April 16th, 2014

Dear Pamela,

You’ve changed a child’s life.

When a child’s belly rumble fills their tummy today, happy at night.

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

Nhan, a young woman who wrote “My birth parents gave me...”

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

Our sincere thanks,

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 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 so she could process her mother's let go of the anger she held for her. We tried hard to be that family. It was not always easy to parent a teenager; we were young and ourselves, Brittany being the other children in our home 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!" Brit'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, Brit 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

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