

Dear Reader,

Please find the report of Niek and Helma Rader (from Wassenaar- Netherlands) after their recent visit to Mozambique.

I hope you will find it interesting to read their experiences and learn about their introduction to the centre "Mutanyana Weru" in Maputo Mozambique.

Visits like this are important for the foundation "Mutanyana Weru " and we share their work and experience with you. We are convinced that reports like these bring us all closer to understanding the need for help to those who are less blessed with worldly goods than ourselves. In this case the people in Maputo, Mozambique.

Sjef van Zon, foundation chairman. (mrt-2007)



Look how happy these children are. Without the centre it would not be like this.

Smallest imaginable source (Oosterhuis) (by Helma Rader)

Smallest imaginable source, buried with stones,
Bubbles up, light waterribbon through the prairie,
Waterflash around rocks into the desert
Breaking a riverbed straight across the uninhabitable,
Bear down upon inaccessible heights,
Travels through dead cities roaring and mutinous
Soaking the roots of fossilized plane-trees,
Shedding oasis, flowing on fields, through gardens,
Sprays a blanket of rain over roses.

During Lent the Bishops send out a letter: time for reflection, care for our fellow-man, honest distribution in the world of our prosperity.

We have just returned from Mozambique where we worked on the project of the Dutch Father André van Zon. This Father offers a home to people without any future: disabled women, handicapped (physical and/or mental) and abandoned children. About 90% percent of Mozambiques population lives in the sand with, if they are lucky, stone walls, a corrugated roof and a very small yard where woodfires are used for cooking. I can understand that a family can not support a disabled mother who became a victim of landmines which were left behind after the civil war. Also such a family can not support the children of this women when every day is a struggle to survive and to obtain some food. I can understand that a mother abandons her child when she knows that she will die soon from Aids.

Father André's Centre now offers home to 20 disabled women and 60 children, some of which are handicapped. If possible the children go to school and so do some of the handicapped women. We came home full of conflicting feelings. We did what we could but it was a drop in the ocean. Admiration for the vision of Father André ('What you did for the least of me, you did to me') fight with the feelings of hopelessness and " it is an endless work". Then the rehearsal evening of our churchchoir comes and we practice the hymn 'Smallest imaginable source'. Then I know again: I can not know how the smallest imaginable source can grow to a mighty, feeding and life-bringing river. Oh, yes, the river may dry-up halfway but the source will then follow a different route and still bring life. Every little drop of us will do it's work somewhere. Let's believe that.



Joy of all for one!

The gratefull result !!



Friendship, Joy and Gratitude!

Visit to South Africa and Mozambique (by Niek Rader)

About 12 years ago we were first introduced to Father André van Zon and his project 'Mutanyana Weru' (our little village) by a friend, who's partner worked on the Dutch embassy in Maputo. In this project every penny donated is fully used because the project is an organisation without high overheads.

We were so impressed by the work being done there that we decided to support the project through our Reiki Centre. The most recent time we met with Father André was last year for the celebration of the 40 years in the priesthood. Again, he invited us to visit him and we decided to accept this invitation.

Mozambique is quite a distance away from Holland, so for this reason we decided to make an old dream come true and combine this visit with a tour through the wildparks of north-east South Africa. At the end of January 2007 the trip began with the South Africa grouptour. The emphasis was on wildlife and nature. It was a fantastic experience and we visited a number of National Parks; including Krüger National Park which is about the same size as the Netherlands. We saw and photographed all animals that we had ever wanted to see, even a leopard during a night 'game drive' in the St. Lucia Wetlands Park.

What struck us was the wealth of the country- by African standards.

After a good-bye, at Johannesburg Airport, to our travel friends who returned to Holland, we took the flight to Maputo where Father André was waiting for us. Due to clerical delays in getting the required visa it took about 2 hours (and Euro 50,- poorer) before we were on our way to the centre Mutanyana Weru.

What a difference with South Africa where it was reasonably clean. In the outskirts of Maputo there were mountains of garbage piled alongside the roads. And the smell!: a combination of exhaust gasses, burnt garbage and urine. It reminded us very much of the slums of Bombay.

The Project by contrast (Centre- as Padre André calls it) is very simple and clean. About 60 children as well as 20 handicapped women live there. Men are considered taboo because often their presence only gives troubles.

Father André has been connected to the main hospital of Maputo for more than 15 years and met a lot of women there severely wounded as a result of exploding land-mines; there were more than the 1 million mines left behind after the civil war. The hospital cares for these women as best they can. In Mozambique nursing of a patient is done by family. Often these women are abandoned by their family as they are considered a burden. And that is when Father André stepped in to take over the care. When they were discharged from hospital he took them in his Centre. Then it turned out that these women usually had children who were in turn taken in by the Centre. And that is how the Centre started.

Nowadays he takes care of most hopeless cases from the hospital, because government organisations, like we have in Holland and the Western world, to take care of orphans and handicapped people are hardly existing.

We already had mentioned to Padre André that we would like to do something for the Centre during our stay. So we asked what jobs he had for us. Father André then told us that about 3 weeks before our arrival an ammunition store of an adjacent military camp had exploded. For $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour there had been explosion after explosion, reminding us of the situation in Enschede some years ago.

Although the military camp is about 1 Km. away from the Centre the compound was littered with debris. Lumps of grenade and mortar metal weighing sometimes more

than a kilo. It was a miracle that nobody in the Centre or its surroundings had been wounded! What had been hit were the roofs; we counted 5 holes where metal had pierced the corrugated iron. The buildings shook so much that even the fluorescent lighting came down from the ceilings. They were hanging on their wires; one or two of them still worked, most others were out of order.

Father André knew that I know something about electricity, so he asked me to tackle these problems. I started to survey the works and buy the necessary basic tools. This sounds simpler than it is, because making a shoppinglist and visit a DIY store does not work in Maputo. For almost everything there are separate shops resulting in us spending hours every day to make the necessary purchases. In a weeks time, with the help of my wife Helma and later the gardener Carlos, I have fixed all lights using a table and a stepladder (the HSE dept. would not have approved!). Twelve lights were beyond repair and needed replacement and the remaining lights have been fixed and cleaned from wasps, spiders and ants (and their nests). A large number of the boys were also 'helping' us and were shouting for joy every time a light worked again. I also repaired dangerous electrical 'installations' where uninsolated wires with 220 volts on them, were within reach of the children.

More jobs were done, even repairing a small safe-deposit box which I used later for storing all the newly purchased tools.

While I was assisted by Carlos, Helma started to repair Thelma's the 3-wheel bike (see picture). When she was a child, Thelma, was hit by a bullet in her spine resulting in a complete paralyses of the lower part of her body. In the hospital she became so bedsores that her skin is permanently damaged and she may only use her wheelchair for short moments. At school she lays on the ground for most of the time, whilst at home she lays on bed on her stomach. An American engineer constructed a tricycle for her which she can move with her arms whilst laying on her front. The covering on which she lies was badly damaged and needed replacement. Because she uses the tricycle under the shower the underlaying wooden board also needed to be replaced. In town we could buy all needed material and the rest came from an old wooden cupboard which was cut down to the proper size. After some days of hard work and lots of sweat the tricycle looked very pretty again and Thelma was very pleased with it.

We have the greatest admiration for Father André, who has done this work for more than 15 years and given a lot of love to 'his children',.

Apart from the 60 children and 20 women there are another 20 people in his service (guards, women for cooking, cleaning, washing, etc). Normally he has to feed about 100 mouths every day. Even with the low costs of living in Mozambique the total amount of money needed to keep the centre running is considerable.

Almost all sponsors are from the Netherlands with contributions from churches, private persons, schools with all sorts of actions, the 'Wilde Ganzen' who have contributed various times.



Skilfull repair of the lights after grenade explosions.