

# IMAGINE YOU ARE OLGA

**Imagine with me . . . You're an orphan. Your name is Olga.**

You are 12 years old. You live in Ukraine, and you were born with cerebral palsy. You walk with a severe limp. Your leg always drags behind you. You have no mother, no father, no family. Your mother dropped you off at a state-run orphanage after you were born. Supposedly she loved you, but couldn't take care of you. You had "too many problems."

**Imagine . . . You're an orphan. Your name is Olga.** You go to the dining hall precisely at 5:30 pm. The room is full of other orphans. You have 30 minutes to eat. The food is always the same. Lukewarm soup, day-old bread, one hard cookie, and one cup of water. Sometimes an apple or a pear.

**Imagine . . . You're an orphan. Your name is Olga.** It's 8:00pm and you lay down in your small bed. In the room are five other girls. They too have "problems." One can't speak. One can't hear. Two can't learn. One seems okay, but stares a lot. Like you, they too were dropped off at the orphanage. No one wanted them either. You all go to bed feeling unloved. Unworthy of love. No one gives you a hug. No one prays with you. No one reads you a bedtime story. No one even says, "good night." On occasion, Ms. Helga, the night shift worker will say something kind. It's usually when she's been drinking. Most nights she comes through yelling, cursing, and screaming. Ivan gets her mad. He likes to talk a lot. He lives down the hall. He is like your brother.

**Imagine . . . You're an orphan. Your name is Olga.** At 1:38am, you and the other children suddenly wake to the sound of a piercing air raid alarm. Ms. Helga yells for everyone to run to the basement. Ivan trips you on the way down the stairs. He thinks it's funny. "You are going to get us &%%\$ killed," Ms. Helga screams. "Hurry the #&%# up," she yells while grabbing you by the arm. "Do you want the %##\$&XX\*% Russians to kill us because your retarded A#\$ can't walk?" You hurry down the stairs.

**Imagine . . . You're an orphan. Your name is Olga.**

When you get to the bunker, the boys lay down on cardboard that is covering the floor. The room is cold. The floor is extremely cold. The boys use blankets like sleeping bags. You and the girls have very short children's beds. You lay in the fetal position. At 2:45 am the siren goes off again. Then again at 4:15 am. At 6:30 am, Ms. Helga starts yelling for everyone to wake up. You get three minutes to shower. School starts in an hour.

**Imagine . . . You're an orphan. Your name is Olga.**

It's Christmas morning. No gifts. No tree. No hugs. No smiles. No one to say "I love you." No one to tell the Christmas story. You feel so lonely. You put on your favorite sweatshirt. The words, "CHOOSE happy" are written across the chest. Your American friends, Joe, JD, and Dave gave it to you last Christmas, along with a warm hat, gloves, coat, and some toys. Wearing the sweatshirt makes you feel cozy inside. It also makes you think about last Christmas when the Americans took you to eat pizza. You had never been to a restaurant before. You ate lots of pepperoni pizza, had three bottles of Coke, and a bunch of cookies. You called it, "The best day of your life."



1. Olga with her new toy last Christmas.
2. Inside the orphanage in Ukraine.
3. The dark hallways at night.
4. In the bunker, boys sleep on cardboard and blankets while girls sleep on small beds.
5. Olga and Anya enjoying pizza last Christmas in Poland while wearing their new sweatshirts.

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Sadly, this year is different. You are no longer living in Poland as a refugee. Instead, you have been sent back to live at your orphanage in Ukraine. You hope someone will come to visit. You wish someone would come give you a hug. You wish you could again eat pizza and drink three bottles of Coke. You wonder if the Christmas story of Jesus is even true. Your thoughts start becoming dark. You wonder why your mother left you. You feel so lost. You feel so lonely. You pray, "God, why does no one like me? God, why can't I be loved by someone? Am I this messed up? God, do you even hear me? Oh God, why does no one care about me?"

## IMPORTANT NOTE FROM JOE:

I KNOW YOU CARE ABOUT OLGA AND WANT TO HELP HER, IVAN, AND THE OTHER CHILDREN. I CAN GET ITEMS TO THE CHILDREN, BUT I DO NEED YOUR HELP. PLEASE LOOK AT THE ITEMS BELOW AND ASK GOD WHAT HE WOULD HAVE YOU TO GIVE. YOUR SUPPORT WILL PROVIDE WARMTH, CHRISTMAS GIFTS, AND THE STORY OF JESUS TO 500 CHILDREN WE IDENTIFIED AS NEEDING OUR HELP THE MOST.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR PRAYERS & LOVE.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

DR. JOE SAVAGE



Winter Boots

SUGGESTED GIFT: \$75/CHILD

Winter Clothes

SUGGESTED GIFT: \$150/CHILD



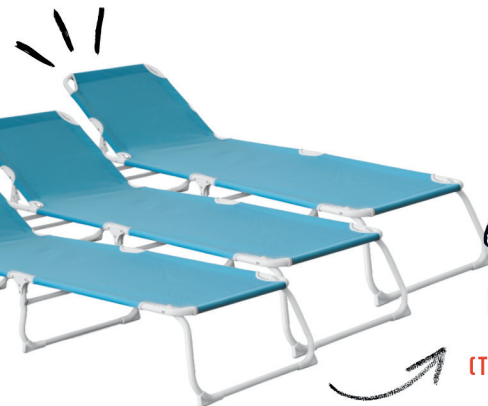
## Orphans Wish List

Ivan and Olga are giving you a thumbs up to say "Thank you." They are wearing the sweatshirts you gave them last year.



Heat an Orphan's Home

SUGGESTED GIFT: \$3,500/HOME (PROVIDE CRITICALLY NEEDED FIREWOOD, COAL, AND FUEL TO WARM AN ORPHAN'S HOME IN MOLDOVA FOR THE ENTIRE WINTER.)



Cots for Orphanages

SUGGESTED GIFT: \$50/CHILD  
\$1,200/ORPHANAGE  
(THEY NEED COTS TO SLEEP ON WHEN THEY HAVE TO SPEND NIGHTS IN THE BOMB SHELTER.)

Toys & Games

SUGGESTED GIFT: \$40/CHILD  
\$400/HOME  
(HELP US GIVE EVERY ORPHAN A FUN CHRISTMAS PRESENT.)



Pigs & Chicks

SUGGESTED GIFT: \$250/HOME  
(HAVING PIGS, CHICKENS, AND FEED AT AN ORPHANS' HOME SAVES MONEY & FEEDS CHILDREN.)

Christmas Box

SUGGESTED GIFT: \$100/HOME  
(PROVIDE A BOX OF GROCERIES AND GOODIES TO A ORPHANS' HOME OR REFUGEE FAMILY.)

