

Project

Empowering the Latin American women in Curaçao

Not Bound Ministry ministers to prostitutes and Traigo girls who sell themselves to provide for their children and families back in their countries. These ladies come from Venezuela, Columbia, and the Dominican Republic. I want to give the ladies who want to follow Jesus and are willing to be discipled a new trade. Everything they learn to make will be made or have some form of sea glass. The ladies will collect sea glass from the abundant supply from the beaches of Curaçao. I am praying for a storefront where all the products made can be sold to the public, or I will open an online store.

They will learn how to make the following items:

Jewelry – pendants, rings, earrings, and bracelet
Stained glass
Sun globes
Wind Chimes
Candles

The finances I need will provide tools and supplies to create the beautiful artwork these ladies will be making.

I am requesting \$10,000 if possible. I must purchase many things, and I want to ensure the supplies don't run out. There will also be a learning curve in which waste will be inevitable, as I have learned from my learning curve. Lastly, this will include shipping & handling and customs fees since supplies will arrive from the US.

The following is a story of the meaning of the sea glass found on my website, notbound.org

My Name is Sea Glass

The current pulled me along, banging me into the rocks; it was painful, but it didn't have the strength to pick me up and spit me out. I didn't understand what was going on. Why me? Was there any hope? Would this torment end someday?

I'd already given up at the moment when I felt the touch of His hand. When I least expected it, he caught hold of me. He already knew my story. I had been a beautiful bottle, made for a purpose. But one day, someone used me and threw me with such force that I shattered into pieces. Following that crash came many more. My life was

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reduced to a powerless little piece, incapable of struggling against the current that carried me along, all the while threatening to drag me further down.

He wasn't bothered by my past, how I had come to be there, or what I had become. He only wanted to return my worth, to show me that my life still had meaning and purpose.

He gave me a new name: *Sea Glass* because my life resembled one of those bits of glass found on the beach, polished bit by bit by sand and seawater until it becomes a valuable piece of glass, which, with the help of the light, can reveal its true beauty.

He found me, lifted me, cleansed me, anointed my wounds with oil, treated me with care, loved me, and gave meaning to my life. So, like the glass found on the beach, I'm beautiful, and I have a purpose: a stunning necklace, earrings, a small bracelet, or whatever my owner wants to make of me.

Transparent, shiny, with natural beauty, appreciated and valued by many. That's who I am in the hands of my Creator. I have a new identity. I have a new name. I am *Sea Glass*.

Thank you for your consideration and for wanting to help the missionaries in the Caribbean.

Blessings,

Priscilla Navaroli
AGWM account 2A07065