARED IN THE TIMES OF INDIA, 5.04.09

PENNY IN THE BOX



THE LADY WHO OWNS AND MANAGES THE BOOKSHOP 'THE LAST FEW' IN MINEHEAD (WEST SOMERSET) USUALLY ASKS A CUSTOMER WHETHER SHE COULD PUT THE PENNY CHANGE FROM A PURCHASED BOOK INTO THE CHILDREN'S HOSPICE COLLECTION BOX.

"Yes, of course," is the inevitable reply. All prices in her shop end in 99p, so every sale she makes presents her with the opportunity to find a customer to donate a penny into the children's hospice box. The message: every drop makes the ocean.

SOURCE: ROB HOPCOTT,
PHILANTHROPY.HOPCOTT.NET. 10 DECEMBER 2007



WOULD YOU BELIEVE THIS ABOUT DR. DEVI SHETTY?

OPERATES ON CHILDREN UNDER 12 FREE OF CHARGE.

Has conducted more than 5,000 operations on children in a career covering more than 13,000 operations.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE HOPELESS



ROBERT FREDERICK ZENON 'BOB' GELDOLF.

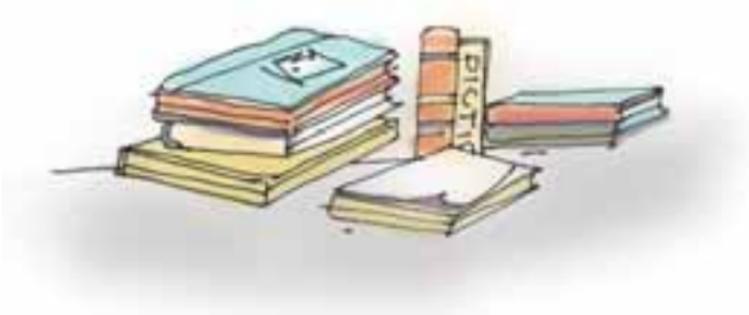
Irish singer, songwriter, author and political activist. In 1984, Geldof saw a news report about starving children in Ethiopia. Midge Ure of Ultravox and he wrote, 'Do They Know It's Christmas?' to raise funds. The song was recorded by various artists under the name of Band Aid. The song raised over £8 million. Geldof discovered that African nations were deeply indebted as well.

For every pound donated in aid, ten times as much would have to be repaid. It became obvious that one song would not be enough.

So on 13 July 1985, Geldof and Ure organized Live Aid. This huge event was staged simultaneously in London and Philadelphia.

Phil Collins flew Concorde so that he could play at both places on the same day. Live Aid raised over £150 million for famine relief. Geldof was knighted at 34. And it all started with starving children.

DONATE A BOOK, CHANGE A LIFE



COLONEL JAMES ANDERSON ALLOWED ANY WORKING BOY
TO USE HIS PERSONAL LIBRARY FOR FREE.

The young Andrew Carnegie never forgot.

So when Carnegie retired as a steel tycoon, he endowed his wealth to build more than 2,000 public libraries. He gave \$125 million to Carnegie Corporation to aid colleges and schools.

By 1911, Carnegie had given away 90 percent of his fortune.

His guidelines for 'Scientific Philanthropy':

- Don't spoil your heirs. Carnegie believed inherited wealth spoiled the heirs. "I should as soon leave to my son a curse as the almighty dollar."
- Give with warm hands: Carnegie wrote that "Men who leave vast sums [in their wills] may fairly be thought men who would not have left it at all had they been able to take it with them."
- Help those willing to help themselves: "It were better for mankind that the millions of the rich were thrown into the sea than so spent as to encourage the slothful, the drunken, the unworthy."

BANKING ON CHILDREN



THE CASHIER COUNTS THE CURRENCY NOTES CAREFULLY, MAKES AN ENTRY IN THE PASSBOOK AND HANDS IT OVER TO THE WAITING CUSTOMER.

This is no ordinary bank - the cashier and consumer are street children. The Bal Vikas Bank (Children's Development Bank) is a unique initiative by a Delhi-based NGO called Butterflies, whose primary aim is to inculcate a sense of saving money in street children, who otherwise end up wasting whatever little they have on gambling or drugs. The Children's Development Bank is run by and for children. Trained by volunteers of HSBC. Members are either rag pickers or work in tea shops and *dhabas*. CDB has grown from 20 members to 1,700 in Delhi. Members get a 3.5 percent interest return on their savings; they are even eligible for loans following scrutiny. The membership of CDB comes to an end when a child turns 18. Kids selling pornographic material or indulging in stealing, pick-pocketing and substance abuse are not given bank membership. Governance!

CHARITY FROM CHILDHOOD



SAID NANI PALKHIVALA: “MY FATHER, ARDESHIR, TAUGHT ME COMPASSION AND KINDNESS.

I was not more than two years old. I was about to help myself to a bowl of almonds when my father reminded me of the poor orphan who lived next door. I was so moved by his words that I immediately handed over the entire bowl to the boy. That incident has made a deep impression on me since.” Nani gave several crores to charity and it is unlikely that he kept an account. His last cheque: Rs. 2 crore. “I want to give away money in my lifetime. What is the use of bequeathing it because you are unable to take it away?”

SOURCE: A TOUCH OF GREATNESS BY R. M. LALA

BILL GATES ON PHILANTHROPY



“I’M DRIVEN BY THE URGENCY THAT CHILDREN ARE DYING. WHY CAN’T WE MOVE FASTER OR MAKE INTERVENTIONS AVAILABLE QUICKLY?”

- “Earlier, I gave 20% of my time to the Foundation and the rest to Microsoft. Now, I give 20% of my time to Microsoft and the rest to the Foundation.”
- “In my and Melinda’s case we decided it would be better for our children if we give away the money as opposed to largely giving it to them.”
- “All billionaires should give away the vast majority of their fortunes.”
- “Great wealth should go from the richest to the poorest.”

CAREER GURU



WHEN HIS CHILDREN WERE BEING TUTORED FOR THE IIT ENTRANCE EXAM, ADDITIONAL DIRECTOR GENERAL OF POLICE ABHAYANAND FELT HE NEEDED TO DO SOMETHING FOR BRIGHT UNDERPRIVILEGED STUDENTS AS WELL.

He sought the help of Anand, a mathematics teacher, who ran his own entrance coaching institute. The result: Super 30 coaching classes (attached to Anand's house in Mithapur, Patna). From an initial 200 students, 30 were selected. Coached for five months. Some 18 cleared the IIT entrance exam. So far, 122 Super 30 students have made it to the IITs. With Anand bearing all their expenses. Offers to lodge the poor students in his house (90 per cent of the students come from poor families). The coaching centre now has a strength of 600. Anand teaches them three days a week for two-and-a-half hours. Anand's spark? Being humiliated by an RJD MP (*de facto* education minister) when he sought financial help for higher studies abroad. Vowed to remain unmarried and help at least 10,000 students become engineers.

SOURCE: REWRITTEN FROM AN ARTICLE THAT APPEARED IN THE WEEK, 17 JUNE 2007



ROBBY'S NIGHT

MY NAME IS MILDRED HONDORF. I AM A FORMER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL MUSIC TEACHER FROM DES MOINES, IOWA.

I've had my share of 'musically challenged' pupils. One was Robby, 11 years old when his mother (a single mom) dropped him off for his first piano lesson. Robby said that it had always been his mother's dream to hear him play the piano. From the beginning it was a hopeless endeavor. Robby lacked the sense of tone and basic rhythm needed to excel. But at the end of each weekly lesson he'd always say, 'My mom's going to hear me play someday.'

Then one day Robby stopped coming to our lessons. I was glad that he stopped coming. He was a bad advertisement for my teaching!

Several weeks later I mailed to the student's homes a flyer on the upcoming recital. To my surprise Robby (who received a flyer) asked me if he could be in the recital. I told him that because he had dropped out he really did not qualify.

He said that his mother had been sick and unable to take him to piano lessons but he was still practicing. 'Miss Hondorf, I've just got to play!' he insisted.

The night for the recital came. I put Robby up last in the program before I was to come up and thank all the students and play a finishing piece. Robby came up on stage. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair looked like he'd run an eggbeater through it. Robby pulled out the piano bench and he began.

I was surprised when he announced that he had chosen Mozart's

Concerto #21 in C Major. I was not prepared for what I heard next. His fingers were light on the keys, they even danced nimbly on the ivories. He went from pianissimo to fortissimo. From allegro to virtuoso. His suspended chords that Mozart demands were magnificent! After six-and-a-half minutes he ended in a grand crescendo and everyone was on their feet in wild applause.

Overcome and in tears I ran up on stage and put my arms around Robby in joy. 'I've never heard you play like that Robby! How'd you do it?' Through the microphone Robby explained: 'Well Miss Hondorf. Remember I told you my mom was sick? Well, actually she had cancer and passed away this morning. And well . . . She was born deaf so tonight was the first time she ever heard me play. I wanted to make it special.'

Robby was killed in the bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City in April 1995.

WHAT YOU SOW IS WHAT YOU REAP



ONE DAY, SCOTTISH FARMER FLEMING HEARD A CRY FROM A NEARBY BOG. HE RAN TO THE BOG.

There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from slow death.

The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up at the Scotsman's house. A nobleman introduced himself as the father of the boy farmer Fleming had saved. Wanting to repay Fleming for the life saved. The farmer waved away the offer.

At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.

'Is that your son?' the nobleman asked. The farmer nodded.

'I'll make you a deal. Let me provide him with the level of education my own son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of.'

And he did. Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and in time, graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become the inventor of penicillin. Sir Alexander Fleming. Years afterward, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia. What saved his life this time? Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.



THE CHAPLIN WE NEVER KNEW

WHEN WE ARRIVED IN CALIFORNIA, WE STAYED AT THE ALEXANDRIA HOTEL IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES. ...ANOTHER SPECIALIST WAS CONSULTED. NO CHANGE IN DIAGNOSIS. COMPLETE BED REST. NO EXERCISE. NO CHANGE IN DIET.

One day the telephone rang. My mother talked for a few minutes, put down the phone and said excitedly, "John, I have wonderful surprise for you!"

“What?”

“That was Charlie Chaplin! He heard there was a sick boy in the hotel, and he’s coming up to see you!”

A few minutes later there was a knock at the door. Mother opened it, and Chaplin came in. My heart was pounding. I couldn’t contain my excitement. No one today holds a position in a child’s world even remotely comparable to the one Charlie Chaplin held then. He was more than a picture star; he was myth incarnate; nobody thought of him as a real being. Yet there he was, flesh and blood, standing before me. After shaking hands with me, Charlie turned to Mother and said, “My dear, you must have something to do,... some shopping perhaps? You go on out. Take as long as you like. I’ll stay with John.”

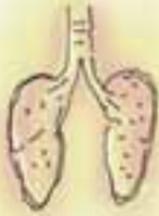
She was gone for more than an hour, and it was an enchanted hour for me. To see Charlie Chaplin on the screen was a joy, but to see him in person, to be in audience of one for my idol, was beyond

words wonderful. He was a trainer in a sideshow performing with invisible fleas. He folded a handkerchief and did a little puppet show. Then we talked. I asked how they made everything go slow in movies, and he explained the principle of slow motion to me. I asked how somebody could jump off a diving board and, before hitting the water, reverse and come back up. He told me how it was done. His explanation was simple and clear, and I understood perfectly. It seemed as though only a few minutes had passed before I heard the sound of Mother’s key in the lock.



SOURCE: AN OPEN BOOK BY JOHN HUSTON

KINDNESS OVER INTELLIGENCE



AS A KID, I SPENT MY SUMMERS WITH MY GRANDPARENTS ON THEIR RANCH IN COTULLA, TEXAS.

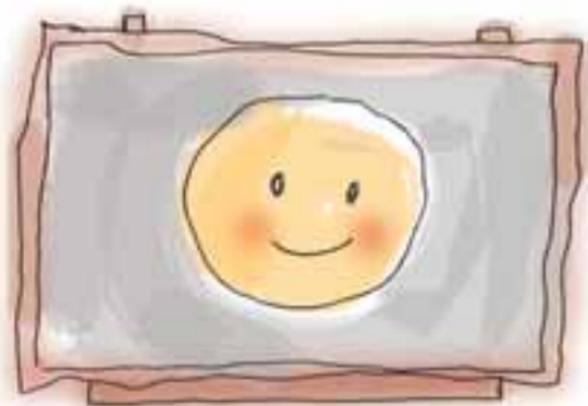
One of the best, and strangest, parts of spending summers with my grandparents was caravanning with the Wally Byam Caravan Club, a

group of Airstream trailer owners who took road trips together around the United States and Canada. I was then, as I am now, a big reader and a fiend for numbers. The TV announcer declared that every time a smoker took a puff of a cigarette, he was shortening his life span by two minutes. My grandmother was a smoker. So on one particularly long driving day, I decided to do the math. I poked my head between the two front seats and tapped my grandmother on the shoulder. “You’ve taken sixteen years off of your life from smoking,” I said, explaining the math, and with none of the solemnity the disclosure warranted. She burst into tears.

My grandfather, who had been driving in silence, carefully pulled to the side of the road. He got out of the car and asked me to follow. After a minute, my grandfather looked at me, put his hand on my shoulder and said: “You’ll learn one day that it’s much harder to be kind than clever.”

It’s something I’ve been working on ever since.

- JEFF BEZOS, FOUNDER AND CEO OF AMAZON.COM



THE POWER OF PERSEVERENCE

WHEN THE FIRST PROFITS (FROM MY NEWMAN'S OWN FOOD COMPANY) STARTED ROLLING IN, IT SEEMED RIGHT SOMEHOW THAT THE MONEY SHOULD HELP CHILDREN WHOSE LUCK HAD BEEN SIMPLY BRUTAL—CHILDREN WITH LIFE-THREATENING DISEASES, CANCER, BLOOD CONDITIONS, TUMORS, THE KIND OF LUCK THAT THE CHILDREN MIGHT NOT HAVE A LIFETIME TO CORRECT.

So we came up with the idea of a camp for sick children. We looked at the wrong places, at the wrong people. The most important bit of luck came when we found Dr. Howard Pearson of

Yale, a pediatric oncologist, to oversee the place. But once off the ground, few parents were inclined to trust us with their children, most of whom had not been away from home and hospital care. That first session we were half full. Parents were not about to release their sick children to an untested, untried place. We did fill up the camp by the end of the summer, though; because word spread that this camp was special, indeed—a safe and caring place. I had visited other camps for children who were ill and couldn't see the difference between the look of a camp and the look of a hospital. Both of them had a lot of steel and glass—chilly, to say the least. So I tried to create a place that would have a sense of romance, adventure, and humor for kids. The Hole in the Wall Gang is from Butch Cassidy; the look is a turn-of-the-century Western town.

We have a counselor for every two campers, which allows us to give children who would not be able to attend a traditional camp a

place where they aren't any different from the other kids, and where they can behave badly and raise a little hell. Over the years, our medical staff has grown, which increases our ability to deal with chemotherapy and other treatments. There are no mandatory activities. Children can choose anything from handicrafts to theater to fishing. We have a gymnasium, rope climbs, and horses. Any kid who wants to, regardless of his condition, can participate. They are a loud and raucous bunch most of the time. What could be better?

Fourteen years ago, only 30 percent of the children who attended our first camp session would survive. Today that number has been reversed: Seventy percent of our campers will now overcome cancer and go on to have normal lives, thanks to medical advances, which is not luck, it's perseverance.

PAUL NEWMAN, ACTOR AND PHILANTHROPIST

SOMEWHERE TO TURN



“I’M INSPIRED BY ‘COURAGE’ AND ‘CHARACTER’, ESPECIALLY IN CHILDREN IN CHALLENGING CIRCUMSTANCES.

“I’ve always wanted to help sick children who through no fault of their own, ‘fall through the cracks’ and have nowhere to turn for help. ‘Somewhere to Turn’ is the reason for establishing my Foundation. To me, being Australian is about looking after your mates, taking care of the less fortunate, supporting the underdog and enhancing the spirit that makes all Australians unique.” – Steve Waugh

The Steve Waugh Foundation helps change things for children with a rare disease by giving hope, providing medicine, equipment and treatment, supporting education and research, partnering with other like agencies and organisations as well as supporting specific projects and programs. The Foundation has already supported over 200 families through generous donations from patrons, corporate partners and supporters. Over a million dollars has been used for medication, treatment, specialised equipment and financial support.

INSTANT SUPPORT



“I SUGGESTED TO SACHIN TENDULKAR TO DO SOMETHING FOR THE LESS FORTUNATE OF THE SOCIETY.

He instantly agreed and asked me my plans. I had none as it was a casual remark. But within minutes he phoned Meerut and arranged for bats to be sent to Bangalore which were to be signed by players and later auctioned. Thanks to his initiative and the enthusiasm of the Indian team, an auction of cricketing equipment donated by players was held the following year and the proceeds went to street children in Mumbai (*Apnalaya*) and a home for the blind and another for the leprosy afflicted in Bangalore. All this from mere casual talk.”

- JOURNALIST FRIEND JOSEPH HOOVER ON AN INCIDENT DURING THE 1997 TOUR OF PAKISTAN

ANYTHING FOR EDUCATION



WHEN THE TSUNAMI STRUCK A FEW YEARS AGO, MOST RESPONSES WERE WELL MEANING BUT PREDICTABLE. SOME RICE. SOME COOKING OIL. SOME BUILDING MATERIAL.

Actor Rahul Bose thought differently. 'Why not use the occasion to make a significant life-changing difference to the lives of some?' he thought. And the result was that he picked more than two dozen tsunami-affected children with no apparent future, co-ordinated with one of the best schools in the country – Rishi Valley near Bangalore - and volunteered to support the children through school and college. The school took them on. Today, when you speak to any one of them, there is no accent giveaway, no trace of the life they left. In a few years from now, they will be graduating with precisely the same prospects as any one from their class from a privileged background. The result of seeing an opportunity when just about everyone perceived hopelessness.

My mother, a Jewish immigrant from Lithuania, used to tell her seven kids, "All my children are excellent. What's the big deal. Go do some good in the world and I'll be impressed."

MORTON I. ABRAMOWITZ, INTERNATIONAL-RELATIONS LEADER

Charity is light,
A powerful might.
O God ! Let me not lose of this sight.
Whether it is day or night,
Charity is right.
Let your palms not be tight,
By God, you will soar to a great height.

PEACEKEEPER HUZ



WHAT YOU GIVE IN
CHARITY, COMES BACK TO
YOU MULTIPLIED MANY
TIMES OVER.

