



Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Virginia

A chapter in the life of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos



Father William Wasson
and Frank Krafft, 2003.

Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos™ International (NPHI), has been caring for children for over 50 years. In 1954, Father William B. Wasson took in the first boy after catching him stealing money from the offering box. NPHI is a Christian mission that strives to provide a permanent family and home for orphaned, abandoned and other at-risk children who live in conditions of extreme poverty. Our programs provide quality

education, healthcare and spiritual formation with the goal of raising good Christians and productive members of their respective societies. Over the years, more than 15,900 children have been raised in our family which has expanded to nine countries, Bolivia, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua and Peru.



Like with Father William Wasson's work with Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos, Our Little Brothers and Sisters' work involved many people. . . employees, volunteers, donors, board members, all of whom had a significant part of this chapter in the history of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. My sincere thanks to all of them. But the most involved and dedicated person was my partner in this venture, my wife Polly. Without her support, involvement and encouragement, Our Little Brothers and Sisters would not have succeeded. It is in her honor and loving memory that this story is dedicated.

Frank J. Krafft
President, Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Virginia

1210 Hillside Terrace
Alexandria, Virginia 22302

April 25, 1968

Dear Father Wasson,

Since returning from my visit to Cuernavaca in February, I have given considerable thought to a means of raising funds for your venturesome project with the Mexican orphans. I have investigated a direct mail advertising company by the name of Gratian J. Meyer & Associates, who make a specialty of charity fund raising. They have been very successful in raising money for organizations similar to yours by direct mail premium solicitation. I have talked to Mr. Meyer about the orphanage and he feels that, with the public appeal that is attached to an orphanage like yours, a successful fund raising program could be developed. Of course, it takes money to make money; and I understand you are "a little short of cash." So! subject to details that would be mutually satisfactory to both of us, I would be willing to underwrite the cost of such a project. This would mean that you would not be required to furnish any money or would you be liable for any indebtedness, should the project prove unsuccessful. However, it would require your full cooperation and enthusiastic support to make it a successful and effective fund raising program. One characteristic of direct mail solicitation should be noted. Approximately two years are generally required for a fund to grow large enough to make withdrawals. This is because the money that is received from the first mailing must be used to finance a second and larger mailing and so forth, until, by the process of elimination, an effective donor mailing list is developed.

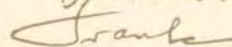
Now for the question. Are you interested in such a program? Unfortunately, when I was in Cuernavaca, I did not inquire about your present fund raising setup. I did receive your Easter letter which I thought was very well done. In any event, you would probably want to keep your present program in operation since my proposal will only benefit you in two years.

Assuming that you reply in the positive, Mr. Meyer and I would like to spend a few days with you in Cuernavaca in about three or four weeks time, if convenient. We would review in detail the entire proposed program. If a basic agreement can be reached, we would then proceed to collect data that could be used in preparing appeal letters. We would want information on the entire operation of the orphanage, it's history, it's future, etc. We would want a complete tour of your physical plant, taking pictures as we go and interviewing personnel.

So that we can check some of the legal aspects prior to our visit, we would like copies of your corporate structures in Cuernavaca and in Phoenix, Arizona. Could you mail these to us? If these are not readily available at this time, a description will suffice for the present.

I await your reply.

Adventurously yours,



Frank J. Krafft

1968

Frank Krafft sends

Father William Wasson

a letter describing

his desire to help the

children of Nuestros

Pequeños Hermanos.

260 million dollars later...



...the money raised by Our Little Brothers and Sisters has helped fund:

9 countries

Bolivia, Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Peru

15,900

children cared for since 1954

3,300

children cared for daily

children and adults cared for annually
through medical and outreach programs 40,000



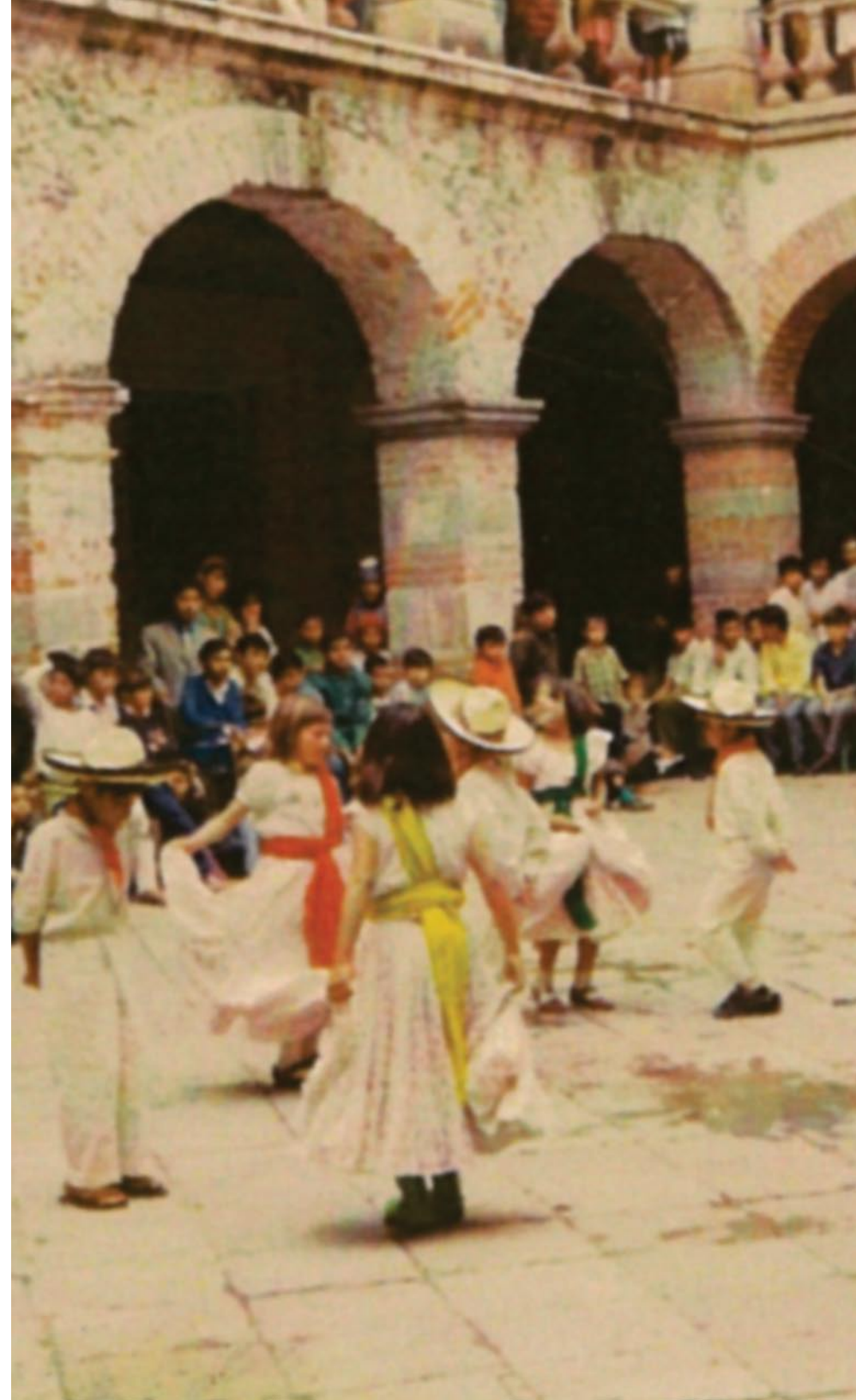
It all started with a simple word...**yes.**



Many orphaned and abandoned children have crossed the threshold of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos (NPH) since Father William Wasson took in the first few boys at his Parish Church Rectory in Cuernavaca, Mexico back in 1954. Now, NPH has developed into a worldwide family of boys and girls in nine different countries. He didn't do it alone as there were many organizations and people along the way that gave him a hand. Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Virginia (OLB&S) was just one of them and I want to tell you about the chapter they played in the incredible history of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos.

It all started in the little town of Ahuatepec, located 5 miles east of Cuernavaca on the old road to Tepoztlan. The occasion was the dedication of the first building of the Monastery of Our Lady of the Angels, a project started by my cousin, Father Ambrose Zenner. The date was February 2, 1968, the Feast of the Purification. My wife Polly and I had contributed to the construction of the first building so we were invited to the dedication. That brought us to Mexico for the first time.

We stayed with an American woman who was a retired nurse and living in Mexico. She was involved in taking care of the flower garden at the monastery and the boys' dispensary at an orphanage, Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos in Cuernavaca. On one of her daily trips to the orphanage, she invited us to come along. This happened to be the day the younger children, who were living at Hacienda San Antonio de Acolman, located 25 miles north of Mexico City, visited their older brothers and sisters. We met Father William Wasson, the founder of the orphanage, and the children. We were so impressed with the happiness and spirit of the children that we knew the padre had to be doing something right. We wanted to become involved and be a part of his work. Seeing their economic needs, we offered to raise money to support the children. Our offer was quickly accepted.



Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Inc.

A NON-PROFIT CORPORATION
CARE OF NATIONAL SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
P.O. BOX 3134 • ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22302

Helen Hayes
Member, Board of Advisors



*Please
read this letter!
Helen Hayes*

Here are 6 birthday cards...
to help you put smiles on a
half dozen faces!

I am sending you this set of beautiful cards -- as a free gift -- on behalf of Lucilla -- the pretty little Mexican child whose picture appears above.

Although no tears were in her eyes when this picture was taken, there was a time when her pitiful sobs nearly tore my heart in two.

It was just after her mother died. Lucilla was too young to really understand the meaning of death -- but she did know what it meant to be alone. Several times during the previous year, her mother had been rushed to the hospital -- and Lucilla was sent to the home of childless friends -- while her brother and sisters went off to stay with other families.

And now, Lucilla thought she would be separated forever from her beloved brother and sisters. That's when I heard her crying.

Fortunately, her plight had been explained to William Wasson -- an American clergyman who has dedicated his life to caring for orphaned children in our friendly neighboring country "South of the Border." He "adopted" Lucilla -- along with her brother and two sisters -- and took them to live in his home in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Perhaps you have already heard of Reverend Wasson -- or "Our Little Brothers and Sisters" -- the name given to this unique and wonderful experiment. He began his "career" 15 years ago by rescuing a young orphaned boy who had been arrested for some minor offense -- but who was put in the same cell with hardened criminals.

As Reverend Wasson's reputation spread, he was asked to look after many other youngsters -- particularly in cases where there were several children in the same family. He is presently providing love and care for over 900 abandoned children! (If you have ever done the

(over, please...)

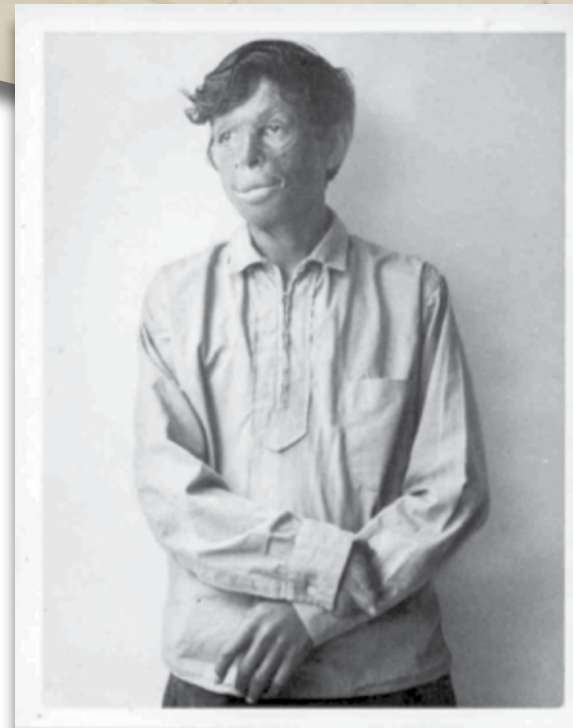
When we returned home, we wondered if we could fulfill the commitment we had made. We had to develop a plan whereby we could raise money for the orphanage and at the same time, raise our nine children, ages four to 17. I also had to continue my business as a drywall and plastering contractor as that was our only means of support. On top of that, we really didn't know anything about fundraising and whatever we started would be a learning process. After investigating various fundraising methods, we decided on direct mail solicitation which we thought we could handle on nights and weekends, using our home as an office.

We hired a consultant to help us setup our first mailing. Since we were mailing on behalf of the Mexican orphanage, our plan was to have it sent out of Mexico to people in the United States. Our strategy was to give the appearance of a struggling Mexican priest who was overwhelmed with needy children, and was pleading for help. We copied Father Wasson's stationery using not the best quality paper and purposely making a few errors and cross-outs in the text. The mailing would be a test to determine if this cause would appeal to people in the U.S. and which lists worked best. We rented ten mailing lists of ten thousand names each, making it a 100 thousand test mailing. For ease of production and economy, we produced the letters in the U.S. and shipped them down to Mexico City to affix the stamps.

We shipped the letters by Greyhound Bus to Laredo, Texas, where we had arranged for a Mexican courier to truck them to Mexico City. To avoid paying a Mexican customs fee, we had to post a bond with the Mexican government guaranteeing them that it was a quick-in, quick-out situation. The letters were delivered to Father Wasson's father, Bill Wasson, who was living in Mexico City at the time. He was responsible for putting the stamps on and mailing the

letters at the Mexico City Post Office. When the stamp licking was complete, Bill had 5,000 left, which meant that someplace between Laredo and Mexico City, someone had stolen a box of letters thinking them of personal value, or a box fell off of the delivery truck. Either way, we were in trouble. The letters were delivered to the post office along with the hope that the missing letters would not be noticed. No such luck and a delay in processing the letters resulted.

The mailing finally reached the U.S. the day after Christmas, the worst time of the year to receive mail. Consequently, it was a dismal failure. Not even one list showed any potential for future use. Our consultant said that on the basis of the results from the mailing, he would have to recommend that we give up direct mail fundraising and find another way to raise the funds. However, we were determined to make it work as we knew that the children's stories would appeal to the hearts of the American people. We decided to put up more money and made preparations for another test mailing. Before that was done, we established a charitable 501(C) 3 organization which we named Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Inc. This gave our donors a tax exemption for their donations. We named myself as president, Polly as secretary and we asked Father Wasson to join us as vice president since the whole purpose of the new organization was to raise funds for his orphaned children. Our board of directors was made up of people who were directly involved in NPH. We made another test mailing, this time from the United States. The mailing proved successful so we continued with a goal of reaching one million donors each year. Non-profit postage at that time was less than one cent a letter.





November 11, 1968

Mr. K Noltein
914 W Alfred
Tampa Fla 33603

Dear Mr. Noltein:

May I take a few minutes of your time to tell you the story of Alfredo?

The enclosed photo may make you shudder -- THIS is Alfredo. Most people would shudder at such a tragic sight.

He came to us five years ago at the age of 10, ^{after} ~~after~~ he had seen his entire family burned to death in a fire, and he had been badly scarred and maimed for life.

After this tragedy, he wandered about, begging for food and shelter wherever he could, only to find people too frightened by his appearance to offer assistance. Searching through garbage...sleeping in alleys -- quite an existence for this 10-year-old boy.

He came to me, and begged to become one of us. After securing the promise of all the children here that they would never tease or make fun of him, Alfredo joined us, and today he is one of our most well adjusted "Little Brothers."

Alfredo is just one of over 900 Little Brothers & Sisters...and after 14 years of being parents to these children, our needs are continually growing.

Our only hope to continue providing love, understanding, and decent living conditions for the children is the generosity of people like you, who believe as I do that every child born into the world is a new thought of God, an ever fresh and radiant possibility.

Won't you take a minute now, Mr. Noltein, and mail your donation today? You may be assured that it will help to bring some little child nearer to the realization of God's dream for him.

May God Bless You and Yours Always,

Rev. W. Wasson
Reverend William Wasson

REVEREND WILLIAM WASSON,
Founder & Director.

CUERNAVACA, MOR., MEXICO
Apdo. Postal 333 Telefono 2-30-00

A HOME FOR POOR CHILDREN
SINCE 1954

Our plan to work evenings and weekends turned out to be more work than anticipated. Polly had to do the processing of the donations during the day when all was quiet and the children were in school. Her helpers, who were our neighbors and friends, were also more available during the day. As for my work in answering letters, sending thank you notes and planning, it all flowed over into the daytime. I was fortunate to have a partner in my construction business who was tolerant. I was also fortunate to be the senior partner.

To enhance our fundraising, we started a sponsorship program for our donors whereby a donor is assigned to a particular child whom they communicate with and independently support. NPH had some of their children sponsored by the Christian Children's Fund but we thought it best to have our own in-house program. To do this, we hired a man, who had worked for Save the Children, to initiate the project. The plan we worked out involved his traveling across the country and contacting the better donors on our mailing list. He asked them to sponsor and then requested that they ask their friends to sponsor as well. Most donors that were contacted were older people and willing to sponsor, but they didn't want to ask others. The plan was not as successful as we had hoped but we did end up with 300 sponsors and a good start for the program. From then on, we used our mailing program to encourage sponsorships.


During the early mailings we found that some of our benefactors were also donors to Friends of the Orphans (FOTO) in Tempe, Arizona. This led to some confusion as we were both soliciting for the same orphanage. We made two attempts to merge the organizations but it never took place. We later formed the North American Coordinating Committee (NACC) to bring together all of the fundraising organizations that were developing in the U.S., for the exchange of ideas.

Because of our close communication with NPH in Mexico, we were asked to handle many tasks that had to be done in the United States. OLB&S soon became not only a fundraising organization for NPH but also a service organization. When Father Wasson started a home for Native American children in northern New Mexico in the early 1970's, OLB&S was assigned the task of business and financial management for the project. The project only lasted two years.

In 1978, NPH was involved in a cultural exchange with the University of South Carolina. A caroling group from the university went to Mexico and entertained the children at NPH and at other Mexican institutions. In exchange, NPH sent their Estudiantina and Ballet Folklorico to perform at the University of South Carolina and at other schools and theaters on the East Coast. They ended their tour in Washington D.C. with a command performance on the steps of the U.S. Capitol.

Father Wasson was able to obtain scholarships for some of his older children at universities in the United States. To accommodate those studying in the Miami area, he purchased a house where they could live. The management, financing and overseeing of this venture soon became the responsibility of OLB&S. We took care of the financial needs of all the students studying east of the Mississippi River; FOTO took care of those to the west.

As time went on, the orphanage in Mexico grew from 600 children to 900. The pressure to raise more money was forever on us and we were always looking for new ways. We didn't feel we could handle fundraising events so we had to stick to direct mail.



Our Little Brothers and Sisters

UNITED VIRGINIA BANK
Post Office Box 3134
Alexandria, Virginia 22302

My dear Friend:

Perhaps you are not aware that when the economy tightens our little orphan children are among the first to be hurt. We understand the frustration with inflation, but in your generosity we hope you will not abandon us. The children depend upon you.

We cannot find it in our heart to turn even one child away and we know you would want it that way. Still, new faces arrive weekly, seeking to be a part of our family. Now your Mexican children will be joined by their American Indian brothers. We are starting another orphanage in the pioneer country of Dulce, New Mexico, at the Jicarilla Apache Indian Reservation. We need even more food, clothing and love than ever before.

If you can find it in your heart, please send us \$5 or more which we can use for these needy children. Your contribution, large or small, will be most helpful. Your past Christian charity has given love and a warm family sanctuary to over a thousand homeless children. Please be as generous as you can this year.

From all the children at Our Little Brothers and Sisters and myself, we wish you a wonderful Christmas Season and may God Bless you. Thank you! Gracias! Thank you!

In appreciation,
F. Wm. B. Wasson
FATHER WILLIAM B. WASSON

WBW/se

P.S. Enclosed is your selection of this year's Christmas cards. Notice the special quality. Use them for close friends at Yuletide.

"I share the tremendous pride of all the U. S. citizens who are familiar with your mission and have helped advance its progress."

Richard M. Nixon



Helen Hayes

"Perhaps your impression of an orphanage is the same as mine was: a cold, grim institution with high walls and rigid discipline. That does not describe Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos -- an orphanage as unusual as its name."

They work for this Cause - Will you join them?



John Wayne

"When I came to Our Little Brothers and Sisters, I expected to find children who needed love -- but I found instead children who had love to give."



Raquel Welch

"I have never witnessed a more concrete example of God's love for mankind than that which is expressed in your dedication to making a true home for these needy children."

"A UNIQUE EXPERIMENT WITH GRATIFYING RESULTS"

—Erich Fromm

August 1971 marked the 17th anniversary of an orphanage that is as unique as its name — Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos (Our Little Brothers and Sisters).

Rev. William Wasson's orphanage is unique because it has over 1,000 happy children.

Sociologists, psychologists, benefactors and visitors from around the world come to Cuernavaca, Mexico and ask why.

It is because these youngsters have a father who knows that their basic need is for love and not things.

Father Wasson receives no financial help from the church or government but must depend on friends to help him in the mammoth task of feeding, clothing and educating his family.

Each child is educated to the maximum of his capabilities in orphanage run schools. The goal is to encourage the children to grow to be teachers in the public schools of Mexico where their example will be felt by thousands of their countrymen and to prepare those less gifted intellectually for productive and effective lives as skilled workers in trades or in business. Similar goals are set for the children in the American Indian Orphanage now being established.

"Father Wasson's first orphan was a street waif who robbed the poor box; now he has 1,118 babies and teenagers. We have traveled all over the world and never found a place more worthy of a traveler's visit."

From an Article by Richard Dunlop

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

A home for orphaned boys & girls in Cuernavaca, Mexico



Your Contribution to this Non-profit Organization is Deductible for Tax Purposes.

Each year our mailing consultant sponsored a picnic for his clients. I never attended them because I wasn't particularly interested in company picnics. However, in 1982, he sponsored a boat ride up the Potomac River. This perked my interest, as my boyhood was spent on the Potomac as the number seven oarsman in an eight-oared racing shell at the Old Dominion Boat Club. I had also been a small sailboat skipper racing off of Haines Point. During the boat ride up the Potomac, I met a woman, who was working for a mail consultant, and was interested in going into business for herself. She detailed her expertise and competence, and her ability to run a successful mail program that would make millions for the children. She just wanted us to make a test mailing so she could prove her ability. The only hitch was she wanted to start her business in her native country of Austria, 5,000 miles away. We told Helga that we would let her know.

This new idea required some soul searching as we were already overworked with what we had already taken on. On top of that, we had never been to Europe, didn't know the language, nor did we know anyone in Austria. We were sure the Austrian people had never heard of the orphanage in Mexico, and even if told about it, would not be interested because it was so far away. On top of that, did it make sense to work in a small country with a population of only 8 million people, the population of several of our cities here in the U.S.? We could think of only one good reason for going to Europe and that was, if successful, it would open up a very large arena for fundraising. That would help Father Wasson reach his goal in life to help as many orphaned and abandoned children in the world as possible. Western Europe was big and prosperous. How could we say no?



The first thing we had to do was to get Father Wasson to agree to work with us in Europe as we knew the Europeans would expect to see the head of the orphanage involved in the appeals. He likewise had never worked in Europe. Father agreed to cooperate with us since this was going to be a test mailing. With Helga's guidance, off to Vienna, Austria we went. What we didn't realize was that before we could even make a test mailing, we had to establish a separate legal charitable corporation with officers and directors and be registered and approved by the Austrian government; we had to setup as if we were going to do business in Austria on a permanent basis. We needed to organize!

8 To do the legal work, we hired an Austrian lawyer. We made Father Wasson the president of the corporation, as this is the position that the Austrian people would expect him to hold. I became the vice president and Polly the secretary. We needed one national member on our board. Helga's father-in-law, by a previous marriage and a disabled veteran of the Austrian Army in World War II, agreed to serve on our board. Helga's aunt became our spokesperson, which proved to be a mistake because we didn't give her the proper orientation. For our office, we used a small room at the far end of Helga's apartment to save money on rent. For our office manager, we hired a U.S. citizen from Cleveland, Ohio living in Vienna. She was easy to communicate with, but she didn't last long as she had an alcohol problem. We didn't have to worry about the honesty of our employee as the Austrian system of giving is such that the donors deposit their gift directly into our bank account, thus eliminating the caging operation. Payroll and bills were paid from the U.S. so we controlled the disbursements. We used our own corporate name, Our Little Brothers and Sisters, for the name of our new Austrian corporation. The German translation is, "Unsere Kleinen Bruder und Schwestern."



Germany

With all these details taken care of, we arranged for our first test mailing with printers, letter shops, copywriters, banks and others. The mailing went out and we returned home to await the first report which was expected in three weeks.

One week later, we received a frantic call from our Austrian office manager informing us that the front page news in the Austrian newspapers were saying that "Father Wasson is a fraud; don't contribute to his cause". What a shock and what an embarrassment! Here we had invited the good father to Europe and the first thing we do is to embarrass him to the limit. I immediately contacted our lawyer for an explanation. After checking, he told us that a news reporter had seen our mailing which showed a picture of Father Wasson with the children. Father Wasson was wearing the Franciscan habit and that prompted him to call the Franciscan headquarters in Rome with the question, "Do you have a priest by the name of William Bryce Wasson"? He received a negative reply, as Father's privilege to wear the habit was only honorary, given to him

by the American Franciscan order. We immediately sued the newspapers and took them to court. We won, and received some monetary compensation, but best of all, a favorable article about Father Wasson and the orphanage appeared in the newspapers. From then on, Father Wasson and Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos were well known in all of Austria. The test mailing was a success, so we continued mailing in Austria. This marked the beginning of our journey through most of the countries of Western Europe.

As in the U.S., we started a sponsorship program for our donors in Austria. Sponsorships are popular in Europe so our program developed quickly.

So encouraged with the results in Austria, we went on to establish a fundraising office in Germany. Here we found the same requirements for doing fundraising as we had experienced in Austria. Helga didn't know anyone in Germany nor did I. Father Wasson knew a Mexican/American who was living in Germany. He had known Armando as a student from a school in Mexico City. We contacted him and it turned out that Armando and his wife had a mail order business out of their home and garage selling Swatch watches at U.S. post exchanges in Germany.

Armando accepted the challenge of managing the new office of Our Little Brothers and Sisters in Germany. He didn't expect the activity of mailings coming through his house to be so great, so he located a five story walk-up apartment building and encouraged us to buy it as an investment and to use the top floor apartment as our office. Suddenly we had become landlords in Germany.





Seeing the living space that we now had, Father quickly sent a few of his older pequeños to live at the apartment, to learn German and to go to school using the free education available in Germany. We also put them to work on the mailing program. Since Armando was no longer able to oversee the day-to-day operation, we started looking for an office manager. We located a German volunteer, Stefan Graefe who was working at the orphanage in Mexico, to take over the management of our program. Stefan had no experience in fundraising but he went on to become our shining star and the best performer of all of our programs.

We then moved on to Switzerland, another German speaking country. In Switzerland, both Polly and I had ancestors dating back to the 1800's. We had never been in touch with them and didn't know if any of them were still alive. We setup the usual non-profit charitable organization, naming it the same "Unsere Kleinen Bruder und Schwestern." Our Swiss lawyer agreed to be our national board member. For our office and handling of the donations, we used a company that offered this service to charitable organizations as a business. Switzerland is divided into three language sections, German, French and Italian. We chose to mail in the German and French sections as these were the most prosperous in Switzerland. This of course meant that our mailings had to be in two different languages. Our copy from Germany and Austria was used for the German speaking section but we had to hire a translator for the French speaking one. Our mailings were further complicated by the fact that we had to obtain permission to mail in each canton or state.

The Canton of St. Gallon, the location of our office and the most prosperous one in Switzerland, refused to grant permission for our mailing because there was a Swiss charity with a name similar to ours. The mailing proceeded





anyway and we were successful. Not long after starting, the husband of our translator offered to take over the office of Our Little Brothers and Sisters which gave us more control of our operations.

Polly and I took advantage of our presence in Switzerland to look into our ancestry. My father was born in the town of Mels in the Canton of St. Gallen in 1878. He immigrated to the United States at the age of 12 along with his family. We visited Mels and located some of my distant relatives who showed us around the town. Mels is located on the side of a mountain overlooking the Rhine River valley and Lichtenstein on the other side. Our visit was in early October and the town appeared as I would have visualized it to be more than a century ago. We happened to be there the same day that the farmers were bringing their cattle down from the mountains where they had spent the summer grazing. The cows were paraded through the streets with large bells around their necks and flower bouquets on their heads. They were on their way to the fairgrounds where they were judged and given prizes for the best development.

We then looked up Polly's ancestry. Her maiden name was Biberstein and before that, Von Biberstein. All she knew was that there was a castle (schloss) in Switzerland named Schloss Biberstein. She had a pencil sketch so she knew what the castle looked like. After several failed attempts at finding the castle, we located it all alone out on a country road. It looked exactly like the pencil sketch. We visited the castle, made our identity known, and were given a tour. Instead of being abandoned, the castle was a school for mentally challenged children.



Our next stop was Holland. We no longer had Helga as our mail consultant, as she had partnered with one of our vendors. Their partnership did not work out and as a result of their breakup, we became involved. Helga's partner refused to return our mailing list in Germany. We took him to court and sued. This time we lost and had to pay our mailing bill for a second time.

In Holland we had to find a new consultant. I spent a week researching with the help of the yellow pages of the phone book. I was able to cover all of Holland, as Holland is a small country. This gave me a good feel as to who could best serve our program. We tried translating our name into Dutch but it didn't sound right so we changed the name to Our Little Orphan Children, or "Onze Kleinen Weeskinderen". We were able to find a young Dutch volunteer working at the orphanage in Mexico to be our office manager. Karen lived in Hilversum, which became the base of our operation. The father of a former volunteer and a local school teacher agreed to be our national directors. They in turn, were able to interest other Dutch citizens in becoming board members, so we quickly developed an active local board of directors. This was different from the other countries we had worked in and was both good and bad. Good, in that we had active participation from the local people. And bad, in that they wanted to run the Dutch program without our help. They had no need for gringos. They disregarded our recommendation of a mail consultant and chose their own. They started out by developing a beautiful program for the school children which entertained and educated them but didn't produce the income that we needed. Our start in Holland was slow but was ultimately successful.





In early 1993 we started to think about opening an office in Belgium. We found out that the mailing consultant we were using in the United States had established an office in Europe and they wanted to direct our proposed program in Belgium. We hired them to work with us.

The setup requirements were the same as in other countries except that we had to post a one million Belgian franc deposit with the Belgian government before we could start. This was to make sure we paid all the bills owed to Belgian vendors. That seemed like a lot of money but at an exchange rate of 34 to 1, it only amounted to about \$30,000 dollars. When all of our legal requirements had been taken care of, we still didn't have a national board member. It was a matter of coming up with a name or we would have to forget mailing in Belgium. Our attorney suggested that we consider a contact that he had. He said he knew of a woman who was looking for part-time work from her home. This woman spoke English, French and Flemish, had previously worked in an office for the Belgian government, had office equipment in her home and two small children to care for. She possessed all the qualifications we were looking for. I interviewed her on the telephone, she sounded good so we hired her on an hourly basis to manage our Belgian office.

To meet the legal requirement of having a national on our board, we made her a member of the board of directors. We also made her secretary since Polly couldn't serve on the board, as Belgian law prohibits related members from serving on the same board. Her name was Michelle and she lived in Louvain so that became our office address. It turned out that Michelle's husband was a college roommate of our lawyer. The setup looked very workable, so we proceeded with the mailings.

Our mailings started in a big way, as we wanted to develop our donor list as quickly as possible and start sending additional money to the orphanages. Our letters had to go out in Flemish for the northern part of Belgium and in French for the southern. The only mailing lists that were available in Belgium were what we called "dirty lists", not sexually, but ones that had many duplicates, errors, wrong addresses, names of the deceased and so forth. We cleaned them up as best we could, but with the quantities we were mailing, a number of people received multiple letters, resulting in many complaints. Surprisingly, the mailings were very successful and in the first year, we made money and developed a donor list of 30,000 names. Michelle was doing a good job and I was pleased with her performance. The only difficulty I had with her was with her complaints about the duplicate mailings and our selection of vendors whom she thought were not qualified to do their jobs.

Seeing the success we were having, our mail consultant started three other U.S. based charities in Belgium. Belgium, being a small country with a population of only nine million people, was being flooded with mail appeals. Complaints came in and the high police (like our FBI) started to investigate. They saw the large amounts of donation money going to these U.S. based charities and they suspected that their operations were fraudulent. Michelle was called to the police station in October of 1998 where she was interrogated under oath. In her testimony, she indicated that I was handling the donation money in an improper way when it went to the United States and that our consultant was wasting the donors' money. Here was testimony coming from an insider, a corporate secretary, a board member and manager of this U.S. backed charity. The police thought they had stumbled onto a big scandal.

From that point on, the police initiated a full-scale investigation of Our Little Brothers and Sisters, our consultant and the three other U.S. charities. They raided our Belgian office and seized our records. They raided our lawyer's office and took his records. Our lawyer was a member of a worldwide law group with offices in Paris, London, New York, etc. and was called on the carpet to explain. They raided the office of our auditor and seized his records. This was quite embarrassing for him as he was president of the accounting society for all of Belgium. He has not talked to us since. They even went into the neighboring country of Holland, where our consultant had his office, and obtained the Dutch court's permission to raid his office. However, before the raid took place, our consultant was able to obtain a restraining order so it never happened. Then, they tapped our telephones so our communication with Michelle from the States had to be via fax sent at 3:00 am in the morning, a time we felt the phone was least likely to be under surveillance.

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Worst of all, the police froze our bank account which had two million dollars in it. The amount was large because the Belgium government was making it difficult for us to transfer money out of their country. This shut us down, but only temporarily. There was never a restraining order placed on our mailings, so after checking with legal council, we continued to mail to our donors. We had a good program going and wanted to make the most of it. It did mean that all of our bills had to be paid once again, from the U.S.

We were now on the defensive, so we hired the best Belgian lawyer we could find to handle our dealings with the police. We knew that we did not violate Belgian law with our mailings and we were able to document the trail of donation money to the orphanages. We had nothing to hide and wanted our lawyer to make a presentation to the investigating judge to show him that we



were operating within the law and were being handicapped by our inability to use our bank funds. Many attempts were made to meet with the judge but each time an appointment was made, there was always some excuse as to why it was cancelled. It became obvious that the investigation had turned up scant information. The judge had little to talk about and was stalling for time. This went on for over two years, with our lawyer periodically requesting an appointment with the judge.

In November of 2000, there was a breakthrough. The judge finally agreed to see our lawyer and he kept the appointment. Our lawyer went prepared with all kinds of documents to show our compliance with the law and the accounting for the use of the donation money. When he attempted to present the judge with the documents, the judge said he would accept the documents only if Frank Krafft delivered them. That made me feel important but I wondered if this was a trick to lure me into Belgium so they could jail me.

Father Wasson and I had been warned many times over by our lawyer and other Belgians that we should stay out of Belgium during the investigation. If we entered, we could be placed in confinement until the police figured out if they had charges against us or if they could use us as a witness against others being investigated. We paid attention to their warnings and stayed out. When I traveled from France to Holland, I would go by air even though the most direct and easiest route was by train through Belgium.

I considered the judge's request to have me deliver the documents as an opportunity to clear our name, and without hesitation, I was on my way. When I arrived, the judge turned me over to the chief of police. He escorted me to police headquarters, where he reviewed our documents and then interrogated me under oath. I returned home safely.

It wasn't until November 2002, that the investigation was completed and the judge announced that Our Little Brothers and Sisters, the three other charities and our mail consultant had done no wrong. The only charge he made was against Michelle, our employee for fraud and embezzlement. This involved her filing a false tax-exempt application that gave our Belgian donors a tax exemption (this was fraud) which ultimately deprived the government of tax money (this was embezzlement). She was ordered to stand trial. Up to this time, our OLB&S, Virginia Board of Directors had never become involved in our work. When the legal charge was made against Michelle, they placed me on what is called *administrative leave* and asked Fr. Wasson and me to resign from the Belgian foundation. We complied and they handled the case from then on.

In March 2005, the case came up in the Belgian court. The case was dismissed for lack of sufficient substance.

Going back in the story to the time when Michelle testified before the police that I was improperly handling the donation money, I, along with many NPH people, had pleaded with her to correct her testimony. We gave her proof positive that the monies for the orphanages were traceable and documented and were handled in the proper manner. She agreed on several occasions to correct her testimony but she never did. As a result of this, I fired Michelle. Father Wasson, being a man of compassion and forgiveness, rehired her. What could I do, I was only the vice president?

The rehiring had a ripple effect which carried across the Atlantic. When our mail consultants, who were also our mail consultants in the U.S., found out about the rehiring, they were infuriated because they blamed the magnitude of the investigation and the loss of income to their business on Michelle's testimony. Even though our consultant had been doing our

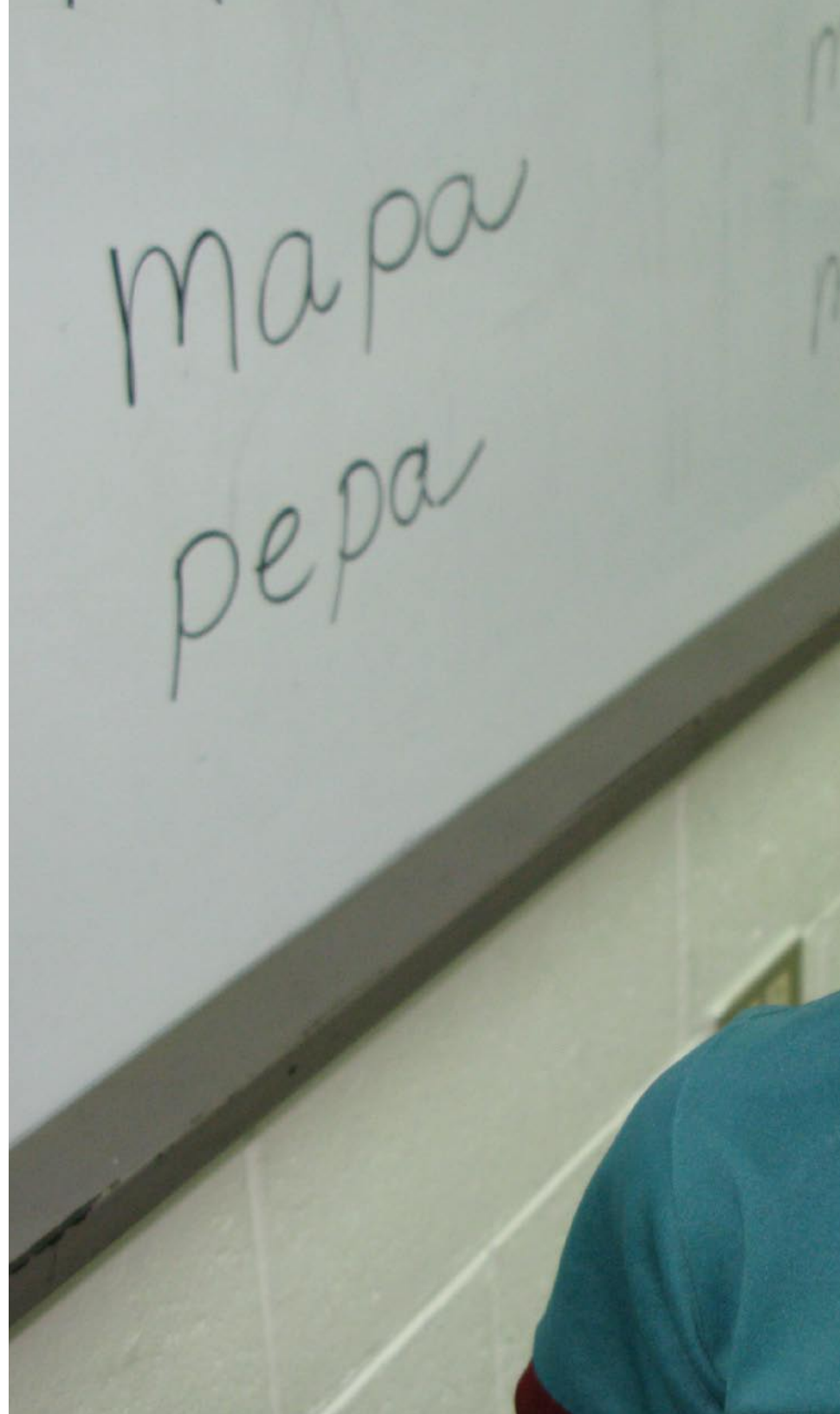


mailing business in the U.S. for over 25 years, they sent us a letter terminating our relationship and announced that they were going to instigate legal proceedings against Our Little Brothers and Sisters for their costs and loss of business due to the Belgian investigation. They said that the three other charities, who were also their clients, would be joining in the suit. We hired one of the best-known lawyers in Washington, D.C. and a strong reply to our consultant took care of the legal threat. However, Our Little Brothers and Sisters was left without a mail consultant and our efforts to obtain a new one were hampered by the news and details of our severed relationship. We ended up by going to Richmond, Virginia for help in continuing our U.S. mailings.

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We went on to France and were back again with Helga. She had re-established herself in business, without a partner this time. We used the name of Our Little Brothers & Sisters in French which translated into "Nos Petits Freres et Soeurs". We had a contact in France who lived in Paris and had a second home in Cuernavaca, Mexico. Nadine was a donor friend of Fr. Wasson and became our national board member, but was not someone we could put to work.

For our office and management, Helga engaged a service organization, similar to the one we had in Switzerland, to handle the mailings. We didn't particularly like the location of the office, as it was on the French Riviera which didn't present a good image for a charity. However, it did give us a start. After two years of operation, Nadine invited Fr. Wasson and me to her apartment in Paris for dinner. Her apartment was located on the third floor of a building on a side street close to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. What a magnificent view from her balcony! The cathedral was so close it felt as though you could reach out and grasp the towering stone spires.





When we sat down for dinner, I noticed that there was an extra place set at the table. I wondered who else had been invited. After the maid had served dinner, who sat down at the table and joined us, but Gloria the maid. Gloria participated in the conversation as if she was the invited guest. During the course of the evening, we talked about the mailing program in France. Before dinner was finished, we had hired Gloria, as our new office manager. We quickly rented a small storefront office on a narrow Paris street and this became our new French office. Gloria worked well as our office manager but always insisted on having a two month vacation when she went to her native Columbia to visit her family. She would not give this up and it was difficult for us to operate during these long-term absences. We had to replace Gloria and our parting was difficult.

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Our next stop was Spain. Father Wasson, in his effort to speed up the flow of money, insisted on establishing an office there. I disagreed with him, arguing that we were neither ready nor prepared to work in Spain. He went ahead and did the groundwork for an office in Madrid. It seemed like a natural place to work as Spain has strong historical ties to Mexico. We lost money on this mailing. However, we did obtain some sponsorships which we turned over to a former volunteer who has kept the office in Spain active with the promotion of sponsorships.

During the course of our journey through Europe, we established an office in Ireland which is concentrating on sponsorships. Ireland is too small in population for mass mailings.





In Italy, an office supporting the work of the orphanage was established by a lawyer as a memorial to her sister who had been killed in an auto accident. Her inspiration for the memorial was her parish priest who was the son of Armando, the president of our office in Germany.

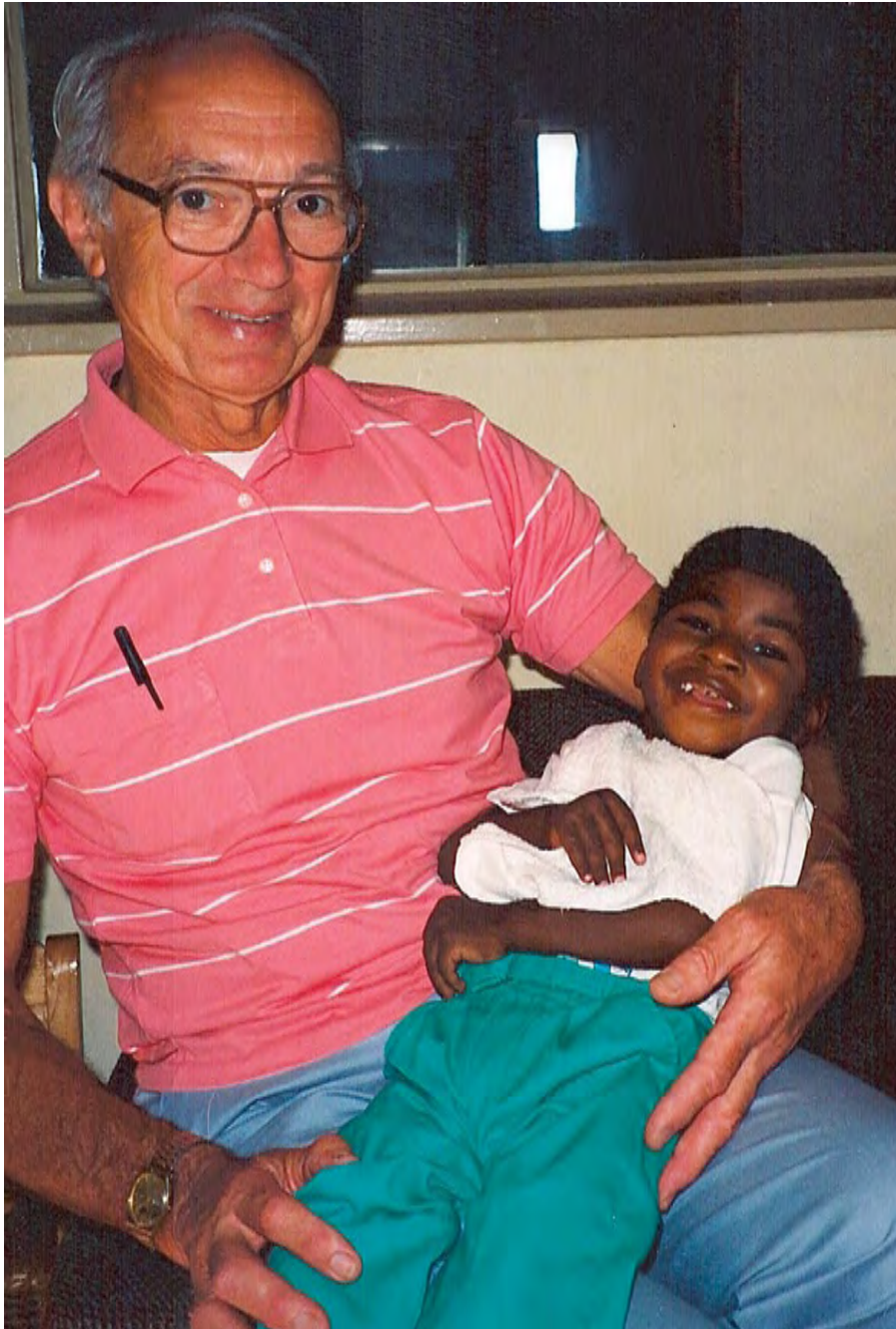
By 1998, our offices covered all of the U.S. and most of Western Europe. In our travels we got to know Father Wasson well. In Europe, we were always sure that whatever town we were in, dinner would be Chinese as Father loved Chinese food. When traveling in the States, we knew that we couldn't pass a Dairy Queen because Father loved frozen custard.

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We had many discussions with him but we didn't always agree. He would ask our advice but it seemed like he did just the opposite of what we recommended. We loved him dearly and went along with his decisions because his whole life was dedicated to his family. Father's philosophy for raising orphaned and abandoned children was working. Father Wasson passed away in August of 2006 at the age of 82.

We had covered most of Western Europe in the years before the Euro. This meant we worked with nine different foreign currencies with exchange rates ranging from of 1/1 to 150/1. Our accounting became very complicated as we had to account for all the money we were handling in a combined audited financial statement. My daughter Nancy, who is a CPA, handled it for ten years as a volunteer in her spare time but we eventually had to ask her to come on board full-time. Others were hired in 2001 as we had grown into the position of cash manager and accounting for most of NPH's activities.





What did our journey through the U.S. and Europe accomplish? In the 41 years since Polly and I raised our hands in Cuernavaca and volunteered to raise money for the orphaned and abandoned children of NPH, our programs have sent more than 260 million dollars to the homes. Better still, the money continues to flow and grow and now provides two-thirds of the annual budgets for all nine homes.

What has all this money been used for? Aside from general operating expenses, this money, combined with funds from other worldwide support organizations, was used to develop additional homes in other struggling nations. Starting in 1986, a new orphanage was founded in Honduras, followed by homes in Haiti, Nicaragua, Guatemala, El Salvador, Dominican Republic, Peru and Bolivia. The number of children being cared for at our homes grew from 600 back in 1968 to 3,300 at present.

When Haiti was founded, the children being admitted were so sick with AIDS, TB, malnutrition and other illnesses, that they needed hospital care. An abandoned hotel was acquired and converted into a 100 bed pediatric hospital which became part of our orphanage complex. The converted hospital has since been replaced with a new and modern 180 bed one.

Four years ago, an effort was made to consolidate the activity of the support organizations operating in the United States under one umbrella organization. A study was made, using a corporate model as the criteria. Our Little Brothers and Sisters didn't meet the corporate criteria, as we were structured in basically the same way as the Mom and Pop organization we started 37 years ago.

What had changed over the years was our scope and volume of work. We were handling the fundraising as well as most of the funding, cash management and international accounting for the entire NPH organization as well as other support services as needed by NPH. As a result, our board directed us to turn over our U.S. fundraising program to a newly formed Friends of the Orphans umbrella organization and our cash management, payroll, accounting and administration work over to NPH International in Mexico.

We fought this directive, as our fundraising programs had become our life's work. We received some concessions. After a few battles, I realized that I was losing my ability to work efficiently because of advancing years and Polly was in the final stages of Parkinson's (she died a year later).

It was obviously time to pass on the torch to others to carry into the future. Before we bowed out, we formed a unit of the Friends umbrella organization which we called "Friends of the Orphans Virginia" and turned over our staff and equipment to them. I also became a member of their board of directors. So, I hope you will support the new Friends in your charitable giving. Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Virginia still exists and is taking care of bequests and special donations.

As with Father Wasson's work with Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos, OLB&S involved many people . . . employees, volunteers, donors, board members, all of whom had a significant part in this chapter of the history of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. My sincere thanks to all of them. The most involved and dedicated person was my partner in this venture, my wife Polly. Without her support, involvement and encouragement, Our Little Brothers and Sisters would not have succeeded. It is in her honor and loving memory that this story is dedicated.



The Nuestros Story



When we started Our Little Brothers & Sisters, Virginia, we realized that this new partnership with NPH might create some resentment and ill-feelings among our children as they, by rights, had first priority to our attention. We knew the mailing project would take many long hours as it involved mass quantities in order to make the venture worthwhile. Polly was smart enough to get the children involved and they were part of the program; it became a family venture. She would give out projects they could do like labeling and sealing envelopes, sorting mail, looking up changes of address, and the like.

In the early 1970's, she would take four of our younger children to the Mexican orphanage to work for the summer. At that time, it was located in Hacienda Acolman north of Mexico City. I would drive them there as soon as school was out with our tent-trailer in tow, and then return home by air to take care of the mailings, the other children and my business. It was a four day camping trip to Mexico and at the end of the summer, the reverse took place.

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When Father Wasson started an orphanage in northern New Mexico near the Jicarilla Apache Indian reservation, Polly spent summers there. The older children became intrigued with the involvement of their younger brothers and sisters and volunteered their services at the orphanage.

Polly's interest in NPH never diminished. She was diagnosed as having Parkinson's about 13 years ago. Parkinson's is a disorder of the nervous system that worsens over time. Five years ago, when her condition had deteriorated to the point where she needed a wheelchair when away from home, I left her out of an NPH event, thinking I was a caring husband. When she found out, she let me know in very certain words that this was never to happen again. From that time on, you saw me pushing Polly around in a wheelchair at NPH events. She was 100% NPH! She passed away on November 15, 2005 at the age of 78.

At the funeral mass for Polly, at which Father Rick Frechette officiated, I gave a eulogy which follows. It is a play on our life with NPH.

"I have a confession to make. Polly and I had a tenth child. Not nine but a total of ten children. You see, 37 years ago when Polly and I were visiting in Cuernavaca, Mexico, we came across a street kid who was hungry, dressed in worn-out clothes and badly in need of a haircut. He was carrying a piece of cardboard under his arm which he later explained was used as a mattress to sleep on at night. He was fourteen years old and had no home or anyone to care for him. He was wandering the streets begging for food money. He stopped us and held out his hand. We couldn't speak Spanish but we knew what he wanted. Instead of giving him money, we took him to a restaurant and all three of us had a meal together. We then took him to a clothing store to replace his shabby clothes and to a barbershop for a much needed haircut. In the process of doing this, we were so impressed by the gratitude he showed and his pleasant spirit that we fell in love with him. Polly wanted him to be a member of our family. She wanted to adopt him. And so we did.

On the way back home on the airplane, we realized that we didn't even know his name. So we said to him in the little Spanish that we knew, "¿Como te llamas?" He answered very proudly, "My name is Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos." What a name for a boy, we thought! We can hardly pronounce it. Do we call him Nuestros? How will a name like that fit into our U.S. family? "Hey Nuestros, time to eat!" didn't sound too good but that was his name and we weren't going to change it.

Then we wondered how our children, ages four to 17 and all living at home, would accept a stranger in their home. Would they resent us sharing our love with an outsider? Would they have to compete for yet another turn in the



bathroom or a place at the dinner table or their choice of music on the radio? They had enough competition as it was.

Upon arriving home, we called all the children together and explained what we considered a great find. We explained that it meant making extra room for a new family member in a house that was already full, an extra chair at the dinner table and the dessert being cut into 10 pieces instead of nine, squeezing four into a seat designed for three in the station wagon, and learning to get used to the name "Nuestros". Then the introduction came, they all gave Nuestros a big hug and Nuestros became a permanent member of the family. Surprisingly, they thought this was the "cool" thing to do.

Hardly was Nuestros settled when he came to us with the request that we help his brothers and sisters back in Mexico. We said OK not realizing that there were 600 of them. How were we going to support that many children? So we decided to ask other people to help. We started to write letters to friends, family and others, telling them about Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos and his needs, asking them to share what they had with his brothers and sisters. Because the people we were mailing to didn't understand Spanish, we translated Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos into English and came up with the name, Our Little Brothers and Sisters, which we used from then on to identify our project. People responded generously and before long our house looked like the post office at Christmas time. Polly's pride and joy had become a mail depot. She had to go along with it, as it was her idea and had become her passion. She was an intricate part of the operation as her job was processing the mail. We were truly a Mom and Pop operation.

Time went by and one day Nuestros came to us with an idea. He had heard about some children in Honduras who were orphaned and abandoned and wanted to help them. So he had a proposition. The deal was, he would go to Honduras and start a home for these children if we would raise the money to pay the expenses. A nice thought but we had run out of names of people in the U.S. that could be asked to help. We couldn't petition the same people again and again. Then this thought came to mind. Maybe the people of Europe would be willing to help. It was worth a test mailing to find out. So off we went to Vienna, Austria. The people responded positively so we went full-speed ahead with mailings in Austria and Nuestros started NPH Honduras.

Hardly had the last brick been laid in Honduras, when Nuestros came back with another proposition. You guessed it. He wanted to start another home in Haiti, the poorest of the countries in this hemisphere. How could we refuse him, as we knew of the plight of the Haitian people? So off we went, this time to Germany, for a test mailing. Success there led to NPH Haiti and another proposition from Nuestros, and another after that. Before long, Nuestros had established homes in Mexico, Honduras, Haiti, Nicaragua, Guatemala, El Salvador, Dominican Republic, Peru and Bolivia. Our Little Brothers and Sisters had fundraising programs in the U.S., Austria, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, France and Spain. And so the story continues into the future.

All this would not have happened if it were not for Polly. My sincere thanks to you Polly, my wife, for being my partner in the Nuestros Story. Your participation, encouragement and support made it a go. Polly, I love you!"

Curious Questions

Every organization has its “Frequently Asked Questions” and we are no exception.

Why did you spend so much time fundraising and working in Europe when you had your hands full raising a large family and running the family business?

I have given much thought to this and was never able to come up with a logical answer. But in order to give some sort of response, I would remind the person of the situation comedy that was on television some years ago which featured a young comedian named Flip Wilson. Flip was always getting into trouble and when he was brought to task for his misdeeds, he would say, “The devil made me do it.” I would explain that my answer was similar except that, “God made me do it.” I was giving this as a humorous reply until I heard Father Rick Frechette talking about the work of Father Wasson, and I quote, “He was obedient to a higher power who used him to make things happen. God works through someone.” Maybe God was working through Polly and me to provide the funds for Father Wasson’s children. Maybe it isn’t funny after all and God really made us do it. Who knows?

What person influenced you the most in your life beside your parents?

There were actually two people. When I was discharged from the Navy after World War II, I started college. I went to Catholic University in Washington, D.C. and lived at home across the river in Alexandria. On my way home from school on Thursday afternoons, I would occasionally stop at St. Stephen’s Church on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington for a novena to the Blessed Mother. Many times the speaker was Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, later Bishop Sheen. I liked to listen to him as he was very dynamic and inspiring. In many of his talks he



would emphasize that charity is the greatest of all virtues. I never forgot that. (Incidentally, Monsignor Sheen married my older sister in 1938 and my brother and I served as altar boys at the wedding mass).

The second person and this goes back a few years to 1935 when I was 11 years old. I was in the fifth grade at Saint Mary’s Parochial School in old town Alexandria a few blocks from the Potomac River. The school was an old brick building with two large classrooms on the first floor and two on the second. There was a coal-burning potbelly stove in the center of each and a privy out back. I would walk home from school each day, which was about a mile. I had the choice of King Street, Prince Street or Duke Street. When I walked up Duke Street, I would pass a coal and fuel oil business by the name of Thomas J. Fannon and Sons. Thomas J. was deceased so his son, Frank Fannon, was running the business. When I wasn’t in a big hurry to get home, I would stop in the Fannon store just to browse around. I liked doing this as Mr. Fannon would always welcome me as if I was his best customer. He made me feel at home. One day, an elderly woman hobbled into the store and went up



to the counter and said, "Mr. Fannon, did you send for me?" Mr. Fannon said, "Yes, Jason tells me that your heating stove is not working and that it can't be fixed." She acknowledged that was the case. Then he said, "Go out into the showroom and pick out a stove that you like and I will send Jason over to your house to install it." She picked out a stove and left. I stood there puzzled about the transaction. I asked Mr. Fannon, "Did you give away that stove?" "Yes," he said, "She is a poor woman and needs heat". Then he went on to explain. "Something will now happen in my business which will more than pay for that stove; like an unexpected order for fuel oil from someone I never heard of, or a special discount from one of my suppliers, I can never predict what it will be but something always happens." Mr. Fannon then turned to me and looked straight into my eyes as if he was my father and said, "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER, THE MORE YOU GIVE, THE MORE YOU RECEIVE." I never forgot that!

How did you get along with Father Wasson, having worked with him for 37 years?

Generally we worked well as we had a common goal; the welfare of the children. However, we had many differences of opinion. He would ask for my advice on issues and it seemed like my answer was his stimulus to do just the opposite. This led to many disputes, some of which were so intense that top management had to be called in to pull us apart. Despite this, our friendship always prevailed. If I had to describe our relationship in one sentence, it would be: "It was like a marriage not quite made in heaven but it stayed together because of the children." I loved him dearly for his complete dedication to children in need.

How did Polly get along with Father Wasson when you traveled together?

Polly and Father Wasson had a good relationship and got along very well. Their common interest was that they liked to shop together; Father Wasson for gifts for the next person he visited and Polly for gifts for our volunteers and workers back home.

Franz and Jorge

It was in mid 1971 that Father Wasson asked us if we would take two of his older boys to the U.S. in order to teach them a trade. These boys had graduated from school and were not scheduled for higher education. At that time, NPH did not have a trade school. We had to consider how we could sleep two more in our house since all nine of our children were still living at home. The only plan we could think of was to partition off a section of our recreation room and put a double bunk bed there.

Franz and Jorge arrived by Greyhound Bus at the local drug store in Alexandria which also served as a bus stop. It was a hot summer afternoon and they were exhausted by their long journey from Mexico. We welcomed them into our home and introduced them to our family. The language was a bit of a problem but we managed to communicate.

Our idea was to send them to the local high school to learn English for the first six months and then try to find a business that would take them as apprentices and teach them a trade. The first part was easy as the local high school was within walking distance and the semester was just starting. As for learning English, they didn't exactly graduate with honors. It was good that the two boys were living together since they were far away from their homeland but naturally, they didn't practice their English when communicating with each other. We were glad they completed their course. In the meantime, we were fortunate to find places for their apprenticeship.

We were able to place Franz in a typewriter service shop learning how to repair and service typewriters. The shop was located in Washington, D.C. so he had to take the bus to work. Jorge was placed in a local printing shop to learn how to

run printing presses. Their training lasted a year at which time they were ready to return to Mexico, to find jobs that would match their training.

Living with two extra people in an already full house was an interesting experience for us all. The line for the bathroom became longer and mealtime, when all 13 showed up, was like a mess hall but family style. The mashed potato bowl looked like a snow-capped mountain and the meat platter was mounded almost a foot high. As the food was passed around, those at the end of the table often wondered if they would receive their share. Amazingly, all were considerate and there was usually food left over, but not much.

We put the boys to work in their spare time on our mailing program. Their bedroom was part of the recreation room and formerly stored returned mail. We had them go through this mail to salvage usable materials and free-up some space.

We arranged for Franz and Jorge to return to Mexico by air instead of bus. They said they didn't want to go by air because they were afraid to fly. We knew their ploy: they had become accustomed to life in the U.S. and planned to get off the bus at the next stop. We insisted and they did return by air.

In later years, we were able to locate Franz in Cuernavaca where he worked repairing equipment. Hardly anyone uses typewriters anymore but maybe he has learned to repair computers. As for Jorge, he went to Mexico City to live with his brother and we were never able to follow-up on him.

It was an interesting year and a half.



The Montessori Legacy

It all started with an ex-pequeña's love for her brothers and sisters back home. In the mid 1970's I received a telephone call from Luz Berrara, an ex-pequeña from NPH Mexico. She knew my name but I didn't know hers. That was understandable as I had been to the orphanage many times and most of the children knew my name. She introduced herself and then proceeded to tell me that she wanted to show me the project she was working on. She didn't give me any details but only gave the location as being in the basement of the All Souls Church at 16th and Columbia Road in Washington, D.C. I wondered what she was up to but I told her I would be there at noon the next day.

Upon arriving at the church, the janitor let me in the basement door and led me down a dark corridor to a room where I heard a lot of activity. Upon entering, I realized that I was in a Montessori classroom with the children busily involved in various activities. Luz, who was obviously the teacher/guide, greeted me and proceeded to introduce the children and show me the various pieces of educational equipment that were associated with the Montessori method of teaching. I stayed until school was over and the children went home.

Luz told her story and why she wanted me to see her project. Luz was one of three ex-pequeñas who came to Northern Virginia some years ago to work as teacher's aides at a private school. For some reason, their jobs did not work out. Two of the girls returned to Mexico but Luz stayed on, working as a nanny for a family that was involved in the Montessori method. Luz had been trained as a teacher in Mexico so this type of teaching was new to her and interesting. With the money she earned, she obtained a degree at the Montessori Institute in Washington, D.C., purchased teaching equipment and started her own school at All Souls Church. Her pupils came from the local Hispanic neighborhood. Luz wanted to follow her heart and return home to NPH to start a Montessori school for her brothers and sisters. She wanted me to go to

Father Wasson to seek his permission. I gladly did and Father happily accepted her offer. It was an easy decision for Father as he realized the value of this offer. The Montessori method teaches young children the basics that mothers teach their children. This was a perfect fit for his motherless family.

In order for Luz to have help in teaching, we arranged for another pequeña, Arcelia Estrada, to come to Washington, D.C. to get her degree at the Washington Montessori Institute.

At this time in NPH history, the younger children were living at Hacienda San Antonio de Acolman located north of Mexico City. That was where the Montessori school would be established. Al Provencio was in charge of Acolman and arranged for one of the classrooms at the school to be made into the preferred Montessori design.

Commenting on her Montessori work, Luz said, "Maria Montessori believed that no human being is educated by another person. 'He must do it himself or it will never be done.' It's true! Arcelia and I see it daily in our children. They're poor, yes, but they're rich in natural curiosity and a love of knowledge."

In the early 1980's, when the orphanage moved to Miacatlan, the Montessori school was also moved. In the meantime, other pequeñas and pequeños obtained teaching degrees so the school's faculty and enrollment increased.

Luz taught for a number of years in Miacatlan and then decided to start a school of her own in Cuernavaca. Two other teachers joined her in this venture which became a highly regarded school in Cuernavaca. Unfortunately, Luz's health was not good and she died at a young age. Luz left behind a system of teaching that will continue to benefit the children of NPH for many generations to come. Thank you Luz, for your love for your brothers and sisters.



The New Mexico Saga

Father Wasson was given some land in northern New Mexico by a woman who stipulated that it be used for charitable purposes. The land was part of a family homestead that had been divided up among her siblings. The property that Father received was located off of a dirt road, about a mile from the town of Lumberton (population 100) and six miles from the town of Dulce (population 1,910), the headquarters of the Jicarilla Apache Indian reservation.

The land in that part of New Mexico is 8,000 feet above sea level with small mountains rising above and close to the continental divide. The property included the homestead house which was a large two-story framed building with attic and wrap around porch. It was located on a knoll giving a pastoral view of the meadow below, and beyond that, the Navajo River and a mountain which rose up to form a backdrop of the landscape. It was a beautiful site, particularly in the fall when the leaves on the mountainside trees turned to red, orange and yellow.

Father decided he wanted to make use of the land and start an orphanage for Native American orphans. In 1971, he selected Bob Conte, who was serving as director of the boy's house in Cuernavaca, to head the project. Bob, along with his wife, Michelle, and their five children, proceeded to the New Mexico property to prepare the house and facility to receive the children. The house



was painted, a well dug, a barn built and trailers brought in to accommodate staff and visitors. Bob made his mission known to the surrounding reservations and before long, he had 24 children. They were not all true orphans as some had been taken away from their alcoholic parents by their chief because the parents couldn't take care of them. This didn't fit Father Wasson's philosophy but Bob thought he should take them anyway.

Since the project was located in the United States, Father Wasson asked Our Little Brothers and Sisters to take care of the business end of the project. That meant arranging for registrations, licenses, making payroll, paying taxes, and doing the accounting . . . and oh yes, providing the financing. This necessitated trips to the project so we became very involved, Polly particularly.

The next summer, we piled our five youngest children into our Chevy van and, with our pop-up tent-trailer in tow, went to the New Mexico project to live for the summer. I, of course, had to fly back home to take care of

OLB&S, the other children and my own business. Polly particularly enjoyed her work as one of her assignments was to take the children back to their reservations when the tribes had their annual secret celebrations.

Bob and Michelle were doing a good job in taking care of the children; however, a dispute did arise between Bob and Father Wasson. I never knew

the details of their disagreement but I did arrange for a meeting with Father and Bob to see if it could be resolved. I arranged for the meeting to take place in Gallup, New Mexico, during the Gallup Rodeo. Bishop Hasterich lived there and had agreed to help. As it turned out, Father Wasson wasn't able to attend so nothing could be settled.

Father then decided to replace Bob. Since I was the business manager, Father asked me to deliver his dismissal notice. The plan was for Fr. Bonaventure Wainwright, a Trappist Monk living in Cuernavaca, to temporarily take over the project until a new director could be found. I went to the New Mexico project and stayed in the visitor's trailer. I told Bob I wanted to talk to him that evening so as the day was ending, he came to see me. We talked as usual and then he asked why I was there. I advised him that he was being relieved of his job and that he had 48 hours to leave. I also assured him that Fr. Bonaventure was in Albuquerque to take care of the children. Bob became so angry that he couldn't speak. He soon got up and said, "OK, I'll leave, but when I do, I'll leave the place in ashes!" He stormed out of the trailer and slammed the door behind him. I was shocked and didn't know what to do. What about the children; were they in danger? Was I to alert the fire department, the police department? My only relief was that I had 48 hours to seek help, maybe he said what he had in anger and would not carry out his threat. I knew Bob well enough to know he wouldn't hurt the children.

That night, I didn't sleep much. During my waking hours, it occurred to me that I had forgotten to take out fire insurance on the building. I remembered seeing a sign on a building in Albuquerque on my way in that said "Marsh & McLennan", the name of my insurance broker back home. Maybe they could advise me what to do. Early the next morning, I headed for Albuquerque, 130

miles away, to their office. I told them my story and to my surprise, they issued a fire insurance policy and told me they thought it was an idle threat. That done, I went back to the trailer and waited.

Early the next morning, I was awakened by a lot of activity at the house. Bob was leaving but he was leaving with the children, furniture and everything he could carry. The truck was loaded and the children were following behind. I wasn't going to stand at the gate to block their way and at least he didn't burn the house.

They marched down the road to Lumberton, where Bob had arranged with the Franciscan priest who ran the school there, to use an old abandoned building for a temporary home. I locked up the house, made my report to Father Wasson and went back home to Alexandria. Since Bob was taking equipment and furnishings that belonged to NPH, Father Wasson hired a lawyer to retrieve them.

The old school building was not working out well, so Bob started looking for a better temporary home. He knew that the chief in Dulce had a barracks building that wasn't being used. In order to befriend this leader and to show him that he was a friend of the Native Americans, Bob showed the chief a picture of a child who was in dirty, ragged clothes and in desperate need of help. Bob told him that I was mailing this picture to people throughout the U.S. to degrade Native Americans. Bob said the chief was enraged and was going to sue me. He obtained the use of the barracks but lost my friendship and I too had to engage a lawyer. The irony of the situation was that the photo was taken by Ursula Bernath, the official NPH photographer, at Bob's direction. All matters were settled out of court.



Bob, Michelle and the 24 children eventually moved to permanent quarters near Taos, New Mexico. They had purchased an abandoned Boy Scout property with money from the Phil Hahn Foundation. The property worked out well for them and during the following years, the project grew to about 75 children.

It just happened that Polly and I were attending our trade association meetings in Durango, in the southern part of Colorado. After the meetings, I gave Bob a call which resulted in a visit to his Taos project. All was forgiven and we were friends again, so much so, that Polly and Nancy spent the next summer at their project.



With the increase in the number of children being cared for by Bob, his project came under the careful scrutiny of the New Mexico authorities. Some of the procedures Bob was using were Father Wasson's standards and not New Mexico ones. He eventually ran afoul of the law and the children were taken from him. The project closed and Bob and his family moved to Oregon.

Bob became a lecturer and writer on the care of children. He was well recognized in his field, both in the U.S. and Europe. When he came to Washington, D.C., he would call and Polly and I would have dinner with him. I lost track of Bob, but recently heard that he was driving through California and picked up a hitchhiker who robbed and murdered him. It was a sad ending for a man who dedicated his life to helping others.

Behind the Iron Curtain



Having meetings in Europe gave Polly and me many opportunities to sightsee in Europe. While in Vienna, the location of our first European office, we were only 50 miles from the infamous Iron Curtain. When one encounters a curtain, one always wonders what is hidden behind. We were no exception and wanted to visit. We asked Helga, our mail consultant, to arrange a visit to Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia.

When we arrived at the border, we changed our dollars into local currency. We had to determine our

needs carefully as we were informed that we could not leave the country with their currency. Any unspent money would have to be turned in at the border upon departure. Once in Prague, we checked in at the central headquarters of the communist party for our hotel assignment. We toured the city but by days end, Polly was tired and wanted to return to our hotel. I decided to see more of the city so Polly retired and I started my walk. I purposely stayed away from the main square as we had earlier seen many youths protesting.

I walked along the River Vltava to get a good view of Prague Castle on the other side. Looking for another place to visit, I saw on the tour map the church which housed the statue of the Infant of Prague. I remembered back to parochial school days when Sister Alicina had told the story of the Infant

of Prague. Many miracles had been performed because of this statue and I wanted to visit.

Once inside the church, I found the statue on a side altar, enclosed in glass in a very ornate setting. It was a small statue, only 18 inches high, dressed in a flowing, resplendent gown with a gold crown on its head. I knelt down at the railing and read the English version of the prayer and history of the statue. When I finished, I noticed that the church was extremely quiet. I looked around and no one was there. I was completely alone. I quickly went to the main door, it was locked; to the side door, it was locked; to the sacristy, locked also. It was past closing time and the sacristan must not have seen me when he closed the church for the night.

I was alone with the Infant of Prague. All I could think of was Polly back at the hotel becoming frantic when I didn't return. It was particularly worrisome since this was a strange city for us and we were in a communist country. Would she find me in a labor camp in Siberia?

I looked for a window to climb out of but they were all too high. It was like being in a prison and I imagined myself sleeping on a wooden pew, waiting for the church to open in the morning. The only thing left to do was to pray to the Infant of Prague for a miracle . . .and it worked. The sacristan returned for whatever reason and unlocked the door. I was free and returned to Polly at the hotel, who had slept through the events of the evening. We returned safely to Vienna.

Three weeks later the Iron Curtain was dismantled, and Eastern and Western Europe were once again united.

The Kids Point of View



To better understand the following dialog, it should be noted that the hands-on activity at NPH by the Krafft family occurred during the 1970's when our children were still living at home. The locales were Hacienda San Antonio de Acolman where the younger children of NPH were housed and the New Mexico Orphanage which was Father Wasson's first venture outside of Mexico. Hacienda Acolman was located 25 miles north of Mexico City near the pyramids of the Sun and the Moon. It was directed by Al Provencio and housed the younger children until they moved to Hacienda San Salvador in Miacatlan around 1980. The New Mexico orphanage was located 130 miles north, northwest of Albuquerque near the town of Dulce. It was directed by Bob Conte and was for Native American children. The project lasted only a couple of years.

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In preparation for the OLB&S Book, the Krafft children were asked to give their stories as to what it was like to grow up living with a charitable fundraising organization operating in their home. To do this, they scheduled a conference call in which all participated. The names of the children, starting with the oldest, are: Barbara, Sue, Jeanne, Don, Marie, Marty, Bill, Steve and Nancy, and of course, Nuestros. And we do use the numbering system. There was no particular agenda to this conference call so the stories consisted of whatever a person thought off at any particular time. There was a wild array of stories, some of which were those that parents are not supposed to hear but they were told because they knew their statute of limitations had long expired. Don tried to keep minutes from the conference call which ended up as a series of one-liners. The call did refresh memories and some of the children came forth afterwards with written stories which summed up most of the thoughts expressed.



This story came from Steve, number eight. Steve is the entertainer in the family as he sings and plays the guitar. He is sometimes difficult to recognize as his hair goes from long to short and his beard from full to clean-shaven. Currently he sports a lamb-chop beard. I am sure you remember him from the NPH annual meetings as he puts on a sing-along which goes on well into the night. He also has a good sense of humor as you can see from his story.



I am extremely proud of how hard Mom and Dad worked in support of less fortunate kids. Throughout my life, it has given me a great feeling to know our family was involved in such a worthy charitable effort, and the feeling deepened as I grew old enough to appreciate the magnitude of both the effort and the result.

The orphanage has been a presence in my life for as long as I can remember. I was 6 years old in 1969 when Father Wasson starting showing up at our house, coming into our front hallway, greeting us kids very kindly and always remembering our names. He became an iconic figure for me and

my siblings, one of the central priestly figures in our lives. The direct mailing operation was a very dominant part of our lives, with canvas mail bags in the hallway, stacks of mail on the kitchen table, and lots of busy stamp licking and envelope stuffing work for the Krafft children. One significant side benefit was a steady flow of raw material for my stamp collection! My dad would work five days a week running his construction business, but evenings and weekends were reserved for orphanage work.

I was eight years old in the summer of 1971 when Mom and Dad loaded up “the four little ones” (Marty, Bill, Steve, and Nancy) into the family station wagon and drove us from Alexandria, Virginia to the orphanage in Acolman, Mexico. We arrived late at night and set up our camper tent on the front grounds of the hacienda. I awoke to the sounds of giggling, curious pequeños who had us surrounded. I stumbled sleepily outside, and met some boys my own age with whom I became fast friends. We ate many meals with the kids: beans and rice for lunch, rice and beans for dinner. I was really impressed with the tortilla-making machine. Al and Joanie Provencio made us feel very welcome, as well as Sisters Phyllis, Fidelis and Philomena.

I spent much of my time playing with the pequeños, whereas my older siblings, Marty and Bill actually had to do real work in the fields. The language barrier made conversation a little tough for me, but eight year old boys have ways of communication that transcend mere speech. I tried to keep up with the pequeños in soccer on the paved upper playing area, and was not only far outclassed in skill but got severely winded by the 7,000 foot altitude. We played marbles and went on hikes searching for obsidian chunks and caritas, the Teotihuacan artifacts buried in the soil as good luck charms.

We visited the pyramids of the Sun and the Moon, and went to several local festivals, where they would shoot off incredible fireworks, many of them mounted on spinning structures. We drove to Mexico City frequently, where the beggars would pinch their babies to keep them crying, where you would get unnecessary and unwanted assistance parking your car and washing your windshield for a tip, where there were more VW bugs than you thought existed in the whole world, and where kids walked among the traffic hawking “Chiclets, Chiclets!”

Mom got pulled over one time for a dicey maneuver while rushing a pequeño to the doctor in Mexico City. When she told the officer she had a sick child and was in a hurry, the cop called her a liar. Mom cried hysterically, insisting she was telling the truth, but the cop kept saying “Lies, Lies!” Nancy finally realized he was just asking for her “license” with a Mexican accent, and the crisis was resolved.

The next two summers, we took our family vacation at Father Wasson’s newly founded Native American orphanage near Lumberton, New Mexico. We lived and played with the kids, went to a few rodeos, and attended many interesting Native American rituals. The Navajo River ran through the property, where we swam and built dams. We set up our camper right next to the cow pasture. This was very convenient since one of our favorite pastimes was jamming a firecracker into a dried cowpie, lighting it, and watching it launch itself into the air for a very satisfying explosion.

Throughout the decades, my parents’ support for NPH went far beyond just fundraising and finance. They were involved in finding and screening volunteers, bringing other committed people into leadership roles in the

organization, getting pequeños to the U.S. for medical treatment or schooling, setting up and managing the Miami house for distribution of gifts-in-kind, and rounding up medical and miscellaneous supplies, sometimes shipping them in a big hurry. Once they found a liver to save a Honduran life! Dad traveled to several countries to scout out land for potential new homes, helped to bypass hurdles of governmental bureaucracy or corruption in the U.S. or Latin America, and provided unwavering logistical support for the country directors.

In the mid-70’s two pequeños joined our household, Franz and George. We made room around our kitchen table for two more mouths, and created a new bedroom by partitioning off a section of our recreation room. Regardless of what they ate, they put hot sauce on it. They further livened up an already lively home.

My parents had a (very) small army of extended family, friends, neighbors, and parishioners who would help with the mail. The Krafft kids were paid a very meager (sub-minimum) wage (out of Dad’s pocket) for mail work, but everyone else was strictly a volunteer. It pained Dad when he finally had to start paying for labor in the mid 90’s as things got more complicated with the international expansion of homes and donors.

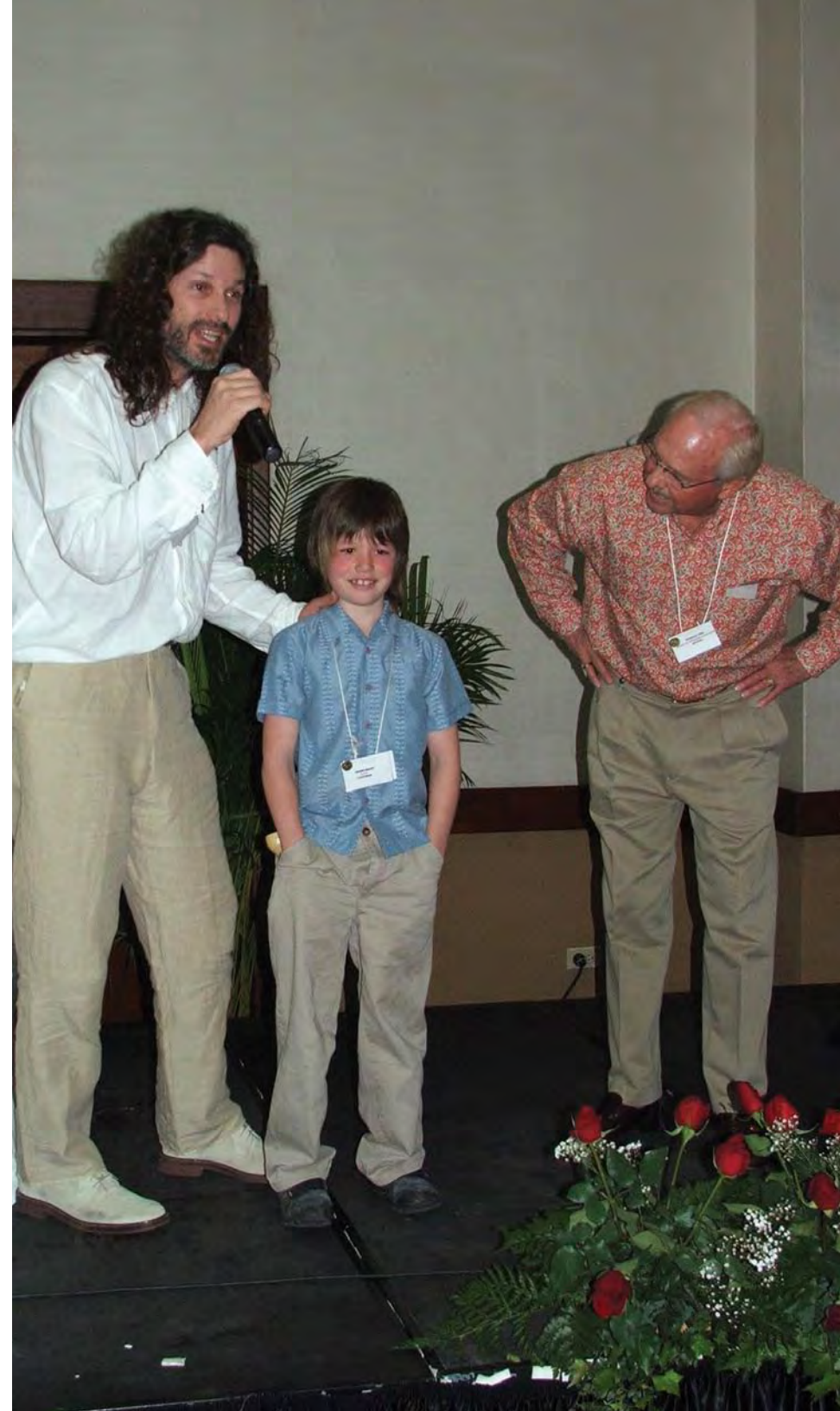
Each February, our parents would leave for the annual board meeting. My mother was very big on holiday ritual, and it was a sacrifice for her to be away from her kids every Valentine’s Day. Mom would always bring back lots of Mexican handicrafts to fill our home. Our entire décor was rapidly transformed to Mexican: bark paintings and colorful blankets and maracas and little bullfighter statues and sombreros and onyx chess sets, along with framed photos of pequeños and Father Wasson.

I went to my first board meeting in Cuernavaca in the mid-80's. Jeanne and I spent a few weeks at the Honduras home during its first year, and got to know Father Rick Frechette, Reinhart Koehler and Marijo Rozycki. Jeanne assisted with Fr. Rick's rescue of Santos, who eventually received a life-saving liver transplant. My best friend Ed Richter was working nearby in the Peace Corp and his brother Pat and wife Michele volunteered at Rancho Santa Fe for several years.

Our family vacations continued on the NPH theme, with Fr. Rick and Marijo joining us for a sailing trip in 1989. I moved to San Diego after college and attended Sister McMonagle's San Diego fundraising fiestas and events. Reinhart relocated to San Diego to work on his doctorate, and I became friends with his family. An ex-pequeño named Victor also lived there, and we played guitar together on the beach.

I remember loading about 150 rusty old beds from a San Diego nursing home that was shutting down, into a shipping container bound for Honduras. That was hard work, and I pinched my hands bloody on the fold-up metal box springs. As we moved the beds and furnishings, we revealed nooks and crannies that had not been exposed for decades, and discovered that an old nursing home is a very nasty and smelly place! But it was worth it to provide beds for the pequeños.

As the European fundraising expanded in the late 80's, Mom and Dad now added European trips to their travel agenda. Dad was not big on taking vacations, so these OLB&S trips with back-to-back meetings for days were sometimes all the "vacation" Mom would get. When Nancy became a full-time OLB&S director, it was an uphill battle persuading Dad that two weeks of



grueling board meetings, in however exotic a location, should not count as vacation time!

My involvement escalated when I joined the OLB&S board in 2002 and the Endowment Board of Directors in 2004. It has been enlightening and rewarding to experience the inner workings of the fundraising and NPH operations up close. I have brought my son Keane to the board meetings for the last five years. It has been a tremendous opportunity for him to see what Grandpa and Grandma's work has helped achieve, to interact with the children and have the experience of seeing how some kids outside of the U.S. live. Keane was amazed at how happy the kids were, especially in El Salvador when they surrounded us and sang joyously and loudly. It has also exposed Keane to some of the incredible and charismatic people involved in NPH.

Keane decided to do some fundraising, asking his friends and family to give a small donation to the orphanage instead of a gift to him. His early birthday party every February was just before the board meetings. I offered to provide matching funds, and last year I had to match \$2500, putting Keane into the \$5000 donor category on the day he turned 10! Father Ron Hicks led the group in singing Happy Birthday at the Sunday banquet, much to Keane's embarrassment. Sometimes the story of how he raised the money is worked into Don Liem's relentless pitch, and he gets quite a reaction at being the youngest fundraiser. It also seems to gently shame some of the attendees who gave less and could afford more to inspire them to really pony up. I think Keane's financial impact is much greater than his actual donation. He is carrying the fundraising legacy started by his grandfather into the third generation.

Nearly all of the nine Krafft children and 14 grandchildren have visited the homes, as well as many in-laws. Several of us are sponsors and donors. We had an especially good turnout for the 50th anniversary celebration in Mexico. At the dinner ceremony, close to 20 Krafft family members sang "One Ton of Letters" (to the tune of "Guantanamera"; lyrics below). We were certainly no Partridge Family, but we did it with feeling. The occasional fortuitous bursts of audience laughter helped drown out some of the worst out-of-tune notes! I now get requests for this song every year.

Attending the board meetings, the Kraffts hear extremely positive things about Mom and Dad, and feel the incredible respect and admiration of the entire NPH community, especially the European fundraisers, for whom Dad is like a founding father. At our conference call, one of my siblings noted that "Father Wasson went into countries blind to help the children and OLB&S went into countries blind to raise money to help the children." We are so proud of our parents' generosity, dedication, and significant contribution to the success of NPH.

OLB&S and NPH have had a huge impact and enriching influence on the lives of everyone in the Krafft family. This was abundantly clear at my mother's funeral in 2005, when the Estudiantina played, Father Rick presided and delivered a moving sermon, and Reinhart brought beautiful poetry and artwork from the pequeños to be placed in her grave and rest beside her for eternity.

One Ton of Letters (Sung to the tune of "Guantanamera"):

One ton of letters
Frank mailed out one ton of letters
Polly helped him do it better
39 years raising dinero

(Verse 1) Learning of Father Wasson's vision
Sent Frank and Polly on a mission
They founded Our Little Brothers
Supporting children without mothers...by sending

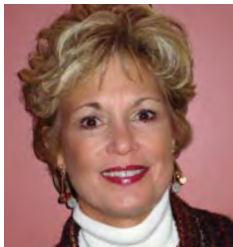
(Verse 2) We grew up with mail stacked on the kitchen table
They had us licking stamps as soon as we were able
Raising nine kids wasn't enough for them it seems
Ten thousand orphans fed and clothed was their life's dream....so they sent

(Verse 3) Wasson's compassion outgrew all fiscal constraints
The cost of starting up new homes would make Dad faint
Each time Father Wasson spread his love to a new nation
Frank came through with God's help and much perspiration....he'd send out

(Verse 4) Frank said "Father Bill your plan's more than we can afford"
"Oh Frank, don't worry! Put your trust in the good Lord!"
"But Father, your faith-based financing gives me the shivers"
"Frank, grow your mailing list and just find us more givers...please send out"



This story came from Sue, number two in the family. Since Polly died, Sue has somewhat taken on the mother role in the family, keeping her siblings in order. Her presentation looks in on the spiritual and serious side of life with OLB&S.



In addition to the stories we are compiling, I would like to see another aspect portrayed. Not only do we have these memories and experiences, we have been given insight into what it is like to surrender to God's will, rely on Him for our strength and listen to His calling. Not long ago, Marie and I were sitting on the beach and we asked Dad what made him work so hard for NPH. He told us that he prayed about the

situation in Mexico, talked at length with Mom about it and relied on God's direction. He credits all of his success and getting past the many obstacles over the years to this obedience to God.

What have we remembered or gotten out of OLB&S and Dad's work?

We have learned what it means to give unconditionally, selflessly, continually, sacrificially, endlessly and lovingly in the pursuit of meeting the needs and dire necessities of impoverished children in other parts of the world. We have taken these values into our own lives and incorporated them into our parenting and communication with others. Dad's work changed the direction that we could have taken.

What else have we remembered or others remembered in Dad's work?

I think about all the seeds that were planted over the years with everyone and everything that OLB&S touched. From our neighbors, our friends and family, our community, our church at Blessed Sacrament, to all the donors small and large, who were touched by his efforts. Imagine receiving a sponge much less a thank-you note for donating as little as \$1.00! There is little doubt that we did not have all of our needs met in the way that each of us would have liked. We probably did not have many of our wants in life met either, but I am honored and feel privileged to have sacrificed these insignificant things in order to give to others in far worse need than we could ever imagine.

With our parents blessing others, we have been the ones truly blessed with wonderful role models and a first-hand experience of true unconditional love. We, as humans are just too self-centered to know how to let go of ourselves in order to give to others. This was God's greatest desire for humanity . . . to love Him and to love others as we love ourselves. I have spent a lifetime trying to do this in small ways. Mom and Dad helped me get started by showing and living the right way.

I would like to see stories of OLB&S but I would also like to focus on the humble and prayerful obedience of a very ordinary man, with no special outstanding qualities, but through whom God did extraordinary things. Even though there are some who would like to paint a rosy, positive picture and leave out the negatives, I think that showing how God enabled Dad to get through such difficult obstacles such as Belgium and Haiti, would be a great example to all who read and hear these words. I am not suggesting that we include too much detail or talk about Dad's off-and-on relationship with Father Wasson. I would like to just focus on the things that could guide and teach others trying to discern God's will for themselves.

One more thing that we have learned from our OLB&S experience is that sometimes it takes a lifetime to achieve forgiveness, acceptance and love in the midst of very personal struggles! I truly believe Dad did everything he did for the children and let his personal integrity, in the eyes of others, not matter. I struggle with this every day!

My intention is to bring out other experiences that we did not discuss or sometimes difficult to talk about. I see the fruits of Mom and Dad's work in each and every one of us and our children. What a gift we have been given and your generosity and love over the years for each other has been beautiful! We are all a "work in progress" and will continue to grow until the day we pass on. What great roots we have been given by our parents.

This story came from Nancy, number nine in the family. Nancy is a certified public accountant and fit perfectly into the needs of OLB&S. When she graduated from William and Mary College in 1985, she took over the accounting of OLB&S in her spare time as a volunteer. By 1996, the accounting became so involved with the expansion of our programs in Europe and the homes in Latin America, that she became OLB&S's first full-time employee. Unfortunately, she had to give up the job in 2003 due to illness. She currently serves as treasurer of NPH International. Here is her contribution.



At Father Wasson's funeral I encountered a former pequeña, Susana Leon de Rigney who, along with her husband, Kieran Rigney, run NPH in the Dominican Republic. Susana came up to me, gave me a big hug and said, "Thank you for lending us your father for so many years."

She said that she and the others were so grateful for Frank and Polly because their work helped so many children have a good life and that they would be nowhere without Frank and Polly's time and effort.

I was taken aback. I had never looked upon the sacrifice of time with our parents in our young lives as a gift to the children of NPH.

This story came from Marie, number five in the family. Marie is a college professor who learned early in life to appreciate what she had because of her volunteer experience. This is her story.



The overall impact of working at home as a teenager for OLB&S was difficult to comprehend until actually visiting the orphanage itself.

The expression, "I cried because I had no shoes until I met a man who had no feet" rings true in one's heart after visiting and working at NPH. My experiences and lessons learned with OLB&S at home, and working in Acolman during a college summer break, still live with me today. Working at the orphanage as a teenager was more rewarding than one can even imagine. My parents were role models for me, providing inspiration to give of my time and resources to help others, and use that philosophy as a guiding principle in my life. The personal reward is knowing you have made a difference in someone's life, even though you may never meet that person. Thank you Mom and Dad for all you have done for NPH, and me.



The Kitchen Table

This story came from Jeanne and Don, numbers three and four in the family.

These family recollections are intended to provide you with one small slice of the Krafft kids family life in the early, formative years of OLB&S at 1210 Hillside Terrace. Knowing what we know now, 40 years after the introduction of OLB&S into our house, we can't think of a better place to start than at the center of everyone's home life – THE Kitchen Table. Were it not for a recent, chance visit from two very special NPH legends to our childhood home and the seemingly undue attention they paid to our simple kitchen table, we may not have been able to put into proper perspective the everyday impact of OLB&S in our then, very young lives – trials, tribulations, awareness of purpose, then reward and joyousness and satisfaction in the role we played – these in no particular order, but it's pretty close to how things worked out. As such, and in honor of our mother Polly, we offer our recollections.

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Our mother, Polly Krafft, died in November of 2005, just one year after the 50th anniversary of NPH.

Among many of Polly's friends and relatives who came to the funeral were the founding volunteers and now NPHI executive officers, Joan Provencio and Janet Cremin. They arrived at Frank and Polly's home at 1210 Hillside Terrace after the funeral. The doorbell rang and several of us ran to answer....it was

the "Daring, Dynamic Duo" (as we have fondly come to know them), and before we could even say hello they came barging through the door mumbling something like, "Where's the kitchen table?" We followed them in only to see their jaws hanging, almost hitting the table. They were speechless and entranced. They kept asking "So THIS is the table where fundraising millions

took place for the last 40 years?" They were in awe...how was it possible that this feat happened in such a humble setting on such an ordinary table? At first we thought it odd that Joan and Janet were so taken aback by THE kitchen table, but after some discussion among us kids, we came to some realizations. First it became evident that some folks were amazed at just how much had been accomplished during the early years in the confines of a simple household kitchen in a "Mom and Pop" organization. We, of course, had grown accustomed to these activities as 'normal' life. And secondly, Joan and Janet casting a spotlight on our kitchen table jogged our memories, and caused us to recall the following musings surrounding THE kitchen table.

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Rewind back to 1958. By then our parents, Polly and Frank Krafft, had five children and were expecting a baker's dozen (Dad's idea not Mom's). At 1210 Hillside Terrace, Frank built a very long and simple table with a grey Formica top inside the breakfast room right next to the kitchen. The table seated a dozen easily and to meet the anticipated need for fifteen, three stools were placed at the counter for future use. Dad was always prepared! A dozen molded bowling chairs surrounded the table and continue to look as though they were hardly ever used (a testimony to hard plastic). Imagine that with nine wild ones on the loose.

Fast forward to 1968 when my parents had already made a visit to Mexico and were serendipitously introduced to NPH and Fr. Wasson by Paula Gray. Their heart strings were played and the seeds of Fr. Wasson's cause had magically been sown. They came home and sat at the legendary "Kitchen Table" and

discussed what they could do to help and how they would raise money for NPH. By this time they already had nine children of their own, ages four to 17. But they had no choice as the spell had already been cast. Being a successful business man, Frank put on his logical financial thinking cap and came up with a plan to start a direct mailing fundraising organization. OLB&S was born. And hence, they "adopted" hundreds of children which grew to thousands as the years flew by. They never had 13 of their own as nine plus several thousand was far more than they bargained for.



This mythic table continued to be used for the next 40 years as the central focal point of the Krafft family, as well as where most of the major OLB&S decisions and milestones originated. It often had the fortunate experience to play host to meetings with Fr. Wasson, Fr. Rick Frechette, Reinhart Koehler and numerous other NPH officers, donors, volunteers and pequeños. This table was privy to late night discussions and endless mail processing of incoming donations and outgoing thank-you letters. It knew the best kept

secrets of the Krafft family, food fights and late night rendezvous! It was often blessed with piles and bags of letters and Mom's request to "set the table for dinner" often meant "clear off the mail and prepare for the feast".

How could we have ever known the impact this auspicious visit to Mexico one spring day in 1968 would have on our budding and developing lives at 1210 Hillside Terrace? Subsequently OLB&S laid the groundwork and planted seeds of service and modeled a way of life we never could have imagined. It gave us a deeper respect for our parents as they raised their nine children and cared



endlessly for the thousands of “orphaned and abandoned children” through their international fundraising. Their hearts never wavered in their steadfast commitment to filling Father Wasson’s request to build one more home in one more underprivileged country.

The orphanage was a presence in our lives for as long as most of us can remember. We were and are very proud of how hard our mom and dad worked to take care of less fortunate kids. It gave us a great feeling to know our family was involved in a great charitable effort, and the feeling deepened as we grew old enough to appreciate the magnitude of both the effort and the result. How fortunate and blessed we were and continue to be.

We are still amazed that THIS Kitchen table that our dad built by hand for a family of 11 for less than a hundred bucks over 40 years ago played an early and significant role in the eventual raising of millions of dollars for a thousand-fold larger family than ours. When we started licking stamps for thank-you letters in the early 70’s there were less than a thousand pequeños and only one home. Since then, the number of homes has expanded to nine, and with the help of the over \$250 million dollars provided by OLB&S, more than 15,900 children have been loved, fed, clothed and educated – in that order! And over the years, more than a few of the pequeños were fed at THE Kitchen table.

Now this iconic and legendary table continues to live in the home of the youngest Krafft, Nancy Moyer and her three children in Arizona. It is also woven metaphorically and indelibly into all of our hearts and lives as we each carry the legacy of OLB&S forward. We will be eternally grateful for the spark that was ignited in Polly and Frank one spring day by the legendary Fr. Wasson who had a great and noble vision taking only those with him who dared to take the “road less traveled”!

This tribute came from Marty who is number six in the family. Marty shocked all of Mexico in 1971 when he visited Acolman sporting long blond hair. He has an unusual occupation of designing moorings for crude oil storage ships anchored in the China seas. He presented the following talk at the 50th anniversary of the founding of NPH and the 36th anniversary of OLB&S on February 20, 2005 at Hotel Hacienda Cocoyoc, Cocoyoc Morelos, Mexico .



Good evening, my name is Marty Krafft... And for the 500th time this weekend, yes, I AM Frank and Polly Krafft's son. But I don't mind because every time I answer this question, I know that I can answer YES with great pride.

My goal this evening is for me, and on behalf of my brothers and sisters and our extended family, to pay tribute to a lifetime of dedication to NPH by our parents, Polly and Frank Krafft... a tribute not only to all that they have done for NPH, but an acknowledgement that their hard work has impacted us in many positive ways.

Despite my concern that I had only 5 minutes to acknowledge a lifetime of achievement, I still had to find some unique message, some unique attribute that describes people like Polly & Frank...givers, not takers, doers, not talkers. And I really didn't know for sure exactly how I was going to express this until Friday at the airport in Mexico City. That afternoon I spoke with Amanda, one of the many, young, wonderful volunteers at NPH. I asked Amanda if she would recommend volunteering to her family and friends. Without any hesitation, Amanda said "Yes I would, but they would have to be 'just the right type of person'".

Then I thought to myself, "Bingo", here is this young, 20-something that hasn't even completed one year of volunteering, and she hit the nail right on the head. I knew that the "right type of person" Amanda was talking about was a person that had the will to make a commitment to a significant change in their own life in order to make a positive difference in the lives of others.

Then I flash back 36 years to 1968 when Polly & Frank were in Cuernavaca for the dedication of a wing they built for a monastery run by Frank's cousin, Father Ambrose. Father Ambrose introduced my parents to another wonderful NPH supporter, Paula Gray, who took them to see Father Wasson, his kids and the volunteers.

It's very obvious now that that first introduction to NPH made a huge impression on Polly and Frank. So huge that shortly thereafter, Frank and Polly made that commitment to a significant change in their lives.

And I'm talking about real...positive...lasting change. They wanted to make a commitment to do something very different than they had ever done before, not just to be different, but to make a difference.

And talk about lasting change: flash forward 36 years and we realize that they never faltered in their commitment.

And the commitment to the children continues to this day. Just two weeks ago, Frank sent all of his children an e-mail outlining the future of OLB&S.

While the e-mail was somewhat "matter-of-fact" in style, it was plain to see that behind those words was yet another commitment to change solely for the



good of others. The commitment we saw Frank make in that e-mail was for OLB&S to change its roles and structure to better fit the newly forming roles and structure of the national and international organizations.

Some say that you don't change commitments mid stream, but the NPH stream is changing course...not changing purpose, but course, and once again, Frank and Polly are altering their life's course for the common purpose.

The kids, the kids, the kids...it's always been about the kids and it always will be. Polly and Frank, Mom and Dad, we want you to know that during the years after we grew up and moved on to our separate lives, that we have thought of you often...we have thought often about who you are...and we have thought often about what you have accomplished.

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So now we would like you to hear from us...to feel from us... to know that we love and respect you for who you are...that we love and respect you for what you have done for NPH...and that we actually love that you made us kids sort checks and cash and lick stamps and stuff envelopes when we were supposed to be doing our homework!

And we thank you Frank, and we thank you Polly for being "just the right type of people" for the job.



My name is Sue and I am the number two daughter of Frank and Polly Krafft. I recently went to the annual NPH meeting in Cocoyoc, Mexico in February of 2008. It was the first such meeting that I have attended since the death of Father Wasson. We held a Day of Reflection midway through the week of meetings. We broke up into small groups and told of our involvement and history with NPH to get to

know each other better. It occurred to me during this group meeting that very few people currently involved in NPH knew of the existence of Hacienda San Antonio de Acolman and the early history of NPH. Everyone in the group asked me, "What is Acolman?" or "Where is Acolman?" Since this is an integral part of the orphanage's history, I decided to write something of my experiences there in 1972.

A few years after my parents fell in love with NPH and started Our Little Brothers and Sisters, I decided to go to the orphanage for the summer to help in any way that I could. The orphanage for the younger children was located

in Acolman which was an old hacienda which Father fixed up as a home for his children. It was located 25 miles north of Mexico City near the Pyramids of the Sun and the Moon. Acolman had plenty of room to grow into and had land for growing vegetables and raising animals. This helped in NPH's efforts to become completely self-sufficient in meeting most of their food needs.

It also had an old swimming pool that had not been used for years. Before I arrived in Acolman, my boyfriend Mark, later to become my husband, came down to help out in any way that he could. We both had a swimming background and were selected to rebuild the pool and teach the children how to swim. Father Don Reiman, Mark and some of the older *pequeños* worked very hard rebuilding, repainting and getting new pumps and generators donated. God had His hand in everything we did at NPH. It was amazing to see the hearts of so many people in the community and in Mexico City reach out to us and donate everything we needed to make this possible. Paint was even donated to design Aztec drawings on the bottom of the pool. It cost us nothing but a labor of love which we gladly provided.



Al Provencio and Joanie were the directors of Acolman, having recently been married. They did an outstanding job of running the orphanage and earning the respect and love of each of the children. The volunteers all lived in the clinic area where the bunks were stacked three high.

When the pool was completed, we began the enormous task of teaching 500 children to swim. My goal was to help them get to a level of comfort in the water so they would be water-safe in a pool, lake or ocean. We spent days in the clothing bodega trying to find suitable swimming suits for the girls and boys. The boys were not as big a problem as the girls, but we eventually had reasonable attire for each child. Some even had a real bathing suit! I can not even begin to express the joy and happiness on the children's faces as we let them into the pool for the first time. We divided the children into colors as we did not want to equate groups with level of ability that would make them feel inferior to their peers. They were quick to learn and respected all the rules. After a few weeks, most of the children were swimming well enough to start having some real fun with water games, three-legged races and other contests. THIS became the highlight of their week after all chores, studies and individual responsibilities were finished.

I soon realized why Mom and Dad fell in love with NPH and its family philosophy! There was such genuine love and caring for each other. There was such a sense of security and belonging with each of the children. They knew that they had found a loving home for their entire family at last. I remember that there was an older boy who did not want to follow the rules and wanted to go to the big city to live. He had several younger brothers and sisters at Acolman so after talking to Al about his desire to leave; Al consented to let him go. Of course, this meant that he had to take his brothers and sisters with him because NPH's philosophy is that you come in as a family and you leave as a family. I was so upset that these younger children were being asked to leave with their older brother but Al reassured me that everything would work out for the best. It took less than 48 hours before this older boy was knocking on the gate at Acolman, asking to come back with his family. He lived there until he was ready to go out into the world on his own. This was such a beautiful testimony to the success of the NPH philosophy.

NPH never closed the door on any child, regardless of their physical or mental condition. As a result, there were many physically and mentally challenged children living there. I was amazed at the children's acceptance of them and



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their unconditional love. One such child was Alfredo, the boy who witnessed his entire family being burned to death and was severely burned himself. He was one of the guys and participated in everything, the same as everyone else. He was never made to feel different or inferior or ugly. I am convinced that this is the reason for his success later in life as an accountant.

Another such child was Raoul who could not walk. His legs never developed fully so he needed crutches to get around. Crutches were made for him out of wood with a washcloth used as a pad to prevent open sores. He never complained and always had a smile on his face. I could always count on Raoul to help me with whatever I needed and nothing was impossible for him. His upper body was so developed from using only his arms to get around that the other boys started looking up to him for his strength and large muscles. He actually became our star swimmer and won many of the races we held. I can't imagine another place in this world where he would have received such encouragement and admiration.

NPH was always looking to the future and before I left there, they were already looking for land to build a bigger and better place for their children.

They found Miacatlan and began the hard and challenging labor of making it into the next home for Our Little Brothers and Sisters. NPH was moved from Acolman to Miacatlan in 1980.

My months in Acolman and my family's journey with NPH over these last 40 years changed each of us in mighty ways and altered the path in life that we could have taken. Not once have I ever questioned my parent's decision to embrace NPH, start OLB&S and devote the rest of their lives to this cause. They were godly people who trusted in Our Lord, heard His call and were obedient to follow His will. In turn, God used them in huge ways to accomplish His will for His precious children. My little swimmers truly gave me more than I ever gave them! I was blessed with such love and grace while I was there and I learned to truly appreciate all that we have been given in our lives here on earth. They taught me to see everyone as God sees them, to be content with less rather than more and to love always and forever.

Thank you Mom and Dad for all your love, kindness and giving. I love you both very much and I miss you Mom so very, very much. I know you are surrounded by God's love and peace that you so richly deserve.

Traveling to Haiti



One never knew what kind of adventure one would find as our lives became more involved with NPH. As Mom's illness progressed and because Dad had to travel so much, Mom would fly down to Atlanta to stay with me. I always cherished this time together for I knew she was not going to be with us much longer. Our favorite pastime was shopping until she needed another suitcase for her trip home.

On one such occasion, Dad was headed to Haiti. Mom was a CNN junkie and watched the news from morning to night. There was much unrest, turmoil and violence in Haiti and the people were trying to overthrow their government. My sister Nan frantically called to tell me to turn off CNN immediately and not to let Mom watch it that day. Her fear was that Mom would see the fighting and bloodshed and fear for her husband's life.

As it turned out, this was the day Dad was returning home. Marijo Rozycki had the job of driving Dad to the airport to catch the morning flight. As they drove into the streets of Port-au-Prince, they found that all of the streets leading to the airport were blocked with barricades of burning tires and wooden crates. They crept along the street, carefully stopping at each intersection, in an effort to select one they thought was safe. None looked safe but they had to

proceed anyway. As they approached the burning barricade, they noticed that there was a drive-thru that was carefully guarded by Haitians with guns and clubs. As Marijo entered, she was stopped by a Haitian wielding a club who was very angry. There was conversation back and forth in Creole and Marijo's story was that Dad was a medical person on his way to the airport for an emergency. With the hospital sign on the side of their vehicle, he was convinced the story was true and waved her through. Upon arriving at the airport, they found it closed because the personnel couldn't get through the barricades. The airport did open up in the afternoon and Dad took the afternoon flight home.

Even very recently, my father was advised by the State Department not to travel to Haiti until the country quieted down. He was scheduled to go there to check out a roof problem on the new NPH hospital. One never knows what can happen in going from one country to the next, as Dad continues to look after the needs of the NPH family. It was through his faith, perseverance and love for the NPH children that he continues his work to this day. What a courageous and wonderful role model he has been for all his children and grandchildren! Mom and Dad's legacy will live on in our hearts and mind forever.

Processing the Mail

Life revolved around the mail. On Saturday mornings we would go to the basement of the church rectory. There, along with volunteers from Blessed Sacrament Church we would open and process donations. My favorite job was to open the envelopes. I loved to use the automatic letter opener. Fast and a little bit scary!

The donor remittance devices had to be sorted by dollar amount for entry into the donor database. I remember that my father built a mail sorter. It was about four feet long and two feet high, made of plywood with wooden dowels every three or four inches to separate the different denominations. The sorter was a simple, efficient apparatus; something you could never buy yet was perfect for our needs. I digress a bit but this reminds me of the other support role that OLB&S played and that my father fulfilled.

The NPH homes were constantly in need of things that were not readily available in their countries. But you had only to name it; a part for the industrial stove for the kitchen in Honduras, brakes for the school bus in Guatemala, and Frank would procure it. The parts would have several bids to make sure that the pricing was competitive; they were boxed, wrapped and shipped in the most efficacious although sometimes unusual manner. I neglected to say quickly because Frank got these orders completed in a snap.

Being an engineer, I like to think that working out the logistics of these little conundrums was fun for him and gratifying. Helping in small ways matters just as much.

OLB&S thanked every donor. No matter how small the donation, each one was acknowledged. The smallest donors were often the most important and they were treated no differently than the donors who gave larger amounts. We

children were often given the tasks of sealing, labeling and stamping the thank-you letters. We would sit at the table and take the thank-you letters, line them up, wet a sponge and try to wet as many envelopes as possible at one time. We would carefully close them and then sit on them to make sure they stayed closed! We'd have contests to see who could get the most sealed the fastest.

Most children play house. We played office.

We wrote letters and stuck them into envelopes because that's what we did and saw every

day. In direct mail, small gifts or "premiums", as they are known, are sometimes sent. On several occasions OLB&S sent these very flat sponges with an awful likeness of Father Wasson and a child with "We're never too busy to listen ... at Our Little Brothers and Sisters" and "P.S. put this in water and see what happens" emblazoned on it. There were a lot of extra sponges and I have used them for nearly 30 years, throughout my childhood and adulthood. In fact, I used one of those sponges today and I have a dozen more in the cupboard!

What was my life like, my impression of life with OLB&S? For me OLB&S has always been in my life, intertwined in the fabric of my life, indistinguishable from the other part.

Nancy Krafft Moyer



Father Wasson's Humble Beginning



Shortly after Polly and I first met Father Wasson and the children in February of 1968, I returned to Mexico to obtain more information on NPH to use in preparing our first appeal mailing. Father Wasson had his office in Mexico City at that time in the home of his parents, Bill and Mary Wasson. Father used a large room on the first floor for NPH's office. Not far away, there was a large, two story concrete building which housed some of the older pequeños who were going to school in Mexico City.



When I walked into Father's office, the first people I met were Joan Provencio and Pauline McMahan, two volunteers, who were typing away at thank-you letters. Father Wasson was at his desk working on what appeared to be some numbers. Aside from a few file cabinets and a few cardboard boxes, there wasn't a whole lot more to the office except for a crucifix and a few pictures on the wall.

After the usual warm greetings, I was given a tour of the facility. I met Bill Wasson for the first time working in the back yard on a repair job and Mary Wasson in the garage sorting out used clothes for the children. What a simple, humble family setup, I thought. It blended into our idea for raising children and confirmed the workability of our plan to have the OLB&S office in our home.

After obtaining the information I needed for letter copy, I returned home, pleased with my visit.

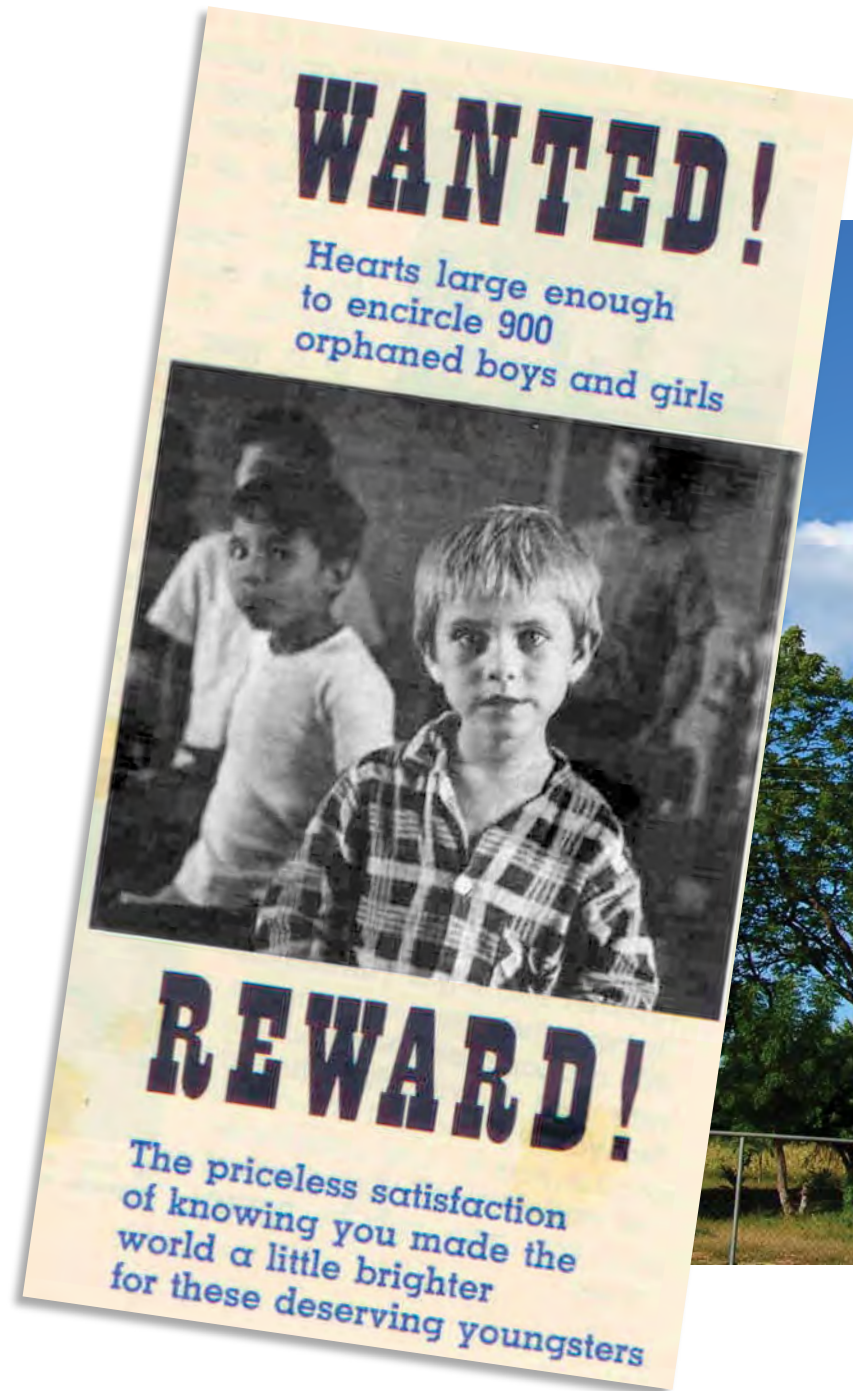
The first direct mail solicitation letter that was sent out by Our Little Brothers and Sisters in 1968. (See page 4-5). It was a test of 100,000 letters mailed out of Mexico City to prospective donors in the United States. This was the beginning of our mail program which has provided, and continues to provide, most of the operational and development money for the NPH homes. The monies received through these mailings are mostly small donations but with the numbers received, significant income has been achieved. The small donor is truly important!

The letter told about Alfredo, the boy who was the only survivor in a family fire. I was always amazed to see him grow up with his NPH bothers and sisters and be treated as just one of the kids. Due to the severity of his injuries he had to wear a hard hat to protect his head from rough play. When he was older, he worked in the accounting office. Despite the nub he had for a hand, he was able to work an adding machine and keep up with his fellow pequeño workers. He later went to college and obtained a degree in accounting and eventually set up his own accounting office in Mexico City. Alfredo is one more NPH success story!

Just Trying to be a Good Samaritan

One hot summer day, Polly and I were visiting Al and Joan Provencio at Hacienda Acolman. We had to run an errand and the way back took us on some narrow country roads. We were following a pickup truck when suddenly, for no visible reason, it slid off the side of the road, rolled down an embankment and flipped over on its side. We immediately stopped to see if anyone needed our help. Looking through the windshield of the upturned vehicle, we could see a mass of humanity jammed together on the lower side of the cab, struggling to get free. I immediately climbed up on the side of the pickup, opened the door, reached down into the cab and started pulling out the occupants. I lowered each one to Polly who helped them to the ground. It turned out to be a man, his wife and three children. The man immediately started to right the pickup. With my help, we were able to put the pickup back on its four wheels. Without taking a breath, he hurried his family into the pickup, gave me an abrazo and a "muchas gracias", jumped into his pickup and sped up the embankment and down the road. We were puzzled as to why he was in so much of a hurry. He acted as if he was in a race and was trying to catch up with the next contestant.

When we arrived back at Acolman and told Al about our good deed, he chastised us for our response. He said that if the police had come along, all of us would have been put in jail until they determined who was responsible for the accident. And we were just trying to be a Good Samaritan!



Along the Way



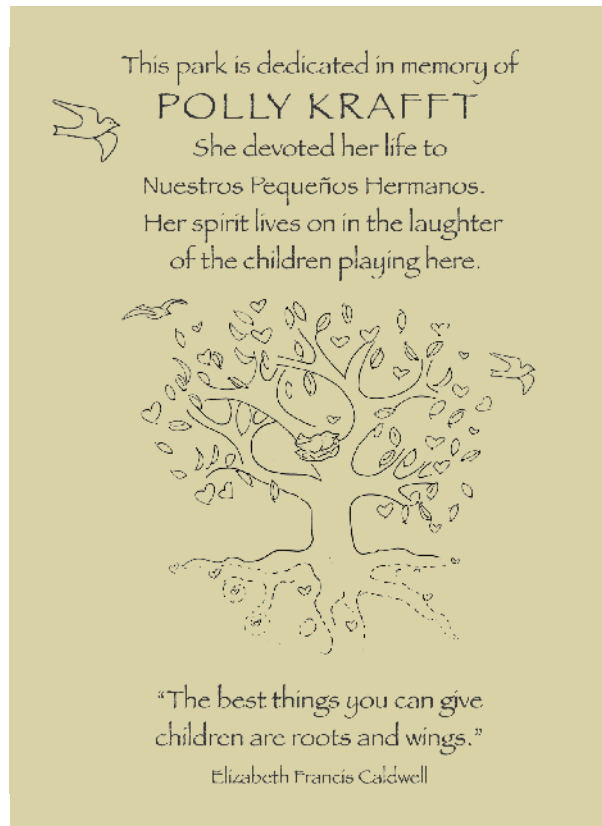
NPH Nicaragua was started in 1995. At that time, OLB&S was handling the distribution of moneys to Mexico, Honduras and Haiti. For Mexico, we had to send pesos; for Haiti, gourds; and for Honduras, lempiras. This meant that we had to buy the local currencies from foreign exchange dealers and have them deposited in their respective NPH local banks. We usually obtained three prices from exchange dealers to make sure we had the best price.

Many of our transactions were with a company in Miami, Florida by the name of Latin American Financial Services. Roberto Zamora, who was a native of Nicaragua, was the owner of the company. When I would call for currency prices, he would tell me about the many children in Nicaragua who were orphaned by the Sandinista Civil War. He wanted NPH to open up an orphanage in his country. I would stall him off since I didn't think Father Wasson was ready to start another home. One day, he asked me what it would take to entice NPH to start in Nicaragua. To put him off once again, I told him that in order to start, we would need a donation of a large, flat, piece of land that had plenty of water and a local person with whom we could work in making a start. I thought I was making it so difficult for him that this would be a dead issue, but was I wrong!

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The next month when I called for exchange prices, he said he had everything arranged. My stall hadn't worked. I confessed my misdeed to Father Wasson and with little hesitation he said that wanted to talk to Roberto. I arranged for them to visit in Miami. Father was pleased with Roberto's offer so he and I went to Nicaragua to see our prize. The land was on the Pan American Highway just south of Managua on the top of a high hill. The land was big and flat with a small house on it. However, the land was arid and had no trees. Water was stored in a very large concrete cistern built into the ground.

It collected rain water from the adjoining fields, hardly adequate for a large number of children. Both of us agreed that the gift was not worth accepting. We did, however, visit the local contact who turned out to be the in-house lawyer at the Bancentro bank in Managua where Roberto was president. The lawyer was a good contact and gave us valuable information. Even though the land deal did not work out, Father was enticed and he started looking for other land. The rest of the story is history.

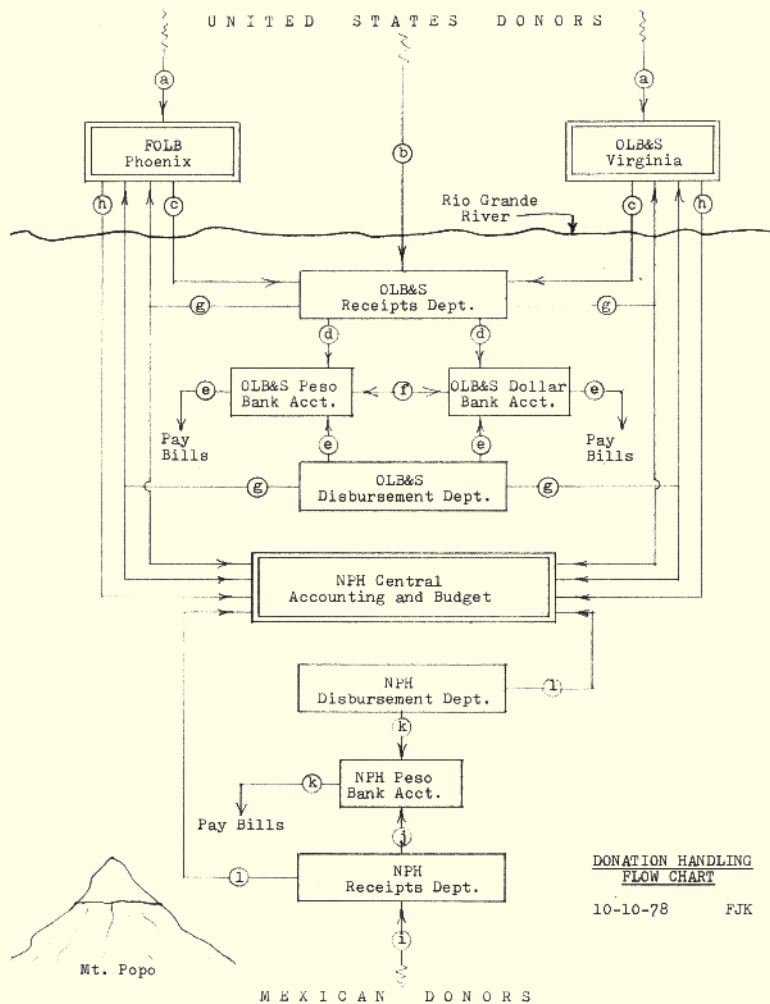


Some years ago, the Mexican government established a program to benefit charitable organizations operating in Mexico. They were also short of dollars. Under the program, a qualified charity could buy Mexican government bonds using dollars, and the next day, sell them back to the Mexican government for a premium, receiving their money in Mexican pesos. Initially the premium was 70%, but over time, it went down to around two percent. When first introduced and the premium was 70%, our auditors questioned the transaction as it looked like a shady deal to them. This was a great way for us to send money to NPH Mexico and at the same time, earn a premium. This program continued until the premium became so low that the transaction was not worthwhile. OLB&S made this service available to the Friends organizations who also wanted to send money in pesos to NPH Mexico.

A children's play park is being built at NPH Dominican Republic in the center of the living area. The park is dedicated in memory of Polly Krafft. The inscriptions are on granite plaques, one in English, and one in Spanish. The park is not complete but is being worked on when the workers are not busy with other construction. It will have playground equipment, walks with benches and plenty of flowers, trees and grass.

In the 1970's, shipments of gifts-in-kind such as used clothes, food, small equipment and the like were sent from the U.S. through the El Paso Macaroni Co. in El Paso, Texas. Gifts-in-kind were stored in their warehouse until the company had a truck going to Mexico. Bill Wasson, Fr. Wasson's father, made the arrangement.

The first meeting of the NPH Advisory Board was held at the Hotel Aristos in Mexico City on February 21, 1969, in Father Wasson's hotel room. Ten people were present. The board was made up of people whom Father selected because they had shown special interest in his work. In the afternoon, Father took the group to Hacienda Acolman, located 25 miles north of Mexico City, where the younger children were living. We met Al Provencio, the director, who showed us the facility.



The next day, we moved to a hotel in Cuernavaca. The tour that day took us to the older boy's home in Buena Vista and to the girl's home around the corner. The following day, we went to see San Salvador de Miacatlán as this property was being considered for use as a farm. The farm land was planted in sugar cane, it was well irrigated and looked very fertile. The buildings were not being used as they were badly damaged. It was hard to imagine that they could be fixed-up for any use at all. They did however, become the future home for the children of NPH.

The second board of advisors meeting was held on September 19, 1969 at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles. This meeting was better organized and was more of a business meeting.

These meetings have continued over the years and are held each February, in a different NPH country.

The Coordinating Committee (CC) [later named North American Coordinating Committee (NACC)] was formed in the spring of 1978. Its purpose was to coordinate the activities of the fundraising organizations in the United States since a merger hadn't become an option. At that time, there were only two formal organizations and they were Friends of Our Little Brothers (FOLB) [later changed to Friends of the Orphans (FOTO)] and Our Little Brothers & Sisters, Virginia (OLB&S). To the left is a flow chart that was developed to show the handling of money donated to NPH.

Hollywood Exposure

Over the years, Father Wasson was able to get the attention of some well-known people such as John Wayne, Raquel Welch, Don Nixon and Helen Hayes, all of whom visited the orphanage in Mexico. He was also friends with Placido Domingo and Jimmy Stewart.

When we first started our mailing program, we wanted to capitalize on Father's high-profile connections and have our appeal letter go out under Helen Hayes' name. This required her permission so off to Hollywood we went. At the time, she was making the movie "Airport". We found Helen Hayes in her dressing room trailer at the studio. Having such a strong interest in Father Wasson's work, she graciously agreed to our request. We were also given a tour and were shown the props used to simulate the inside of an airplane. Then we had lunch together in the studio cafeteria.

Helen Hayes had a home in Cuernavaca and would attend many of our meetings. I was pleased and honored that she always remembered me and would go out of her way to greet and chat with me.

We were also able to take advantage of John Wayne's and Jimmy Stewart's names. Radio broadcasters are required to give a certain amount of free time for public service announcements, so we made up one minute tapes of John Wayne and Jimmy Stewart each narrating the work of NPH and asking for donations. We negotiated with the post office to use "Box 600, Washington, D.C." a simple address that could easily be remembered. We sent these tapes to most of the radio broadcasting companies throughout the U.S. and hoped they would use them. We could tell from the addresses of the donors which broadcasters were using the tapes. We found out that the tapes were broadcast principally in the early hours of the morning when only truckers and



Here at OUR LITTLE BROTHERS & SISTERS, the children live as a true family, and are among the happiest children in Mexico. All of the older children have jobs to do and happily contribute to each other's welfare.

The teenage girls tend the infants and toddlers; they dispense love and help the old boys work the farm to produce their food, make their own sandals from up-sew.

When they graduate from high school, each stays for at least one year or counselor, as teacher, instructor, helper, sports and recreation, music, dancing, sports, and camaraderie are always in evidence, and once in awhile we do manage some penny candy for the little ones.

Philosophy OF REVEREND WASSON

Reverend Wasson believes that "Every child born into this world is a new thought of God, an ever fresh and radiant possibility." Since these poor children have no parents, Rev. Wasson takes their place and gives the boys and girls the love they need.

He takes only entire families of children, from the babies on up through age 16. In this way he can keep the little families together, and foster the spirit of family love, which is so important to the Mexican people.

He keeps his relationship with the children very personal, always encouraging them in every way and noticing each one in a thousand ways—treating them all as dearest sons and daughters.

*"A unique experiment, with gratifying results."
Erich Fromm*

The work of OUR LITTLE BROTHERS & SISTERS, under the benevolent guidance of Reverend William Wasson, is truly one of the most worthwhile causes I have ever had the fortune to be associated with.

Reverend Wasson's unique philosophy, coupled with his unselfish love and devotion to his children, produces results that would seem unbelievable under any other circumstances.

This man of God is living testimony of the effectiveness of Christ's admonition, "Let the little children come unto me."

I heartily recommend to you the work of OUR LITTLE BROTHERS & SISTERS. I personally feel that it is completely worthy of your support.

Helen Hayes
Helen Hayes

"Every child born into the world is a new thought of God... an ever fresh and radiant possibility."

Reverend William Wasson, Founder

OUR LITTLE BROTHERS & SISTERS Orphanage
Cuernavaca, Mexico



These are only a few of over 900 children here at OUR LITTLE BROTHERS & SISTERS, eating at the dining hall.

To feed this many children costs over \$1,800.00 (U.S. dollars) a week.



Text books for school, teachers' salaries, supplies, clothing, maintenance, medicine and transportation all add to the cost of keeping our family together.

These are our children, and we are their only parents; and we must at all cost continue to give them the love and care that is the right of every child God creates.

This is why we are coming to you . . . to help us in this most rewarding labor of love.



OUR LITTLE BROTHERS & SISTERS
Cuernavaca, Mexico

CASE HISTORY #1

CASE HISTORY #2

In 1958 a family of eleven children, all handsome, strong and proud, arrived at OUR LITTLE BROTHERS & SISTERS. The older children helped to support the family at very early ages, even before entering school. When the oldest boy was 15 years old, his mother gave birth to a baby girl and died.

The two oldest boys are now teachers, and the oldest girl is a nurse's aid in an orthopedic clinic. The rest of the family is continuing their education here.



This young man joined our large family in 1957 when he was 12 years old. His mother died at his birth and his father tried to care for him until he became ill and was put in the hospital with a terminal case of cancer. Manuel had been to school, but was behind in his studies.

He finished primary, high and normal school here, and gave us a year of service working with the younger children. Since leaving us, he is working and has a promising business career with a firm in Mexico City.

BEFORE



AFTER



those with insomnia would be listening. They were free though and worth the effort.

In 1975, a full-length television movie, sponsored by AT&T was made about Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. It was called "A Home of Our Own", and was shown at 8:00 pm prime time on CBS television. We were hoping that the movie would have the same effect on NPH as the legendary "Boys Town" movie had on the Boys Town home. To take advantage of this great exposure to the public, we sent out large quantities of mail, timed to arrive around the showing of the movie. It ran into competition from a popular movie shown on another network so our ratings weren't as we had hoped. The mailings were successful but NPH didn't become a Boys Town.

1994 Crisis

The Board of Directors of Our Little Brothers and Sisters was always made up of people who were directly involved in the activities of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. At many of the board meetings, members often expressed concern about the continuity of OLB&S should its president become incapacitated. This was because they knew OLB&S was a family organization and NPH relied on them for most of their support. Succession plans were discussed but never to the complete satisfaction of the members as the matter kept coming up at meetings. Then it happened! On June 27, 1994, the president of OLB&S sent this message to its board of directors:

June 27, 1994

To the Board of Directors of Our Little Brothers and Sisters:

Frank J. Krafft
Father William B. Wasson
Pauline B. Krafft
Bernard G. Greer
Eugene C. Latham
Dr. Michael Maccoby
George W. Murphy
Wayne W. Roesner
Richard P. Ziegman

At several of the recent board of director's meetings, concern was raised by some of the board members about what would happen to Our Little Brothers & Sisters if I was incapacitated in some way. To alleviate this concern, I arranged with my daughter, Nancy Moyer, to take over the organization, at least

on a temporary basis, should such a crisis arise. Nancy is a certified public accountant and works with me each year in putting together the accounting of OLB&S in preparation for our annual audit. With this experience, she is familiar with how the organization operates.

I hate to tell you, but I have been diagnosed as having cancer of the prostate. I am scheduled to have surgery on July 19th and will be in the hospital for seven to 10 days, after which time there will be a period of recuperation. Nancy will be in charge of OLB&S in my absence and I am sure she will be able to keep the organization going and the money flowing. Most of you met Nancy at the NPH board meeting at Hacienda Cocoyoc, Mexico in February of 1993.

The honor of your prayers would be deeply appreciated.

Sincerely yours,
Frank J. Krafft
President

Postscript: The organization didn't skip a beat and its president survived. This is one of the benefits of a family organization. Incidentally, the president was always flattered to think that his board of directors thought he was so important.

Outside the Orphanage Walls



When Father Wasson first established a home in Nicaragua, he made contact with the Missionary Sisters of Mother Theresa. Sister Kolbe, a native of Argentina, was in charge of the group. On one of my visits to Nicaragua, Father took me to meet Sister Kolbe and to see the work she was doing. One of Sister's projects was to minister to the inmates at the main Nicaraguan prison. We were given a tour of the prison to see their facilities and to meet the inmates. Because there was no place to worship within the prison walls, Sister wanted to build a church. Her plan was to have the inmates build it with their own labor. She had arranged for its design and borrowed molds for making cinder blocks from a local manufacturer. Her plan was to have the inmates make their own blocks for the walls of the church. All she needed was money for the materials. Her venture sounded worthwhile so OLB&S supplied the money. When the project was completed, Sister took us to see the new church within the prison walls. We were very impressed with the finished project.

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Sister Kolbe became so interested in the work of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos, that she obtained a leave of absence from her order and came to work for NPH Nicaragua, Guatemala and Honduras. She was a pleasure to be around as she had a great sense of humor and her laugh always brought a smile to our faces.

When Father Wasson acquired the San Marcos property on the Island of Ometepe, in Nicaragua, the adjoining property had a church on it which was only partially completed. The walls were up but it had no windows, doors, floor or roof. It had obviously been sitting there for some years, as there was a tree growing right in the middle of the church. The local community had built it themselves, but had to stop when they ran out of money. As a good neighbor, and to contribute something to the community, OLB&S supplied the money for its completion.



The Search for Land

Large parcels of reasonably level land, with a sufficient water supply, were difficult to find in the countries where Father Wasson wanted to establish orphanages. Father needed property that was large enough to accommodate a home for at least 500 children.

After NPH Honduras was established, the children were living in rented quarters in Tegucigalpa which was a temporary solution. The search for land for more permanent housing facilities was quickly initiated. With the help of realtors, many parcels were considered, but finding suitable land was difficult because Tegucigalpa is located in the middle of a very mountainous part of Honduras. After one of the meetings in Tegucigalpa, Reinhart Koehler, the Country Director, and I decided we would explore the back roads in the hope of finding a suitable unadvertised piece of property. We journeyed for countless hours on many treacherous roads in our sturdy jeep. Our efforts, however, were in vain.

In the meantime, Father Rick Frechette was in a mobile lounge at the Mexico City airport on his way back to Tegucigalpa. A lady with a baby came over and sat down next to him and started a conversation. After learning of Fr. Rick's destination, she asked him if he would take her baby to the Tegucigalpa airport where her husband would be waiting. Fr. Rick agreed and all went as planned.

It turned out that her husband was from a family involved in the forestry industry in Honduras and they owned thousands of acres of wooded property. After explaining the work of NPH and the need for land, her husband said he would ask his family if any of their property was available.

They responded with an offer of 2,100 acres of wooded land at a very reasonable price. This was far more property than was needed. Most of the land was hilly but there were enough flat areas near the highway to build a large facility. One of the drawbacks to the property was that it was near a military base that conducted daily artillery practice as this was during the time of the Nicaraguan-Contra War. The fear was that the blasts would frighten the children. The other drawback was that the test-well drilled on the property showed that the well water was muddy and not usable. A small spring and creek that ran through the property was able to supply clean and adequate water so that problem was solved. The decision of the board was to buy the property despite the artillery blasts, and as it turned out, they didn't present a problem to the children. This is, of course, the present location of the NPH home in Honduras, Rancho Santa Fe.



Call Frank

Over the years, Reinhart Koehler, Fr. Rick Frechette and many of the other country directors would call on OLB&S for things they were having difficulty obtaining in their own country. They would request washing machines, kitchen equipment, refrigerators, school buses, dental chairs, medicines, brakes for buses, concrete mixers, forest fire equipment, water testing devices, wheel chairs, appliance parts, electric generators, and whatever else you might think of.

The biggest request came from Reinhart in Honduras. At the time he was completing the first phase of the permanent home at Rancho Santa Fe, he needed items in order to make the facility operational. His list consisted of commercial grade equipment for the kitchen and laundry, washers and dryers to do diapers for the babies' house and a school bus to transport the children since the new facility was located 25 miles outside of Tegucigalpa. We knew that the only way to get this equipment to Honduras was by shipping container sent out of one of the southern U.S. ports. We chose New Orleans and a freight handler by the name of Missionary Expeditors. The owner of Missionary Expeditors had worked for a fruit company where he was in charge of shipping bananas from Honduras to the United States. He was using the empty banana ships on their return to Honduras to ship containers. Thus, he was able to offer us a break on our shipping costs. He was also interested in mission work which was reflected in the name of his company.

For the commercial kitchen and laundry equipment, we worked through a local Washington, D.C. manufacturer's representative who was able to make recommendations on the type of equipment to use. He also made a floor plan layout suggesting the location of walk-in refrigerators, stoves, grilles, mixers, washer and dryer, etc. He supplied us with catalogs and prices which we sent

to Reinhart for his final selection and approval. We had the equipment sent directly from the factory to Missionary Expeditors in New Orleans. For the washers and dryers to do the diapers, we choose the Kenmore brand from Sears as this was the brand that Polly used without trouble in raising our nine children. We went to the local Sears store to select the models we thought best. We called the Sears store in New Orleans with the order, paid for it by credit card and had the equipment delivered to Missionary Expeditors. (All this was in 1987 before we had internet shopping.)

For the school bus, we consulted the yellow pages of the phone book for Louisiana. We wanted to buy it in a location near New Orleans so delivery would be convenient. We located a dealer who sold new and used buses in Alexandria, Louisiana. When we told him what we wanted the bus for and about the work of NPH, he became very interested in finding one that would meet our requirements. Reinhart's needs were special as he wanted a used bus that he could afford and one with a diesel engine and power brakes because of the difficult mountain roads in Honduras. It had to be a bus that wasn't too worn as he intended to use it for many years.

In order to learn more about buses, I went to the local Virginia school bus repair shop and talked to the mechanics, to find out which models and brands required the least maintenance. The bus dealer came up with one that met our requirements, had it repainted with Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos printed on the sides and drove it to Missionary Expeditors in New Orleans. Of course, the bus didn't fit in the container so it had to be loaded on the deck of a shipping vessel headed for Honduras. Over the years, we bought several buses from the same dealer. When I would call him for yet another bus, he would



chuckle and say, "I have never had a customer like you. I've never met you and you have never met me, yet you continue to buy buses from me sight unseen."

Most of the items requested by Fr. Rick Frechette for Haiti were sent through the OLB&S student house in Miami. Fr. Rick was able to make arrangements with American Airlines to take up to ten large duffle bags on any flight from Miami to Haiti, free of charge. Then, Juan Guerra, our director at the student house, was able to arrange with a shipping company for free container shipping to Haiti. Fr. Rick's requests were mostly in the line of medicines and medical equipment. We also found that this was an easy way to send gifts-in-kind, like used clothes, shoes, vitamins and bulk medicines, and the mail, to Haiti.

It was sometimes difficult and time consuming to acquire some of these requested and needed items but it always gave me such pleasure to be able to find and deliver them as I knew this service to the country directors would make their job of raising the children a little easier.

Daisy Miranda



I have always known that the accounting and administrative work I did for OLB&S were important and necessary functions to keep the nonprofit wheel turning. What I did helped others keep doing what they did best – helping the children. Yet, I wished sometimes that I could touch a child directly. Well, I got my chance with Daisy Miranda.

I remember it as if it were just yesterday. In March of 2003, the social worker for our home in El Salvador and her two children were trapped in their home by a fire. Paty somehow managed to get herself and the children out of the house but they were all severely burned, Paty taking the brunt of the flames. That was Monday morning. Wednesday morning, Fr. Rick e-mailed and asked if the Shriners Hospital in Galveston, Texas might accept the family. The prognosis was not good for them in El Salvador and they would have to come to the U.S. if they were going to have a chance to live. I started to make inquiries. The NPHI medical volunteer, De Neptune, flew down to see what could be done. He arrived at the hospital on Thursday morning and Paty died just eight

minutes before he stepped through the door. Five-year old Carlos and one-year old Daysi suddenly became orphans. Carlos was badly burned and stable but Daysi was in critical condition.

The Shriners Burn unit was a possibility for Daysi but there were so many requirements and so much paperwork to process. We had to deal with visas, foreign patient eligibility requirements, referrals, doctors reports, applications, finding a decent ambulance, getting the fax to go through, getting her stable enough to travel; just to name a few. There were so many obstacles to overcome. Mass was said for Paty and prayers for Daysi and Carlos throughout the NPH organization. De and I spoke by cell phone constantly. I think we must have exchanged 70 or 80 calls between Thursday and Sunday. We worked feverishly to get all the documents completed and coordinated.

Suddenly the impossible became possible. The unthinkable became thinkable. Everything fell into place. Everyone was pulling for her. I remember e-mailing



Fr. Rick, "If it can be done, we will get it done." We got yes answers for everything we asked for. Less than 24 hours after we made the request, the Shriners Hospital accepted Daysi as their patient! Incredibly we were able to get visas late on Saturday night and with them, we had everything we needed. On Sunday morning, Daysi was transported by ambulance, where she boarded the air ambulance with her grandfather, David Miranda. It took 72 hours of intensive work to make this miracle happen, for we knew that this was truly a miracle and the work of God.

I will never ever forget as I stood in Virginia, phone close to my ear, De held up the phone in El Salvador so I could hear the sound of the plane taking off. It was the sound of a chance, a life, a new beginning. I cry even now as I remember that moment.

When Daysi arrived at Shriners, they operated on her immediately because 45% of her body was burned, including most of her face and head. They had to graft skin from the unburned portions of her body and graft this onto the third degree burns that comprised nearly half of her body. Daysi was in excruciating pain but could not cry because she had been intubated. They all said she was a lucky child, for if Daysi had stayed in El Salvador, she would have died.

We thought that our best chance for getting Carlos accepted into Shriners was to present his case and make an application after Daysi had been admitted.

Once the arrangements were underway for Daysi, and while the records were being pulled together for Carlos, I turned my attention to their grandfather, David Miranda.

Daysi was expected to be at Shriners for several months and David would stay near her on the hospital grounds. While there, he would learn to care for Daysi and dress her wounds as they healed. When he was not with Daysi, he would be all alone in a foreign country. It was particularly hard since he spoke no English. I called my brother Marty, who lives about an hour from Shriners and explained the situation to him. I asked if he could visit David and take him out a few times for a break over the course of Daysi's hospitalization. Now, Marty does know a little Spanish, but beyond 'Mas cerveza por favor' and 'Donde esta el bano?', his command of the language is somewhat limited. All kidding aside, I knew that David was in good hands with Marty and that he would be well taken care of.

Next, I contacted Susan Campbell who lives close to Shriners. Susan has been a sponsor and generous supporter of OLB&S for many years. When I talked with Susan, she readily agreed to help and said she would contact other sponsors who lived in the area to visit as well.

During the time that David and Daysi were in Galveston, they experienced more of the great love and generous spirit that I constantly find in the people who are involved in NPH. Marty and Susan took care of him and made him feel

at home. Realizing that they had lost everything in the fire, Marty, his wife Kathy, and their friends gave Daysi and Carlos all sorts of clothes, toys and baby gear.

Here is a little of what Marty shared with me:

“On my first visit to Shriners to see Daysi, I expected to have trouble finding her grandfather David because I didn't know what he looked like. Given that a great many of the patients that Shriners serve are Hispanic, I was not looking forward to the embarrassment of going around the waiting room asking for David in broken (OK, near zero) Spanish. As I entered the waiting room and saw that it was fairly full of Hispanic parents, grandparents and relatives, I was able to walk right over to the man I absolutely knew was David. My secret identification technique, you ask? Just hope that the man you are looking for is wearing a bright purple T-shirt with a large picture of Fr. Wassons face plastered on the front!

On subsequent visits, I also received help with translation from Susan Campbell, as well as from my El Salvadorian housekeeper, Marina. After Marina's first visit to see Daysi, who at that time was still heavily bandaged, Marina told me, 'Martin, thank you so much for helping my people.' I thought to myself, yes, these are her people, but they are all our people as well and helping spread this message is a significant part of the NPH/OLB&S mission.”

I am so proud of my brother. Marty has always been considerate and generous to a fault, but that day, I believe his heart melted and his spirit bloomed. In that moment, he changed. He was touched and reached out with his whole heart to this family.

While Daysi was recovering, we were able to convince Shriners to accept Carlos as a patient as well. Daysi's father, Francisco Fontan, flew with Carlos to Shriners. After both were released from the hospital, Daysi, Carlos, their father and grandfather all flew back to El Salvador together, where the entire NPH family was waiting to embrace them. (Marty and Susan arranged for that too.)

My brother's and Susan's involvement does not end there though. Once the Shriners take on a patient, they commit to care for that child until they reach the age of 18. Daysi and Carlos return to Galveston each year for more operations and skin grafts. Susan and Marty arrange for the plane tickets for Daysi, Carlos, their father and grandfather and pick them up when they arrive. They take care of everything and are amazing, generous angels to this family.

Even though they are not orphans, Daysi and Carlos are a close part of the NPH family. Paty was the oldest of three children and her sister still works at NPH as a physical therapist. They are so very grateful to us for saving Daysi and thus, we are bonded forever.

My daughters, then seven and three, drew pictures for Daysi to cheer her up, and patiently stood beside me that entire weekend as I talked endlessly on the phone with De, making the arrangements for Daysi. In February of 2007, I took my children to NPH El Salvador and we had the distinct pleasure and honor of meeting Daysi Patricia Fontan Miranda. She was accompanied by her grandparents, David and Miriam, who care for her. It was clear to me, from the easy and companionable way the other children treated her, that she was quite at home at NPH and was one of the family. With a smile a mile wide, Daysi has grown into a happy and carefree five year-old, the way it should be. Every child deserves a chance.

Nancy Krafft Moyer

The Gospel According to Mom



I spent three summers of my childhood at Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. When we were in Mexico, we would go into Mexico City where it seemed that everywhere you looked, there were people begging in the street. My mother would often stop to give some money to these people. They were poor, desperate, awful, broken, injured, sick, dirty, hungry, sad and so emaciated that they looked like

they would break if you stared at them too hard. Tragically, many of them were children. But the people from NPH would insist that we not give out any money because if we did, then everyone would want money.

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Sure enough, we were immediately surrounded by dark and dirty hands, palms extended many of them far smaller than the hands of my own eight year-old. On future trips, I saw my mother reach into her purse and stop herself but I could see that it was very hard for her. She said she couldn't stand it, to look at them and not be able to do anything to help.

It is hard, if not almost impossible to ignore the plight of your fellow man as you look right into their eyes. It's much easier if you don't look. So I learned to avert my eyes. As I grew older and became more self-concerned, it became easier and easier not to look. In fact, I became quite skilled at closing my eyes to things that did not look good to me or my world. I was still a benefactor to numerous charitable causes. I wrote checks and attended charity dinners—all neat, convenient and quite removed from the cause. They were all on my time and on my terms. Then I had children and it was not so easy to be quite so self-centered. But still my eyes would not open.



Years passed and nothing changed. Then one day I became ill quite suddenly. I was sick for several years and pain was my constant companion. I was miserable, desperate, awful, broken, injured, sick, dirty, hungry, and sad and emaciated, like so many that I could not bear to look at over the years.

Father Wasson called or wrote me three or four times a year while I was sick. He always appealed to me to offer up my pain and suffering as God had sacrificed His only son. I could never get past my own terrible pain.

One day Father Wasson called and again he appealed to me, urged me to offer up my suffering. Maybe I had fallen far enough, I don't know but on that day my eyes opened and I was able to see. I stopped thinking about myself and started looking out.

Something changed in me that day; the words from the Gospel reverberated through my mind. Father Wasson was a big fan of the Gospels and the Gospel of St. Matthew has particular significance for NPH. It struck a chord in me and has helped re-fashion the fabric of my life:

'For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, a stranger and you welcomed me, naked and you clothed me, ill and you cared for me, in prison and you visited me.' Then the righteous will answer him and say, 'Lord, when did we see you hungry and feed you, or thirsty and give you drink? When did we see you a stranger and welcome you, or naked and clothe you? When did we see you ill or in prison, and visit you?' And the king will say to them in reply, 'Amen, I say to you, whatever you did for one of these least brothers of mine, you did for me.'

I am one person; I cannot do great things but I can do small things and I can certainly feed hungry people, take the time to listen, help out where I can, even if it is just a look, a smile, a touch, a word of encouragement.

Now I make a point to look for those in need of assistance. I always make eye contact when I see them and try hard to make it over to the men and women begging at the entrance to the freeway, holding their cardboard signs.

Once, after I had emptied my change compartment to give to a homeless and disabled veteran (according to his cardboard sign), my son Andrew questioned me. He said, "Mom, how do you know these guys are for real? What if he's not really homeless? What if it's just a scam, a con?" I turned to Andrew and replied, "If he's conning us, he has to live with that, but what I have to ask myself is, what if he's NOT?"

I am still recuperating from my illness. I still have limitations but I find that the more I give, the happier I am and the greater capacity I have for giving.



My life's journey would not have taken its course down this road had it not been for my family's involvement with OLB&S and support of NPH. I am grateful because my children have seen charitable good works modeled for them over and over by the most amazing people.

Not long ago, Allison, Meagan and I stopped for a late lunch at a Subway restaurant. On the way into the restaurant, I noticed a Native American woman standing outside by the curb. When we came out of the restaurant, she was still there. We approached her and said hello and asked if she was hungry. She said that she was. I gave her five dollars. She said thanks and we went to our car. As we got in, Allison said, "Mom, that's not enough money for a meal." She was right; I fished into my wallet and pulled out some more bills. Allison took the money and ran into the restaurant to give it to the woman.

These are the lessons of my life that I learned because of a little boy named Nuestros.

P.S. Shortly after Grandma Polly died we adopted two kittens. The children immediately named them William Cupcake and Robert Nuestros. They really do listen sometimes.

Nancy Krafft Moyer

Jack of All Trades



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It was in February of 2008, at the beautiful resort in Cocoyoc, Mexico, just 40 years after Frank and Polly Krafft were cast into the “Wasson” spell of service to the orphans of Mexico, my sister Sue, my dad and I were walking out of the banquet hall at the end of the annual board meeting when we were approached by Olegario Campos and Brenda Mendez (National Director and administrator of NPH in El Salvador). In Spanish, Olegario began expressing his deep appreciation for my father’s role in supporting his position at NPH El Salvador in 2001. Profusely overflowing with gratitude, tears welled up as he spoke. With Brenda translating Olegario told us the story.

It happened when the new buildings were being constructed for the permanent house in El Salvador. Olegario, aside from his primary job of running the day-to-day operation of the orphanage, found himself by default, in charge of building construction. He took on the job despite the fact that he had no previous experience in construction work.

As the construction progressed, the project costs began to exceed the approved budget. This was quickly noted by the NPH Board of Directors and cast a shadow of doubt on Olegario’s ability as an overall country director.

The board asked Frank and a volunteer engineer to go to El Salvador to investigate the situation and return with a report. Their study showed that the cost overruns were due mainly to the unbudgeted cost of removing the top few feet of volcanic ash that covered the property and replacing it with load-bearing soil. This was necessary to provide the proper foundations for the buildings. While there, Frank met with the children who were living in rented quarters so he would be familiar with the entire project.

Frank made the report to the board in which he explained that Olegario was doing an excellent job in caring for the children, his primary job, and that, considering his lack of construction experience he was doing a better than could be expected job at construction. As a result, the board allotted more money to the construction budget, hired a construction supervisor to work with Olegario and assured Olegario that his job was secure. For this, Olegario was very thankful.

To this day, Olegario has proven to be an excellent National Director in El Salvador along with his administrative partner, Brenda Mendez, who provides a complimentary match to his leadership and guidance.

Jeanne Krafft

There's Always Room for One More

When we were a young Krafft family of nine children, Grandmother Keane, Polly's grandmother, would come over and visit. She was getting up in age at that point. One of my most memorable times with her was when she would lie in her designated double bed and we would climb in, one by one and snuggle with her. When it looked like there was absolutely no more room, one more Krafft kid would come darting into the room and she would persistently say, "There's always room for one more". Reluctantly we would have to move over and let the next kid jump on and fit into the "twister" pile of arms and legs. We would giggle and laugh until we got to be too much for her and then scattered in all directions only to return later for more fun with Grandma Keane.

As we were growing up I observed my mother displaying the same attributes in her own softhearted way.

It seemed that Frank would always save and Polly would always spend. Her spending was not always in vain and family-centered, as her heart would often reach out and serve the less fortunate of the neighborhood. There were neighbors who couldn't afford to buy some of the clothes and things they needed. She would often take one of them with us on our shopping excursions to get new uniforms and saddle shoes or supplies for the current school year. We were fortunate to be able to afford what we needed and then some and this privilege rolled out to the calling needs of those circling around in her daily life.



As I grew, I often watched as she reached out when she saw a need, give larger than expected tips, make thoughtful choices to include others, and withhold judgment even when it was diametrically opposed to her personal beliefs. I heard her speak kind words that were hardly warranted, and then, birth and blend OLB&S into an already overflowing family of nine closely spaced children.

Little did I know that I was in training, observing my mother's kindness, as she couldn't or wouldn't refuse a needy request. Over the years, I've often seen my mom in action, in my mind's eye, as the stories and images of the needs of others tugged at my heart.

Growing up in the Krafft family was like living in a community. And in a community, one learns to listen and heed to the needs of others. I can't say this learning was realized as I was growing up at 1210 Hillside Terrace, as we often fought for placement in the pecking order. As time crafts, maturity wins and

the fruit falls hopefully close to this tree.

In my mother's heart, there was "always room for one more"...one more kind word, one more thoughtful gift, one more bit of tolerance for others, one more endless listening ear, one more giving moment and one more life of service.

Thank you Mom!

Jeanne Krafft

Rammed Earth

Father Wasson had a friend in Arizona who was an architect by the name of George Myers. When it was time to build the permanent facilities at Rancho Santa Fe in Honduras, he called on George. George always prided himself as being able to design very efficient and economical buildings. He was also one of the originals who were concerned with the environment.

Since George was designing in another country with a different climate and soil structure, he made a study of the conditions in Honduras. His conclusion was that the age-old method of using rammed earth in the construction of the walls of the buildings was the most effective and economical method to use. Rammed earth walls are built by compacting a soil-cement mixture into forms that create the shape of the wall. The walls end up to be two feet thick and are then covered with stucco.

One of the significant benefits of rammed earth construction is its excellent thermal mass. It heats up slowly during the day and releases heat during the evening, thus keeping the inside of the building comfortable in the nighttime. The reverse takes place during the night. This is great as long as the weather cooperates. Another significant benefit is the low cost as the basic material is the soil on the property and it's free.

Having some experience in model making, I made a scale model of the first set of buildings so Father Wasson and Reinhart could see what they would look like. The first set of buildings at Rancho Santa Fe was built using rammed earth. OLB&S sent down a new cement mixer for mixing the soil and cement. Another came from a donor in Louisiana who obtained a used one from a gas pipeline company.



What we found out was that the cost savings overall were minimal and that the construction workers didn't like the system. They liked their conventional brick and concrete pier construction which they were used to doing. And the kids really didn't notice whatever additional comfort the rammed earth walls provided. So the winner in future construction at Rancho Santa Fe went to brick and concrete pier construction.

Anyway, it was an interesting experience in age-old construction and the buildings still stand today.

Messages from Our Friends

The OLB&S Family and God's Grandeur

One of our favorite poems is "God's Grandeur" by the Jesuit poet Gerard Manley Hopkins. In this poem, Fr. Hopkins beautifully describes how the world is charged with God's great love and how this great love continually bursts forth and outshines the darkness in our human experience. What Fr. Hopkins put to words, the Krafft family, led by Frank and Polly, put into action through Our Little Brothers and Sisters.

The Krafft's let each of us see the greatness of God radiating in our everyday lives and to share that love with others. One just has to look at a single photograph of a pequeño with a beaming smile to understand. If you multiply that one photo by thousands across the decades, you start to see how vast and enveloping God's love can be and how much OLB&S have done to promote it. OLB&S has played a significant role in our lives. We first became involved in the early '90s and we've been hooked ever since. The Krafft's were instrumental in our involvement from the start. They helped Bob set up a year of volunteer service as a young doctor at the hospital in Haiti. They continued to help as Meg and Bob have tried to put together various medical missions. They were even present at Bob Sr.'s memorial service after the events of 9-11.

Dark times shadow all of us at different points in our lives. Through OLB&S, the Krafft's have given us all a point of light to see and share the beauty of life through God's love. For this, we are forever grateful.

God Bless,
The Ferris Family

God's Grandeur

by Fr. Gerard Manley Hopkins, SJ

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to greatess, like the ooze of oil
Crushed. Why do men then now not wreck his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;
And all is seared with trade; Bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil is bare now,
nor can foot feel, being shod.
And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black West went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs -
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! Bright wings.



More Than a Job

One morning I picked up the Washington Post and the classified section fell out and opened to an ad that commanded my attention. The headline read, "More than a Job" and I immediately knew that my reply was, "More than an Employee". It prompted me to look up the organization and write a personal letter to the president and founder, Mr. Frank Krafft. After

meeting Frank, his lovely wife Polly and the rest of the OLB&S staff, I knew that I found just the place to use my experience for the greater good. I was ecstatic when Frank asked me to join the team.

I explained to Frank that I would need to give a month notice to my current job as they were right in the middle of a benefits rollover. The look on his face made me quickly realize that he needed help immediately so I asked what his first priority was and started on it as a volunteer right away. I gave notice to the firm and the following week found out that I had thyroid cancer. I didn't know what that would bring and knew that OLB&S needed someone they could count on. I recall sitting at my kitchen table seeking the advice of a good friend (and current regional board member) contemplating whether or not to take the job. After she left, I called Frank to share the news and told him that I wasn't sure about starting, stating that I had a surgery date scheduled and suggested that he might look for someone else. In his wisdom Frank said, "Why don't you follow-up with your doctors and just see what they have to say?" A few hours passed when the doorbell rang and to my surprise I received flowers for no reason that I was aware of. I opened the card and it read: "We are waiting for you, OLB&S".

I was asked to write a story or reflection about my time with OLB&S. This is my beginning but only one of many stories that reflect the goodness of Frank Krafft. Frank has been a constant source of wisdom, guidance and support. I remind him whenever I can that he got me into this...weeks away from my family, ringworm, turista, adventurous plane landings and interesting transportation. He failed to mention that fantastic food, authentic margaritas, and an annual musical night with his son Steve were part of the job description.

Most lacking in the spirit of full-disclosure was that my life would be forever changed by the love of the children, the people that I have the privilege to work with, the many supporters who have their own story and the sheer inner joy that comes from being part of this NPH family. I should have been more aware of NPH's influence when I learned that Frank and his family had dedicated over 40 years to its support. The Krafft's footprint is a large one to fill; I pray to do in my lifetime what they have accomplished in theirs!

Jennifer A. Rayno
Regional Director

Friends of the Orphans Mid-Atlantic/Northeast Region



I met Polly and Frank soon after I started supporting NPH back in 1967. I couldn't believe that Frank started mailings to raise money, with his family licking the stamps. In those early days, they received dollar donations. Later, they would increase from 25 to 50 dollars and I was pleased for the Krafft family and NPH. Soon we were accepted and rewarded with big contributions from major corporations. I always

believed in Frank and his family to help Fr. Wasson. I was never disappointed by their progress but it did take years.

Frank was soft spoken and humble as he gave his reports. He never took any credit for his amazing accomplishments until he retired after the death of his beloved Polly. God bless her for following him in his dream and their success in the mailings. We were the founders who brought money to Fr. Wasson so he could continue his dream to help any child without a family to care for them. God bless him for his forethought and his desire to see they were all fed, educated loved and supported in this world of ours.

I applaud Polly, Frank and their family, who helped Fr. Wasson, reach his goals. Thank God for Frank and his family for their loyalty. I admire you all for your contribution for without that, we wouldn't be where we are today. God is good for we had a slow beginning, but, we will all have a happy ending, God willing.

Arlene Kieta



OLB&S EUROPE—it all started with Frank and Polly Krafft

Frank and Polly's ancestors emigrated from Switzerland so Frank's work was really "back to his roots". By intuition, he no doubt felt he would find financial resources in the countries here. A century ago many Europeans traveled the opposite way.

Frank came armed with modern marketing instruments presented to him by HVB International Ltd., and their European partner SAZ Marketing Services GmbH, Germany/Austria. In the fall of 1984 they started prospect mailings in enormous quantities, followed by house mailings in very short intervals. In the beginning too many were planned for the slightly shocked European people. An Austrian journalist wrote articles investigating this American priest Fr. Wasson who wore a Franciscan habit without being a Franciscan.

In St. Gallen, where OLB&S Switzerland was founded and registered in 1985, prospect mailings were not allowed as there was the danger of confusing two charities with similar names. The bishop was not willing to give an audience to Fr. Wasson. Fortunately, the first Swiss volunteer who had worked in Mexico was able to publish a report in the local newspaper about Fr. Wasson and why he wore the Franciscan habit.

After some turbulent starting years under the guidance of consultants hired by Frank, the Austrian, German and Swiss offices became more and more independent. We would however, collaborate directly with Frank. He learned that native office managers would better know the peculiarities of the home markets. We convinced the boards that a majority of board members also be nationals. This was essential for them to be fully accepted by the authorities

and future donors. Our American partners noticed that our dedication to Father Wasson's work was the same and our financial results were good and stable.

The contacts with Frank and his family, (mainly Polly and Nancy) were always very friendly and open. We appreciated Frank's knowledge and seriousness in the financial business. At all times, his transactions were correct and transparent and confirmed by professional audits. We knew that Frank and his family were deeply convinced of Father Wasson's vision and work. As a realistic person however, Frank tried at times to hold Father Wasson back from rather unrealistic plans when other friends did not dare.

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Frank's 40 years of very successful volunteering in favor of NPH has deeply impressed us. He was and still is a role model. We thank him for all he has done and send our very best wishes from Europe, especially from Mels and Biberstiein (Frank and Polly's native villages).

Bernhard Ruthermann
NPH Switzerland
and European Coordinating Committee, Board Member



We became acquainted with Father Wasson and Frank Krafft when NPH Mexico sent a request through the Canadian fundraising office for a farming couple to help organize the land operations in Miacatlan. My wife Emma and I went to Miacatlan in March of 1982 and stayed for three months.

During that time, I recognized that to have a positive effect on the farm, NPH should try to get someone with a farming background who could stay for one or two years to gauge the livestock breeding and crop growing cycles and give advice on a long-term basis. That was my written recommendation.

In 1983, Father Wasson visited Canada and talked Emma and me into coming to Mexico for two years. In February 1984, we moved to Cuernavaca. When we left in April 1986, Miacatlan was self-sufficient in meat production (pork and chicken), had surplus maize to sell, and supplied the kitchen with daily vegetables. Over the years, I received monthly farm reports and have visited Miacatlan once or twice a year.

Frank and Polly appreciated these early efforts to produce all the food for the home, and always encouraged our work. Over the years as NPH expanded its reach, I also visited and advised at the farms in Honduras and Nicaragua. The support for this work was made possible only with the help of the busy office of OLB&S, where Frank and Nancy handled the transfer of funds from Canada and continued to do so for the support of the all NPH homes beyond Mexico. Emma and I are grateful for the unique lifetime experiences and great friendships we have made through our involvement with NPH. Frank and Polly's encouragement throughout the years made moving ahead, in support of NPH and the children, a direction that we enjoyed then and continue to do so now.

Ewald and Emma Lammerding



In the summer of 1979, we were getting ready to move to Honduras. Our church announced that they were hosting an Estudiantina group from Mexico and were looking for host families. With four young children of our own, and having just worked on our Spanish, we were eager to practice. We volunteered to host two students during their visit. They came to our home and we all had a wonderful time. Our

children still remember the fun we had connecting with these special children.

Little did we know that our encounter with those children would result in a nearly 30-year commitment to Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. The children put on a lovely program, but even more importantly, we heard a compelling story that continues to captivate our attention.

Since then we have had the opportunity to live in Honduras, Mexico and Haiti and to see NPH at work first-hand. In Haiti, we were introduced to Fr. Rick Frechette, one of the most amazing people we have ever known.

What we really didn't know at the time was the role that Frank and Polly Krafft had in all of this. When we finally met these two humble, soft-spoken people we were clearly in the presence of people allowing themselves to be led by the hand of God. There is no other way to explain it. They had children of their own and were well within their rights to pour all their time and effort and resources into their own family. But they didn't. They set an example few of us can ever hope to emulate. In reality they are the ones who brought NPH to the Conaway household. We are forever in their debt.

Vern & Mary Sue Conaway



Father Wasson used to occasionally call my husband Armando his oldest son. They knew each other before Father Wasson was ordained into the priesthood. At that time, Bill Wasson was a counselor at the American High School in Mexico City.

Many years passed. We had started our family and career in Germany and one day television showed a film "A Father and his 1000 Children". During our next trip to Mexico we looked for Father Wasson but he was away traveling. We left our hellos and address.

In 1984 we received a phone call from Father Wasson, saying that he was planning a fundraising campaign in Germany. Frank and Polly Krafft helped us devotedly and enormously to get this ball rolling. In the following years we got to know Father Wasson very well and he stayed with us numerous times.

Father Wassons' deep spirituality, his immense knowledge of the scriptures and his love for mankind, specifically his children, moved us to the roots. He was always thinking and looking for ways to promote his children. When he found out that German university education was free, he brought six pequeños/as over to study here. Father's unselfish manner impressed me so much and influenced my life greatly. During his last days, when he could not walk or eat, he was thinking of others. Armando and our son Pedro, who is a priest, went to see him in Arizona a few days before he passed away. They had said good-bye and as they were leaving the room, Father called Pedro back and said to him, "I know your mother is undergoing an operation shortly. Tell her she will be alright". Thank you Father Bill and thank GOD that He gave him to us.

Sigrid L. Arteaga



I first met Frank, Polly and the Krafft family at the International Board Meeting in Cocoyoc in February, 1990 when I was a year-long volunteer at NPH Mexico. What I clearly remember was their extreme generosity, care, concern and absolute loyalty to NPH. Throughout the years, my esteem and impression of them has continued to grow. It has been my honor and joy to continue to know the Krafft's and witness their kindness put into action to make NPH and this world a better place.

Throughout the years, what has impressed me most about OLB&S is not only their great success in their fundraising efforts, but also how they have traveled far and wide to inspire others to support NPH. Because of their international outreach, they have helped to establish other people and offices to support and fund NPH.

OLB&S will live on in the heart and soul of NPH for generations to come. I continue to thank God for walking the path of life with such wonderful and selfless people.

Peace and all good things.

Padre Ron Hicks
Regional Director, NPH Central America



Frank and Polly are the great pillars in the foundation of Our Little Brothers and Sisters. Personally, I owe my ministry and fulfillment in the religious formation of thousands of boys and girls to Frank's careful relay of funds to our program when I began in 1980.

Frank was always there to cover situations that needed to be solved. Efficiency and foresight were his great qualities as he paid for retreats, vocational formation, sacramental celebrations and since 1992, to cover the expenses of the catechists.

No tribute can be sufficient for all that Frank and Polly did for the NPH family. Blessings and joy for Frank and dear Polly, and all of us who continue to be part of the religious formation of the children.

Sister Elizabeth (Yvonne) Murray Campbell
CCVI

When I volunteered at NPH I brought funds to support my work. I was referred to OLB&S where I got to know Frank and Polly. As an engineer, I assisted in the design and construction of the irrigation reservoir and system at the main house in Miacatlan, Mexico. Through my association with OLB&S, I got to know Frank who efficiently took care of business with me. Polly was more in the background but just as vital. More important than the business transaction, Frank was a tremendous example to me of kindness, gentleness, and dedication. Frank's smile and down-to-earth way always put people at ease. He gave more than I ever could possibly give. He is a role model to me and his example continually motivates me, even 20 years later.

My time at NPH was the most beautiful experience that I have had in my life, and I partially owe that personal and professional arrangement to Frank and Polly. OLB&S deserves just as much credit as the rest of those involved with the project, for making a more continual supply of water (and thus food) for the orphanage available. Hats off to Frank and Polly - their lives have made a tremendous difference.

David Bates, P.E., Ph.D.



My name is Lydia Verlé. I'm French and I've been working at Nos Petits Frères et Soeurs France (NPFS) since May, 2000. My positions at NPFS were numerous and I can say that I love NPH tremendously, in spite of the many difficulties encountered during those years. What made me love NPH so much were men like Father Wasson and Frank Krafft.

One day, Father Wasson answered a French journalist who asked if he had never been afraid of lacking money for the children. Father Wasson answered with a peaceful smile, "Oh, when this kind of thought comes into my mind, I run to the police station and fetch more children." I knew that I was in the right place and that trusting Divine Providence makes all the difference.

Frank also comforted me in my position. He does not speak a lot, but his serene smile and loving look are the best passports to make people around him happy.

Lydia Verlé
NPFS France



Frank's Gift

We all know that Frank Krafft is father to many, grandfather to many more, and godfather to countless children through his lifelong passion, love and commitment to Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. As in all successful organizations (as well as marriages!) there is typically one person who assumes the role of the visionary, while the other

quietly implements that vision into a reality. While both Fr. Wasson and Frank have both characteristics, none will doubt that it was primarily Fr. Wasson's limitless vision along with Frank's humble but tireless implementation of that vision that helped make NPH the vast international organization that it is today. In speaking in broad generalities, however, one can overlook the individual contributions that Frank has made.

One such example occurred 23 years ago in the name of a young boy named Santos Martinez. Santos came to our new orphanage in Honduras where he had been found homeless, sick and begging in the streets of Tegucigalpa by Fr. Rick Frechette—a hero to us in his own right.

Like many children in Latin America, Santos' story began with heartbreak. By the age of seven, he was left homeless and working as an indentured servant. Santos recalled, "One day I was picking beans in a field where they sprayed a cloud of something that smelled bad. I began to cough up blood and woke up two weeks later in a hospital. The doctor told me that my liver went bad". Reinhart Koehler, then National Director, and Fr. Rick took Santos to an available hospital. The news was not good. Santos was diagnosed as having advanced cirrhosis, a breakdown of liver function probably due to the



pesticides that he was forced to work in. He began to lose his appetite and energy and his skin began to turn yellow. Pitifully, as Santos became skinnier his abdomen began to swell with fluid buildup. Every specialist that examined him in Honduras agreed that nothing could be done: Santos would die within the year unless he received a liver transplant.

Santos' only hope for survival was treatment in the U.S. but that was both uncertain and extraordinarily expensive. Having formally served as a volunteer in Honduras, I discovered that a local hospital, St. Christopher's in Philadelphia had an excellent pediatric transplant program. When Reinhart, Fr. Rick and I consulted with Frank, his initial response was whether we felt such a plan was feasible, followed by his total support. As a result of Frank's backing, Santos came to Philadelphia in 1988 and stayed with me while we anxiously awaited a donor liver and while the necessary funds were gathered.



It was during that time that I came to realize Frank's gift. He is a man of great compassion and of endless possibilities, or in other words, he is a man of faith. Many in his position as president of OLB&S, would have chosen the approach that with so many thousands of children to care for, we could not afford the risk—if we couldn't do it for all, then we should not do it for one. But that's not who Frank is. Due to his support, Santos came to Philadelphia and received the transplant. It was not an easy journey, but after six months in the intensive care unit and one year to the date of his arrival in Philadelphia, Santos returned to Honduras happy, healthy and celebrating his new life.

Today, Santos is 39 years old, married with two biological sons, a relative's child and two street children whom he took into his home and is raising as his own. His lesson of receiving love and giving it back was well-learned. It is said that we are not so measured by our "no's" in life but rather by our willingness to say "yes" to decisions made in love, especially those that require sacrifice and risk. Thanks to Frank's "yes", Santos is raising his family as a living example of that love.

Juan Guerra



I remember clearly how we started fundraising in Europe. Father Wasson asked me to choose three of the Estudiantina kids who were good enough to be able to play masses and do a few songs by themselves, for a trip to Austria. Frank was going also. We arrived to find Father Wasson's picture on the front page of the Vienna newspaper, with charges that he was a fraud. The singing routine that we planned to

win over some hearts and minds was put on the back burner. Meeting after meeting was held in the hotel lobby, and Frank was quite calm (as he always is) through it all. With Frank guiding the discussions with our representative and legal counsel, he navigated us to a solution and an eventual press retraction.

When we left Vienna, I was so disgusted with the whole affair that I was ready to come home and forget all about even trying to start fundraising in Europe. But Frank knew better, and thanks be to God that his calm nature won the day, because if it hadn't, we would never be serving children in all the countries where we are today.

Father Phil Cleary
President, NPH International



To remember Fr. Wasson is to remember Frank Krafft and to remember NPH is to remember OLB&S. The two men and the two organizations they created have been completely intertwined and synergistic, and blessed by God for many decades. Consequently, they have enabled each other to deepen, to grow, and to spread their influence around the world, for the good of children in need.

Yet the two men were vastly different. One was swept away by intuition, enthusiasm and visions of what “could be” for children. He couldn’t sit still for long, changed his mind often, and was not easily predictable. The other was inspired by this, wanted to help, but was grounded in the world of practicalities, zip codes and logistics. He was steady, faithful, cool and consistent.

One was a dreamer; the other was practical and content to be behind the scenes. But they taught each other a bit of each other’s world, and the dreamer could at times, understand a detail from the practical one but not quite as often as the practical one could be convinced to throw his lot with Providence.

They would travel together, plan together, share problems and dreams together and yet would often not see things the same way, agree on a plan, or have the same approach to solving a problem. But the dream that they shared, kept them together for the love of the orphaned children in the world.

Thanks to Frank, Polly and their family, OLB&S started at their kitchen table and spread all over Western Europe. This marvel enabled NPH to expand beyond Mexico to eight other Latin American countries. Only the remarkable lives of the children made this happen for both the visionary and the practical man.

Over the years, many pequeños participated in studies, fundraising, and projects of OLB&S. Many of the Krafft’s penetrated the world of NPH as volunteers, rescuers and supporters. One thinks of the recent and beautiful involvement of Marty Krafft with the tragic burns suffered by Daisy in the fire that killed her mother and burned her brother in El Salvador. Marty is still involved in her care at the Shriners Hospital in Galveston, Texas.

Many years have gone by, the good times and the bad, the joy and the sorrow; the weeds and the wheat, which our Lord assures us, will always accompany us until the great harvest. These have all blended together and have all been part of how we got to where we are today.

We are still far from the great harvest. Yes, we have to marvel at where we have been, and at where we are, but also we must look to tomorrow’s horizon, glad for giants like Bill and Frank and the twin giants, NPH and OLB&S which they created and personified. They strongly united together to continue to help the children, willing to suffer their differences and contradictions and the seemingly incompatibility of their gifts.

Like threads whose colors don’t seem a good match when sitting on a shelf, yet they blend so beautifully together in the hands of a Master Weaver’s tapestry. So it is that only God knows how to match up our gifts, even when we find the match difficult and confusing to achieve what He wills. Let’s will what He will, for Bill and Frank, for NPH and OLB&S, for the children and for the wise use of our gifts for their good.

Ad multos annos
Fr. Rick Frechette
National Director, NPFS Haiti



I remember Frank Krafft the first time he walked into the NPH general offices in Cuernavaca. At the time I used to live there. He was very well-dressed with his light yellow sweater and beige trousers. Frank must have been inspecting the buildings or just looking for somebody because he was all by himself. At the time I did not know who he was, but that impression stayed in my mind.

During the years I started to see Frank more often since he always attended the board meetings in February for NPH. I used to help in the offices translating letters for the sponsors and helped at the courtesy desk for board meetings. Frank was and still is a big believer in education and always promoted the Montessori method for the younger children. I was granted a scholarship to study the Montessori method in Washington D.C. in 1981, and it was at that time that I became closer to Frank and his family. I was welcomed to his home and stayed for about a month, sharing a small trailer with one of his sons. It was a challenging experience for me as that was the first time I had to adjust to a different life-style than the one I knew at NPH.

Frank and Polly were like real parents to me as they personally helped me to find an apartment and showed me how to use public transportation. Polly took me shopping several times to make sure that I had what I needed for school. I remember she was particularly worried about the winter, since I had no idea how cold it could get there. She took me to a store to buy very warm clothes. I had never worn such thick jackets or rubber shoe protectors for the snow. When the snow storms arrived, I understood very well the need for such clothes. I remember enjoying the snow so much and the views at the

zoo because all of this was so new to me. I was the only one walking in the snow both during and after a storm.

Even though I was 24 years-old already, Polly and Frank would call and check once in a while to make sure that I was doing fine. After I finished my obligations with NPH, I worked in the U.S. for three years as a Montessori guide. Fr. Wasson then invited me to return to work for our NPH family and I was very pleased to accept this invitation. From then on, I would see Frank more often or hear about him since he was always on-call to rescue the National Directors when they needed money. I especially admire Frank for his humbleness. He could raise a lot of money for NPH and yet appear as the kindest, nicest person anyone could meet. I always admired Frank and his relationship with Polly.

Thank you Frank and all your family for the sacrifice and dedication to your second family of NPH.

Alfonso Leon Balderas
Family Services, NPH International



If one person can change the world, imagine what a family of 11 can do. Raising nine children must be a daunting task but Frank and Polly Krafft raised theirs by involving them in supporting the NPH family. For more than 40 years, the Krafft family quietly raised hundreds of millions of dollars to help feed, clothe, cure and educate thousands of children. Raising the funds meant raising children, giving them a better future to be better citizens in the societies where they grew up.

Polly and Frank, both quiet and unassuming in their way, yet extremely hard-working, determined to get things done. I especially remember the days when Father Wasson had branched out to Honduras to start a new NPH home in late 1985. Frank, Polly and Father had started fundraising a year earlier in Europe and Father Wasson was not the kind of person to let money sit in the bank when there was so much need.

Frank was actively involved in scouting for properties and advising us on construction materials and techniques. We began working with children in the mountains south of Tegucigalpa while building the new home north east of the capital. Internet, e-mail, cell phones simply did not exist. The new technical revolution was a machine called a FAX, which we used extensively to send Frank information about all the things we needed. The monthly budget, special medicine, a spare part for a bus that weighed over 100 pounds, two fully-equipped dental consoles were not only shipped but also installed by Frank's brother. We continue to use that equipment 22 years later.

No matter how odd the item or how difficult to find, there was one word we never heard from Frank: "No!" A typical answer would be: "I'll see what I can do."

And almost always, Frank came up with what we needed in a timely fashion. Frank had become the backbone of our operation, a strong column of support that allowed us to do all the things we needed to get done.

Over the years an interesting race ensued between Frank, raising more funds, and Father Wasson, spending the money even quicker to help all the many children in need. As Father added more homes and additional projects, the yearly budget meetings became an exercise in cutting, cutting and even more cutting from the proposed budgets. Despite all the cuts, we were always short to present a balanced budget and the final question and answer always was, "We are \$500,000 short. What do we do?" And all heads turned to Frank who simply would smile and say, "I'll see what I can do." And Frank, Polly and the Krafft family raised those additionally needed funds.

While OLB&S has diminished its operations in the U.S., the foundations started by Frank and Polly in Europe, now independent from OLB&S, continue to provide over half of the funding for the NPH homes. The gift of life, started many years ago, has turned into a gift of a lifetime, and a legacy that will continue for many years to come. The opportunity for orphaned and abandoned children to grow up in a loving and secure family environment bringing out the best in all these precious children whose gifts to the world would have otherwise been lost to humanity.

On behalf of all our children, the ones who have already grown up at our homes, the ones who are here now and the ones to come in the future, thank you Frank, Polly, and the whole Krafft family for such a wonderful gift.

Reinhart Koehler
Director of Family Services, NPH International



In the early years of NPH, when there was little in the way of a formal organization to Father Wasson's work, Frank and Polly put together what was to become the paragon of non-profit organizations dedicated to the work of Father Wasson. As OLB&S expanded along with Father Wasson's care of more and more children, this Krafft Family organization set the gold standard for all of the future NPH non-profits to follow.

Frank developed a unique relationship with Father Wasson that was both an intimate life-long friendship and a stewardship as conservator of the donations of thousands of Father Wasson's generous supporters. As friends, Frank and Father Wasson shared the most intimate and sensitive issues of the growing NPH family. As a steward of the growing funds supporting NPH, Frank brought an element of practical wisdom to Father Wasson's exuberant vision.

Together, they built NPH, and I think NPH would be much smaller and less international had this unlikely partnership of priest and construction contractor not marched hand-in-hand to guide NPH to the nine-home family it is today.

The future for OLB&S continues to look as bright as it did 40 years ago when it was only a kernel in Frank's imagination as Frank passes the torch and the remarkable history to his and Polly's very talented children. There are over 15,900 pequeño/as who have Frank and Father Wasson to thank, and there will be another 15,000 and another 15,000 after that who will benefit far into the future on the wings of an OLB&S built by Frank and Polly and the Krafft family.

Bud Greer
Administrator, NPH International



My first memories of OLB&S are about the conflict between them and Friends of Our Little Brothers (FOLB) now known as Friends of the Orphans. My recollection is that the conflict stemmed from egos and was about territory-wanting credit for sponsors and/or donors. I recall being in a meeting and discussing a possible merger of the two organizations thinking that joint donor systems and marketing would provide economies of scale and would be beneficial. I left the meeting knowing that it was never going to happen. Of course I was an FOLB employee and I didn't know Frank very well at the time. This was around 1978.

My next recollection of OLB&S was in 1979. A woman arranged for a tour for the Estudiantina and Ballet Folklorico throughout the southeast ending in Washington D.C. Something went awry and the woman flaked out. Father Wasson asked me to finish organizing the tour. I ended up staying at the Krafft household for three or four weeks, driving a borrowed VW and working out of Bob Woody's law firm. The troupe performed at 13 stops beginning in Atlanta and ending on the steps of the U.S. Capitol. The program was hosted by the late Helen Hayes. I chauffeured her around afterwards in the borrowed, beat-up, VW bug that had to be pushed in order to start!

I was reunited with the Krafft family in Houston on the way to Tegucigalpa, Honduras for the annual NPH meeting in February 2006. I was made an honorary member of the family as they graciously invited me to share their table for meals and much fun was enjoyed by all!

Rob Messer



I met Frank Krafft in 1989 when I was going to school in Miami, but even before I met him I heard so many good things about him. One afternoon I received a phone call from Frank. He told me about a young man who was sick in Honduras and needed a blood transfusions and that he was going to organize to get blood to him on Taca, a Salvadorian airline. Frank asked me to go to the airport to the Taca office

and so I went with the blood in a thermos to keep it cold. I did this for a few months until the pequeño no longer needed it.

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I got to know Frank better during this time. I learned so many things about him: how he loved the pequeños and how he was always trying to help them. I was frequently phoning him asking him for things for Haiti whenever we needed to buy school supplies, medicine, containers, etc. At that time we knew he was the one who could tell us if we have enough money in the bank.

Frank always found a way to help us get whatever we needed for the children. The people, who know Frank, know that he never says “no” to NPH.

One thing I noticed about Frank and Polly was that not only did they spend all their quality time with NPH, but they also always invited their children and grandchildren to the NPH board meeting every year. You could always see the love their children had for their parents and for NPH. Whenever I was at one of the board meetings they always came with great ideas on how to raise money for NPH and even their grandson saved his birthday money to donate. I am sure Polly is looking over her husband, children and of course her NPH family. May God bless Polly for the good work she has done for humanity by raising money to help us save so many children in nine countries.

On behalf of all the children in Haiti I would like to say a big thanks to Krafft family for dedicating all their lives to support NPH. May the dream of Krafft family, Our Little Brothers and Sisters, live forever within all the NPH homes.

Ferel Bruno
House Director, NPFS Haiti

Kaiser Scherer & Schlegel, PLLC audited OLB&S for over twenty years. I started as the audit senior and left as the audit partner. Frank and Polly amazed me with their dedication, organization, and determination to sustain and help NPH grow. They gave their time and talent asking nothing in return. They housed the OLB&S fundraising, budgeting, accounting, and business operations in the lower level of their home. As the number of orphanages increased and the accounting rules and regulations became more complex, they just worked harder and harder, keeping the staff as limited as possible. This organization had to have the lowest ratio of general and admin costs of any nonprofit.

In my 25-years of auditing and consulting, I have never met a man as dedicated and humble and hard-working as Frank Krafft. Without Frank, Polly, and brilliant daughter, Nancy, NPH would have had great difficulty in growing and sustaining itself. May the NPH family never forget this remarkable family without whom NPH could never have become the successful international organization that it is today.

Ann Bryan, CPA



While I was working as an assistant to the house director at Buen Señor in Mexico, Father Wasson asked me if I would help run the newly-opened house in Guatemala as an administrator and accountant. I told Father Wasson that I didn't have any knowledge of accounting or administration as my major was computer science with a minor in math. But as you well know, Father Wasson was very persuasive and convinced me to go to Guatemala.

Since the moment I arrived, I began to learn the basics of accounting and the OLB&S team was very helpful. OLB&S acted as the umbrella finance organization for NPH. I found all of the answers from Frank and daughter Nancy. Both Frank and Nancy were very patient and walked me through finances and accounting for the two years I was in Guatemala. OLB&S was unconditionally there for us when we were short of funds or whenever we had a financial emergency. After I left Guatemala, I continued working with the OLB&S team. Even today I can still go to OLB&S and they are there to help us find a solution. It is a pleasure to work with Frank and Nancy; they are great assets to the NPH family.

Miguel Venegas
Director of Finances, NPH International



When I was hired for two months to help with the combined audit of the years 2002-2003, I thought it was a job like many others, but four years later I am still here. I have become part of the OLB&S family, which has a strong bond and also part of the NPH family. It was never easy but when you see the smiling faces of NPH kids, you are rewarded.

I come from the Soviet Union where philanthropy and charity didn't exist when I was growing up. Every year I go back to Kazakhstan and Russia for vacation and many people ask me what Americans are like. Usually I tell about the special people like Frank, Polly, Fr. Wasson, Fr. Rick and Fr. Phil, Joan and Janet, Sr. Phyllis and Sr. Alana and about their dedication to the children of NPH. NPH is a place where there is a tremendous concentration of great, passionate and humble people. I am grateful to Frank for opening the door to the NPH world to me and my family.

For two people to create a legacy of nine successful, happy and kind adults is incredible, but Frank and Polly didn't stop there. They worked hard to raise their children who bore their name, as well as help the 15,900 pequeños of NPH and all the people involved in the OLB&S family.

There was something so special that Polly made everyone feel like the tenth child. Then there is Frank who is always ready to listen and help. Giving of himself is so natural and so ingrained; it is though it is necessary for him as a person. I've never met anyone like him and I don't think I ever will again.

Aya Akykhan
Controller, NPH International USA



I remember thinking that Frank and Polly Krafft were magicians, turning a kitchen fundraising adventure into a multimillion dollar a year sophisticated fundraising enterprise. It was hard for me to believe that Frank or Polly did anything else but look for money and yet there was, I knew, a business and a large family to look after. I remember Father Wasson's mood swings with almost everyone, but especially with Frank. I believe that whenever Father realized that without OLB&S he could not operate, he would ignore Frank for a little while, but Frank was steadfast in his support. I remember Father seeking Frank's advice on several key programs and then not taking it. This, of course, happened occasionally to everyone whose advice and counsel was sought. While some of us took offense, Frank and Polly never, ever wavered in their support for the children of NPH.

Without the many, many years of help from the Kraffts and OLB&S, I don't believe that NPH could really have existed, never mind grown as it has. In my

mind, Frank and his family and their OLB&S organization are the largely unsung heroes of the Father Wasson story. I was honored to be asked to form part of the OLB&S board and was always impressed with the careful preparation made for each board meeting throughout the years, as well as with the almost always good financial news reported.

OLB&S continues to play an important, if decreasing role in the support and success of NPH efforts both in the U.S. and abroad. I am hopeful that regardless of the changes in the entire NPH organization, NPHI, Friends of the Orphans and the European institutions, that OLB&S will continue to serve the children.

There is a saying that "no man stands so tall as when he stoops to help a child." Frank is one of the tallest men I know.

Gene Latham

Back in 1978 when I began a 15 year stint as an informal art teacher to the children of NPH, Frank Krafft was our anchor!

He was and still is the honest, dependable, unfailingly helpful person who knows how to manage monetary gifts to NPH through OLB&S. Frank was the man to whom we sent our funds when my group of young artisans began to earn money from organizations such as Save the Children. Their catalogue featured illustrations of some of the pequeños designs for greeting cards, painted ceramics, papier mache bracelets and ceramic crosses. When the German Kindermissionwerke bought thousands of ceramic crosses, Frank Krafft, with his quiet, steady mix of support and dependability was our source. He became our consultant and our banker.

Through OLB&S, Frank took care of our group's earning and with his knowledge of NPH, he knew how to be supportive of the things that were needed in Miacatlan: things that my student's earnings could pay for. When they earned their first money, my students bought a pair of really first-class sneakers for every kid in NPH. That was around 1,000 pairs! Then later, when they earned more money, Frank suggested that they pay for the purchase of a new pump for the old well in Miacatlan and our group did. Still later, they bought especially designed state-of-the-art playground equipment for their younger brothers and sisters. And finally, with our very large sales of thousands of hand painted ceramic crosses, the members of my art classes proudly donated \$15,000 of their earnings to their brothers and sisters in Haiti.

From the moment that Fr. Wasson began to expand his mission to other countries, I observed that Frank's conservative approach tended to offer a quiet but firm balance to Father's enthusiasm. Frank and Polly were very fond of Sister Fidelis and Sister Philomena and they helped calm matters when Fr. Bill was putting pressure on the sisters to move their impeccable clinic in Cuernavaca to Miacatlan. The sisters saw no reason to move to Miacatlan, and they received comfort and support from Frank and Polly in their decision to hold fast.

My whole experience in Mexico was much more wonderful than I realized at the time it was all happening. Frank and Polly are examples of the kind of people who, as members of Fr. Wasson's big family, taught me about the value of unwavering friendship and fidelity to what Father called his "witness".

I remember when a young pequeña, Gloria Vasquez, graduated from the Montessori Training School in Washington D.C. Frank and Polly were present for her graduation and I remember that Frank was so moved and proud of Gloria. He had helped her with practical matters, including finding good and safe living arrangements in student quarters and all the many other peripheral but relevant details that had to be dealt with. This is another example of the many practical attentions that they gave freely to all the pequeños who came here. They were CONNECTED! I think that Frank and Polly always had a close rapport with individual members of other NPH fundraising groups in the U.S.; and later, with the members of international groups. Frank has kept himself informed about all that is going on in NPH and has maintained an iron hand in the proverbial "velvet glove of charity"!

Helen Stern



I am a psychologist and I arrived in Mexico with my wife Sandylee in 1960, to work with Dr. Erich Fromm who introduced me to Father Wasson around 1961. Soon after, Father Wasson encouraged me to study the children at NPH, and what we discovered was really impressive. We found that the children who came were depressed, unhappy and pessimistic, but after two years, they were totally transformed.

They became hopeful and happy. I was convinced by this that Father Wasson was doing something extraordinary, and I wanted to learn how he did it. He described to me his principles of unconditional love, individual responsibility, work, education and sharing. Dr. Fromm and I wrote about NPH in our book "Social Character in a Mexican Village" (1970, 1996).

Father Bill and I became good friends and began a 40-year dialogue about the children, volunteers, the scriptures and life in general. When he started getting volunteers at NPH, he was concerned that some of them had the wrong motivation. He didn't want people with the children who were autocratic, or were holier than thou. He wanted volunteers who really loved children, and he asked me to interview and pass on all the applicants. In the beginning, I was able to interview all of them personally, but then as Frank started to establish all these European relationships, I had to design a questionnaire to probe for their motivation and values.

I don't remember when, but Father Bill introduced me to Frank. It was a time when he was very concerned about Bob Conte, his assistant who later went off to run his own orphanage with Native Americans in New Mexico. Father Wasson was worried that Frank might be seduced by Conte and raise money

for him rather than for NPH, so he wanted me to persuade Frank that Bob Conte was not such a great person and he should stay with Father Wasson.

I got to know Frank and soon after he asked me to join the OLB&S board, which I did for many years. All I remember about this is that I did everything Frank asked me to do.

Frank seemed to have a magic touch with raising money for NPH. I would describe him with four adjectives; dedicated, courageous, practical, and stubborn. I say courageous because of Frank's response to our problem in Belgium. Father Wasson supported somebody he should not have supported who inadvertently got the government to think we were doing something illegal with our fundraising. Frank went over there to protect NPH's interests with the risk of going to jail. I was extremely impressed by his courage and dedication.

I recognized how supportive Polly was, but Polly was not extremely talkative so I didn't have much conversation with her, but I knew how important she was to Frank and NPH. I also got to know some of Frank and Polly's children. I met Nancy, when she began to work for OLB&S. I was impressed by her competence and her dedication, just like her father. Frank and Polly have done a great job raising daughters who are so beautiful and so nice. Steve is also pretty great.

The role of OLB&S has been crucial for NPH. We never could have expanded from one to nine countries without OLB&S. I should also point out that Frank's role was not just fundraising. He would go to the countries with Father Wasson and scope out locations for the homes. He was very helpful offering advice

about the construction. He has been involved in developing the new homes although sometimes getting into conflict with Father Wasson over his ideas about where the homes should be.

Frank and Father Wasson were contrasts in personality, but they needed each other to build NPH. Father Wasson was the visionary who always wanted to do more, who didn't worry about how to get there, who let other people work out how to do it. Frank was a practical man who was always thinking: How we are going to do it? Where will we find the funds? That's a recipe for conflict.

While Father Wasson deeply appreciated Frank's work, he was always complaining to me that Frank was trying to stop him from doing this or that, or Frank did not understand why he was doing this or that, and that Frank was making him feel constrained. Frank would complain to me that Father Wasson was being unrealistic, but he always came through with full support.

Father Wasson would say, "we will build a new home here," and Frank would say, "we don't have any money". Father Wasson would respond with, "well, I don't think the Lord is going to let me be more generous than He is." Somehow, with Frank's help and increasingly new sources in the U.S. and Europe, the money always came.

Father Wasson would do things that nobody believed possible and the money would come, but sometimes he was wrong, like in Nicaragua, where he built the home on an island that was hard to reach. However, his reasoning was correct. He wanted the home to be away from the big city and he wanted to be in a place where the kids could grow up without the influence of corrupting urban culture. But the island was very far away, and there were active volcanoes, and in the end, we had to move.

Frank also got me involved in some of the European boards he set up. He would say, "You should come to Europe, you should be on this or that board." So, I spent many years doing what Frank told me to do. Father Wasson and Frank both gave me assignments. In the end, Father Wasson said I should be on the NPH International Executive Committee and work closely with Father Phil Cleary, Father Rick Frechette and Reinhart Kohler, and that was the final assignment he gave me.

Dr. Michael Maccoby

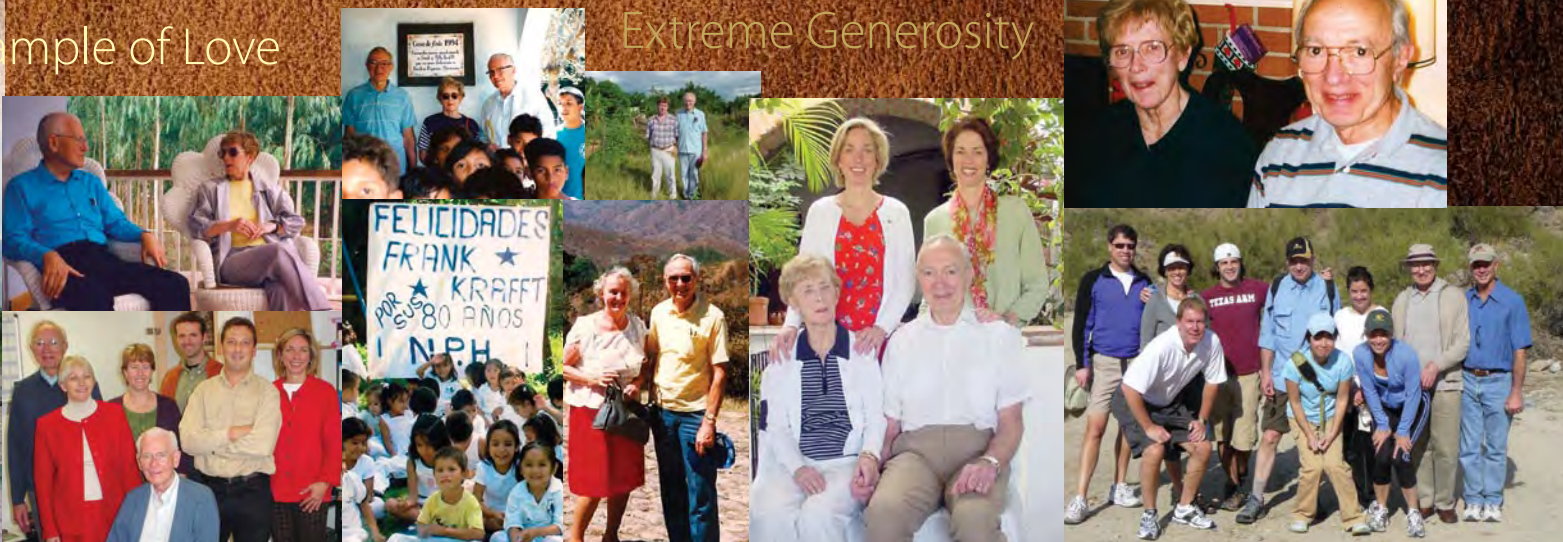
Words that describe Polly and Frank Krafft

Steady gentleness Source of wisdom
 Accurate Kindness Dedicated a rock
 compassionate Serene Realistic Motivating
 Selfless Courageous Faithful Soft Spoken
 down to earth Hardworking
 Role Model

Living Example of Love



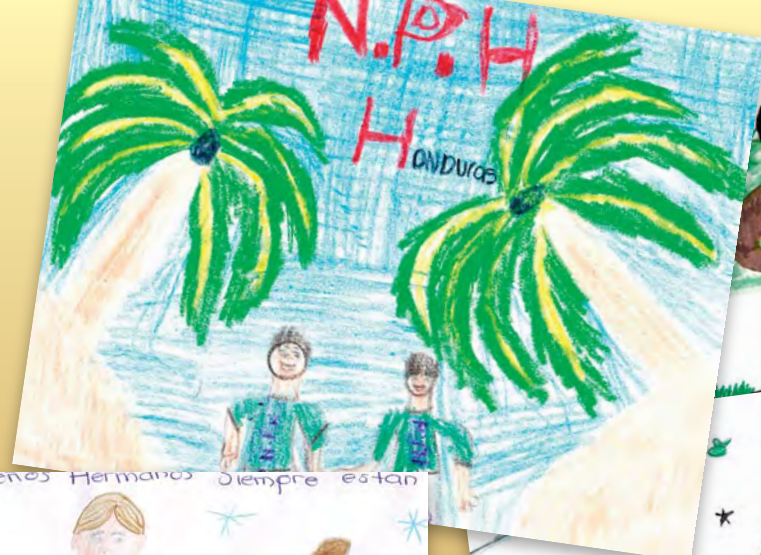
Extreme Generosity



Great Humility Tireless Devotion
 guidance
 Admirable efficient Patient fair
 Led by the hand of God remarkable Humble and Tireless
 Prayerful Courageous Kindness Inspiration to
 Consistent Gentleness Professional Cool Determination Others
 devoted Loyalty Practical
 Calmness

Godfather to Orphan Children





The children of NPH show their appreciation through their artwork.

Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Virginia

Friends and associates over the past 40 years

Fr. Phil Cleary	German Mercado	Ewald Lammerding	Daniela Straznicki Erlich	Susan Campbell
Fr. Rick Frechette	Kieran Rigney	Anna Lammerding	Maria Huber	Sr. Philomena
Fr. Ron Hicks	Maryjo Rozycki	Katherine Harig	Lila Vaz	Sr. Fidelis
Reinhart Koehler	Olegario Campos	Jennifer Rayno	Eric Pinet-Eve	Jean Gray
Dr. Michael Maccoby	Brenda Mendez	Dee Campbell	Lydia Verle	Arlene Kieta
Bud Greer	Carlos Viveros	Jim Hoyt	Hermann Hofmann	Don Liem
Joan Provencio	Emily Cardenas	Rob Messer	Franke Keune	Carl Mayers
Janet Cremin	Ferel Bruno	Alex Daniel	Stefanie Strobal	Jim Barrett
Miguel Venegas	Adele Lawler	John Smith	Oliver Metz	Fr. Job Foote
Fernando Gres	Gena Heragty	Ann Bryan	Hans Ouwehand	Mary & Dick Ziegman
Mayi Lopez	Shannon Taggart	Karen Fitton	Stanneke Akkermans	Dorothy O'Donnell
Mark Ouwehand	Rafael Bermudez	Fr. Reinhold Galindo	Mariavittoria Rava	Don Reiman
Jane Collova	Sr. Elizabeth Campbell	Juan Guerra	Xavier Adsara Grau	Ida O'Grady
Donna Egge	Marlon Velasquez	Alfredo Benitez	Guido Muehlemann	Carol Dougherty
Ross Egge	Raul Duran	Bob McNamara	Bernard Ruthemann	Rita Mauck
Monica Gery	Sr. Phyllis	Bob Fuselier	Esther Kemme	Mary Reed
Carolyn Guerrero	Jose Luis Mejia	Gene Latham	Harry Vendal	Monet Paterson
Alfonso Leon	Anna Buehler	Stefan Grafe	Rose Schaffhausen	Aya Akykhan
Astrid Fitzgerald	Alfredo Hernandez	Heiko Seeger	Ann Arnold	Luz Berrera
Bob Ferris	Beatriz Lopez	Armando & Sigi Arteaga	Gloria Vazquez	Bob & Catherine Jackson

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Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Virginia

A chapter in the life of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos

It was in 1968 when Frank and Polly Krafft first met Father William Wasson and the children of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. The orphanage was then 14 years old and the children numbered 600.

Picture Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos as it was then: the older children were living in Cuernavaca; the younger children were living at Hacienda Acolman north of Mexico City; the office was in Mexico City; Mr. & Mrs. Wasson, Father's parents, were living in Mexico and were actively involved; and the annual budget was \$250,000.

Picture NPH as it is today: the number of children over 3,300; the children are living in nine countries in Central and South America and the Caribbean; the operating offices are located in Mexico and the United States; the annual budget is over \$20,000,000.

During this period, Our Little Brothers and Sisters, Virginia, a support organization which Polly and Frank Krafft founded, played a part in the phenomenal growth of Nuestros Pequeños Hermanos. This story documents the chapters OLB&S played in the history of NPH over the past 40 years.

