

# ADULLAM INTERNATIONAL MINISTRIES

RESCUING THE MOST VULNERABLE

## A Peek Into A Visit With Mom During Covid!

Last week I sat in on a video conference call for two of our little ones and their mommy. It has been a long time since they have been in her care, but every two weeks we try to help them be excited about this odd way of connecting with someone they are so separated from in real life. It's been a very long time since they've really seen her and their memory of what that life was like is almost totally gone. She's in a detention facility in another state. They had just arrived home from school and were still in their school uniforms. They hadn't had a chance to tell me about their day yet, but I corralled them into the Nursery office where it's quiet.

We're allowed twenty minutes, but that's a long time for two little ones to sit still in front of a laptop and focus on things to say. At first its easy going. Everyone says, "I miss you," and "I love you" and then mom asks about school. They tell her it was a good day...

*"What did you learn today?" she asks.*

*Little sister says, "We learned about family."*

*"Oh Yeah? What did you learn about family?" mom says.*

*"That families takes care of their kids," little sister says with the brightest smile,  
(no doubt recalling some sweet preschool book that has been read to them).*

*It's impossible to not feel the awkwardness of the silence after that.*

***We change the subject.***

Big brother jumps up to show off his super cool, realistic looking handcuffs swinging from his belt loop. He loves those handcuffs. He likes the police. In his world they are "community helpers", just like teachers and nurses and the mailman. Mom asks why he has handcuffs. He says, "Cos when I get big I'm gonna be a policeman and arrest the bad guys." Mom lets out a slow breath and mumbles something. I thought about intervening and changing the subject again, but mom beat me to it.

She tells the kids they won't be able to have their next video visit because they are going on lockdown. Sister asks, "What's lockdown?"

Mom says, "It's when you can't leave your room."

Sister asks, "Why can't you leave?"

Mom says it's because her bunkie has Covid. Sister asks mom, "What's a bunkie?" but the internet freezes so she turns and whispers to me, "What's a Bunkie?" I explain that it's someone who shares a bunk

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*(over, please)*



**YES, I will help the children of A.I.M. again!**

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bed or room with you. She asks me what her mom's bunkie friend is called, and I tell her I don't know. *I can literally see the confusion in her eyes and it's heartbreaking. She's only four.*

We try to say our goodbyes. Mom tells them she loves them and names various family members that love and miss them. She says, "Your daddy loves you too!" Big brother, who I thought wasn't listening any more, pipes up like she just revealed the winning lottery numbers,

***"You know my daddy?"***

I didn't realize he'd forgotten so much until this moment. When he first arrived, he talked about his daddy all the time. It's not certain if who he was remembering was his actual father, or a man that was just around a lot a that time. I only know that, now, he has forgotten that person. Either way, she didn't hear the question, because the internet froze up and it was time to go. *So many questions.*

These routine things, video visits, catch me off guard sometimes. *The rawness of it.* I knew these two would need extra hugs that afternoon, and I knew they would get them from the amazing ladies working in the Adullam House Nursery. They would need opportunity to talk about the visit or ask any questions they may have – lots of reassurance of how loved they are, *and that big brother is going to be an amazing policeman one day.*

Their world is so different now. It's not perfect. You can't make it perfect. There are still questions and hurts and some confusion, but its full of love and fun and hugs of affirmation and security. It's a team effort.

**As I write this, I am looking at a check from a family that has never met these precious ones. The check is to cover the cost of a year of karate classes for big brother and a year of gymnastics for little sister. Two of our volunteers have offered to help transport them to their lessons each week.**

***Let the adventures begin!***

Life is frail, but love is an extraordinarily powerful force. As the Lord keeps sending resources and people to help us care for our Adullam House children, we will continue to reach out our arms to many more. This letter is a glimpse inside the work in Alabama. We have children in Kenya and in Moldova who need our help more than we can say. *Friend, thank you for caring. Thank you for helping. Thank you for making all of this possible by your giving!*

Sincerely,  
Hannah Powell

**IT IS BETTER TO BUILD  
CHILDREN THAN TO  
REPAIR GROWN-UPS.**



If you'd like to streamline your giving you can now easily set up automatic recurring gifts of any amount through our secure online giving portal at [www.adullamhouse.org/donate](http://www.adullamhouse.org/donate).

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