

Feeding my Faith.

Don't let anyone look down on you because you are young, but set an example for the believers in speech, in conduct, in love, in faith and in purity. 1 Timothy 4:12

In this opportunity I would love to share with you a wee story that when I heard about it suddenly it starting feeding my faith in such a way that became a need to share with others.

The kids that appear in the photo come to one of the churches I work, they are the Lera family and as you see they are with no parents at all. The reality is that they live on their own, Andrea (23), Pablo(20), Luciano (18) and Daniela (13). For our society they are not considered "adults" not even the first two kids. You might be asking where their parents are just as I asked myself and the truth is that when I heard the story part of my heart broke. Their parents are divorced and according to the law the mother is the one that has the custody, so their dad lives in another part of the town and visits them as often as he can. On the other hand their mum left them and moved to the south, at the beginning the idea was to get a job and in that way help her family financially but things didn't turn out to be like she was told and she disappeared for several months till she was able to make a phone call and told them she got into trouble with the wrong people. She finally made her way to Buenos Aires and now she is staying there till the kids find some cash to pay her bus ticket to Salta. Meanwhile their dad visits and helps them as much as he can but because he and his ex wife had serious problem with violence he can't stay in their house for long. So that is the reason the Lera kids live on their own.

The first time I visited them was a cold day and their home has just two rooms, the kitchen and a big bedroom where all of them sleep. When they saw me I could see happiness and joy because they had visitors, they offered me water because that was the only thing they had to offer and some avocados to take home because they had a tree in the garden.

The church has become their home, God his faithful Father and their faith an extraordinary lesson for people like me and why not like you guys! All of them help in different ministries we have (kids club, music, youth group, drama) and there is a commitment which is worthy to follow.

Two weeks ago Luciano (18) came with me to visit the kids in the prison, I took some of the boys so they could know about this place and play football with the kids and also to share their stories. After the game we just sat down on the grass drinking some soda and we started talking about how God was important for each one of us in our lives. Luciano shared with them that he would love to have a "real family" with "parents" that care about their children but he doesn't so he decided to trust in a bigger being someone who really loves him the way he is and he said something like this: I can't imagine my life without God because his love make me feel loved.... After leaving that place I told him I was proud of him and I appreciated his courage to share

with the kids his life and his answer was I don't blame God for my family, I don't blame God for my reality I trust God for being with us all and look after my sisters and brother and keep us together. You know I am not a mother but believe me when I hear one of my kids saying this statement gosh I feel so proud of that I can for a little while experience what a mother feels when she is proud of her children.

God is the most important thing they have; they are such a good example for their neighbors, friends, and relatives but mostly for myself. I am fortunate to be part of their lives because they teach me great things and it gives me the opportunity to thank God for the family I was born into. So if you have a different family, where parents really care about you please take a few minutes to pray for them and thank God for the blessing of having been born in just a precious place, just as I did when I first met them.

Thank you for letting me share with you about my kids.



Be blessed, Cecilia.