

The children I have loved have not come from my body and they never will. The children I love and have committed my heart and life's work to, are like wildflowers spread all over the cities and countries of the world. Their spirits are unsettled and they are raised by whomever's areas or homes they land in. They are not as fortunate as some who have a set of parents, or even one person to whom they feel they belong. Sometimes they don't have someone they can come home to, feel safe with, or someone they can call for comfort, even for the slightest things that may come up in their day. Some of these children become like cacti, with prickly spines all around them to protect them from being hurt. Their unmet needs are so painful to face, they choose to put up defenses and treat others



with disrespect rather than let any one person in their world. These angry ones are high in numbers, and it is not an unrealistic future for many of them to eventually find a prison cell to sleep in after age eighteen. Some have a keen sense of survival and turn into beautiful roses or a sturdy redwood tree. Somewhere along the path of life they have found inner strength and they grew up having a meaningful life no matter how many storms they encountered.

For some, their growth came from one person or family who took the time to love and care for them. A family that took the time to look into their eyes, enter their world of turmoil and turn it around with consistency, nurturing, humor and understanding. They found solace in this nurturing and their souls took root. They grew up more resilient and happier. I hope these words inspire you to come forward and become one of those people in my children's lives.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Barbara Schwartz Davis is a family entertainer and speaker, who is committed to helping young people find loving homes. Her lively performance workshops teach parents and advocates to parent with creativity and love. Visit LittleLiveShow.com or call 415-482-0176 for more information.