

# Hope Restored

TRANSFORMING THE LIVES  
OF THE EXPLOITED

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CEO, Project Rescue Foundation

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# *Dedication*

To our colleagues who are affiliated with Project Rescue and courageously pioneered initiatives reaching women and children in sexual slavery and children at risk for over 25 years.

Through their relentless, Spirit-empowered efforts in places of formidable darkness, survivors of exploitation are discovering freedom, healing, and hope through the love and power of God.



**PROJECT  
RESCUE**

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*\*Models and name aliases used to protect the survivors we serve*

# Introduction

Let us give you fair warning:  
On the following pages, you will read stories that will absolutely break your heart.

There is nothing redeeming about sexual slavery. It is dark. Full of lies. It demeans. Abuses. Manipulates. It dangles freedom, security, safety, and promise in front of its unsuspecting victims, then pulls it all away in a moment. Every last bit.

It is unrelenting. It takes everything it can, leaving only brokenness, hopelessness, and heartache behind.

**But there is Hope, and it is why Project Rescue exists.**

We don't share these to leave you feeling sad and helpless.

We share these stories to help you understand there is a solution — there is Hope! We've found it. We are making it happen. Every day, women and children are being pulled from the horror. But we can't do it alone.

**We need you.**

You hold the key to helping restore freedom, purpose, hope — and the healing love of God — into the lives of enslaved women and children.

The stories explain who we are and what we do.

The rest is up to you ...

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jon & Jan Barrett". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the ampersand between the names.

# Bella...

## *Bella's Life — Made New!*

The word *opportunity* struck Bella's heart in an instant. Visions of financial freedom, pursuing her dreams, and living a better life inspired her to leave behind a job in the fields, her family, and the only life she'd ever known to follow a man she'd just met. She thought he was her rescuer.

But he lied. He was her captor.

Bella ended up in Spain, a sexual slave, with a \$55,000 "debt" to repay. Night after night, Bella was prostituted, tortured, and exploited at the hands of her abusers.

By a miracle, Bella escaped. But when the police found her without ID or immigration papers, she was sent to a detention center for deportation.

And then, another miracle ...

A Project Rescue director came to the detention center and arranged to take Bella to a safe home where she could be cared for and restored.

Over the next several months, Bella became friends with the woman and team. The director worked patiently with her to help bring physical and mental healing. She also introduced Bella to Jesus.

Soon, the young woman — a former slave — chose to put her trust in Christ; and He breathed new life into her spirit.

Today, Bella is a new woman. Jesus healed her in marvelous ways and gave her a new life. She learned the language, received a permanent work permit, graduated from a vocational school, and joined a church family. God brought a husband into Bella's life, and together they are now serving in ministry.

Project Rescue celebrates the transformation in Bella's life. Through the prayers, service, and giving of God's people, Jesus redeems and restores women's lives. *He makes all things new.*

# Kaira...

## *Eyes Filled with Hope*

Kaira couldn't remember a time when she wasn't exploited, degraded, and abused.

She was just 12 years old when she was sold to a pimp in India and forced to work as a prostitute and dancer in a filthy local club. Her body ogled at, used — and discarded — again and again.

Then, a worldwide pandemic hit.

After five long years — years that felt like an eternity — Kaira was suddenly granted temporary freedom. The government mandated workers go back to their home villages. *Kaira had to go home!*

Once she arrived, she heard from other local villagers about Project Rescue's *Forever Free* program and the new job training being provided, especially for those escaping exploitation.

Kaira approached the leadership of Project Rescue and shared about the horrors she'd experienced. She asked our team if she could enter the program.

Our team's response: "Of course!"

She naturally gravitated toward the sewing training. Though the training days were long — Kaira stayed late, working on her sewing machine. She also attended devotions and began counseling.

Our team shares, "*Hope is beginning to enter her eyes ...*"



# Kani...

## *A Walking Miracle*

**H**undreds of women and children every year are being rescued and restored throughout Europe, Asia, and North Africa. Over 520,000 lives have been impacted over the past 25 years through all of Project Rescue initiatives.

One of these is Kani.

Kani experienced horrors no child should ever know — abuse, abandonment, rape, exploitation.

Her mother worked in one of Southern Asia's notorious red-light districts — and Kani was sexually assaulted from as early as she could remember.

There was no adult in her life she could trust. No one cared for this precious child of God ... no one fed her, bathed her, clothed her, or worried where she laid her head at night.

"I remember crying out, 'God, where are you?' when I was five years old," Kani says.

God heard Kani's cries ... and answered them.

Our team helped Kani escape the red-light district. We had the joy of welcoming her into a place of refuge and care in one of our shelters for girls in Southern Asia.

As part of our Project Rescue family, Kani began attending school in a safe place, educated by teachers who understood the tragedy of her past ... and believed wholeheartedly in the potential of her future!

As time went by, Kani discovered healing and restoration through a relationship with God. Today, she serves on staff in one of our partner homes, educating and mentoring young survivors like her!

To meet this vibrant young woman — with a smile on her face and love in her heart — you would never guess what she endured as a little girl.

*She is a walking miracle.*

This is what God can do through you, as you partner in giving and prayer with Project Rescue today.





# Mahima...

## *Right Place. Right Time.*

God put our Project Rescue workers in the right place at the right time ... to save Mahima's life!

They were walking through a notorious red-light district in India one morning when they noticed a man standing in front of one of the brothels talking to the madam.

He was holding a six-month-old baby girl in his arms ... while heatedly negotiating a sale price for her precious life.

The Project Rescue team demanded to know where the baby came from. The man could not provide a straight answer — she was most likely stolen from another brothel.

As they pressed the man for answers, he panicked. Thrusting the baby into the arms of one of the workers, he ran off. The madam casually turned around and went back into the brothel.

This sweet little one started her new life, safely nestled at a Project Rescue home. Our staff there named her Mahima, which means “glory.”

Today, Mahima's a college student earning her Social Work degree. She possesses a quiet confidence — and she'll tell you it comes from her relationship with Jesus!



# Kiran...

## *From Sickness to HOPE!*

Kiran was born HIV-positive.

Her mother was forced into prostitution, working in a brothel in India. Our Project Rescue staff was able to secure Kiran's release when she was a baby — as the girl's mother was dying and there would be no one to care for her.

Kiran's body struggled to fight infection as she grew. As a toddler, Kiran bled from her gums, nose, and mouth. Her immune system was crashing, and bacterial infection was setting in. We were there with her in the hospital, and many prayers were lifted by the local church on Kiran's behalf.

Her case seemed hopeless. She would soon die.

*But the church didn't stop praying ...* and God responded! Just as her doctor said there was nothing else to be done, Kiran's vital signs strengthened. The bleeding ceased. Her immune system kicked in, despite the overwhelming HIV infection.

Kiran survived childhood through a combination of God's miraculous healing in the hospital, vital nutrition administered by her caregivers at the Project Rescue home, and quality healthcare.

All of this was made possible by praying and giving friends of Project Rescue.

Today Kiran manages her health, attends college in India, and hopes to be a teacher.



# Leah...

## Tragedy to Transformation

Leah's life story is an all-too-common tragedy.

A "friend" of her family assured her that there was a good job available; she could help support her parents! But then the awful truth emerged: Instead of a job, she was trafficked, cruelly enslaved, brutally sold day after day in a brothel.

Eventually, she gave birth to a little girl, Vera.

Desperate to keep her daughter from suffering her own fate, Leah connected with a social worker and managed to send Vera to an organization that could protect her. But tragedy continued to stalk both mother and child. Leah fell suddenly ill and died.

Vera, now orphaned, stayed at this new home and continued to grow until one day her life was once again suddenly shaken — when the organization caring for her shut down.

But God wasn't done with her story. By His grace, some time later, she found us.

Thanks to generous friends who support our *Forever Free* campaign, Vera is now learning tailoring in our vocational training program. As a young adult, she will have the skills to support herself.

But this is more than just learning a skill. Vera has *blossomed*. She loves to sing, draw, and dance. She also likes to help in the kitchen. And she has eagerly started our language course. She's a bright light.

Vera's life will be dramatically different from her mother's. From tragedy ... to hope, purpose, and a transformed future!



# Neetu...

## *An Upside to Covid? Yes!*

Neetu was sold into sexual slavery ... and endured horrible abuse and exploitation for nearly 23 years.

Until a global pandemic changed her life!

The prostitution industry ground to a halt with the government-enforced shutdowns and rapidly spreading sickness. After two months of no income or support from her captors, Neetu was released into the streets with nothing — vulnerable and alone.

Thankfully, Project Rescue partners were launching our *Forever Free* initiative close by. When Neetu heard about the opportunity to find work and freedom, she came to our facility. She was malnourished, weak, and very sick.

After entering our program, her life turned around! She received the physical and emotional healing she so desperately needed.

Neetu returned to good health, gained confidence through the comfort she was given, and found the hope and peace of God in her time there. Today, she joyfully serves on the staff of Project Rescue.

We are honored to share Neetu's story and witness how she continues to impact those around her!



# Premlata...

## *Home at Last!*

Our Project Rescue team, while ministering in the red-light district, met and developed a friendship with a beautiful young girl named Premlata in 2009.

They visited Premlata and her mother, prayed for them, and became part of their lives as they shared the love of God.

One day when they went for a visit, Premlata was gone. She'd been sold and trafficked. They frantically tried to track her down, to no avail.

Members of our team were devastated when they received the news of her disappearance. For years, our team prayed that God would protect Premlata, save her, and that they would see her again.

Fast forward to the days immediately following the Covid lockdowns across India: Our team began distributing food and other essential items to the thousands of women tossed out of brothels.

Most of the women were wearing traditional attire, which covered their faces, as the Project Rescue staff was passing out packets of food. Suddenly a team member caught the eye of a woman watching her intently.

"It has been a long time since I've seen you," Premlata quietly said.

Could it be? It was!

Premlata had come home!

She asked our Project Rescue team if they could help her so she would never have to go back to the red-light district again.

We can. *And we did!*



# Ranya...

## *No More Locked Doors*

Sweet little Ranya has survived more hardship in her short life than most adults will ever experience.

Her father was verbally and physically abusive. Not a day went by when Ranya's mom was not physically or emotionally tortured in her own home.

One day when Ranya was only eight months old, the abuse escalated, and Ranya's father kicked her mother out of the home, holding Ranya captive inside. Even though her mother cried for help, he would not open the door or give Ranya back to her. After seven hours of calling for help, the police finally arrived.

When the door was forcefully opened by the police, Ranya was found unresponsive with bruise marks on her face. She was rushed to the hospital and received the help she needed to recover.

Her father was released ...

The abuse continued.

Ranya's mother described their home life as a "horrible nightmare." During a drunken rage, Ranya's father burned down their home ... and then abandoned them.

For the next year, Ranya, her mother, and two brothers were homeless. No clothes, no possessions, no money — they slept on the street, scavenging for food from trash piles and garbage bins.

Our outreach team heard about this family ... and rescued them! They came to live at one of our Project Rescue safe homes — a place of safety, healing, opportunity. Ranya's mother is receiving vocational training, and Ranya is growing up happy ... and filled with hope!

# Saloni...

## *A Place to Call Home*

**H**er home? Makeshift tarps on the side of the road ... just outside the red-light district where her mother faced exploitation daily.

It was no place to call “home,” really. No proper place to grow up.

Saloni fell victim to the abuse that comes from such vulnerable conditions. She desperately needed a safe place to grow and flourish.

Through the Project Rescue outreach team, Saloni was able to come to one of our safe homes. Her mother entrusted Saloni’s care to Project Rescue, believing her daughter would have a better future.

At the safe home, Saloni was just that — safe. She had her very own bed, and could go to school. Saloni learned about Jesus and trusted Him with her life.

Saloni continues to grow in her faith and experience God’s healing. Because of her faithful “aunties” in the home, she is learning what it means to follow God.

Today Saloni has dreams of being a clothing designer and owning her own boutique one day. She is smart, honest, and loves the Lord. She has a place to grow into a thriving and beautiful young woman.



# Hema...

## *Jesus Heard Her Prayer*

“Jesus,” Hema whispered, “if You are real, help me and my son leave this place. I don’t want him to grow up in a brothel. If You can be raised from a grave ... You can give us a real home.”

Her faith was new. She had dedicated her life to Jesus after reading the Bible she’d received.

And Hema knew to keep her faith a secret from “Sir,” the cruel brothel owner — her heartless, vulgar boss.

The torment and torture she endured daily were almost more than she could bare. Hema wasn’t allowed to leave with her son, Solomon, to even go to the market — the only home he’d ever known was the cold, foreboding brothel, filled with agonizing screams and haunting laughter.

Hema kept another secret from Sir: she hadn’t told him Solomon was ill. The boy was frequently too weak to crawl out from under the bed when his mother entertained clients. Instead he lay there in silence, laboring for every breath. Solomon grew worse — Hema had no choice but to risk retribution and seek Sir’s permission to take him to a doctor.

“No,” the brothel owner replied flatly. “You will not leave the compound together.”

“Will you allow one of the other girls to take him?” Hema begged.

“No, he will live or die here.”

Desperate, she said, “But what if the others get the illness and it hurts your business?”

Sir’s face tightened. “Take him to a doctor, but if he does not get well soon ...”

“Thank you,” Hema said.

“Go, before I change my mind,” he growled. “And if you run away, I will find you and kill both of you.”

After visiting the doctor, Hema was relieved to learn that Solomon’s condition was treatable, although it would take some weeks for him to fully recover.

A few days later, before receiving her first client of the day,



Hema was notified she had a visitor at the front door. Joan, a caregiver from Project Rescue, had come to deliver some good news.

“We have talked to the brothel owner, and he is releasing you into our care.”

Hema’s smile quickly faded into a frown. “But, why would he let us go?”

“We have been negotiating with him for some time,” Joan said. “He said your son was sick and bad for business.”

Hema’s smile returned. She had failed to report to Sir that Solomon’s condition was improving.

“Where will we live, and how will we eat?” Hema asked her.

“For now, you and your son will come and live at Project Rescue. There you will learn a trade and start a new life,” Joan said. “The brothel owner said he needed two weeks to replace you.”

Hema threw her arms around Joan and whispered in her ear, “Thank you for everything.”

Joan whispered back, “Thank Jesus — He has made this happen for you.” Hema nodded.

For the next two weeks, Sir behaved more violently than ever toward Hema — she was afraid he wouldn’t let her go.

Finally, like an angel sent from heaven, Joan called Hema and Solomon to the front door. Hema and Joan embraced. Little Solomon joined the reunion by wrapping his arms around their legs.

“This is the day,” Joan said.

Hema knew what that meant: she had been sexually abused for the last time; she and her son were about to begin a new life at Project Rescue.



# Teena...

## *Finally Free*

It's difficult to imagine what it must feel like to be a sexual slave for nearly a decade.

Yet, this was Teena's life.

She was only 14 when she was sold to a trafficker, assigned an arbitrary debt — and forced to move about various cities across Southern Asia to pay that debt.

When the Covid pandemic struck India and halted the business of prostitution for a time, Teena returned to her home village. *Finally free* — but afraid. She did not know how she would survive with no place to live. No food, money, or prospects.

Then, she heard about Project Rescue's *Forever Free* initiative. She reached out to our team members and expressed a desire to join the program and learn a skill.

Teena joined our vocational training sewing center and found joy in making masks and clothing. She opened up to our counselors — describing the horrors she'd endured over many years — and how she was treated "*like a dog sometimes*." In counseling, she found hope and freedom from the pain in her heart.

She attended our devotions, as well as the local church services. It didn't take long for her to sense God's love in her life, and she decided to become a follower of Jesus.

About six weeks after she began the *Forever Free* program, two men approached Teena and asked her to return to the red-light district. Because of her "loyalty," they would make her a madam — she could have younger girls under her whom she would control. They also offered Teena 10 times the money she was making through *Forever Free*.

Teena did not hesitate as she responded: "*I have found my peace, and I have found my God. I will never go back.*"



# Adrienne...

## *Seeking Redemption and Peace*

She thought she was pursuing her dreams. Helping her family financially. Going out into the world to work, gain independence, and make her way.

But Adrienne was wrong.

She followed her cousin's advice and went to the city ... where she was kidnapped and locked away in a windowless apartment that contained one piece of furniture: a lumpy, dirty couch.

Adrienne cried and resisted as two men entered her new home ... and brutally raped her. And yet this was just the beginning.

Her captors were cruel and relentless. She was exploited, used, and abused. Forced to service hundreds of clients. Any attempt to resist or escape resulted in a severe beating.

After more than a year, Adrienne finally made a successful escape. She tried to go home ... but her community and friends — even her beloved family — chose to believe the lies that she had prostituted herself for financial gain and refused to accept her.

The young, guilt-ridden, rejected Adrienne found herself alone and penniless. She had nowhere to live and no one to turn to for help. Without options, Adrienne wandered into a Project Rescue outreach center for women victimized by sexual slavery.

Upon hearing Adrienne's story, Oxana, our counselor, rose from her chair and wrapped her arms around the tearful girl.

"You're safe here," Oxana said. "You are not to blame for what happened to you. There is no condemnation here — only love and respect ...

"No one should have to endure the things you have, but this is not your doing ... or God's doing. He's the One who rescued you and brought you here. And He will heal you. Someday He'll bring your family back, too. We're glad God brought you here. This is your home now ... we are your family ... and we love you."

Adrienne's tears intensified into deep sobs. Once again, Oxana wrapped her arms around her new friend, saying, "Let it out, Adrienne. Just let it out. Everything is going to be all right — I promise."

# Valerie...

## *Pulled From the Clutches of Evil*

Valerie's mother sold her into slavery at eight years old to a middle-aged man she called "Uncle."

At first, she spent her days begging on the streets. As long as Valerie brought "Uncle" money, he would feed her and give her a warm bed. Some days, a beating was her compensation.

Life had started off "easy" under Uncle's watchful eye. He showered Valerie with gifts and special attention. But on her 12th birthday, everything changed. That night, Uncle led Valerie into his bedroom, locked the door, and sexually assaulted her.

Feeling dirty and ashamed, anger raged beneath her emotions. Uncle's cruel words and venomous threats raced through her mind: "I will kill you," he said, "if you try to leave me."

One night, her door swung open. "Are you ready?" Uncle asked. "Tonight you will be with someone else."

Over the next few years, Uncle would open Valerie's door to many more customers.

At 16, Valerie discovered she was pregnant. Fortunately, Uncle let the baby live.

One day several years later, Uncle erupted in anger at Valerie's son. Rather than hit the boy, he took out his vengeance on Valerie, nearly beating her to death. Valerie knew she had to escape — or risk certain death for her and her son.

For months she contemplated her options. One day her answer came with a knock at her door. "I am Officer Catherine. It was reported to us that you and your child are not living under acceptable circumstances. We want to take you from this place."

It wasn't long, then, until Valerie and her son arrived at their new home, a counseling facility affiliated with Project Rescue.



Valerie made many new friends who nurtured her and her son back to health. They had found a home where they could sleep in a warm bed and awaken each morning to a nutritious meal ... and where she could freely read the Bible and discover the love of Jesus.

Valerie's story does not end here, however. Uncle reached out with promises that he had changed. Something between abject fear ... and hope that he was sincere made her return to him.

But he had not changed.

He wanted her to give herself to other men. When she refused, he beat her again. She barely survived.

She called the counseling facility, and Sharma, a staff member, got her to the hospital.

"Jesus, I need Your help," Valerie prayed faintly.

"He is with you, Valerie," Sharma said.

"I know ... I can feel Him ..." Valerie suddenly faded — unresponsive.

Sharma thought she'd lost Valerie for good.

Finally, the doctor broke a long silence. "Miss Sharma — something has happened."

"What?" she asked, her voice shaking.

"I don't understand — her pulse is getting stronger," he said.

"What does that mean?"

"I think it means she's going to make it," he announced.

Like a dam breaking, tears of joy gushed down Sharma's cheeks. Her prayer had been answered. Sharma didn't know what the future held for Valerie, but she couldn't help but think that God had something special in mind.

After all, He had certainly gone to great lengths to rescue her from the clutches of the evil one ... again.

# Dana...

## Reunited

Dana's young life changed drastically after her mother died.

Besides caring for her two younger brothers, she was required to spend her days cooking, collecting water and firewood, and keeping the family's hovel in order.

Then, her father died, too.

With nowhere to turn, the three siblings resorted to begging in the market.

"Come here, little girl," a well-dressed man said to her. "I have some money for you and some bread, too, if you will help me."

Dana followed him to a nearby hut. The man proceeded to rape her, claiming, "If you scream, I will not give you the money."

Dana wanted to die — but all she could do was close her eyes and cry. The sight of so much money helped to numb her pain. She knew it would feed her and her two brothers for a week.

A month later, the man returned. "Dana, will you spend some time with me today? I have more money for you." Reluctantly, she got into his car.

That was the last time anyone in the village would see her.

The man drove her to a brothel two hours away and coldly announced that it was her new home.

"I must return to my brothers," Dana demanded.

Before she could utter another word, the man grabbed the back of her neck and threw her to the ground. "This is your home — this is your new life," he growled.

For the next 20 years, Dana was prostituted, beaten, and tortured. The memory of her brothers' faces had almost faded, but it was the dream of seeing them again that kept her alive. *Someday I will find them*, she told herself.

Just when Dana thought she couldn't survive another day, a social worker came to her aid.

The woman convinced the brothel owner to permit Dana to



attend the Project Rescue vocational training center a few hours each day.

After all the years of torment and ridicule, her breakthrough had finally come. Project Rescue became Dana's sanctuary — a place where no one could bring her harm.

There, she met Cora, a caregiver who always seemed to have the right words. The first time Cora heard Dana's story, she wept as if they were sisters. Dana had never witnessed such empathy and compassion.

"I can't describe what men have done to me. The only way I could ever believe in God is if He helped me leave the brothel and find my family," Dana told her.

"All I know is that God can do impossible things," Cora said.

Over the next few years, Dana and Cora conversed almost daily about the mysteries of God. Dana learned to read and write and developed skills as a seamstress. When Cora began showing Dana's work to local merchants, they began placing orders for her clothing ... and one merchant paid the brothel owner off, buying Dana's freedom forever!

But Dana's miracle story didn't end there ...

Upon arriving home from an afternoon at the vocational center, Dana found a well-dressed young man waiting at her door. "Is your name Dana?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied anxiously. "How did you know my name?"

"Well, someone in the village mentioned that your name was Dana. That was the name of my sister, but we were separated when we were very young."

"What is your name?" Dana asked.

"They call me Ali."

"Ali?" Dana cried. Taking the young man's face in her hands, she stared into his eyes to see if it could be true.

"My brother and I have been searching for you all these years," he said.

"And it took God in heaven to bring us back together!" she declared.

# Vela...

## *A Rescue Attempt*

Sonya, a Project Rescue team member, was a bundle of nerves — removing a child from the brothels was no easy task. But, when the call came, she moved quickly. She would do what must be done.

Sonya had met Vela and her mother, Nileen, a year prior, but she had lost contact with them when they moved to a different brothel. So Sonya was surprised to receive a call from Nileen requesting that she collect Vela and take her to a Project Rescue safe home.

As their car pulled up to the brothel — nothing more than a collection of shanties — Sonya could see young girls peering from behind the soiled curtains. Nileen, a petite woman with a demanding voice, met them on the street. “Please, follow me,” she said. “We can’t talk here.”

Guiding them down a narrow path between the hovels, Nileen turned and whispered, “Wait here and I will get Vela.”

Moments later, Vela appeared through a slit curtain. Her eyes fixed on the ground and her lip turned up, the eight-year-old resembled a child boarding the bus for her first day of school. “Vela,” Nileen said flatly, “it’s time for you to go with Miss Sonya. We must move quickly.”

Sonya understood Nileen’s trepidation: Vela was at an age when brothel owners prostituted children. Thousands of young girls adorned in colorful saris spent their days soliciting men in the streets. *It’s good that Vela is leaving now*, Sonya said to herself.

There were no farewell tears or goodbye hugs between Nileen and Vela. Instead, a robotic Vela followed Sonya to her car and climbed inside.

That night, and the nights that followed, Sonya recorded her thoughts in an old journal she kept ...

*Journal Entry: May 14* We picked up Vela today at the brothel without a hitch. On the way back to the home, she vomited all over the back seat. I’m sure it was part nerves and part car sickness. But it’s fulfilling to know that we played a part in rescuing another



girl from the brothel. Every time we go there, I see so many women and children who need our help. I pray that Nileen finds a way out of the brothel soon. I know she will pay a price for sending us her daughter. When the brothel owners find out, they may beat her. God, please protect her tonight ... and thank you for giving Vela a new life.

---

Vela rubbed her eyes and crawled out of bed. The five girls sharing her room had already dressed themselves and eaten a bowl of hot cereal.

“Good, you’re awake,” Sonya said. “I found a dress that’s just about your size, and some new shoes to go with it. Go ahead — try them on and I’ll be right back.”

When Sonya returned a few minutes later, the pile of clothes remained untouched. “What’s the matter, Vela?” Sonya asked.

Vela peered up without a word.

“Do you need me to help dress you?” Vela nodded.

Buttoning the dress, Sonya said, “Now, go look at yourself in the mirror.” Vela studied the reflection of herself as Sonya peered over her shoulder. “Now, that’s one pretty little girl!” Sonya exclaimed.

Vela cracked a smile. “Thank you,” she said, fixed on the mirror. Sonya knew she had just witnessed a breakthrough: Vela was talking and smiling.

*Journal Entry: July 21* It’s hard to believe Vela has been with us two months. It’s taken a lot more time than I thought for her to adjust to life outside the brothel. But I guess it’s understandable that she put up walls around herself — given the abuse that she faced as a child. We completed her educational testing, and it was no surprise that Vela is like most of the kids raised in brothels — she’s far behind. Hopefully she’ll work hard and be able to catch up. I received word that Nileen wants to visit Vela. I’m concerned that this might set Vela back, but there’s really nothing we can do if she shows up at our front door.

*Journal Entry: October 14* I am crying as I write these words.

Today I watched Vela leave the home. I know she wanted to stay, but there was nothing more I could do. I know God is in control, but I don't understand how anything good can come out of this. She was growing in so many ways, including her faith. Now, we don't know what will happen to her. She's such a beautiful girl, but I'm afraid she may have a tragic future. Why did it have to end this way? Why did she have to leave? I'll never forget how she looked back at me, her eyes pleading for my help. I'm afraid that moment will haunt me for the rest of my life. All I can do now is pray ... and hope that one day Nileen calls me again to come and pick up her precious little girl.



# Revi...

## *Praying for Mama*

“Stay here,” Mama ordered. “I’ll come and get you later.”

From her perch in a department store entryway, Revi watched Mama wade into a sea of blaring taxis, black smoke-belching trucks, and expensive sports cars.

Night after night, this was Revi’s plight. She waited while her mother was abused for money. As the hours passed, Revi would beg for coins and heed her mother’s words not to talk to policemen or social workers. “They will take you from me,” she’d warned. Revi did take food from a kind woman named Linda ...

Usually, noon church bells served as a wake-up call for Revi and her mother. But this time Revi was awakened by a polite knock on their door. She opened the door slowly to the smiling faces of her grandmother and Linda.

“Revi, go wake your mother up and tell her I am here,” Revi’s grandmother ordered. Some 20 minutes passed before a dazed Mama appeared, her hair resembling a ragged mop.

Holding Revi to her side, the grandmother said, “This is Linda from Project Rescue, and I have asked her to take Revi to a home and school for children.”

“We’ll give her an education and take good care of her for you ... we would love for you to come, too,” Linda said.

“Neither of us is going with you,” Mama said, pulling Revi away.

“I am her guardian,” her grandmother said. “The court says it’s my decision.”

“I am her mother!” Mama yelled.

Linda attempted to turn down the volume of the dispute. “You are her mother,” she said calmly. “And, as a mother, I know you want what’s best for Revi. Please ... let her come ... so she can learn to read and write.” Again, she invited Mama to come with Revi.

“Everything will be okay,” Linda promised. “We’ll arrange for you to come and see her.”

Revi put her hand on her mother’s shoulder, saying, “I will see you very soon.”

Without looking at her daughter, Mama finally nodded her approval.

Months passed, and Revi adjusted quickly to her new surroundings. She spent hours each day poring over books and learning to pronounce syllables. She loved to wade into the toy box ... and play “tag” outside with the other children. For the first time in her life, she felt safe and valued.

But underneath all the joy was a measure of sadness, because her mother had not come to visit her. She wanted to show off her reading skills and introduce her to her teachers and playmates. “Miss Linda,” Revi asked. “Why hasn’t my mama come to see me?”

“Revi, come and sit on my lap,” Linda said. “I know you’ve been praying for your mother for a long time. I’ve been praying, too. Yesterday, I went to her house and she wasn’t there. So, at night, I went to the street corner and she wasn’t there either.”

“Where is she?” Revi interrupted.

“Well, they told me she went to work in another city, for more money. No one knows where she went — not even your grandmother.”

“Is she okay?”

“I’m sure she’s okay,” Linda replied, though fearing the worst.

Linda pulled the young girl tightly to her chest and kissed the crown of her head. She didn’t have the heart to tell her any more: Her mama had fallen in with some powerful traffickers, and, without a miracle, it was unlikely the child would ever see her mama again.



# Abla...

## *Choosing to Follow Jesus*

“Abla,” her father announced. “I’ve made a decision about your future: I’ve sold you to a man named Kumar.”

Angry and confused, Abla collapsed onto her bed and stared emptily at the ceiling. The tears came easily and soaked her pillow. She prayed to the god of her family, but felt no one was listening.

Finally she fell asleep — and dreamt about her family: She saw them walking away from her, down a treacherous road where storms were raging. Then she heard a voice: “Abla, My name is Jesus. I am the one true God. I will help you if you follow Me.”

The next morning, Abla flew out of bed, threw on some clothes, and raced out the door. She wandered into a church with a statue of Jesus out front and approached the pastor: “Sir, this

may not make any sense to you, but last night I had a dream and a man named Jesus spoke to me,” she said. “I need someone to help me understand what it means.”

The pastor listened to Abla’s story and answered her questions. “Jesus loves you,” he said. “He came to you in a dream because He wants you to follow Him.”

Abla knew her family would disown her — but she had to pursue what was true.

“I am ready to follow Him,” she replied.

The pastor led Abla in a salvation prayer. She instantly felt the peace and warmth of Jesus’ love.

She went home to deliver the news. “Father, I have found a new direction for my life and I will not marry the man you have chosen,” she said firmly.

Her father saw red. He grabbed her hair and pulled her to him, face to face. “I will cut your throat if you don’t do what I say.” Within moments, Abla’s father was shoving her into an old taxi and climbing in beside her.

Had her family witnessed the torture she would endure her first night with Kumar, they never would have agreed to the



marriage. Raped and beaten, Aba crawled to a sink and washed the blood from her face and hair. Meanwhile, Qumar fell asleep in a drunken stupor, his body sprawled across the bed. Aba decided to run far away.

At the edge of town, she paid a stranger to ride in the back of his truck bed. Crossing the desert, she slept in a convoy of trucks carrying goats and livestock to port. Then, she got on a boat. Afraid and exhausted, she finally landed in a European port and wandered into a detention center.

It was there that she met Joy, a caregiver for Project Rescue, who visited the center each week to extend a helping hand to women like Aba. She gave Aba a Bible, and their friendship began.

“Mama Joy, yesterday I was offered a good job. But if I accept it, I must move away from this country. What would Jesus want me to do?”

Joy learned long ago to distrust anyone who promised riches — too many girls had been lured into sexual slavery by reaching for the brass ring of “a better life.”

“Don’t take this job,” she said. “It may take you down a dangerous road. Come live at Project Rescue and help me care for other women who have been through pain and disappointment.”

Aba prayed herself to sleep that night: *God, I need You to show me what to do. I don’t want to go anywhere or do anything unless I’m following You ... How can I help other women deal with their pain at Project Rescue if I’m still dealing with my own problems?*

As if Jesus had pulled up a chair next to her bed, Aba received the answers she had been seeking. She didn’t hear an audible voice, but words formed in her mind as if Jesus were whispering in her ear:

Aba, you will never be perfect, but you are forgiven. Your healing will be complete as you help other women deal with their pain. Pursue obedience rather than opportunity. I saved you — now I want you to commit your life to saving others. I have led you every step of the way ... and I am calling you now to Project Rescue.

With a new calling on her life and peace in her heart, Aba closed her eyes and fell back asleep. She knew He was guiding her down a path of no regrets.

# Rashmi...

## *A Family to Call Her Own*

Before arriving at Project Rescue, Rashmi had wallowed in neglect and abuse. Her mother died when Rashmi was 7, leaving the child alone to beg in the streets and scavenge for food in garbage heaps.

That was her life — until a woman with crooked teeth and a saggy throat adopted her into a brothel. There, Rashmi was forced to have sex with men old enough to be her father.

Rashmi was adorned in a colorful skirt, earrings, and makeup — working for the brothel — when Richard and Tasha saw her. Richard unexpectedly threw the Jeep into park and marched toward the child. From nowhere, a short, balding man with clumps of hair around his ears blocked his path.

“What do you want?” he demanded.

Peering into the child’s vacant eyes, Richard said, “I want you to let her go.”

“Her mother pays me to watch over her,” the man snapped.

“She is coming with me,” Richard insisted. “I want you to take me to her mother.”

The brothel guard led Richard, Tasha, and Rashmi across the street. Moments later, Rashmi’s “mother” appeared. Scowling at Richard and Tasha, she said, “What do you want with Rashmi?”

Richard and Tasha told her they wanted to take Rashmi to a safe place, give her food and clothing, and provide for her education. The woman clasped Rashmi’s arm and dragged her back inside the brothel.

A few days later, Richard and Tasha waited patiently outside the brothel until Rashmi and her “mother” took to the streets.

“We don’t want to cause you trouble,” Tasha said. “We just want to help Rashmi. With an education, she will one day make much more money.”

“She can still live with you and come to school just a few hours each day,” Richard added. “Please come and see it for yourself.”

The woman nodded, but everyone knew she had no intention of letting Rashmi out of her sight. “I will consider it,” she said, “but you must leave now.” They did.

Richard and Tasha had learned long ago that prying children from the brothels was no easy task. It took time. And what was to be gained by backing the woman into a corner if they lost the fight for Rashmi's freedom?

Each week the two of them paid a visit to the woman claiming to be Rashmi's mother.

Finally, the woman — with Rashmi in tow — stepped through the door of Project Rescue. "She cannot return to the brothel, but I must go back immediately." Leaving no room for sentimental goodbyes, the woman darted out the door.

Weeks passed, and, by all appearances, no one had earned a fleck of Rashmi's trust. Her tantrums and breakaways were frequent, her words mean-spirited. Years of abuse had left deep emotional scars.

Late one night, a knock at the door sounded like a battering ram and woke up the residents. At the entrance stood a sophisticated man with designer shoes and a silk suit. "You are hurting our business," the man said, his nostrils flaring. "You stop taking our girls or I will kill you."

Richard had faced this kind of threat before and knew exactly what to say: "Every child is here legally and with the government's blessing."

The visitor's eyes became like lasers. "I want the child, Rashmi, to come with me!"

"Rashmi belongs here," Richard said forcefully. "She's part of our family now."

Little did Richard know that Rashmi had snuck out of bed and was watching the confrontation from overhead. She heard every word as the two men engaged in a tug-of-war for her life.

Then, like a vanquished boxer climbing out of a ring, the man in the suit turned and retreated down the steps to his luxury automobile. Tiptoeing back to bed, Rashmi was overwhelmed. If it hadn't been for Richard, she told herself, tonight I would be back at the brothel ... or even dead.

It was the first time anyone had loved her enough to fight for her. That night Rashmi drifted to sleep with a smile on her face. Finally, she knew she had a family to call her own.



# Prita...

## *A Sister for Prita*

Tears of shame surfaced in Corrine's eyes. She knew she'd never see Prita again and she would have to live with the guilt of selling her firstborn ...

Sexual slavery was cruel to Prita. After "entertaining" hundreds of men — and giving in to their twisted demands — she was angry and broken. Memories of anything good in her life had all but vanished.

When she finally escaped the brothel, local authorities remanded her to the home run by Project Rescue. But the years of physical and emotional abuse made her transition to a different way of life difficult.

She hated her mother and the men who had hurled her around like an unwanted toy. Although she didn't deserve their betrayal and abuse, the wounds of rejection were deep. Hostility spewed from her mouth like poison.

The other girls wanted her to be expelled from the home. "She's here because God sent her to us," the house parent said. "Be patient with her — God will deal with her in His time and in His own way."

No one could have dreamed, though, that God would reach Prita through a new resident, nine-year-old Rachita. Both abandoned by their mothers, the girls developed a bond.

"You can be my big sister," Rachita told Prita.

Rachita idolized Prita — and was beginning to follow in Prita's footsteps. Her tirades were even sounding the same. The caregivers knew the girls needed to be separated. They knew they needed God's help and an extra dose of patience.

But He was working ...

Prita tapped on Rachita's door one day and stepped inside. "I need to talk to you," Prita said flatly. She stroked the child's jet-black hair and stared into her dark eyes.

"I came to tell you I am sorry. I have not been a good example to you, little sister," Prita confessed. "I know I have many problems, and sometimes I take it out on everyone around

me. That is not the kind of person I want to be. And it's not the kind of person I want you to be. We have to do better — do you promise?"

"Yes," the girl replied. "I will try harder."

"There's one more thing," Prita said. "I've been watching and listening: and there is something different about the workers here. They are so kind to us — even though we haven't always been kind to them. I want to know their God and ask Him to help me. And I want to live in heaven someday."

"How do we do that?" Rachita asked.

"They told me all I have to do is talk to their God," she replied. "They said I needed to ask Him to forgive me of my sins and believe that He sent His Son Jesus to die on a cross."

"Can we do that before I go to sleep?" Rachita asked enthusiastically.

"I think we can, but only if you really want to." Rachita smiled and nodded. The two "sisters" held hands, closed their eyes, and prayed for the first time. Tears filled their eyes because they could sense God's presence and feel His healing power.

They weren't sure what happened or where their brand-new faith would take them. They just knew their lives would be better because God was now with them.



# Sumi...

## *Orphan No More*

“Dear little Amshula,” Sumi sang as she sat in the clinic and cradled her brother — tears sliding down her cheeks — “I know Mommy has died and you’re not well, but everything will be okay.”

Sumi’s tune was interrupted when a Scottish woman named Tami appeared in front of her and knelt to feel the boy’s forehead. She pulled back his eyelids to see if he was still conscious. “Doctor! I need a doctor!” she yelled.

After a nurse helped Amshula to a bed, she asked Tami to join her outside. “We know these children. Their mother worked in a brothel. She died of AIDS. The boy is HIV-positive, too. They are orphans — no one wants them.”

“What if I do?” Tami asked, “I just want to make sure they’re taken care of. I will pay the medical expenses — but I have friends at Project Rescue who will take them in.”

Six days later, Amshula was sitting upright and eating on his own when Miss Tami collected the two children from the clinic.

When they arrived at the ministry home, children came running from every direction. The doors swung open and a young woman with an endless smile opened her arms to greet them. “Hi, I’m Lana — welcome to your new home.”

Before leaving for her home in Scotland, Tami sat with Sumi and Amshula. Sumi opened up to her and shared her story: “One night, Amshula and I came back from looking for food in the garbage field,” she began. “We found Mama on the road bleeding. The men she worked for beat her and kicked her out because she was sick.”

“Where did you live after that?” Miss Tami asked.

“We lived under some stairs until the owner found us and made us leave. After that we slept on cardboard in the alley until ...” Tears surfaced in Sumi’s eyes. “We took Mama to the hospital, but it wasn’t long before she died.”

“So, you and Amshula lived alone in the streets after that?”

“Yes — until he got sick, too.”

“And is that when you brought him to the hospital?” the woman asked.

“Yes. The day we were lucky to meet you.”

“It was more than luck, Sumi,” she said. “God sent me to find you. He wanted you and Amshula to have a home. He wanted you to be safe, to learn how to read and write, and to be in a place where you would have plenty to eat.”

Questions swirled in Sumi’s head. “Did He tell you where to find us?”

“Not exactly,” Tami offered. “I had no reason to be at the clinic that day, but I knew God had led me there for a reason. When I saw your face, I knew exactly why I was there. God wanted me to help you. He wanted me to bring you to Project Rescue. These are kind people. They will teach you about the God who loved you so much that He gave you a home.”

Miss Tami leaned over and gave Sumi one last hug. “Go get something to eat ... and I’ll stay here and pray for your brother.”

The tiny girl grinned with gratitude. She couldn’t get over how Miss Tami’s God had sent someone all the way from Scotland just so she and her brother could be rescued and have a home.



When Giti was 12, her father died and she was forced to live with an abusive uncle.

When she became pregnant with his child, Giti feared he would take her life to dispose of the evidence. All she knew to do was run ... and hope that fate would be kind to her and her baby.

After three days on the run, Giti hobbled into a homeless shelter, clutching her stomach, crying. An elderly woman dropped her broom and rushed to the girl's side.

For two months, Giti shared a room with dozens of homeless women and children. Each morning, Giti looked forward to a visit from Maurina, the elderly woman who had taken her in. She enjoyed the woman's homemade bread and homespun stories. Maurina was the grandmother Giti never knew.

"Giti," Maurina said one day, "you know this is a temporary shelter. The directors have said you can stay one more week."

"I have nowhere to go," Giti replied.

"I have found you a place," Maurina announced. "It is a home sponsored by Project Rescue. They will help you and your baby. These are kind people. I know you've suffered — and you feel abandoned. But you're not alone. Jesus loves you and He has a good plan for your life. Listen carefully to what they tell you at Project Rescue. It will give you hope and direction."

Giti's new home was everything Maurina said it would be. Immediately she felt the love and devotion of Project Rescue's staff. They nursed her through her pregnancy and — when the baby was born — they celebrated together like family.

It didn't take long for Giti to decide she wanted to experience the love, peace, and purpose that only Jesus could give. She prayed to receive Him as her personal Savior. Her life was almost perfect until she was diagnosed with HIV.

Danielle, a staff member, saw Giti leave her workstation that day and followed her friend to her room. Giti was facedown on her bed crying when Danielle arrived.

"Giti, what's wrong?" Danielle asked, setting her hand on her back.

"Yesterday I learned I have HIV. The baby is fine — no sign of the disease."

"We must tell the other girls so they can pray," Danielle said.

"I will leave the home," Giti told Danielle. "From here on, I can only bring you and the other women misery."

"No — now, more than ever, you belong here," Danielle replied. "We are family."

"I know that," Giti said. "But it's best for me to leave. I just have one question for you: Will you take care of my baby when I'm gone?"

"I would do anything for you, but you're not leaving," Danielle said. "God brought you here — and you're not leaving until He says so." Giti collapsed into Danielle's arms and sobbed.

She never wanted to leave the home — she was just scared that her life was ending prematurely. "Miss Danielle ... If something happens to me, will you make sure my son follows Jesus?"

Danielle's tears returned. "Yes, I'll make sure he learns about Jesus."

"Miss Danielle, I have something for you. It was going to be a birthday present — but I would like to give it to you now." Giti produced a jewelry box with a necklace she had made inside.

"I've never had a necklace this beautiful," Danielle said admiringly. "Thank you so much."

"Remember me every time you wear it," Giti asked.

"I will — but you have many more years ahead of you." The two embraced.

Giti wasn't about to argue with her mentor — but she sensed her days were numbered. Nevertheless, she found comfort in knowing her son was in good hands and, someday, she'd spend eternity with him in heaven.



# Ashanti...

## Secrets Revealed



Ashanti and her brother Monte had never attended school. The money their parents earned from the kiosk was just enough to pay their rent and feed the family. School fees were out of the question.

But when a “free” after-school tutoring program, sponsored by Project Rescue, opened in the community, Mama made sure her children could attend.

To go along with the tutoring, the school promised to provide a new pair of shoes and a warm meal each day.

“I wish I could live at the school all the time,” Ashanti told Monte. “That way Uncle wouldn’t hurt me anymore.”

Ashanti knew her parents loved her. She just resented their unwillingness to stand up to Uncle. His attacks were becoming more frequent, and, with each passing day, she felt increasingly helpless and alone.

One day, when the tutoring session had ended and it was time to go home, Ashanti tugged on the blouse of Mrs. Latika. “Can we stay longer?” she asked the Project Rescue caregiver. “My uncle is waiting for me ... and I hate him,” Ashanti blurted.

“Why do you hate your uncle?”

“Because he puts his hand over my mouth and touches me — he hurts me.”

“Do your parents know what he is doing to you?” Latika asked carefully. Ashanti could only nod yes as tears fell down her cheeks. Latika pulled the child to her chest and held her tight.

“There’s nothing they can do,” she whimpered. Ashanti pulled away from Latika’s tear-stained blouse and pled for help with only her eyes.

*Well, there’s something I can do,* Latika said to herself.

Heavy monsoon rains sent market vendors home early one afternoon. Ashanti’s parents folded up their kiosk and headed to Project Rescue to collect their children. Latika greeted the parents at the door and asked if she could chat with them privately.

"It has come to my attention that Ashanti's uncle has been abusing her," Latika said.

Ashanti's father grinned. "Our daughter has an active imagination."

"Her uncle has a problem with alcohol, but what she says is not true," her mother added.

"I understand that you feel you must protect him, but this cannot be allowed to continue," Latika said firmly. "If it does, I will report him to the authorities."

"You have no right," her father snapped.

"I have a duty under the law ... and a duty to your daughter."

The father stood to his feet to test Latika's determination.

Ashanti's mother remained seated, fighting hard to hide the shame that threatened to monopolize her face.

"Our children will not return to this place!" he shouted.

"They will," Latika said, "or you and Ashanti's uncle will be visited by the police."

Ashanti's father clenched his teeth.

"But there is another way," Latika offered. "Let us work with you to protect your children."

"How can you help?" Mama asked.

"When you are at work and not at home, let your children stay here at Project Rescue," she replied.

The parents looked at one another as if cautiously considering Latika's proposal. Finally they nodded their approval. "We are not admitting that what you say is true, but the school has been good for our children," the father said in a much calmer voice.

"We will let them stay," Mama announced.

"Thank you — you won't be sorry," Latika said, grinning widely. "We promise to take good care of Ashanti and Monte."

Hurriedly the parents departed — without a respectful bow or even a shake of Latika's hand. But Latika wasn't complaining. She was just glad they hadn't noticed the beads of perspiration on her forehead or seen the trembling of her hands.

They were already gone when Latika threw her fist in the air and said with relief, "Thank You, Jesus."



# Sarasa...

## *Brought Together for a Purpose*

The wedding was a simple one. There was no celebratory recessional for the couple. No music, no laughter. Just the long walk to their modest home.

"I love you," Juan said along the way. In return, Sarasa could only smile. It would be a long time before she could reciprocate such words of affection.

The next morning, Sarasa dashed to the telephone. "Mother, I got married yesterday — so, in a few months, you can send the children to me," she said, her voice breaking with joy.

Two years earlier, a cousin had offered Sarasa a plane ticket and a high-paying job in a restaurant. "You will make enough money in six months that you can move your family to a nice home and enroll your kids in a decent school," Enrique promised.

Enrique met Sarasa when her plane landed, and, together, they began the drive to her new home.

When Enrique pulled into a parking stall and picked up two men, Sarasa was confused. As he sped away, he said, "If you make any disturbance, we will kill you and your children. Now give me your passport!"

One of the men in the backseat blindfolded her and put duct tape on her mouth. For two hours the car zigzagged until it finally came to a halt. The two men dragged her up a flight of stairs before ripping the duct tape and blindfold from her face.

"You will pleasure the men I bring you," Enrique informed her.

For six months, she never left the apartment. Men cycled through each day as if it were a buffet line, leaving Sarasa on the verge of an emotional breakdown. *If not for my children*, she told herself, *I would have no reason to live*.

One night, Juan walked into the apartment. Like the other men, he had paid to have sex with Sarasa.

But, unlike the others, he treated her with respect.

"I've been talking to the owners of this place and have asked if I could buy your freedom, so you can come and live with me."

"I will not be free until I'm reunited with my children," Sarasa said defiantly.

“After we are married, we will send for them,” Juan promised.

Although married to a man she didn’t love, Sarasa was filled with anticipation for the day her children would leap into her arms. Juan had rescued her and given her a home.

That was enough to earn Sarasa’s gratitude and devotion — but she couldn’t forget he was once her “customer.”

Most days Sarasa walked around a park, letting her tears of regret flow.

One afternoon, a woman sat down beside her. They would meet again and again ... in the same place. Soon, Sarasa shared her story. “I know some people who can help you deal with your pain,” the woman said. “It is called Project Rescue. Here is the phone number.”

The decision to pick up the phone and call that number was the beginning of Sarasa’s journey to hope and healing. Sarasa committed her life to Jesus and began to receive counseling and attend a Bible study at Project Rescue.



As her faith grew, her bouts with depression waned, and, surprisingly, her feelings for Juan soared.

“Sarasa, there’s something different about you,” Juan said. Uncertain how he would respond, Sarasa had not divulged her newfound faith. “There is a glow about you. You seem happier.”

She knew the charade was over. “Something has happened — I have decided to follow Jesus.”

“I learned about Jesus when I was a boy,” Juan offered, “but I have not prayed to Him in a long time.”

“Believe me, Juan — He is real. Since I asked Him into my life, I’ve found it easier to forgive. And I’m living for today — not in the past.”

Juan swallowed hard. “I have seen what He has done for you. You have changed. I think I would like to know Him, too.”

Sarasa pressed close. Their eyes met in a way they never had before. “Jesus loves you, Juan,” she whispered, “and so do I.” Sarasa basked in Juan’s arms for the longest time. She felt his love and devotion ... and knew she was where she belonged.

God had brought Juan and Sarasa together for a purpose. And now, because of His mercy and Project Rescue’s efforts, they would be husband and wife and raise their children to follow Jesus.



# PROJECT RESCUE

## Project Rescue: Looking Forward!

### Our Mission

The mission of Project Rescue's impactful, life-saving ministry is steadfast: to RESCUE and RESTORE victims of sexual slavery through the love and power of God.

We succeed in our mission through holistic programs of physical, emotional, and spiritual intervention, prevention, and restoration for women and children in sexual slavery.

### Our Approach



#### Prevention

- Education in High Risk Areas
- Awareness Programs
- Residential Care for Children of Prostituted Women



#### Intervention

- Physically rescuing women and children throughout Europe, Northern Africa, and Central and Southern Asia
- Education



#### Restoration

- Meeting Holistic Needs of Women and Children
- Discipleship and a New Life in God



## Our Initiatives

Direct Intervention

Awareness & Prevention Programs

Detention Center Outreach

Red-light District Services

Aftercare Homes

Education Programs

Nightcare Shelters

Income Generation Projects

HIV/AIDS & Medical Care Emergency Response

Refugee Camp Outreach

Trauma Counseling

Legal Assistance

Vocational Training

- Sewing Program
- Agriculture/Farming
- Taxi-driving Training
- Cosmetology Training
- Jewelry Making
- Paper Goods Making
- Fashion Design
- Baking Courses

**Over 520,000 lives  
have been impacted by  
our initiatives over the  
past 25 years.**

## Our Timely Response

The world will likely look back and remember 2020 as the year of the Covid pandemic. But our Project Rescue team will remember 2020 as the year God opened *miraculous* doors to help those in sexual slavery in ways we had not experienced in the past.

In the middle of the global Covid crisis, brothels and red-light districts were temporarily closed in multiple nations.

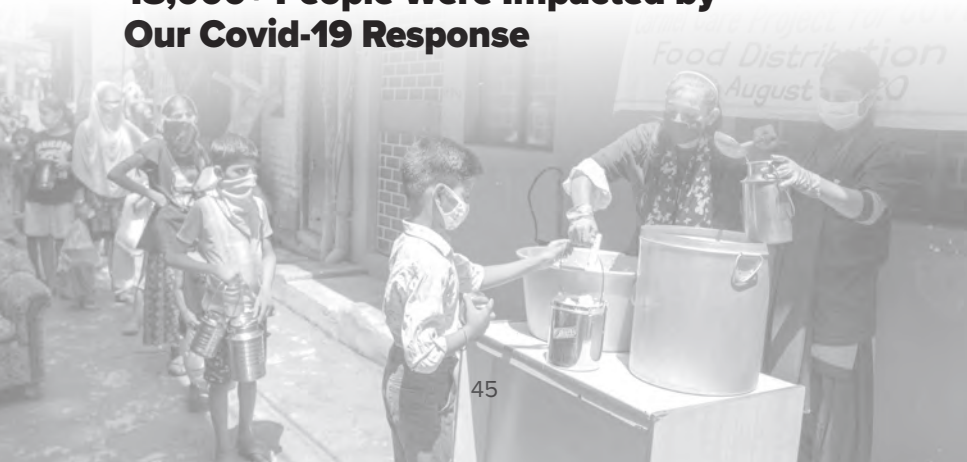
Thousands of women across two continents were allowed to leave sexual slavery along with their children. For the first time in their lives, many had the opportunity to choose freedom!

But what is freedom without food? In April 2020, the “Forever Free” campaign was launched quickly to raise funds for massive amounts of food so that Project Rescue leaders could help feed these women and their children in their cities.

New vocational training initiatives were launched so that rescued women could begin new careers with dignity and sustainability.

In the middle of a crisis, courageous colleagues stepped up and seized the God-given opportunities to fulfill His mission among the most exploited.

## 18,000+ People Were Impacted by Our Covid-19 Response



## Conclusion

Thank you for taking the time to read the powerfully stirring — and heart-wrenching — stories of women and children we've impacted through the ongoing, God-directed, life-saving work of Project Rescue.

Some of the stories offer a victorious conclusion — lives changed for eternity and set on a path to hope and healing. In others, the story is still being written. Women we helped walked away ... or ran away, fearful of being “caught” ... or mysteriously drawn to a life that held them captive and broken. But we remain hopeful and vigilant for the return of every lost soul. Ready to welcome any woman or child into the safety and security — and the limitless possibility and opportunity — of our Project Rescue homes and initiatives. And we believe God is faithful — He'll complete the work He has started in each life!

For over 25 years, God has used Project Rescue to change the lives of thousands of trafficked, abused, abandoned — and seemingly forgotten — victims around the world. *They weren't forgotten by God.* And He has continued to pave the way, guiding our efforts to find the suffering, rescue the hurting, and pull the helpless out of the pit of exploitation and abuse to a new life of hope and purpose.

And yet, there are many more to reach. Right now, there are girls and young women trapped in the darkness of sexual exploitation. So today, we invite you to join Project Rescue. You can make a powerful difference, you can save lives, by partnering with us. We are a nonprofit organization dedicated to rescuing women and children and bringing them into the light of God's love and into the arms of the Father.

You'll help offer restoration, new life, to women and children.

You'll invade the darkness — sharing compassion and love, rescuing victims from the cycle of abuse, offering hope for a whole new life.

If your heart has been touched by these stories of lives transformed, and you care about saving *more* lives of abused and

exploited women and children, I urge you to take two important steps now:

1. **Pray for Project Rescue** and the women and children we are reaching. We have witnessed the power of prayer over and over again throughout the history of this ministry. We rely on the prayers of friends like you.
2. **Consider giving a generous gift** to empower our efforts to rescue and restore the broken. On the following page, you'll see a breakdown of the need, and how you can specifically partner with us to make a profound and powerful difference. Whatever you are able to do will be life-changing for the women and children we serve.

Thank you for considering partnering with us today! You can have great confidence that your gift will do exactly what you intend ... rescue and restore victims of sexual slavery and exploitation, shine the love of Christ into dark places ... and transform lives! Thank you!

—Jonathan & Jennifer Barratt



## PROJECT RESCUE

P.O. Box 922  
Springfield, MO 65801  
417.833.5564  
[projectrescue.com](http://projectrescue.com)



# Join us as we work to rescue and restore victims of sexual slavery. Help save lives.

As you partner with Project Rescue, you will ...

- ▶ **Offer new life** to women and girls.
- ▶ **Put survivors of sexual slavery** on the path toward restoration.
- ▶ **Invade the darkness** — sharing compassion and love, rescuing girls from the cycle of abuse, offering hope for a whole new life.

*It takes just ...*

- **\$42** to provide healthcare for 1 mom and her child for 1 month
- **\$100** to provide food, housing, healthcare, and education for a child for 1 month
- **\$300** to provide food, housing, healthcare, and education for 1 child for 3 months
- **\$600** to provide food, housing, healthcare, and education for 1 child for 6 months
- **\$1,200** to provide food, housing, healthcare, and education for 1 child for a year

... and yet, this generous gift could be *just what it takes* to pull a child from the horror and degradation of sexual exploitation and abuse. Please consider what you might be able to do today and give generously now!

**Use the enclosed card or visit  
[projectrescue.com/HopeRestored](http://projectrescue.com/HopeRestored)  
to give securely online.**



# PROJECT RESCUE

Project Rescue exists to rescue and restore victims of sexual slavery through the love and power of God.



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## **JENNIFER & JONATHAN BARRATT,**

Executive Director of Project Rescue  
and CEO of Project Rescue Foundation,

share a unified commitment to seeing

hope restored in the lives of survivors of sexual exploitation. As they pave the way forward, their shared goal is to enable the Project Rescue network to grow exponentially, increase its presence in areas devastated by sexual exploitation, and provide more access to critical trauma-informed training for local leaders. While the methods and strategies developed will be tailored to each local context, the permeating commitment to Project Rescue's founding mission and values will never change.