

## **Larissa**

### *The Power of a Child's Prayer*

We decided to drive to Ft. Collins (65 miles north of Denver) that particular Tuesday morning to visit an old friend, even though Betty was "on call" to be with Nadia when she went to the hospital to give birth to her third child.

The Ivanov family\* had been in the States for only two and a half months, and they spoke no English. Only Russian. Nikolai and Nadia were in their early thirties. Their daughter, Larissa, was seven and their son, Yuri, was eight.

Betty spent a lot of time interacting with the children because she had taken on the responsibility of helping the family, especially Nadia. She was Nadia's interpreter and translator at government agencies, clinics and hospitals. The baby was due any time now, but driving up to Ft. Collins for the day was a chance we thought we could take.

On our return trip, Betty suggested we stop at a pay phone and call the Ivanovs to simply check on Nadia. I found myself volunteering to actually drive to their house in Arvada. Once we were back in the Metro Denver area, Betty mentioned again that we could just make a phone call to them. But, for me, that was not an option. For some reason I felt we should go to their place. Of course, Betty had no problem with that.

When we got there, no one seemed surprised to see us. That morning (her parents told us), Larissa had prayed (in Russian, of course): "And, Dear Lord, I would like for Babushka Lena ('Grandma' Betty) to visit me today." ◇◇◇

\*Not their real names