



**"I Am" hath sent me unto you.**

Ex.3:14

# Project Africa

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## Report by Roy Wanta

The adulteress and tramp? Is this what she is being used and groomed for? By some, she would be considered a tramp on the street if she were older. She's begging for something to eat, a crumb, like Lazarus and the rich man. Not as a man, but as a little girl on the street. You will meet many just like her upon life's busy streets in Kumasi, with shoulders stooped and eyes that stare in disbelief. Although some think she's just a tramp on the street, she was some mother's darling little girl when she was born, a soul that lived in the past. Some mother rocked her and put her darling to sleep, but now she's left to die like a tramp on the street, where a living death encompassed by sorrow is all that is left.

Jesus, who died on Calvary, had shed His life's blood on the streets for you and for me. They pierced His side and His feet and left Him to die like a tramp on the street. He was Mary's own darling; He was God's chosen Son. Once He was born; once He was young. I can imagine Mary had rocked her darling to sleep, but they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

If Jesus should come and knock on your door looking for a place near to your soul, would you welcome Him in now or turn Him away? Would God then deny you on that great judgment day?

Jesus, He died  
on Calvary's tree  
He shed His life's blood  
for you and for me  
They pierced His side  
and then His feet  
And they left Him to die  
like a tramp on the street.

He was Mary's own darlin'  
He was God's chosen son  
Once He was fair  
and once He was young  
Mary, she rocked Him  
her darlin' to sleep  
But they left Him to die  
like a tramp on the street.

If Jesus should come  
and knock on your door  
For a place to come in  
or bread from your store  
Would you welcome Him in  
or turn Him away?  
Then our God would deny you  
on the great judgment day.

The Tramp on the Street  
by Hank Williams

Only a tramp  
was Lazarus' sad fate  
He who lay down  
at the rich man's gate  
He begged for the crumbs  
from the rich man to eat  
He was only a tramp  
found dead on the street.

He was some mother's darlin'  
he was some mother's son  
Once he was fair  
and once he was young  
And some mother rocked him  
her darlin' to sleep  
But they left him to die  
like a tramp on the street



Yes, you will see street children with broken hearts. We have no right to be the judge and criticize and condemn them. Just think, by the grace of God, it could have been you instead of her being driven from home for whatever reason, and then, the misery starts. Yes, for those who weep, death comes cheap. These are God's children with broken hearts. Oh, how humble people are when you tell them of how hopeless it is for these kids to return to a normal life while we have watched them pass by!

It is written that the greatest men never get too big to cry. Some lose faith in love and life when sorrow shoots her darts. With hope all gone, they walk alone. Yes, I have heard back home in the U.S. how bad these kids can be, that trying to work with them is tough. So, I guess it is easy to just look the other way and wave goodbye to these kids with broken hearts.

You have never placed yourself in that little girl or boy's position and saw through their eyes. In their shame, they have broken hearts. You never stood and watched with helpless hands while the heart inside dies. Life at times can be so cruel, but in your heart, can you pray for them and help them?



God, why must these little living ones with every breath have broken hearts? So, help these kids no matter where they are.

We met the pimp that has control of these little ones. They have a territory where they could not leave, nor others enter in. He did not say how he got them. When we went to the government, all they were interested in was getting money from us. All they wanted was for us to re-register our organization and pay the money. Not once was the value of life or concern for the welfare of these little ones brought up. Yes, they no longer have a bed to sleep on but only cement. I would think they would be dreaming of a bed at home with momma.

The God that made these kids who have broken hearts made you, too.

*“Take heed that you do not despise one of these little ones, for I say to you that in heaven their angels always see the face of My Father who is in heaven. Even so it is not the will of your Father who is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.” Matthew 18:10, 14*

