



For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future.

JEREMIAH 29:11

Surely there is someone

He was a foundling.

Found on the streets as a small boy.

No information. No memories. No identification.

His name and birthday were given.... By us.

He sits in my home class, right in front. With a smile.

He is always the first to greet me. Always.

His hair neatly combed, his contact lenses in and his hearing aid on.

He listens intently, sometimes tilting his head a little so he can hear better.



He is in the Grade 2 section although he isn't able to do most of the work at this level. I don't know the diagnosis. He just can't seem to learn more than very basic math and very basic reading.

So I hand him worksheets with coloring and very simple equations.
A shared wink. He knows that I know that he can't do more. But what he can do, he does perfectly.
He leads Zumba with the boys. He can dance like no one else. And he loves it.
He cooks in the afternoon in the kitchen, cutting up onions and potatoes
and making rice for the whole house.
He washes dishes without a word of complaint. Sometimes singing while he does it.
He does his own laundry. He keeps his bed clean. He never fights. He is a defender of the little ones.
He likes to watch movies in the evening. He plays basketball on the court, sometimes imagining
he is a famous player. He loves Jesus so much. He has the best laugh ever.
There are so many beautiful things about this young man.
And on this birthday, while we celebrate his life,
I grieve deeply because in a few months I will need to tell him he has aged out.
There is only a very very small window left for him to still be considered eligible for adoption.
He has celebrated and prayed for many of his friends who have been chosen.
All the while, praying desperately for a family to choose him.
I will love this boy and care for this boy as long as he needs. That is a given.
But oh how I would love for him to be in a family that would give him a permanent home
and an identity that is his forever.
I don't see anything about him that isn't adoptable.
And I would not be true to myself if I did not give my all to advocate for him.
Surely there is someone.

Do you dare?



Whatever you give, will make a difference as we work in bringing care,
healing and hope to children in crisis.
Please email us at nathan.wheeley@gentlehands.org for more details.

I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE