

**LETTER FROM ROBERTO SOSA** *(continued)*

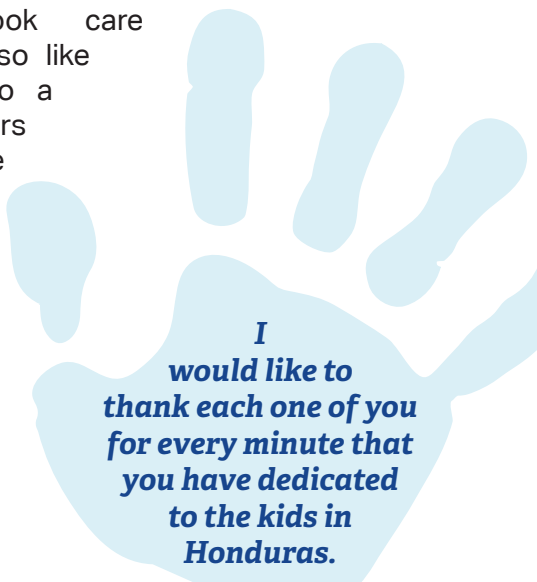
**If we are not in relationship with Him it doesn't matter how much money or how many friendships we have in life, we are empty without Him.**

I would like to thank each one of you for every minute that you have dedicated to the kids in Honduras and every soul that you have made happy. I want to thank you for the love that you have given me and for every donation that you have made on my behalf. I am certain that you have stored up treasures in heaven.

I want to be like you, and I want you to know that when Mr. Randy arrived my mind was opened to be able to think more like you. I don't want to be lazy and lie; I want to value effort. And through this I changed from being ungrateful to valuing sweat on my brow as I honor the Lord.

Thank you thank you for everything that you have done, it is thanks to AGC that I have been able to make it this far, to graduate and find joy in my labor. It is an honor to be able to share this small piece of my story with you all.

I am happy. Happy because I am working, happy because my dreams are being achieved. My dreams used to be joining a gang and thanks to you, my dreams now include the following: be an agricultural engineer, die in the Lord Jesus and be able to preach His name, produce and generate jobs in Honduras for others, make you all proud, take care of brother Angel when he is old as one would take care of their father, serve others, and take care of other orphans by growing food for them in same way others took care of me. I would also like to get married to a woman who fears the Lord, to serve Him together, and to form a family that is willing to adopt kids from orphanages. **Above all else my plan is to serve God. ■**



# News of the Niños

IN THIS ISSUE: LETTER FROM ROBERTO SOSA



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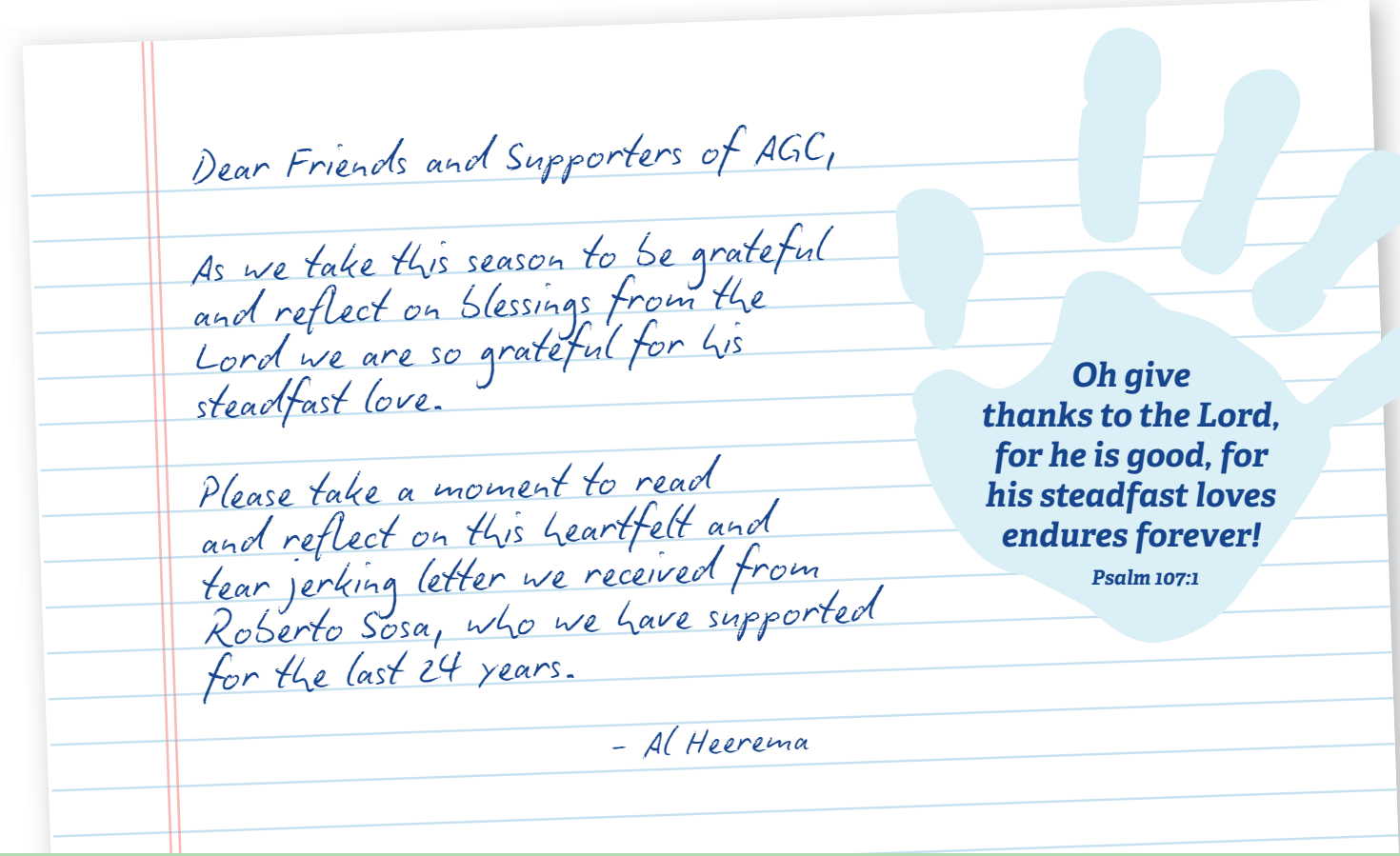
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**ALL GOD'S CHILDREN (AGC) IS A MINISTRY OF COMPASSION TO THE ORPHANED AND DISADVANTAGED CHILDREN IN HONDURAS**  
And the King will answer them, 'Truly I tell you, whatever you did for one of the least of these brothers and sisters of mine, you did for me.' Matthew 25:40



## For the Supporters of AGC,

I hope everyone reading this is well and that our Creator blesses you all, your families, and your work. Child protective services took me to the orphanage when I was one because my mother drank a lot, my father hit a lot, and they didn't take care of me.

In the early years I remember three people taking very good care of me there: Dilcia, Dominga, and Eva. I remember having nightmares when I was child and they would comfort me. I had sponsors who made me very happy and I will carry them along in my heart until the day I die, they are like angels that God placed in my life. I thank God for them, and for the hugs that they gave me that my parents didn't. I always waited anxiously for my sponsors, and when they would visit I would run to them and be so excited. I would joke with the other kids that one day I would live with them. I remember crying every time that they would have to leave. I am always thankful to our Creator for those moments. The truth is even today these memories can make me cry. **God has been so faithful.**

When I was eight years old, I was moved to the boys home where the director, Chema, encouraged me to study a lot. We had everything we needed to study. In school though, I suffered a lot of bullying, and I would often try to escape - I probably ran away 10 times. There were definitely some tough times for me during those years, and yet also some good times.

I always remember whenever the horn of the bus would sound letting us know that a group from North America had arrived we would always all run to the gate yelling "our friends are here our friends are here!"



We were all overcome with enormous joy, and when those trips would end we would all cry very hard.

We would always have family visiting days, but my family would never show up. I always wondered why the other boys' families would show up but mine never did. It was always "Fernando your mom is here, Josue your dad is here" but no one came to visit me. I became very rebellious in those days when I was entering high school. I started to ask more and more for my family. I didn't want to study and would try to skip classes often. It made me very sad and I would disobey. I remember thinking to myself those days that it would be better for me to just join a gang. I started down this path, but then Mr. Omar, the farmer at the boys home, and Henry, who is like an older brother to me, saw what was happening

and encouraged me down a different path. Omar recommended that I go to a boarding school where I couldn't run away and couldn't be influenced by gangs. There I studied agriculture for two years just like Omar.

**At the boarding school my eyes were opened to the situation that all of my companions lived in; they didn't have anything.** I had never experienced that, I lived like a king in comparison to them. I always had food, good clothes, and education and they didn't have what I had. It was then that things started to change for me.

**I began to value the things that I had, and I began to gain respect for these people and who they were despite their circumstances.** This is when my rebellion stopped too. By the time I left the boarding school, I actually had a lot of good references. They

said I was well behaved, a hard worker, and that I was very smart. Because of that I was accepted into a technical program of production and development of agriculture.

However, when I graduated from that program, I became very depressed and sadly, thought about ending my life,

but God has been faithful.

I had a lot of guidance from Mr. Randy, and he even helped me to become a leader among my peers in school. I was responsible for bringing together 30 students to put into practice what Mr. Randy had been teaching me in bible studies; to share with them about Jesus.

After AGC had been removed from the Hogar, I turned 21 and the Hogar let me know that I had aged out of the program and they would no longer support me or my education. I didn't have a relationship with my family, and I had no resources. I left terrified and I remember that my other friends from the Hogar were hearing that they were going to have to leave the program too. I thought my only option was to join the military. I told brother Angel and Mr. Randy my plan, and they told me that they wouldn't let me down.



They said they were still going to support me and that I wasn't alone. Right then, I saw the hand of God caring for me and I enrolled in university with the support of AGC.

Since then, I have graduated with my associates degree and I am continuing on to get my bachelors in agricultural engineering. This has caused me to reflect that life without God is not life at all. ▶

*(continued on back page)*



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