

# Sponsorship in Faith

NICARAGUA -- God truly does work miracles

I'm not talking about people who have life-and-death experiences or huge things that could not have happened just by the cuff of chance. I'm talking about the everyday things that happen and we can't even see the effects until much later. Perhaps simply the things that we do because we were raised that way will reap great blessings from later. The lives we touch with and without knowing it are a prime example. The kids that I meet in Nicaragua each year are such blessings to the heart of the team; it is impossible to put into words the joy and the warmth that we feel.

For the first two years that I traveled, I watched as the team members took their sponsored kids into their arms and hugged them like they were reunited after many years of separation. In a way, that is true. The core meaning of what it took to be a sponsor didn't hit me until my third year and after I had returned to the States. I saw the need more clearly that year and it struck my heart like a Trojan spear.

During the February trip this year I watched as the tiny kids filed down the open hall overlooking our work site in the courtyard of Oscar's school. They were dressed in their best clothes or their school uniforms to have their pictures taken. I met with my parents' kids that day. The boy, named William, was a sweetheart. He had just had his photo taken and was admiring his frame that he had decorated; the glue was still drying. Later in the afternoon, I met with the twins that are also sponsored by my stepfather. Their names are Halie and Jalie. They were quiet and hardly said a word to me as they stood in their peach dresses and white shoes behind their dad. Then, later that week, I met with my sponsor child. Her name is Elenai and she is a cutie, even if she said maybe the equivalent of three sentences the whole day. On our Sponsor Day, I felt like I had known her the entire year when I was still in the States.

I was reminded of the kind of life that these kids lead when she turned away at the end of our Sponsor's Day, walked down the metal stairs, and out the gate. I turned and watched as the Nicaraguans mixed more concrete at the base of the stairs of our work area; beyond the wall of the school, I saw a frail boy with little clothing on his lanky frame leading his even frailer donkey down the dusty road. I was reminded just how harsh life in the country of Nicaragua really is. Then I saw a father with his daughter at

the end of the walkway. She had just gotten her picture taken by Bonnie and she was showing her father the work of art that was her frame.

To be a sponsor to one of the students at Oscar's School means more than just funding the child's education. You get to know the person even if you never see them; you establish a relationship with the family even if you never get together with them. The sense of a child relying on you for a



Elenai

daily meal, uniforms and books for school, and an education is simply the surface of what can become a beautiful relationship. For those who go to Nicaragua each year and get to see the child face-to-face a child that you have only seen through a photo is a very personal gift from God

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The need for such people here in the States is growing and it will never stop. Never. Hundreds of children are without even the least bit of schooling. Seeing that many roaming the streets without a place to go for assurance, love, and discipline may seem like an impossible task to overcome. But each year, more people volunteer to send one of these kids to school. They volunteer to open up opportunities for them the likes of which would never have been dreamed. The final word: *nothing is impossible for God*, who can achieve any miracle and save any one person with a flicker of hope.

-- written by Pamela K. Locke



William



Halie



Jalie

“Nothing is impossible for God, who can achieve any miracle and save any one person with a flicker of hope.”