

# My Act of Kindness for One Young Girl



## A Child's Urge for Parental Love – It Takes a Village to Raise a Child

*By: Mary James-Wynn, Marietta, Georgia*

Many years ago, I heard the statement from my mom “It takes a village raise a child”. I may have been around 16 years of age. I didn’t quite comprehend the meaning of that statement, so I took it as one of mom’s sayings when she was giving during another one of her motherly conversations. Today at age 59 and several years back and raising children on my own, the statement “It takes a village to raise a child” has been strikingly comprehended to the utmost

Some time ago, I’ll say around 4 years; my daughter shared with me that one of her friends of whom I knew needed a place to stay. Her name is “Milan”. She was at the age of 19 at the time. Of course she was always welcome in our home. She is very open in discussion, so I had asked her “How her family was doing”. She shared that she and her mom had an argument. Her mom had demanded her to leave the house. She proceeded to share with me that her mom was Bipolar and addicted to drugs. She shared that her mom works and takes her entire paycheck and spend it on drugs. She makes her and her brother suffer the consequences by making them pay the rent. When she informed her mom that she lost her job, she made her leave the home. While in the kitchen talking, my daughter walked in the room. She stated to my daughter, “You are very lucky to have a mom that loves you, cares for you, nurture you, lift you up when you’re down, of just simply give you a hug just because”. She stated “I never get this from my mom and I pray every day that God will make it better, so my mom will show me love”. Milan and her brother became homeless. Her brother decided to stay with a friend, so that left Milan with no place to go, until I made it known to her that, she will always have a place to go. I had allowed her to stay and we did everything possible to keep her occupied and comfortable in our home. She became like another daughter to me. I provided her guidance, love, and assurance that everything was going to be alright. I had invited her to church but she learned that her mom was in the hospital. When her mom was discharged, her mom left the

state of Georgia and relocated to Arizona without informing her but her mom finally contacted her. Milan and her brother found a way to get to Arizona to be with her mom. Once again, she was chasing the love of her mom. A few months later, her mom took another hit of her addiction to cocaine along with her Bi-Polar behavior and neglected her home in Arizona. She returned to Atlanta. She contacted my daughter to inform her that her mom left her and her brother. The two of them had found jobs but had to remain there to finance the apartment of where they reside, or they will be homeless, again. A couple of months later, being homeless again became reality.

She was on the street, once again. Her father was not quite in her life but was reachable. He had remarried and did not seem to show much care of her situation. We brought her back to our home. I hugged her, fed her, and we sat and talked. I prayed to the Lord to give me the right words to say to her to keep her encouraged. All I had to do was to make a place in my home and heart to show her the love and care that seem to escape her. Something so simple and easy to give was something that he had been seeking from her mom that was of such great value, and I was glad to be there to fill some of the void at that time.

Parents often become preoccupied with managing mental illness, and much of the family's attention is directed to that person. Furthermore, the parent living with the mental illness may detach (intentionally or unintentionally) from the child. Parental hospitalization and other separations from the parent (sometimes including the child living with other family members) but in this case, Milan and her brother didn't have such luxury. It surely disrupts the parent-child bond. Milan's mother detached, physical separation had such impact on her and her brother. They become so confused by their mom's unavailability. Milan often feels uncared for, unloved, left out, and lonely. She often blames herself for the change in their mom. I often assure her that is always the Bi-Polar disease and that her. She has been informed of certain programs that can help her and her brother's situation. Although Milan's mom was a professional model in Italy in the past years, the beauty of her mom couldn't fill the void with the show of love she so desire from her mom but one thing she will always know is, she will always have a home and me to turn to when unfortunate situations muddy her path. Currently, Milan is 24 and is working to beat the odds to experience having the basic luxuries of life. "It indeed simply takes a village to raise a child with just providing simply love, advice, and the show of care".

“A Child’s Urge for Parental Love – It Takes a Village to Raise a Child” by Mary James-Wynn  
e-Wise Contributor Article  
Reprinted with author’s permission  
[www.wiseoutreach.org](http://www.wiseoutreach.org)