



Dear Friends,

It was a Sunday evening. August 21, 2022. The rain had been pelting down for days. I had heard from people in villages that the night air now routinely crackled with the sounds of walls and roofs collapsing. I was anxious and on edge. I had spent much of the day arguing with privileged landowners trying to explain that they should let water be released through their lands to save people from losing their homes. My chest was tight and my face flush with the anger of frustration of their refusals.

Then the phone rang. A familiar voice was shouting at the other end. “We are about to flood,” he said. “We need to get out now or we won’t survive. Where do we go?” In that surreal slow motion one sometimes experience when running a high fever, I lost sense of time and place. It seemed like many long moments passed before I recognized the voice as Anwar’s. Anwar has been the night watchman at our Community Center in Village Khairo Dero for the last few years and belongs to Village Ghous Baksh Umrani, about four kilometers away.

“Come to us, come to us,” I said, my voice sounding to me like a long slow croak. “May God always bless you,” he responded. He had the presence of mind to respond. I must have barely shut the phone and stood up that Anwar dragged his elderly parents, wife and six little children, all soaked to the skin, and headed down the road. His father tightened the grip on the five foot long stick he had carved out of a tree branch to use for support. He knew he would need it to make the long walk. His mother grabbed two rillis and her infant grandson.



It was the fiercest of storms that night. Villagers said they had never seen such rain in all their years of living on the lands. “I’ve grown up here and am a grandmother now, I’ve lived through many many rainy seasons but I’ve never seen such a thing in my life,” said Razia, whose walls cracked everywhere they could. “I don’t know if it was a storm or an earthquake or heaven only knows what. We just fled before the house collapsed on us.”

When I regained my presence of mind, I called Anwar back. “Bring the others,” I shouted into the phone so he could hear me over the rain that continued to beat down.” “Bring anyone from the village who needs a place to stay.” Forty other families gathered what they could and followed Anwar’s lead.

Before Anwar could make his way over, Village Garhi Harsa, just a kilometer or so from our premises, began severely flooding. There too, women gathered their children, any clothes they could get their hands on and a few pots and pans and began walking over to our Center. They met one of our team members on the road and yelled: “we have nowhere else to go, nowhere else to go.” Women came wailing up the road toward us, barefoot, drenched and dragging screaming toddlers behind them.



We, as a team, had never experienced anything like this and had

no preparation or plan to fall back on. All we could think of providing them a dry space to stay and food to eat. It was raining so hard we couldn't figure out how we were going to get any cooking done. Commercial cooking was out of the question as everything had shut down because of the rain. Two of our boys made a dash into the village. They slipped and slid through lanes thick with wet mud, tried to buy kilograms and kilograms of rice, bottles of oil, seasoning and potatoes and then tried to keep them dry and bring them safely back.

We hastily emptied out a large game room and women and children took to the floor. A woman who had just had a c-section a day earlier and lost her baby couldn't get onto the floor so we used a table to try and make her comfortable. Our power failed and it was pitch dark. Our staff struggled to provide clean drinking water, help appease crying babies and calm traumatized children. Women frantically looked around them trying to make sure all their kids had arrived with them. One woman tugged at my arm, her eyes filled with terror, to convey somehow that her two little boys got left behind. We immediately sent out one of our team members who found the children and reunited them with their mother.



### Medical Help

Women peeled wet clothing off children but couldn't find anything to dry them off with and most had nothing else to make them wear. There was no piped gas coming through, firewood everywhere was soaked as was buffalo dung. Lighting a fire became a major challenge. It was exasperating but our team patiently kept at it. Our simple rice and potato dish was late and many children fell asleep hungry. Mothers woke them to feed them, pushed a few mouthfuls into their own mouths and lay down, their limbs aching, their temples throbbing. The elderly stayed up, wondering at their fate, sobbing into their elbows.



Our team opened up an office and slept on the floor. Minds stayed abuzz with what would happen and how we would manage. Everyone spent a fitful few hours and then rose before dawn to prepare for the day. Two got to work preparing a large vat of tea, another went out to buy dozens of rusks while a third went into the city to buy piles of dishes and cups. A second team began planning for the rest of the day's meals, buying large sacks of rice, onions and potatoes.

The rain hadn't let up yet. Women, men and children, all complained of severe itching on their feet and lower legs. Some had broken into a fierce rash. Others had swelling all the way to the knees. Infants and toddlers had high fevers. We immediately got to providing medical aid. Those with rashes needed



antibiotic ointments, children and adults needed anti-malarials. Our staff moved from person to person every six hours, reapplying appointments and dispensing doses to make sure everyone was taken care of and no medication was wasted.

Our Community Center was packed to beyond capacity. Women and children occupied every inch of space on the floor of the game room. Men were in the library. More women and children in our skills training room. Our offices were also occupied. It was still raining and our own ceilings were leaking from everywhere. Our boundary wall had collapsed. Women tried to wash clothes and sheets and hang them where they could. Every room reeked of damp bodies, wet clothing and spilled food. We tried to clean and disinfect as we went but as the crowd swelled, that became harder and harder. In a couple of days we fell into a routine. Our brave and energetic team hadn't had any sleep, had their own collapsed homes to deal with and were on 24 hour duty to care for flood affectees.

### **Planning Ahead**

We were also thinking ahead and planning how to manage the thousands who would throng our gates in the days to come, seeking help with food and other supplies. Every system we created was aimed at ensuring people received assistance with the greatest of dignity. After the first couple days, we split into teams. One team was out all day wading through shoulder high water to survey homes, analyze the extent of the damage, assess needs and get help where it was needed. Another team managed the affectees at our premises and also those housed in government buildings in the area who needed food and medicine. A third team worked on procurement, getting a hold of hard-to-find medicines, tents, blankets and huge quantities of dry rations. Young volunteers stayed into the night packaging the food.

After the day's tasks were over, I would spend my nights chatting with the women in the dark. My heart was perpetually heavy with a feeling of utter helplessness and their courage came as a jolting shock. I learned how they lost children when their homes collapsed. I met elderly men and women who had broken bones from iron girders falling on them. Countless lost their buffalo—their only assets—to disease from standing water. A woman from Baluchistan told me how she couldn't even save a single dish. Yet, all I heard from them was gratitude that things weren't worse.

Eventually the days passed and people began moving back to their lands. Homes everywhere



had collapsed. Every village we visited was nothing but a pile of rubble. But families preferred to stay close to their land, even if just on a strip of high ground or out on the road. We armed hundreds of families with dry food supplies, sheets, tents, tarpaulin sheets, blankets, clothes and shoes. We continued to provide medical help wherever we could. Relief was to continue for some time yet.

## **Rehabilitation**

But all of us knew one thing for sure: The reconstruction of homes was to be the single most important task ahead for us and indeed for anyone working in development in Sindh. Being a small, nimble organization, we could quickly switch gears according to the needs on the ground. We halted all our ongoing projects and got going on house reconstruction just two weeks after the rains began. We started in areas where water had receded and moved quickly onward.

Within four months, we had helped 577 families rebuild 702 rooms in 82 villages. This meant 4640 people now had safe shelter. The process was effortless because of how much communities wanted this and invested in it. They came prepared to do anything it takes. They sold livestock and little bits of gold, put in the labour themselves and reused material where they could. We helped each family with material according to their needs so that we could make the most of the funds we raised.

When the floods first hit, donations poured in. The generosity of donors was heart-warming and a great source of comfort at a time when we saw nothing but abject despair and destruction around us. We met communities' needs without the anxiety of where funds would come from. And none of the relief work would have been at all possible without this incredible support.

However what worried me back then is still what keeps me up at night now. That once the initial wave of donations comes through, media attention wanes and people think the tragedy is over, funds will dry up and hundreds of thousands across Sindh's villages will be left without shelter. From January and into the summer, we will continue to build and I expect we can build another 200 or so homes with the funds we have. But that is nowhere near enough. People are coming to us from as far as 200 kilometers away; they're still waiting for help and it hasn't come to them from anywhere. We help families with materials costing about Rs 100,000 per home and they put in the rest themselves. We provide technical assistance and supervision to ensure the homes are sturdy and are completed on time. For each family you sponsor, you will receive a full report with photographs and details. These families have already lost what little they had; they must be provided shelter at the very least.

Below you will find a summary of our relief and reconstruction work so far. Please do reach out to us if you have any questions or need any further information.



# **SINDH FLOOD RELIEF & REHABILITATION**

**Aug 21, 2022 to Jan 4, 2023**

Villages across Sindh were devastated by the unprecedented rains and floods of 2022. Hundreds of thousands lost their homes and suffered through sickness, injuries and loss of income. Established in 2008, the focus of the Ali Hasan Mangi Memorial Trust is to uplift the lives of people in impoverished village communities in Sindh, through integrated rural development. Fourteen years on, the Trust has worked in almost 250 villages in 3 districts of the province. Our core focus areas are Community Infrastructure, Family Assistance, Healthcare and Education. In August, we provided flood affectees with shelter, food, basic supplies and medical care. Then, we moved to providing dry rations to hundreds of families in dozens of villages. In mid-September, we got to the major task of rehabilitation as thousands lost their homes. Helping rebuild homes will remain our focus in the months ahead. In a country already battling an economic crisis and political instability, this flooding has set our most vulnerable people back in the most unfathomable way. Please help make their lives a little easier at this most difficult time.

<b>Relief &amp; Rehabilitation Work</b>	<b>Villages</b>	<b>Quantity</b>	<b>Expense (Rs)</b>	<b>Beneficiaries</b>
<b>Shelter</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>--</b>		<b>500</b>
<b>Cooked Food</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>89 Degr</b>	<b>353900</b>	<b>5600</b>
<b>Cash Transfers</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>500000</b>	<b>800</b>
<b>Medical Help</b>	<b>Multiple</b>	<b>--</b>	<b>1104371</b>	<b>3503</b>
<b>Removal Of Water</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>--</b>	<b>75615</b>	<b>5500</b>
<b>Dry Ration Bags</b>	<b>114</b>	<b>2071</b>	<b>10709830</b>	<b>22781</b>
<b>Tarpaulin Sheets</b>	<b>12</b>	<b>100</b>	<b>177000</b>	<b>1000</b>
<b>Tents</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>20</b>	<b>181300</b>	<b>280</b>
<b>Mosquito Nets &amp; Repellant</b>	<b>21</b>	<b>710</b>	<b>247800</b>	<b>1124</b>
<b>Spraying of Villages</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>--</b>	<b>7000</b>	<b>5500</b>
<b>Bedding &amp; Clothing</b>	<b>Multiple</b>	<b>400</b>	<b>305000</b>	<b>3568</b>
<b>House Rebuilding</b>	<b>84</b>	<b>577</b>	<b>37892448</b>	<b>4650</b>
<b>Operational Expenses</b>			<b>4956420</b>	
<b>Total</b>	<b>246</b>		<b>56510684</b>	<b>54806</b>

## **To make a donation:**

**Account Name:** Ali Hasan Mangi Memorial Trust

**Bank Name:** MCB Bank

**Branch Name:** Shahbaz

**Branch Code:** 1578

**Swift Code:** MUCBPKKA

**IBAN /Account Number:** PK07MUCB0568434191001032

**Branch Address:** Plot Number 11-C, Shahbaz Lane 1, Defence Phase 6, Karachi, Pakistan

When you make a donation, please be sure to let us know at [mt@alihanmangitrust.org](mailto:mt@alihanmangitrust.org)

To learn more about us: [Http://www.alihanmangitrust.org](http://www.alihanmangitrust.org)

**Contact:** 0307-2222803