



Jeremiah 29:11

"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."

A Day in the Life of an Orphanage

They say pictures are worth a thousand words.

Sometimes I look at these precious faces and cannot find words to express the incredible miracle that I see. And while you may not know the details of each background story, it is enough to say know that God is moving, even when we don't see it, He is working and taking what was meant to destroy their lives and turning it into hope, and a future.

Just as He promised.



Adoptions at Gentle Hands

It has been incredible to watch God provide families for our children. The past few months have been busy with families who have waited for years to be matched and to finally hold the child they felt called to adopt. Adoption is complicated but every step is worth it. We would ask each one of you to think seriously about adoption and about providing a home for one of our older children.



Do you dare?



Please remember to pray for us and to support us in prayer and in financially. We are completely dependent on individual donations and without such, we could not offer the care that we do. Together we are literally changing the direction of the lives of these children.

There is hope in love.

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.wheelley@gentlehands.org for contact@gentlehands.org or more details.

The Other Side of Eternity.

The conversation was long and hard. I had to explain that surgery was no longer an option. That his liver had stopped working. That his kidneys and lungs were really struggling.

I had to tell him that he was not going to live.

He looked at me, with narrow eyes. Not saying anything. "Okay, he said, breathing out long and low. "But promise me you will come there. And the kids will come. And the staff. Promise me, mom. I will wait. I will wait for all of you."

And then quietly, with tears in his eyes... "But mom. I really wanted a family..." And so I told him that he already had a family. With us. With his friends that really were more like brothers. With the little ones that loved him. And the staff that cared for him. The social workers. The counselors. That God had given him a family already. That it was just a bit different.

And then I told him that he would have the most wonderful family in heaven. That they were waiting for him. He smiled. And looked away. Deep in thought.

Later that evening, as we sat listening to the swoosh of the oxygen, he asked me what language they spoke in heaven. I told him it must be a heavenly language. He smiled. "I'll understand it, I think," he said with a smile.

In the morning, the angels came. Quietly and respectfully. He turned on his side and sang worship songs.

And then he was whisked away, all the pain and suffering gone.

One of the children asked me why God took our boy when we had prayed for a miracle.

I can't answer that. But I know that his life was special. He loved his Saviour. He loved that God had given him a second chance at life. And he understood and accepted with a rare maturity and grace that sometimes healing comes on the other side of eternity.



I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE



Follow us on

