



PROMISE HOME Honduras



Edition 1

PH Mission News

2010

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Dear Friends,

2010 has been a very busy year. God has blessed us with many successful construction projects and many ministry teams including a medical /dental team. We want to thank you for showing Christ's love to the people of Honduras.

This is our first semi-annual newsletter. So much has been accomplished, and we have met so many new friends in Christ who we wanted to use this newsletter to share our experiences with you.

Be sure to look at our 2011 Team Schedule at the bottom of this page. The 2011 calendar is beginning to fill.

PRAYER REQUESTS

Please pray for...

- God's direction in all that we do in Honduras and the US.
- HIS protection, for traveling safely, and for HIS leading of the 2011 Teams.
- God's direction in obtaining the funding to complete the Small Team Home.
- The Breaud family- that God will continue to open doors which would allow them to begin full-time service in Honduras in the Summer of 2011.
- God to help us raise the additional \$15,000 needed to complete the tilapia pond filtration and security systems.

2011 TEAM SCHEDULE

February 5th-12th Pleasant Hope General Baptist Church

February 18th-25th The River Church (Winter)

March 12th-19th Genesis Metro Church (Spring)

June 17th -24th The River Church (Summer)

June 25th-July 2nd Genesis Metro Church (Summer 1)

July 9th-16th North Texas Missions

August 6th-August 13th Genesis Metro Church (Summer 2)

October 14th-21st The River Church (Fall)

October 22nd-29th Genesis Metro Church (Fall)

PROMISE HOME VISION

Our vision is to save the children who have been abused and abandoned. We will exhaust all means at our disposal to save as many children as possible.

We will begin with 200 children at Promise Home, but the effects are exponential. By breaking the abuse and poverty cycle starting with these children, many future generations of children will be saved as well. Promise Home will provide a family for children who have never experienced one. Love, education, nutritional sustenance and life-long direction will be liberally provided.

Initially relying on donations, Promise Home will become self-sustaining through an agricultural and tilapia business.

SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THIS NEWSLETTER

Visit www.promisehome.org and enter your email address in the newsletter sign-up box.

Daily Death of Innocence

Imagine a place where toddlers are taught to be animals. Where sweet three year olds are trained that violence is the key to success and survival. Imagine a place where Lord of the Flies is played out in a concrete room smeared with feces. Except this version of the story is distinctly non-fiction and the main characters 3-5 year olds who have been abandoned by all of us.

I don't have to imagine this because I have lived it. I have unlocked the door and walked into this barren room. Filthy concrete walls that were once a "happy" kids color, now covered in dirt and grime...Cold stone floors covered in years of stains from unknown fluids...and two windows - covered in steel bars reinforced with steel mesh - to prevent even a pinkie from gaining freedom from this prison.

And if pictures say a thousand words, then the stench of this room wrote a novel about suffering. And neglect. And hopelessness.

My entrance into this room was greeted with squeals of delight. Then an attack. Slowly 3 then 6 then 10 then 15 young children surrounded me. Their hands thrust upward to be held - the first three were quickly swept up into my arms and off the ground. Then the pleading hands of those left on the ground become fists - demanding to be held through carefully placed punches...in any vulnerable spot.

Then the fists seemed to grow claws - that were used in attempt to peel the three "lucky" children off of me. In order to make room so that they themselves could receive just a moment of love.

The world spins.

Where am I? What is this place? Who and what has created these animals?

The attacks continue. A three year old tackled and beaten by a five year old for a piece of candy. As I watch in horror, probing hands begin to check all of my pockets for anything of value. Strong fingers latch on to my bracelets, attempting to peel them off of me. All the while I stare into pleading, empty eyes. The type of eyes only seen in horror films that involve the "undead". No life. No joy. Just pain. And need. And a vast ocean of emptiness brought on by a lifetime of abandonment and despair.

What is this hell into which I have been thrust?

I don't have the time to consider the conditions or purpose of this place - the government run orphanage in San Pedro Sula, Honduras - which is packed with abandoned and unwanted children. Because as my mind begins to ponder this place, I catch a glimpse of a familiar face in the corner.

The pounding fists seem to fade into the distance. The incomprehensible din of garbled Spanish demands suddenly becomes muffled background noise as my eyes lock on to the gaze of deep brown eyes of the startlingly small girl in the white dress. My mind races. I have seen this face before. I know this girl. But not here. Not in this room. How do I know her?

"Hola chica. Como se llama?"

"Me llamo Gaby."

GABRIELLA!



I do know this girl! She is the precious, innocent girl that our June mission team first met in the nursery here. Her gigantic brown eyes and sweet smile melted hearts and brought tears even in the despicable environment that is the nursery at this place. One family on that trip so fell in love with her that they have actively tried to adopt her since June.

I first met Gaby in July, on my last trip to Honduras. Again in the nursery, we held her and her smile melted our hearts as well. She was a ray of hope in the midst of utter hopelessness. A beautiful girl that seemed out of place in a nursery that housed the broken and abused of the lowest rungs, long forgotten by society.

Thoughts flooded my mind like cars jockeying for position in rush hour traffic. Gaby - why is she here? What is this room? Why is she not in the nursery? Why does she seem so impossibly small compared to these other children? Who the heck is responsible for putting her in here?

My mind is further interrupted by the erupting violence in the room. It is apparently "Popsicles for Gringos Day." I am pretty sure that is not the official title but that is certainly the ploy. Give the kids Popsicles when the Americans show up so it looks like the kids are well taken care of.

Let's ignore for a moment that there is no sugary treat that can overcome the abandonment of being locked in a 20 foot by 10 foot room for 12 hours a day with 40 three, four and five year olds, with absolutely no adult supervision. In addition, let's ignore the fact that after you give the kids the Popsicles and exit the room, you might not wanna lock the gringos in the room with the kids while you wander off to God-only-knows where....because it only reinforces that belief that you want nothing to do with caring for these kids.

Rather....let's focus on what your decision has wrought. If you think that the entrance of a few Americans in the room created a violent disturbance, imagine the furor created by the rapidly-melting, coveted treats.

In Lord of the Flies at least they fought and battled over who would control the direction of the tribe. In this little corner of hell, roundhouse punches with closed fists are flying to see who can devour the most frozen sugar water.

As Popsicles fly like shrapnel, the smaller children use their fingers to scrap the drops of melted liquid off the floor and shove them into their mouths. Fights break out to control the larger areas of spilled Popsicle on the floor. The winners get the privilege of licking the floor in order to ingest the now putrid mixture of Popsicles and body fluid off the floor.

My worldview is suddenly shattered. This place in which I find myself is beyond my ability to comprehend. Dizziness. The room begins to spin. The stench of the place begins to infect me and attack me like a virus. It begins to break down my understanding of civilization and society and order and justice.

And I walk away.



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Daily Death of Innocence *continues*

But I can't exit. I am locked in the room. Caged with the animals. In their prison. Living their life.

Tears flow. The rage that wells up in me dwarfs the intensity of a thousand fires on the surface of the sun.

The door, barred and locked, seems to shrink in size. As my mind calculates the weakest spot into which to ram my shoulder, another team member appears on the other side and opens the door to my cell. I slip out. Tears stream down my face, dragging behind me a tattered worldview.....a concept of humanity that has been irreparably changed.

As seconds turn into minutes, I begin to catch my breath. The spinning and dizziness seem to retreat, even just a little. I proceed to the nursery - an admittedly odd place to look for solace. In the midst of a room that just a few weeks earlier had brought nothing but heartache and pain, I now find a moment of clarity. But it is not the clarity that provides peace. Rather, it is the clarity that causes sleeplessness and horror.

You see, the nursery is a loveless place. It is a warehouse. A place that unwanted kids are stored until they can go somewhere else. Or die. But in my moment of clarity, I realize that if the nursery is the place that babies are taught that they are not loved, the 3 - 5 year old room is where they are sent to be destroyed. Where the lack of love for them is reinforced to the point that they become animals.

Where they are taught, through neglect, that only the violent survive...that innocence is for the weak and the feeble. That love is a dream that exists only far beyond the bars and concrete of this hellhole.

And as I sit there, I remember sweet Gabriella. Why is she in that place and not in the nursery. Immediately I bolt from the nursery and enter back into the prison that I fought so hard to leave. As I enter, I see Gaby. This time not in the room with the other kids, but in the sleeping area.

She lies alone, stretched out on grime and grit of the floor. Motionless. Silent. Only her piercing brown eyes track me as I walk in the room. I freeze. My world spins again. I sit down. Fire off some camera clicks



and begin a conversation with this three year old beauty. My mastery of Spanish roughly matches hers so we had an instant connection.

Hi. Hi.

Are you sad? Yes.

Is this your room? Yes.

You live here? Yes.

Did you used to live in the nursery? Yes.

But you live here now? Yes.

Which is your bed? This one (pointing).

When did you move to this room? Last week.

And then it happened.

"No me gusta aqui. No me gusta aqui." (Gaby)

"No te gusta aqui, en este cuarto?" (Me)

"No. No me gusta aqui. Queires a ir alli." (Gaby - pointing to the nursery).

In English:

"I don't like it here. I don't like it here." (Gaby)

"You don't like it here, in this room?" (Me)

"No, I don't like it here. I want to go there. (Gaby - pointing to the nursery).

As she climbs into my lap she clings to me. Not the happy hug of a child without a care in the world. But the impossibly strong embrace of a three year old looking to be protected from a world that is out to crush her.

The realization of this haunts me for the rest of my time in this place. I hold Gaby. We talk. We play. But there is no way to escape the truth of the situation.

Every moment that goes by with Gaby living in that room, a small part of her is destroyed. The beautiful innocent girl with large brown eyes and easy smile is slowly going to become an animal. She is going to be trained to do what she has to do to survive. Violent or otherwise.

I break free of the room again, but this time I flee the whole complex. I make it to the edge of the driveway when I fall to my knees and the realization hits me:

Every day that goes by with Gabriella in that place will result in the irrecoverable destruction of her innocence.

Every single day will destroy that child a little bit more.

And a wave of grief hits me. And I weep. Not just the tears of sadness. But the weeping of a man that has been broken of his illusions about society and civilization.

This experience has inspired me all the more to commit to getting Promise Home Orphanage built. When Promise Home is fully constructed, we will get our children from this government orphanage. And I can guarantee you that I will fight with all that I am to make sure Gaby is the first child there. That is, if she is still around. And everyday that goes by, I begin to worry that we are too late.

Promise Home is grounded in the belief that there is a God that loves even the discarded of society - the "throw away children" of Honduras. We believe that there is hope, even in the midst of hopelessness.

If you agree with that, I would like to humbly ask you to give to complete this project. Donations of any amount can be made at: <http://www.promisehome.org/donations/>

Online donations can be made at:
www.promisehome.org/donations

If you would like to mail your donation, please
send to:
Promise Home
4971 Golfside Dr
Frisco, TX 75035

Promise Home is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization, registered with the state of Texas officially as Hogar de la Promesa (Spanish for Promise Home Orphanage). We have also filed a DBA as Promise Home.



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Building the Water System for Tilapia Ponds and Hydropower:

In 2008, when we searched for a home site for Promise Home, we knew that the land had to have a river running on the property. The river water would be needed for our agricultural projects and for the tilapia business.



In November of 2009, we surveyed and marked a 1,400' path to lay a 6" pipe to draw the water from the Toyos River to a proposed power house near our tilapia pond location. It took the Honduran nationals two months of hard work to clear the path through the jungle and to build retention walls, bridges and to cut deep paths through the mountain side to prepare the path for the pipe.



In January of 2010, Julius Ruiz the pastor of Primera Iglesia Bautista Church in Frisco and Bill Hayden installed the 1,400' feet of 6" PVC pipe. "It was amazing to watch the blast of water coming from that 6" pipe". They calculated the water flow rate at 700 gallons per minute or 1,000,000 gallons of water per day! The flow rate was so great that



it would provide all the water needed for the tilapia business and it could also produce about 3KW of power.

In April of 2010, Rod Minor the pastor of Anderson Mill Baptist Church in



Austin led a team of five and they built a 12' x 12' concrete block building (the Power House). It was a lot of hard work in very hot conditions but after a week, the building was ready for the Baylor group.



In May of 2010, Brian Thomas and John Miller both engineering professors at Baylor University came with a team of nine Baylor engineering students and spent two weeks building and installing a 3 KW hydro power plant in the Power House. They also built a three foot high dam across the Toyos River.



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Building Nine Tilapia Ponds:

In the Summer of 2009, Dean and Raymond Donat from the River Church of Forsyth, Missouri began the process of building the tilapia ponds by cutting down two acres of orange trees to make way for the tilapia ponds. After the trees were removed, Jack Bretherick and Donnie Floyd graded the land to create flat areas for the ponds.

In February of 2010, Keith Roeschley, Ben Garcia, Jack Bretherick, Donnie Floyd and Bill Hayden came to build the concrete tilapia ponds.



The ponds were 40' diameter and 4' high. The bottoms of the ponds were designed to look like a toilet bowl since we are required to partially flush the ponds three times a day. Later this group was joined by a



team of 14 from the River Church of Forsyth, Missouri. The following weeks a group of 15 from the Genesis Metro Church of Frisco, Texas came to finish the job.

After four weeks of hard work, we now had nine large ponds completed and a large concrete retention pond built.



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Building the Small Team Home

Thanks to the funding efforts of Keith Roeschley, we were able to start the work on our first major building on the Promise Home campus. The building was designed to be a multi-purpose building. The building is 30' x 60' concrete block and metal roof structure. It will house the night guard and office for the tilapia business. It will also serve as a small team home to accommodate up to 16 people.

In April, Keith Roeschley, Ben Garcia and Julius Ruiz came to build the small team home. After three weeks of very hard work, the 30' x 60' shell was complete.

Now we are working to raise an additional \$50,000 to complete the inside of the building.



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Let's Meet Hector



Hector's Corner...

When I was a young man serving as the City's Police Judge for San Pedro Sula, San Pedro Sula had a population of over a half million people. It had all of the problems of any major city. Every week, we went to the streets to detain prostitutes. The process was to bring them to Court, make them pay a fine and take them to the Health Care system to be tested for sexually transmitted diseases. They were then released. One night, a teenage girl was detained. After crying her heart out, she was placed in front of me and allowed to tell her story.

Her story was that she was new to this environment and had come to the big city looking for a job. I asked her why she couldn't find a decent job. She said, "Because no one would hire a girl with a baby in her arms". Now, that was new. So why didn't she place the baby in a day care center and find a decent job? Oh, I'm sorry, the two day care centers that we had for the entire city at the time were completely full. So where was the baby?

Her baby was all by himself in a room that she had rented in one of the poorest and most dangerous areas of town. He was behind a wooden door with a big chain and lock.

Now, what kind of senseless mother would leave her baby alone in a place that was dangerous and full of rats? Then it hit me. She was so desperate for food, for her baby and for herself, that she had no other option.

FACT: We are in a nation that has a 25% unemployment rate! *Yes! One of every four Hondurans doesn't have a job. And I mean skilled workers, not a teenager carrying a baby!*

Now those of us who have five or three year old babies starting to walk, to jump, to run and to wonder about Mickey Mouse, Cinderella or Bugs Bunny (just like our two daughters, Ixchel and Mia), close your eyes for a moment and picture this... Your babies are walking between cars on a corner all by themselves, begging for money or knocking on car windows to beg for food.



I used to blame the City and the authorities for that situation. I never considered that I was responsible for the problem as well.

I am a good Christian. I go to Church; I give my offerings; and I pray a lot. Why am I responsible? Because the only way you can see the eyes of God is to see it through the eyes of the ones around you. My sin is called OMISSION.

After dealing with hundreds of kids who have no choice, with hundreds of prostitutes who have no choice, with drug dealers and gangs that are offering them "a choice" right now, I realized that the only thing that I could do is to start creating a real choice for them.

So in 1994, when General Baptist International Missions came to Honduras to start Faith home, my wife Maria and I joined them. Faith Home is located near San Pedro Sula. They have the capacity to care for up to eighty children. These are children who have been abandoned or come from an abusive home.

We have worked hard to make this happen, but we know we can do better. We kept praying for an opportunity to give ourselves in our full capacity, and in 2007, Bill Hayden, Bob Johnson, Julius Ruiz and Erin Mitchell showed up at Faith Home with this crazy idea that we now call PROMISE HOME.



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Maria and I truly believe that these kids in the streets are not the problem.
They present you and me with opportunity to see directly into the eyes of God.

They are the leaders of tomorrow IF we provide them with love, shelter and an opportunity to shine.

They are already survivors, they have the strength.

Will you help us help them?



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GENESIS METRO CHURCH TEAMS

"Porque eso es quién yo soy" by Jordan Golata

"Porque eso es quién yo soy". These are the words of a 5 foot, 40 year-old Honduran that possessed next to nothing. I went to Honduras this summer to help with the building of an orphanage that my church is funding. Miguelito is a beloved worker that is helping us with this mission. He lives in the surrounding neighborhood and one day he led us around as we distributed rice and beans to the community. After going to every house, one member in our group asked if we could see Miguelito's house and bring him some of the extra food. His face lit up, and he proudly led us over the bend. But we didn't find a house on the other end. Rather, a concrete room with a caved-in tin roof. The inside was only worse. The room was covered in soot and the furnishings were bare. Amidst it all, stood a rail-thin, malnourished, elderly woman that was Miguelito's mother Carmen.

Mortified, our team asked Miguelito if they weren't paying him enough. His wages were above the standard in Honduras and yet he lived in total poverty. So where was all this money going? It turns out Miguelito was giving all his wages away to those in the community who needed it. That left next to nothing for Miguelito and Carmen. Why was he doing this? How could he possibly be giving when he had practically nothing to give in the first place? His response: Porque eso es quién yo soy -Because that's who I am.

Here's a little man that has more of a Christ-like attitude than many people today in America. Like the woman who gave her last two coins up to God, Miguelito gave everything he had to serve his community, and more importantly, his God. Shouldn't we strive to be more like him? We live out day-by-day hardly thinking about the needs of those right in front of us. We divert our eyes from the beggar on the street, are oblivious to the struggles of our neighbors, and forget about those far off in other countries fighting just to stay alive. I beg you, ignore no longer. Offer up everything, with everything you have. One can make an impact, but together we can make a revolution. We can change our generation from being labeled as materialistic to being selfless. So give what you have, and then some. Show the love of Christ through actions, not just words. Porque eso es quién nosotros somos- Because that's who we are.

Replacing the roof on Miguelito and Carmen's house in El Portillo, a pila and faucet were also added.

All the materials were donated after noticing a need on a previous trip.



Debbye Campbell leading a game during VBS at Escuela de San Francisco in El Progreso on the second Summer Trip.



Singing Gloria a Dios (Glory to God) during VBS with the children of Aldea Aguacate. The school didn't have a bathroom so a team member donated the money and another team built it.

Sharing the love and comfort of Christ with babies in the nursery of Nueva Esperanza in San Pedro Sula.

Promise Home will eventually receive children from Nueva Esperanza.



The women cleaning ears for those in need around El Portillo.

This was one of the first of many medical clinics based at Promise Home.



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NORTH TEXAS MISSIONS

Our trip this year to Pajiles, Honduras was an exceptional trip! Each year as we are preparing for the trips, the leadership of North Texas Missions is in constant prayer that God would provide for the mission financially, would bring together the right team and would prepare the hearts of both the missionaries and the people we would be serving. This year was no exception... we had 23 team members who were divinely brought together by our Heavenly Father to provide help and service to people in need...what a humbling and exciting experience....



The trip started on Saturday morning at 5:45am with an expired passport (the new one was at home) and an angel at the American Airlines counter who was able to quickly reroute one of our missionary on a later flight at no extra charge! And so it began, unique talents of two new doctors joining us from Nicaragua to missionaries who had hidden talents, only to have them revealed at just the right time, to a team that became a cohesive body in a matter of hours. The friends that were made, will last a lifetime and the lives that were saved will last an eternity! From an organization perspective, we had been praying and seeking God's ultimate direction for our ministry. There was no question that God would answer those prayers, but His timing is not always our timing. After a year of seeking, searching and waiting, God has answered that prayer, and it is with renewed passion and enthusiasm that we will be returning to Honduras next year to continue our service. When I look at the details of the trip, I can see how God was masterfully coordinating the events that would paint a very clear picture of His will and lead us to continue His mission in this country. Seeing the hearts of first time missionaries break at the sight of the great need



of the people, the commitments of others to make future mission trips a question of "when" not "if", the lives of little children grasped from certain death because we were "in the right place at the right time", to buildings in need of construction and finally to the confirmation of three godly men who had been praying with me for direction. These are the thoughts, experiences and visions that were racing through my mind as the decision was made to return.



Our unwavering commitment is to share God's love to a hungry and hurting world and to enable individuals to serve Him in a real way through international missions. God has a great and wonderful plan for Honduras, which most certainly includes North Texas Missions! We will be returning the week of July 9, 2011 with doctors, dentists, optometrists and a renewed commitment to this country. In addition to the medical mission, we will be partnering with the Promise Home orphanage to help with the build out of their team home. While this is a first step, it will take the commitment and support of many people to help make this orphanage a reality. You can help through your support of the many fund raising activities that will be organized throughout the year or by participating in one of the trips organized through North Texas Missions or Promise Home. With the blessing of our God, each action will help bring the Promise Home organization closer to providing help and hope to the orphaned little ones of Honduras.

Press On!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "BJ", is written on a white background.

Bob Johnson
North Texas Missions, Inc.



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THE RIVER TEAM TRIP IN OCTOBER 2010

We just got back from our October trip to Honduras, and as usual, God was so amazing. Despite a hurricane off the coast at the start of the trip and one on the day we were leaving, we were able to make it in and out almost on schedule. We had a group of seven plus Hector, but it seemed like we accomplished a lot in one week for just eight people.

Great news for everyone! We got the dryer installed at the Toyos house and hooked up the electricity to it. Now teams can do laundry more easily, which means you don't necessarily have to bring as many changes of clothes. This leaves more room in the suitcases for fun items like toys and balls for the kids at the schools and orphanages.

We finished the repairs on the dam, cut a bunch of orange trees down and possibly figured out the system for getting the water out of the river. Hopefully the teams that go in February can build it, and we can start getting water in the ponds. It was incredible to see God working when Satan tried over and over to stop our progress. It seemed every time things could have turned south, God was there to keep us on track. Despite our plans, God seemed to always have a better plan for our days.

Our last day consisted of not going to the usual place- the beach in Tele- instead, we headed out to La Ceiba and the Jungle Lodge for a day of whitewater rafting. If you are going to be part of a future team, please consider this as an alternate choice to the beach. It is not too crazy, but worth doing. Good luck!



Wood for Sale

To help with the cost of trips to Honduras, a group of teens and adults from The River spent a Saturday cutting down beautiful Missouri red oak trees! The group managed to clear eight ricks of wood. (A "rick" is 2ft. x 4ft. x 8ft.) This wood will sell for approximately fifty-five dollars a rick. Everyone worked hard, and for "payment" a Honduran style breakfast of scramble eggs, burritos and beans were served!



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ABOUT US

Promise Home is a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization that wants to grow the kingdom by ministering to the needs of the abused, abandoned, and neglected of Honduras. Officially Hogar de la Promesa file#801120623

Our prayer is that Promise Home will become a compelling cause.

- A cause that grows the kingdom
- A cause that would inspire others
- A cause that will create life change

Our objective:

- Provide physical and spiritual care to abandoned, abused and neglected children
- Create educated leaders that will become agents for change
- Create a self-sustaining environment where we are not completely dependent upon U.S. financial support for daily operations
- Create missional opportunities for individuals to participate in short term mission trips

Honduras is a democratic republic of 7.6 million people located in Central America, bordering the Caribbean Sea, between Guatemala and Nicaragua. Honduras is one of the poorest countries in the Western Hemisphere where 50% of the people live below the poverty line. Poverty, violence, and broken families are the norm in Honduras. Children that live in the streets dig through trash, beg, and become involved in drugs and other illegal activities just to survive. These children usually cannot afford to go to school. We want to show these children the love of Christ and help them to become productive citizens and eventually leaders in their communities.



We are located one hour East from San Pedro Sula directly between El Progreso and Tela in the village of El Portillo.

OUR PARTNERS

Currently we are looking for individuals, organizations, and churches who have a desire to help humanity through the building of an orphanage in Honduras.

Partners will participate in the funding and building of the project by sending teams and resources or contributing monetarily. Partners are essential to bridge the gap from now until our self sustaining projects come online.

This is a great opportunity to get in on the ground floor of a great project that will impact many lives.

If you are interested in becoming partner please email us at:
info@promisehome.org

Promise Home Partners:

Anderson Mill Baptist Church in Austin, TX
www.ambcaustin.org

First Baptist Church in Frisco, TX
www.fbcfrisco.org

Genesis Metro Church in Frisco, TX
www.genesismetro.org

La Primera Iglesia Bautista in Frisco, TX
www.pibfrisco.org

North Texas Missions in Frisco, TX
www.northtexasmissions.org

The River Church in Forsythe, MO
www.therivr.com

Unashamed Missions in Flower Mound, TX
www.unashamedmissions.com



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