

# Heartwings NGO

CHANGE IS POSSIBLE - NEWSLETTER 1/2020



## A ray of hope in the midst of challenges! Also in the red light district!

The worldwide state of emergency is shaking even steadfast Swiss people. And in the multicultural red light milieu no stone is left standing on another. Prostitution is punishable due to the prohibition of contact. All brothels had to close down in a hurry. Those who had the opportunity and the money traveled back home. A mixture of fear, panic, rebellion and insecurity spread. Our speeches and educational events - all cancelled. Should we, as a milieu aid organisation, register for short-time work or wait for better times in our home office? No!

Especially now many stranded women need us! A lot of them live somewhere in a room above a club or brothel and don't have money for rent or food. Some of these women even think about leaving and changing their lives. The crisis can become an opportunity! In the midst of all these upheavals we experience with many people the miracle of Easter in a very practical way: enslavement, oppression and death do not have the last word. After winter, spring is sure to follow in new blossom. In the midst of this difficult situation, despite all the turbulence, we experience deep peace, which comes from God and spreads hope!



## Elena's problems!

↳ find a solution

- Organize trip home  
~~everything organized~~ → flight cancelled & borders closed!
- Home country solution  
~~Everything arranged with local organization~~ → All quarantined!
- Brothel closed (unemployed ≠ money!) food?!  
~~organize a new job~~ → illegal here without a permit!  
not possible
- Arrange accommodation  
- Brothel will be closed tomorrow (homeless!)

All our preparation is for nothing! We've been working intensively for days to get Elena back to her home country before the Lockdown. But now everything changed overnight. In one hour, we have to tell Elena that the solutions we prepared are useless. She's been looking forward to this change so much...!

Questioning and disappointed, we turn to God. Elena is at the door, but God didn't show us a new solution. Instead, a deep, supernatural peace flows through us. «I'm totally relaxed, I know it's gonna be alright. We can handle it together.» Against all odds, Elena feels the same peace and does not lose hope. This peace is more valuable than self-created solutions. It is independent of circumstances. Meanwhile, new doors have been opened for Elena. And she says, «I keep on dreaming of a new future in my home country.»



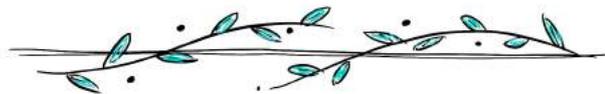
Don't worry!

The virus has us in a stranglehold. Do we have to wear masks?  
Do we still have enough disinfectant? Please keep your  
distance! Do you have the virus? Am I already infected?!  
Insecurity, helplessness and fear are spreading.

## ALL DISINFECTED?

In my personal life thwarted plans rob my inner balance. Unexpectedly I face disappointment. Self-reproaches haunt me: «*Why did I not expect this? What was I thinking?*» I play down disappointment to calm down. I want to numb the pain. But repression and trivialisation make room for resignation and passivity. My joy of life and passion are fading. I want to capitulate and let self-protection determine my actions. In the inside I am infected and wounded.

How do I deal with my pain in a good way? How can the injury heal? By directly looking at the pain. Asking myself what this disappointment caused deep inside of me? I consciously allow the inner frustration, the pain and the sadness to show up. I say to myself, «*It's okay!*» My tears become my disinfectant. Through looking at the pain and talking to God I find peace, comfort and healing.



Dropout Melanie:

«*Lockdown! I am familiar with Lockdown. Locked in a room. Sedated with drugs. Captured by human traffickers, being an object of sexual fantasy. This is my past! I know that. I'm sitting on my couch in my own apartment. I am free. But in the news: LOCKDOWN, in the newspapers: LOCKDOWN, LOCKDOWN, LOCKDOWN! That word catapults me into my past each time I hear it.*

*It takes my breath away, the walls get closer and closer. I am trapped in flashbacks. Only the nights are worse. Violence and killing chase me and make me wake up in tears. I just want to get out. Escape! I want to go to work, meet my friends, be entertained. I want to be distracted. But it is forbidden: LOCKDOWN!*»



In this special time it is very important for the stranded women that we are on site. We can still be close to them despite the compulsory distance rules we have to adhere to. Currently a lot of our tasks are undone. But necessity is the driver of invention. Several dropouts helped us in the past few weeks. They wrap art cards, clean our office, pack Migros vouchers, disinfectants, gloves, masks and sweets in emergency bags for our outreaches (see picture). The effect of this work goes far beyond an employment program and a small wage: While working the women openly start to talk about their flashbacks, triggers and worries. In this way, under the most adverse circumstances, processing and healing begins. «*Here in your office, I have no fearful thoughts. I always have them. But not here. There is some kind of protection here!*» Melanie

«*Thanks for all these precious gifts!*» For the first time a transwoman we have already known for a long time opens up in a conversation! She tells us of her childhood wounds, her broken dreams and her entry into the red light district! The hard shell breaks apart and she can be at peace with the past and God!



How do these current upheavals affect the red light district? Could these challenges also become an opportunity and bring some good changes? Unfortunately, things are looking grim at the moment: Brothel operators receive loans plus short-time working payments from the federal government. They are now renovating their clubs so that the lucrative human trafficking business can carry on as soon as the federal government loosens its Lockdown restrictions. On the other side the stranded women. The women are now even more caught up in the spiral of dependency, as they don't want to become homeless. They have to continue their work as a prostitute despite the ban, because they are short of cash. They risk high fines which consequently would increase their debt burden.

Sandra Norak, Huschke Mau and many other dropouts are therefore stressing the necessity that a political direction change is required, especially now: Towards the Nordic model. This would finally provide affected women with exit assistance, training opportunities and therapies. Pimps and human traffickers could no longer make money with enslaved and traumatised women and stay unpunished. In the Nordic model the punter would be punished; and no longer the woman they abused and humiliated.

When will there be a rethinking in Switzerland? Greed combined with corruption are obvious drivers of this criminal system. But we expect that all these dirty schemes will finally be ruthlessly exposed.

My painting refers to a dangerous situation in the Bible. The Israelites wandered through the desert and were bitten by poisonous snakes. Moses had to make a bronze snake and put it up on a pole. Everyone who looked up was instantly healed of the deadly poison. Looking up to the cross! – For me this means hope in the midst of chaos. When I look at the cross; change, peace, healing and a new courage comes into my life. No matter what the circumstances are: With Jesus everything changes and I find peace and new joy in my heart.

LOOK UP!



«She's gone! She's never coming back», Mina informs me. She talks about her friend Leyla. I feel a rush of enthusiasm, while hearing this. What good news!



A few weeks ago Mina and her friends were coming to our office to get some clothes in our Ladies Lounge Boutique. Including Leyla. A young woman - almost still a girl. But already broken by prostitution. Except Mina none of them speak a word of German. And so we sat in silence together with a cup of coffee. Leyla couldn't turn her eyes away from the painting with the dove, which was hanging on the wall opposite of her. We asked the women: «What is your dream?» Mina translated the question. Shamefaced they looked down. Her life in sex slavery leaves no room for dreams. After an almost endless silence, the women began to speak falteringly about their heart's desires. Only Leyla shook her head – «no dreams». But her eyes were still fixed on the painting with the dove. Tears fell down her cheeks. And then all of a sudden, out of the blue, she said: «I'd like to make women beautiful. I'd like to be a cosmetician.»

It's the last time we saw Leyla. Several weeks later Mina came to us alone and told us: «Leyla is gone and never comes back. She threatened to turn the pimp in. He let her go. She is back in her home country and already in the middle of her training to become a cosmetician.» Hopefully Mina adds: «If Leyla made it, so can I?»





We're looking for you! Are you an accountant with experience? Do you work independently, accurately and have good Office-, CRM database knowledge? Can you imagine doing the bookkeeping of our work on a voluntary basis or to be part-time employed (20%)? Send us your application with a cover letter by e-mail.

«No, I'm not pregnant! But please pray for me, because my abdomen is covered with polyps that cause bleeding!» - A few months later we meet the same woman again: «After your prayer everything normalized without surgery!» - in the middle of the street she spontaneously starts to dance joyfully Samba: «Every day I thank Jesus, because he has healed me and helped me!»

CHF 130'000.- in the red just before annual closing 2019!  
We experienced the greatest godly supply miracle in the history of Heartwings!  
Eventually we had a positive year-end result!  
Thank YOU all for making this possible!



A sincere and very big thank you to all who have supported Heartwings in any way financially and materially before and during the time of Corona and continue to do so. You made all the deep conversations, personal accompaniment, the changes, exits from prostitution and creative work possible.

Together with you, we will go forward. After each night the sunrise will surely come!



#### Account details for donation

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