The Journey of Kuri & Sofiya
As I reflect on what Kuri and her granddaughter have been through, I can’t help but think of what life must be like for them. Kuri’s eyes are so sad. Years of anguish are etched into her face. As she tells me the story of how they came to us, I can see it. I can feel it. This is her story.

Yesterday a neighbor told Kuri about some visitors coming to a village to check on children in need of help. The neighbor told Kuri that if Kuri took Sofiya, then she would watch her other two grandchildren, Keria (11) and Jemila (8).

She knows if they do not go, Sofiya will not last much longer. They have already lost both of Sofiya’s parents. She does not think she can stand losing another member of her dear family.

Grabbing her shawl, Kuri picks up tiny, sleeping Sofiya. She does not awaken; strength has left her body. She has hours to walk on her journey. She prays and asks God to give her the strength to make it, for she will have to carry Sofiya the entire way.

As they leave their small mud hut she wonders, “Can I dare to hope this one last time that Sofiya has a chance?”

Exhausted, Kuri and Sofiya finally make it to the distant village. Hundreds of people have arrived before them. The sight is just too much to bear. Kuri collapses on the ground thinking, “I have come for nothing! There are too many people here.” Kuri begins to cry. She is now certain that Sofiya will die.

A local pastor spots her in the crowd and asks her what is wrong. Without saying a word, she shows him Sofiya and he too begins to cry. He leads her to another area so that the visitors can diagnose Sofiya. Excitement and doubt flood Kuri’s mind. She thinks, “Is this really happening? Can my little Sofiya be saved?”

A woman care for three children with nothing but an empty pot?”

Before the sun rises, Kuri awakens. Her first thought is, “Will my little Sofiya live another day?” She gets up from her bed—which is nothing more than a few banana leaves on the dirt floor—and looks into her cooking pot, hoping that God graced them with a miracle and filled it during the night.

The pot is empty and so is her hope.

Her three grandchildren are starving; they haven’t eaten in days. She asks herself, “How can an old
Today Sofiya is not only alive, she is thriving!

When we met Sofiya in January 2014, she was six years old. She needed a miracle if she was going to see her seventh birthday. God used you through your generosity to save this precious little girl’s life. Her entire village thanks God and you for what you did for this family.

Your contributions make it possible for us to help several thousand children like Sofiya every month. Your generosity is literally saving the lives of children. Thank you for saving Sofiya!

We also give thanks to God for making all of this possible. We pray He blesses you beyond your wildest dreams.

We love you,

Pat and Sue

With God ALL things are possible, no matter how dark the night may seem. Ask for His help. If He can help Sofiya in an unknown African village, He surely can help you.
Makayla, now 16, was the tender age of 11 when she started making bracelets out of recycled soda tabs. Her church youth group had just finished a campaign to raise funds and awareness for sex trafficking victims, but Makayla was just starting.

She began selling her bracelets for $1. After raising $25, she donated it to Crisis Aid. “I just want to help girls stuck in trafficking.” We soon began selling the bracelets for $10 at events and online. Since then, tens of thousands of dollars have been raised for our Global Safe Campaign and thousands of people have been informed about human trafficking.

All of this started with a young girl’s desire to make a difference. She certainly did!

Your Gifts Make A Big Difference; Thanks for caring.

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Our web site meets the extreme security requirements of all credit card companies.