

I lie here with an empty stomach and parched throat. I see a young girl. Her face is pale. She starts to ask some question but it is hard to understand because she doesn't speak our language. She tells me more about Jesus and it was very interesting. She gives me some food and a blanket. She asks if I have siblings. I have none. She brings me to a building where they will help me. She tells me her name. It is Shira Mathias and she is a missionary.

By:
Shira