



Manila,  
Philippines

Jeffery, Raina, and I pose for the camera.  
These two were my most precious little sweeties.

Melissa Moore

Ami, Jen, and I worked with the Missionaries of Charity in the Home of Joy for sick children. Our days were spent feeding, changing, and playing with the children who were there because they were orphans, or because they were too ill to be cared for at home. There were about 40 children in the home, whose ages ranged from just a couple months to 20 years. Many of the children were developmentally disabled or severely malnourished.



Playtime at the Home of Joy was a fun and chaotic time. In the picture, you can see Jen playing with some of the developmentally disabled children. The children all craved our attention, and there were many times when we had them hanging all over us while we were playing with as many as we could entertain at one time. I have rarely experienced the pure joy that the children and I experienced during those moments of play.



Two mornings a week, Jen, Ami, and I worked in the dispensary counting pills that were distributed to the poor for free. We were constantly amazed by the sisters' abilities to waste nothing and to make the most out of what they had.

Below is the street we lived on. On the left is the monorail that ran through the city. Our apartment was at eye level with the monorail, which ran about 10 feet from our balcony.



Feeding time with Jeffrey and Raina. Getting the children to eat was one of the most challenging and rewarding experiences of my life. Meal time was a great opportunity to help the children physically and to provide the one on one contact that they craved. Seeing Raina and the other malnourished children eat and get chubby made our experience totally worthwhile.