

April 16th, 2014

Brittany's
HOPE

Aiding Abandoned Children Worldwide

Dear Pamela,

You've changed a child's life

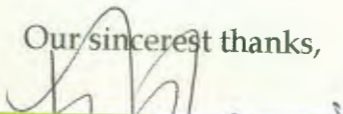
When a child's belly rumbles in the
corner of a small, filthy hut
fills their tummy today, he
at night.

Your dedication goes so much further
weak child with an education.
For generations to come, the
that you started fighting today.

Nhan, a young woman who
wrote "My birth parents gave me

Your impact is making a lasting
looking forward to sharing
We will keep you updated on
and monthly emails.

Our sincerest thanks,



Summer 2013
The Perennial Path



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A Tribute to Brittany Ann O'Connell (December 22, 1975 – January 19, 1999)

Remembering Brittany

written by Candace Abel, January 2004

Over the years, I have been asked many times about our beautiful daughter, Brittany. People see her name in all our literature, and are naturally curious about her.



Brittany in her garden at age 4.

and wrapped her in my arms. "The dog didn't want to leave," she said. "Just the dog?" I answered back. "Yes," she said, "HE is the only one with any sense!" Britt's wonderful sense of humor saved the day, and many more to come.

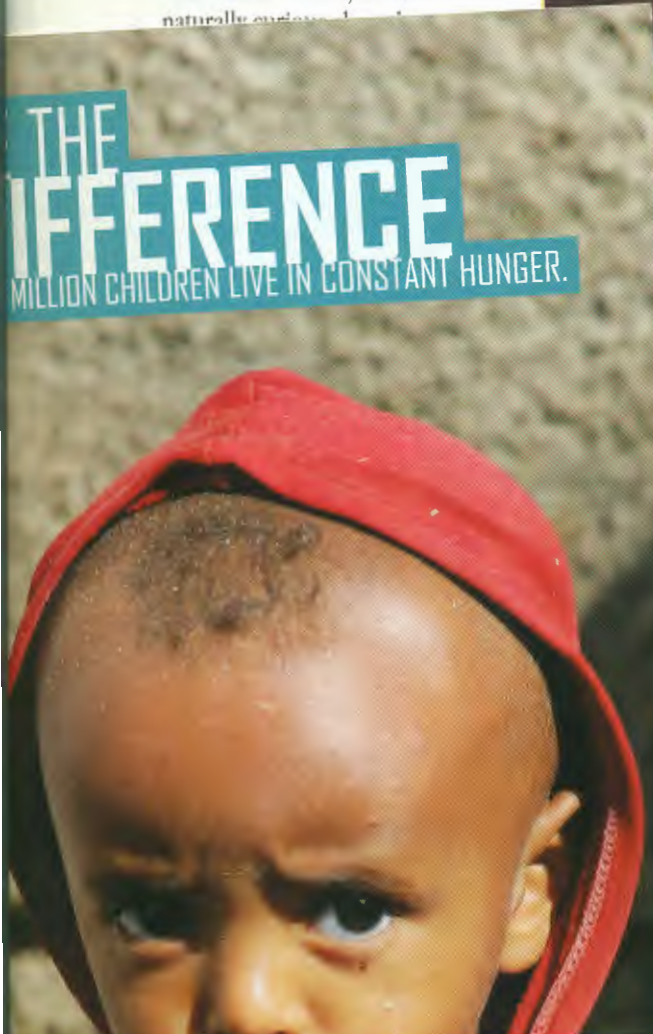
Britt soon figured out that we were not letting go of her (or the dog), and in that knowledge she was able to let go of her pain. What joy we experienced as a family when Brittany emerged from her suffocating rage and blossomed into a radiant young woman!

Never one to hold back, Britt was zany and outgoing, and at times irreverent in a charming way. She held opinions about everything

from abortion to cafeteria food. She was indignant at injustices she saw around her, and stated so loudly. She walked in the Pro-Life March every January, saved turtles from roads and brought home stray cats; her last stray, Sigmund ("It's short for Freud, Mom!") still resides with us.

Politics fascinated her, babies delighted her and old people were "cool." After she spent hours every Saturday night staying with an ailing neighbor lady, she came home and announced, "Lawrence Welk is a kinda fun old dude!" When the sweet

continued on other side



aps in the recalling of this resilient luminous young woman, I can express profound blessing adoption can be to child and family.

Brittany joined our family in 1989 at age of 12, following the desertion of her father, and the diagnosis of her mother's terminal cancer. She was desperately in need of a stable home where she could process her mother's death and let go of the anger she held for her. We tried hard to be that family for her. It was not always easy to parent a very teenager; we were young and inexperienced ourselves, Brittany being the oldest child in our home.



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