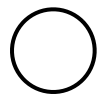
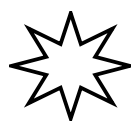
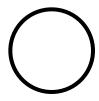
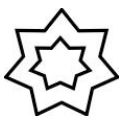
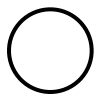
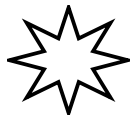
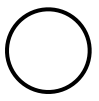
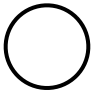
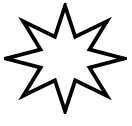
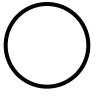
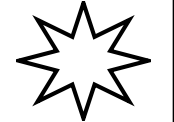
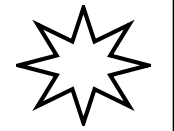
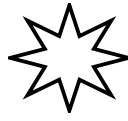
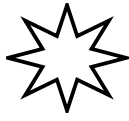
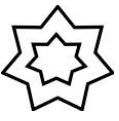
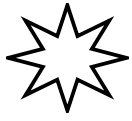
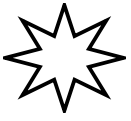
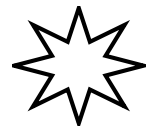
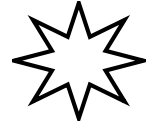
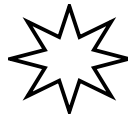
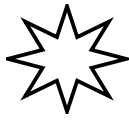
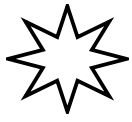
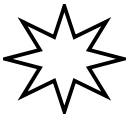
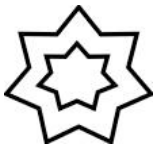


Eid

Mubaraak!



*Eid
Mubaraak!*



Please Remember My Children of Heaven

.... I noticed these Pathan, or Afghan, children, as soon I began living here in Chatta, about two weeks after I arrived in Pakistan. They were on the highway, cutting dry grass, and in the bazaars helping parents who had stalls there. But I didn't start really seeing these children until I saw Lalimina.

Walking to and from the school where I help with English twice a week, I would see groups of five to seven children with large burlap and plastic rice bags on their backs, picking up trash. Then one day I saw a group of them clustered around something on the other side of the high curb that separates the street from the muddy creek that the water buffalo wallow in. One of them called out happily and excitedly to her friends, Sayp, sayp! I went over to see what it was they were so delighted about. I looked down into a mess of rotten apples that had fallen from a tree.

I know they love apples, because they'll eat as many as I have, along with cookies and any other treat I can find them. One day it was ice cream that made them happy. Another it was Pepsi and they were practically delirious with glee, even though each one only got a quarter glass full. These are things they love, just like all kids....

Please remember them in your duah and support this Eid Card Charity Project

---Sister Sommeih Flower

*Eid Mubarak
to you and
your Family
and Friends!*

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*As-salaamu
alaikum,*

Love,