



FREEDOM SUNDAY

**GOD'S PEOPLE
WORKING TOGETHER
TO END HUMAN TRAFFICKING**

**PRAYER STATIONS
FROM BAPTIST
WORLD AID**



MATERIALS

- Clear marbles (purchase these from a discount shop)
- Red food dye
- Blue cloth
- Bowl of water
- Printout of Ning's story (below) and instructions

INSTRUCTIONS

Place the marbles in a bowl of water that has the red food dye in it. Provide several copies of Ning's story for people to read.

BIBLE VERSE

Pslam 91:3-4

For he will deliver you from the snare of the fowler and from the deadling pestilence; he will cover you with his pinions, and under his wings you will find refuge; his faithfulness is a shield and buckler.

PRAY

Pray for Ning's healing, and for girls like Ning who have endured such vile abuse across the globe. As you pray, remove a marble from the red liquid and place it on the blue cloth. Watch the red give way to the blue and meditate on Gods ability to bring restoration, wholeness and peace.

Ning is 13 years old, she lives with her family on their farm in Thailand. She is used to working long hours in the sweltering tropical sun. She knows that without this work, there will not be enough to eat and get by. Her family would love to see her attend school and become educated, but without her working they are not sure if they can survive. Yes, for Ning and her family life is a struggle, but despite its difficulties it has always been a happy life.

When a very professional looking man came to the farm saying that he had a fantastic job opportunity for Ning, her family was very surprised. The man had friends in Australia who were looking for a nanny to take care of their two young children. If Ning took the job, on top of being paid well she would also receive an Australian education. The family knew that this extra income was their best chance to escape poverty, and an Australian education was Ning's best chance to not return to it. Together, they agreed to send Ning to Australia.

Upon arrival however, things turned ugly. Ning was shuttled straight from the airport to a brothel in Surry Hills, Sydney. Here she was told that it cost \$35,000 Australian to bring her into the country. This was a debt that needed to be repaid. Ning was terrified when told how she was to work it off. She was to have sex with 650 men. Ning had lived a sheltered life and barely knew what sex was. She was alone, away from the people she loved, without money, without contacts and away from anything that was remotely familiar. Ning was very, very scared.

Ning was pushed from man to man during the days, and given only a short reprieve at night to rest. After 10 day of this life, immigration officials discovered Ning during a routine compliance raid and she was liberated. Though Ning was fortunate that it only took 10 short days for her to be rescued, this time was enough for Ning to be sexually abused more than 100 times.

Ning is now free, but the process of healing from the trauma has only just begun.

(Source: Details derived from Natalie Craig, "Sex Slave Victim Wins Abuse Claim", The Age, May 29, 2007.)



I AM NOT A POTATO.

MATERIALS

- Print outs of the poem and instructions below (You may wish to play the YouTube video of this poem, using a laptop with headphones instead - www.youtube.com/watch?v=YPe9DWr5Zsl)
- Small rectangles of paper to write and draw on
- Coloured pens and pencils
- A large pin board and pins

INSTRUCTIONS

Participants will be asked to write / draw a short prayer after reflecting on the poem. Reflect upon how this poem makes you feel, and consider the many girls every year who are treated like commodities, to be sold, ogled and abused.

BIBLE VERSE

Genesis 1:27

So God created human beings in his own image. In the image of God he created them; male and female he created them.

PRAY

Take some time to write down a short prayer for those that have been enslaved throughout the world, and pin your prayer onto the pinboard. Your prayer can be in the form of an illustration, a single word or a sentence or poem.

I AM A PERSON, NOT A POTATO. BY GERARD KELLY

I am a person
not a potato
to be picked and packaged
and sent to market
to be sliced and diced
chopped up and ketchupped
on the other side of the world.

I am human
and I am not for sale.

I am a living conscience,
not a cargo.
I travel passenger
not freight.
I am not cattle
not contraband,
not a catalogued commodity.

I'm not the bottom line
for those who trade in tragedy
and profit from perversity.
I am not a can
to be recycled.

I am human
and I not for sale

I am human
and I am not for sale.
I am a thinking individual,
not a rare exotic bird.
I am your sister,
not an inmate for your zoo.
I am not merchandise, not meat,
not a meal ticket.
I was mothered,
not manufactured,
begotten,
not created.

I am human
and I am not for sale.
Its time to end this trade

in human tragedy,
to terminate this travesty
of a global economy.
Let the red lights
of your cities
be put to better use
to stop the traffic.
Write it in lights
across your seared conscience:

I am human
and I not for sale.



BREAKING THE CHAINS.

MATERIALS

- A padlock and key
- Two pieces of chain that can be locked together by the lock
- A printout of Maya's story and instructions

INSTRUCTIONS

Lock the chain together; participants will unlock the chains and separate them as a symbol of setting the captives free

BIBLE VERSE

Isaiah 58:6

Is not this the kind of fasting I have chosen:
to loose the chains of injustice
and untie the cords of the yoke,
to set the oppressed free.

PRAY

Take the key and unlock the padlock, separating the two chains. Do this as a symbol of setting those like Maya free from their bondage. Hold one chain in each hand and pray that all the slaves of the world may be set free to live in the fullness and abundance of life that God desires for them. (After you have finished, re-lock the chains together and place the key next to it for the next person.)

MAYA'S STORY

Maya and her husband Ajay are peasant farmers in India. Their farm had struggled under a year of drought leaving them desperate for money and food. Their own hunger was surpassed by their concern for providing for Ajay's aging father and their 8 year old son. When Mr Vasu, a well-respected and pious business man offered them a cash advance to help them get through this season, they were cautious but grudgingly took on a modest loan, just \$30. Mr Vasu said they could repay the loan by working in his brick kiln, and they reasoned that such a small amount would surely not take long to repay.

Months passed, and they worked mercilessly for 16 hours a day at the kiln. Despite the injuries from lifting heavy bricks and the repeated burns from the scorching ovens, they comforted themselves that their loan would soon be repaid. They were shocked and horrified then, that when they asked for an account of the loan from Mr Vasu, it had not reduced but had doubled. When they questioned how this could be, their response came in the form of violence at the hand of Vasu's cronies. It was then they discovered they were not working in a kiln, but were prisoners in a slave camp.

It was not long after this incident that Mr Vasu requested that Maya accompany him for a special assignment. The local temple needed cleaning. Once inside the temple however, it was clear cleaning was not his intent, instead Mr Vasu raped her on the temple floor. These 'temple cleanings' soon became another part of Maya's ritual torture. Unable to escape and with no-one to protest to, Maya and Ajay fell into despair.

It was 10 months after they were first imprisoned that the International Justice Mission- an NGO committed to the rescue and rehabilitation of slaves and the prosecution of the offenders, came to hear about Mr Vasu's slave kiln. Immediately the organisation swung into action, and put into motion the plans for a rescue. Talking with local law enforcement officials and involving the police and the justice department they worked together to outline how they would raid the kiln and liberate its captives.

Within days, their carefully laid out plan was enacted. It worked. Maya, Ajay and almost a dozen others were liberated from the slave kiln. It was with teary eyes and deeply felt gratitude that Maya breathed her first breath of freedom. After more than 10 months of torture, she and her husband were at last free from Vasu's tyranny.

Source: Details of Maya's story reported in David Batstone, Not for Sale (HarperOne, 2007)