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“Humanity owes to the child the best it has to give”  
(U.N. Declaration of Human Rights)



Chinna Pottipuram means Little Pottipuram. “Chinna” often sounds like “Chella” in the various dialects around here and “chella” means “cherished” or “favoured” and so I now call the village Chella Pottipuram, because for me that is what it is. The place has won my heart and I have virtually adopted it. Many of the people speak Telugu or a mixture of Telugu and Tamil, which does not make conversations any easier. Centuries ago, during the Mogul invasion they fled from their homesteads many miles to the north and settled down in these villages and have kept their traditions and culture.

The village is an interior place and in many ways rather primitive to my thinking. I can make comparisons whereas they don’t know much different. Their only income in the long droughts we get is to herd their large flocks of goats and cattle which are kept not for milk but for their manure. So, the surroundings of the huts can be very unclean and breed many flies. But this is what they are used to and it does bring in some income.



We have already helped the school of 180 children in 8 classes with all their class needs in a shoulder bag and recently we provided two sets of school uniforms and two sets of everyday clothes. The need was great. The families are mostly below the recognized poverty level.



These days we are gradually replacing the shocking miserable huts with sturdy little houses which will give shelter to the families for decades to come unlike the present hovels made of coconut fronds. We are now quickly building 25 houses, with another 25 planned. After that we will see. The need in this neglected area is great. Already we have put in some communal water supplies.

I need to thank our friends in Germany, New York and England for their invaluable help with all this.

As always in Indian villages there are children everywhere, friendly, happy and . . . mischievous. They do not know anything beyond their own village and know no other way of life and so put up with what we consider deprivation and hardship. For them it is the normal. They are in fact the backbone of India. 80% of the population in India live in villages.

“The soul is healed by being with children.”  
(Fyodor Dostoevsky)

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