

# *Love in Action*

A WORLD JOURNAL





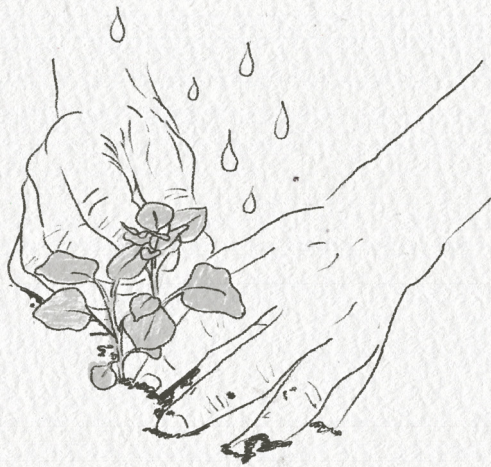
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When we let love lead,  
solutions rise and take root.





# Welcome

**Join us in reading how love empowers community-led change.**

We're so excited to share this collective journal of love made tangible: in letters, moments, and the quiet details that sustain the work of fourteen incredible GlobalGiving nonprofit partners around the world.


Within these pages, you may smell the red earth of Rulindo at dawn, hear drums calling peace back home, or taste sweet sahlab shared with children in Gaza. You'll meet Ishimwe the pig, whose soft grunt sparked new life in the hills, and peek inside the sketchbook of a group boldly reimagining community design.

With your support, their work receives the nourishment it needs to root deeper and reach further. As each community is strengthened, we all grow stronger.

Together, these journal entries hold the care that sustains the work of true community-led change. They gather dreams and losses, memories and visions, and the determination it takes to turn love into lasting change.

We hope you enjoy them.

In pursuit of a better world,

  
**Victoria Vrana**  
CEO, GlobalGiving





# In Cuenca

Written by *Maria Jose Orellana*

In Cuenca,  
when dawn gently touches the rooftops,  
there are hands already waking life.  
Small hands, strong hands,  
hands that never give up.

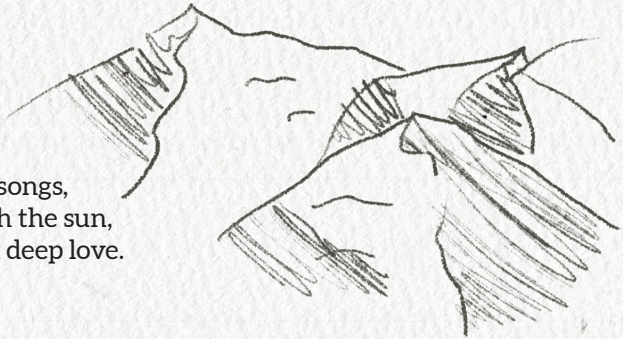
A grandmother bakes dreams in a warm oven,  
a mother weaves the future with threads of hope,  
a child runs barefoot,  
but his laughter carries the world.

Here, not everything is easy.  
There are long nights, silent sorrows,  
stories that broke into pieces.  
But there are also hugs that heal,  
gazes that ignite,  
and hearts that never stop loving.

Because in this Andean land,  
where the river whispers ancient songs,  
solidarity blooms like corn beneath the sun,  
with patience, with care, and with deep love.

The Hearts of Gold Foundation  
doesn't hand out roads,  
it builds them alongside those who walk.  
It doesn't impose answers,  
it listens and walks with you.

Here, change makes no noise,  
yet it transforms everything.  
You see it in eyes that shine again,  
in dreams that dare to rise.  
Cuenca is more than a city.  
She is a mother, a song, a struggle.  
She is living proof that  
when love is true,  
it holds the power to change everything.



## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**Hearts of Gold Foundation** works holistically to support community solutions in Cuenca, Ecuador. Their *Creadoras Project* was born from the strength and love of grandmothers who, despite their age and challenges, continue caring for their grandchildren, children with disabilities, and their own well-being.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Maria Jose Orellana*, Ecuadorian, 39 years old, Executive Director of **Hearts of Gold** for over 8 years.

where the river whispers ancient songs...





To the forest, we vow...

## To the Sinharaja Rainforest...

Written by Sriyantha Perera



Born over 200 million years ago, you predate the Amazon and Congo.

You witnessed the thunderous footsteps of Jurassic giants and lived through the shifting heartbeat of Earth itself. Named “Lion King” by our ancestors, you are a legacy of courage and reverence.

You remain Sri Lanka’s last virgin rainforest, the emerald crown of the island, sheltering life found nowhere else. The densest tropical forest in Asia – your canopy hides the last two rainforest elephants and the shadowy elegance of the black panther.

Humankind nearly stripped you bare for plywood, and now drains your lifeblood bit by bit. But you endure, resilient, whispering ancient secrets through leaves soaked in mist and memory.

You are sacred. You are irreplaceable. And we—your protectors—stand with you. For every tree, every whispering stream, every creature that calls you home, we vow to guard you until our final breath.

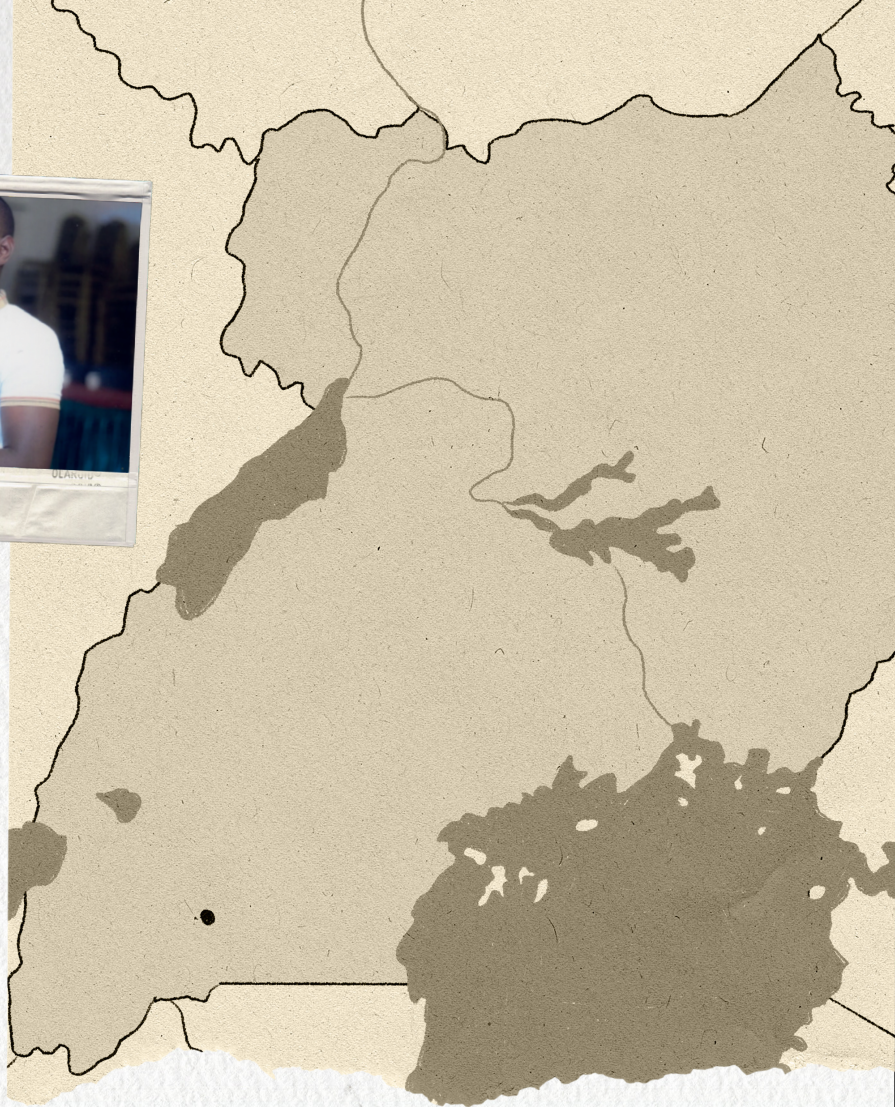
### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Sriyantha Perera* is the Founder and President at **Rainforest Protectors of Sri Lanka**.

### ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**Rainforest Protectors Trust** safeguards the Sinharaja World Heritage Rainforest in Sri Lanka by purchasing and permanently protecting surrounding forest lands. Their work secures the buffer zone, restores damaged ecosystems, and creates biodiversity corridors that reconnect fragmented rainforest habitats.





## Today: Safe Steps, Quiet Courage

Written by Real Raymond

### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Real Raymond* is a human rights advocate and the founder of **Mbarara Rise Foundation**, the first rural-based nonprofit in southwestern Uganda dedicated to supporting LGBTIQ communities. With nearly a decade of experience in grassroots organizing, Raymond focuses on legal aid, economic empowerment, and creating safe spaces for marginalized individuals. He has led emergency response efforts during times of heightened persecution, including after the passage of Uganda's Anti-Homosexuality Act in 2023.

The sun rises slowly over Mbarara, and with it, a familiar knot of caution in my chest. It's a Wednesday. We've scheduled a trauma support session for LGBTIQ youths who were recently evicted after the Anti-Homosexuality Act was passed. Before heading to the office, I check in with a shelter volunteer. "They're calm today," she says. "But one of them cried all night."

As I walk to the office, I pass boda-boda riders yelling political slogans.

The loudness of hate in public spaces has only grown. I walk faster, quieter. I carry printed Know Your Rights guides and phone numbers for legal aid in my bag. We hide these tools of protection in plain sight.

Our office is small, with walls painted by volunteers and a sign outside that reads "Community Wellness Centre" neutral, for safety. Inside, I hear laughter. Rocky, one of our paralegals, is telling a story. Laughter here is not lighthearted, it's defiance. It's how we keep going.

A youth named Mikie tells us, "I haven't eaten since Sunday, but I came for the session." He speaks about being chased from his uncle's house, and how even an STI clinic refused to give him ARVs because he "looked gay."

We listen. We offer tea. We share food. We offer dignity.

The power cuts mid-session. The room dims, but no one moves. We continue, using our phones as flashlights, and Jacob speaks without shame. This, too, is love in action: holding space in the dark.

At the end of the day, I sit at my desk, recording anonymous testimonies and thinking of the quiet acts of courage that keep this work alive, a shared phone charger, a night call from a terrified parent, a stranger's donation. Love here is not always loud. It's daily, deliberate, and brave.

### ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**Mbarara Rise Foundation** operates five drop-in HIV centers across southwestern Uganda, where they offer medical treatment, legal aid, trauma counseling, and a safe space for LGBTIQ+ individuals.



# Tiny Treasures

Written by Eman



Today we organized an activity to distribute sahlab – a traditional sweet drink made from orchid tuber powder – and rice pudding to the children there.

As I stepped out of the car at around 9:30 am, I wasn't okay. I felt heavy.

The full blockade is choking us. It all felt unbearable for me to carry.

But as I neared the kitchen, I was overcome with new emotions. About twenty children ran smiling toward me like a wave of light. They took my hands in theirs and welcomed me warmly.

*Only then I felt seen and heard.  
Less alone, I felt rooted, grounded, and peaceful.*

In a place like Gaza where fear is the king and famine is the queen, those cups of sahlab and rice pudding became tiny treasures. Food is scarce, sugar is gone, and the ghost of famine hovers over us all, gnawing at our souls and bodies.

*We did not serve only desserts but rather cups filled with our shared and simple wishes of a warm home and peaceful life.*

Those cups were some of the most delicious ones I've ever tasted – not for their flavor, but for the temporary relief I just felt for a little bit when I saw the children's facial expressions.

When I was serving sahlab with my colleague Ahmed, a boy said to us: "I love sahlab, but I love you much more."

With his tiny right hand, the boy gestured a half heart, waiting for me to complete the heart with my hand. These two moments made me forget some of the stress and horror we are enduring.

I admitted to myself that maybe I am the one who needs those children more than they need me.

All of us need them. We need to feel their suffering, to stay connected to our own humanity, to relearn the true meaning of love and sharing from them.

However it's not their responsibility to teach us these life lessons, yet they do.

*With their beautiful hearts and souls, they remind us of the values our world so often forgets.*



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Eman is part of the MECA team in Gaza providing urgent aid to children and families struggling to survive Israeli attacks and famine. She travels throughout Gaza to document our work delivering hot meals, clean drinking water, nutrition services, psychosocial support activities and more.

## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

The Middle East Children's Alliance (MECA) has supported children in Gaza for 35 years through emergency care, education, and health programs. In times of crisis, MECA mobilizes its strong local network to provide food, medicine, shelter, and psychosocial support to children.



# Every day, I walk into Okhmatdyt

Written by Maryna Krutiuk

I could find my way to the oncology departments of Okhmatdyt – Ukraine’s largest children’s hospital – with my eyes closed. I’ve been coming here almost every day for five years.

My hands are always full – boxes for art workshops, birthday presents, little gifts for children being discharged.

“Another celebration today?” the security guard at the entrance asks.

Even in wartime, children fighting life-threatening disease need moments of joy. And I’m here to help make those moments possible.

Hospital life now blends medicine and war. Parents and children fighting for their lives often lose sleep to brutal Russian attacks on Kyiv. Even daylight has been stolen – windows remain boarded up since last year’s missile strike on Okhmatdyt. The familiar noises and smells of the hospital mix with those of ongoing repairs. Okhmatdyt is being rebuilt without ever stopping – even one pause could cost lives.

“Maryna, could you help me find tutors in English and math?” asks a 16-year-old girl. Her treatment is taking longer than expected. Still, she and her mother hold on to hope – turning hospital days into opportunities.

Then something unusual catches my eye. A mother of a toddler being treated for brain cancer is holding a puppy in a box. She and her daughter are being allowed a short visit home, where three older siblings are waiting. One of them is having a birthday – and this puppy is the surprise. Months away from home is hard. So moms do everything they can when they get the chance.

“Maryna, we’re out of hot dogs... and he keeps asking...” sighs another mom. Her 15-year-old son has just been moved from intensive care to a regular room. For the first time in a long while, he wants something.

I head out to get one. From afar, I see him waiting at the window. When I hand him the warm package, he beams.

Love lives in hundreds of small and big acts, every day. It’s not just about organizing crafts or celebrations. It’s being there in hard moments, sharing the good ones – or bringing someone a simple hot dog.

Every day, I walk into Okhmatdyt.

## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**Tabletochki** supports children with cancer and other serious illnesses by providing medical and financial aid, upgrading hospitals, training doctors, and offering psychological and rehabilitation care to families. Even amid war, their work has expanded to assist civilians in need.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Maryna Krutiuk* is **Tabletochki’s** In-hospital Quality of Life Program Coordinator, Ukraine.





# A Day with Ishimwe

Written by Jean Damascene Uwizeyimana

The rooster crowed before dawn,  
but I was already awake;  
heart listening to the rhythm of home.  
Morning in Rulindo smells  
of red earth and eucalyptus,  
citron leaves and grevillea.  
I walked past the trees  
we planted last year;  
thousands of them.  
Their roots now hold firm.  
They catch the rain, shade the crops,  
breathe new life into the warming hills.  
The land breathes differently.

So do we.  
I stopped to greet Ishimwe;  
our pig, our gift, whose name means  
“Thank you, God.”  
She grunted softly, nudged my hand  
as if to say, “Let’s begin the day.”  
That pig changed everything.  
Her fertilizer revived our soil.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jean Damascene Uwizeyimana is a Rwandan medical doctor and the founder of **RWAYDAVO**. Passionate about advocacy and community health, he began working with underserved populations in 2008. Through this experience, he saw that many development projects overlook the poorest members of society—an issue that led him to establish RWAYDAVO to ensure no one is left behind.



Our harvest grew.  
The income paid my brother’s notebooks,  
his school shoes; and his school fees too.  
One pig. One spark of change.  
One ripple of hope.  
By midday, I stood with young Batwa leaders  
planting cassava near the forest’s edge.  
They laughed as they worked.  
Once excluded, now empowered.  
“This land used to forget us,” one said.  
“Now it feeds us.”  
As the sun slipped behind the hills,  
I paused to listen;  
Birds. Laughter. Ishimwe.  
And beneath it all,  
the quiet, certain sound  
of something growing.

This is RWAYDAVO.  
This is love in action.  
This is climate hope;  
planted, shared, and rising.

## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

Rwandan Youth Development and Voluntary Organization (RWAYDAVO) is a community-based nonprofit focused on health, sustainable community growth, and environmental protection.



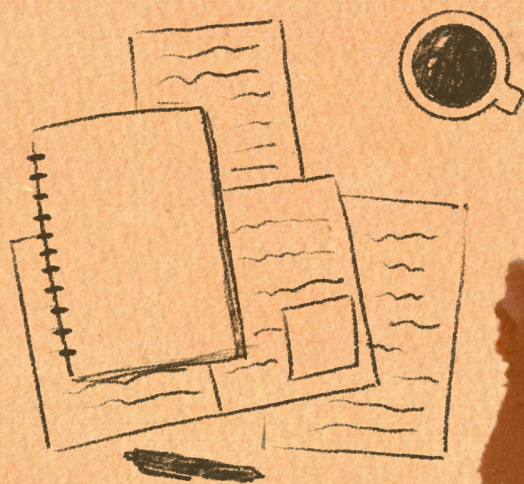


# A Day in the Life of a Legal Assistant at Roots Reborn

Written by Monica

The days in the office are never the same. It begins quietly, but with a ton of work to do and with a crew like ours, it's destined to get loud in no time. I log in, take a breath, and start sorting through the day, emails, messages, and questions that don't have quick answers.

Some days, things go smoothly. Other days, we have to ride the wave. A form that was supposed to be filled appears blank, someone emails a photo of a document upside down, and the scanner decides not to work. We adjust. We keep going.



## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**Maui Roots Reborn** is a multicultural immigrant justice and disaster response organization dedicated to supporting migrant and immigrant communities on Maui.

Working in immigration out here means doing a lot with a little. Our clients come from all over, with stories that stretch across oceans and borders. The systems weren't built to support them, but we show up anyway, trying to make it all make sense.

It's not glamorous, but there's meaning in the mess. In the way we check in on each other between extremely busy days. In the quiet satisfaction of finding the right file. In the reminder that behind every form is a real person hoping for a better shot.

At the end of the day, I shut my laptop, scribble a few notes for tomorrow, and sit for a second.

It wasn't a perfect day, but it was an honest one. This work is heavy, but it's rooted. And that keeps me grounded.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Monica* is a proud first-generation college graduate, born and raised in the south suburbs of Chicago with deep roots in Michoacán, Mexico. Growing up in a multi-generational immigrant household, she often served as a translator and advocate for her family. These experiences exposed her early on to the systemic inequities immigrant communities face. These moments shaped her passion for justice and inspired her to pursue a degree in Political Science, driven by a commitment to uplift her community.



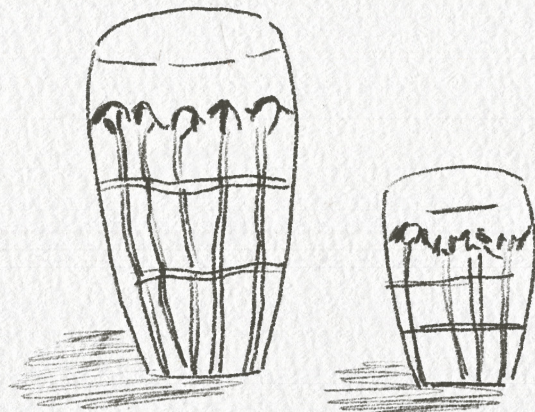
# Dear Peace

Written by *Francis Bahene Tumwekwasize*

We have written your name on the winds,  
whispered it through the cracks of our broken homes,  
painted it on the walls of our hearts,  
Written it on banners—  
yet you remain a distant horizon,  
a bird that circles but never lands.

We are yearning for you here in South Sudan,  
where rivers run with memories of blood and laughter  
and children still dream with dust in their hair.  
Every morning, mothers wake with prayers  
woven into their palms—prayers for you,  
to come and sit at our tables,  
to drink from our clay cups of Kerkede and stay.

We remember when you brushed past us once—  
in the silence after the guns grew tired,  
in the shy smiles of neighbors who dared to hope again.  
But you were fragile then, thin as smoke,  
and the winds carried you away too soon.



*Dear Peace, do you hear our drums beating your name?  
Do you feel our tears watering the earth,  
begging you to blossom?*

We are tired of burying tomorrow,  
tired of teaching our sons to fight  
and our daughters to hide.  
Come back to us, not as a promise but as a home,  
not as a whisper but as a song we all can sing.  
Come, dwell here —  
where our hands are outstretched,  
where our hearts are ready,  
where even the stars have been waiting  
to light your way.

Yours in longing,  
*South Sudan*

## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**South Sudan Grassroots Initiative for Development (SSGID)** was founded by women and youth in South Sudan to address the social, economic, and health challenges facing the country's rural communities.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Francis Bahene Tumwekwasize* is the Communications and Resource Mobilization Manager at **South Sudan Grassroots Initiative for Development**. He drives SSGID's visibility, storytelling, and fundraising, leveraging communication to inspire action and support for vulnerable communities in South Sudan.



# And the Water Came...

Written by Fiza

I am Fiza.

I live in Mithi, Sindh, with Amma, Baba and Dada.

Dadi Amma had to go but talks to me all the time.  
She lives in a pocket I made for her in my heart.

My land whispers friendship and love.

We need water to drink and make our fields green.  
Dada saved water from last year's rain and grows vegetables.

Soon there will be enough to share with Anjali and her mother.

Anjali is my best friend since forever.  
We talk, we sing, we make up stories and we jump rope.  
"I win, I win", shouts Anjali.

We feed our hens with scraps of leftover roti.  
We frisk with Rani and we try to make Moti run.  
We celebrate Eid with glass bangles and big smiles.  
But NO.  
I will not leave my home.  
No, Baba.  
Let the rain come, let the waters flow.  
I will not let my home go.

GONE.

I sit in the camp with friends.  
We could cry, we could lament.  
We decide to build  
A school.  
Where all is happy.

Yes. Rainbows do exist  
Now we sing, play, learn  
We have Humara Kutub Khanas.

Amma = Mother  
Baba = Father  
Dada = Grandfather  
Dadi Amma = Grandmother

Humara Kutub Khanas =  
Community Libraries



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Basarat Kazim is the President of the **Alif Laila Book Bus Society**, which began as a children's library and evolved into a center for educational innovation. She has authored multiple children's books in Urdu. A recipient of national and international awards, she won the 2024 IBBY iREAD Outstanding Reading Promoter Award and was elected President of IBBY International at the 2024 Congress in Trieste. She continues to inspire a love of reading in Pakistan.

## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**Alif Laila Book Bus Society** promotes literacy and children's education in Pakistan, establishing the country's first children's libraries and publishing engaging, bilingual, culturally relevant books.



# Blueprints & Design

Written by *Cynthia Burgos Lopez*

I've always loved the process more than the final product. It's in the sketches, the brainstorming sessions, the community gatherings, the "what ifs" and "how abouts" that I find purpose.



## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**La Maraña** is a Puerto Rican nonprofit advancing sustainable development through participatory design.

What excites me most is bringing people together to co-create solutions to real-life problems—especially people who have never been invited into the design conversation.

There's something deeply powerful about seeing someone realize that they have the right, the ability, and the tools to shape their own environment. To me, design is not just about aesthetics or objects—it's about relationships, imagination, and justice. I believe everyone is a designer in some way.

Whether it's a parent reshaping their neighborhood to make it safer for their children, or a child dreaming up a better classroom, design is about asking what could be better and having the courage to try. Teaching young people that they can design not only things—but also who they want to be and the kind of world they want to live in—is one of the greatest joys of my work.

I want them to know that creativity is not just for artists or architects. It's for dreamers, for doers, for anyone who wants to make things better. That's why I'll always stand on the side of the process. The messy, collective, ever-evolving part of the work is where the most meaningful change happens.

It's where people come alive. It's where we build not only projects, but relationships and possibilities. And that's the kind of design practice I want to nurture—one that's grounded in care, collaboration, and community.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Cynthia Burgos López, PhD* is a landscape designer, environmental management expert, and co-founder of **La Maraña**, a Puerto Rican nonprofit advancing sustainable development through participatory design. She holds degrees in Agronomy, Landscape Architecture, and Environmental Management. Above all, she is the proud mother of Ilan, her deepest source of inspiration.



# The Circle of Life

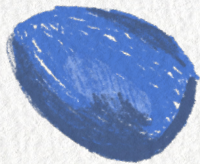
Written by Marine Deliens



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Marine Deliens* - Marine is our horticulturist and a true rainforest enthusiast. Her role at **Rainforest Rescue** includes management of the Native Plant Nursery in the heart of the Daintree Rainforest - seed collection, species selection, propagation, and growing of trees required for our restoration projects, with a special focus on nurturing beneficial food sources for wildlife.

**We love being part of the circle of life.** From our viewpoint looking out across Earth's oldest surviving rainforest, the Daintree in tropical far north Australia, we love to witness an unbroken circle of life which we are privileged to be a part of.



**Seeds** (cassowary plum) - Our seed collectors carefully search for native rainforest plants that have shed their seeds. A majestic Cassowary Plum (*Cerbera floribunda*) towers above us. About our feet we find fallen fruits and their big, tough seeds. They are toxic to humans, so we're careful when collecting them. We only collect ten per cent of the seeds we find beneath the mother tree, leaving the rest for native wildlife and the rainforest's natural seedbank. Each batch of collected seeds is logged with its date and location in our database.

**Pots** (coir) - The rainforest surrounds our native plant nursery. Here we tread as lightly as possible, with power, water and waste all managed by regenerative processes. We get our electricity from the sun, water from rainwater tanks and will recycle our irrigation through a bioretention pond that we're constructing. Our nursery team is trialling nurturing seeds for propagation within coir pots. We discovered we can reduce our need for plastic potting or excessive water consumption from washing used pots. Coir occurs naturally as coconut fiber and is a handy potting medium that retains water. The pots can be placed straight into the ground when it's time to plant!

**Bugs** (lacewings and mites) - With so many young trees together in one area we have to offset the risk of harm from pests. Fortunately, nature provides the answer! Our nursery has a 'beneficial bugs' biological control program with several native 'hero' species. Each helps to manage pests. Green lacewing larvae roam the plants, picking off aphids and other insects and mealybugs. Under the microscope we can see predatory mites which help us to control the tiniest and trickiest pests, like thrips and whiteflies. Minimizing pests helps the young trees to become resilient while they prepare for being planted out.



**Plants** (pioneers) - Now that the young plants are ready to go into the ground, our land management team will take them to a restoration site. Here they plant areas of previously fragmented and cleared habitat where the soil is fragile and vulnerable to invasive species. We prioritize pioneer types like Bleeding Heart *Homalanthus novoguineensis* and Cassowary Plum which grow quickly.

This means we can close the canopy sooner, so slow-growing successional species have time to mature. Each newly planted tree helps to improve the soil quality, fix carbon and add to the biodiversity of this reemerging habitat.

**Poop** (cassowary) - In a couple of years' time we return to the planted site to discover the young trees are maturing. Some pioneer species are already fruiting. Searching amongst the leaf litter, we discovered a sign from a rainforest specialist—it's a cassowary poop! Many seeds appear in their poop, including Cassowary Plum. Southern cassowaries are the 'rainforest gardener', helping plants spread across great distances to support healthy genetic diversity. These ancient birds have roamed forests like the Daintree for millions of years, but they remain threatened by human disturbance to their rainforest ecosystem. That's why we're stitching together the fragments of forest. Now it's time to collect some more seeds as our part in the circle begins once again.

Helping to heal and keep the circle of life intact happens because of the support that generous donors have given to us.



## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**Rainforest Rescue** restores damaged ecosystems through native reforestation programs while preserving rainforest biodiversity and cultural heritage. They partner with Aboriginal communities to support land rights, forest protection, and community-based conservation initiatives.





# A Reflection from Cambodia

Written by *Chhaiya Im*

Dear ODC,

You were not born out of comfort; you were born out of action rooted in love.

Out of the silence of a broken childhood. Out of the injustice of a school system that failed its own children. Out of a war-torn country where dreaming felt dangerous. But also out of hope—hope that no child in Cambodia's next generation would feel forgotten, because every child deserves dignity, healing, and real education.

You began under a tin roof in my father's backyard with a few benches and a torn whiteboard. But you were never just a school. You were a promise. A place where love is not sentimental, but steady. Where discipline is compassion. Where doors open not just to classrooms, but to purpose and possibility.

You changed me. You made me a leader. You gave me the strength to rise, to learn, to serve. You changed students, parents, teachers, and even donors. You taught us all that Cambodian children are not victims, but visionaries.

You are not just a place.

You are the quiet force behind so much good. And because of you, we now believe again in ourselves, and in what is possible.

With all my heart,  
*Chhaiya Im*



## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

Opening Doors Cambodia offers children in Cambodia affordable English lessons and educational opportunities.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

*Chhaiya Im* is the Founder and Headmaster of **Opening Doors Cambodia (ODC)**, an NGO dedicated to empowering underprivileged youth through education, life skills, and strong values. A passionate educator and Atlantic Fellow, he leads with a commitment to equity, servant leadership, and building a better future for Cambodia.



# Dear Lucy

Written by Connie Duran

Dear Lucy,

You are asking me what I need. It's very difficult to answer because sometimes I don't know, but I wish for love—unconditional love—no matter what! No matter if I am feeling sad and don't want to talk, or if, for no reason, I am angry and yell something I don't mean. I still need love. I need to heal my heart, to feel safe, and to know that I will not be abandoned again. That I won't be hurt again by an adult who should protect me no matter what. I am only 7 years old. I didn't do anything to be born into my violent biological family. I didn't do anything! I didn't do anything to go through all that happened! So please, I only need love, hugs, and comfort. I have a loving family now, with you and the other girls of Puerta Abierta. Still, sometimes it's difficult, as memories of my biological family come and hurt. But I know that you, Lucy—my tutor, who is like a loving mother to me and my new sisters—will always be there for me, no matter what.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Connie Duran founded **Puerta Abierta** in 2004 as she has the strong conviction that child violence shouldn't happen. She is committed in every way to give love and a life project to every girl Puerta Abierta receives.

This is a fictional letter that Connie wrote based on her time working with children who survived abuse. 'I wrote it thinking how the heart of my girls feel.'

Please be patient and wise, and try to guess when to give me some time so I can calm down. It's difficult to share you with the other girls because I need your comfort always. I want you to be there for me. I am learning to love, and to be loved, and to share you! So if you ask me again what I need, I will answer that I have all I need now. I have you, and I feel safe and loved, even though some days I don't understand what I feel. Now I know that I will be fine. Still, I would love to have a doll to hug and care for! Thanks for asking!

I love you,  
Lluvia



## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

**Puerta Abierta** provides a safe and loving home environment, individualized educational support, and trauma support for abused and abandoned girls in Mexico to help them live and grow in safety.



# From Silence, We Rise

Written by Pascal Placide

*Pascal* is a refugee whom has been receiving support from Generation Aid.



**One family torn apart is too many.**

Hopelessness settles as aid quietly fades,  
sirens replaced by the hush of categories.

No-one is born to exile, no child asks for chains.

Our cries ricochet off walls that do not listen, and silence grows  
where justice should speak.

We ration hope like dried maize.

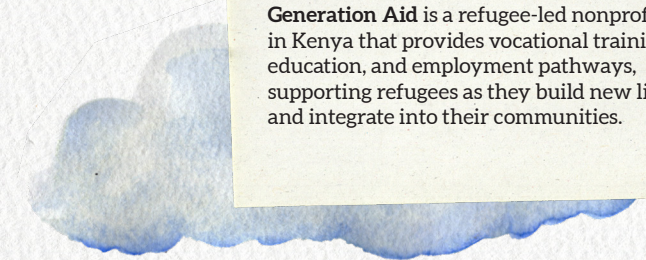
Our children know hunger more than history;  
their dreams dissolve beneath torn canvas skies.

They count us like census figures,  
but forget we are stories, breath, and ache -  
Not statistics stacked behind barbed wire.



## ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION

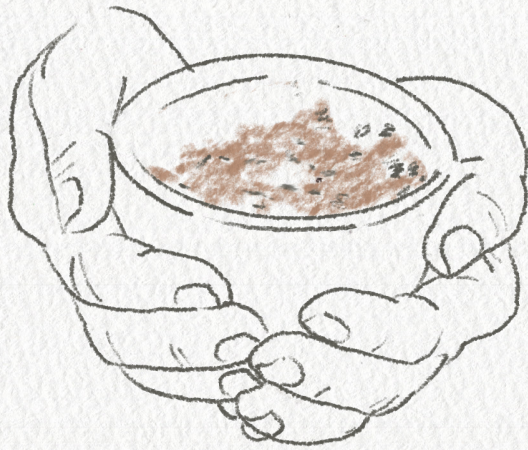
**Generation Aid** is a refugee-led nonprofit in Kenya that provides vocational training, education, and employment pathways, supporting refugees as they build new lives and integrate into their communities.



*Yet still we rise uncertain, yet unshaken.  
We plant dignity in the soil of broken systems,  
and craft rebellion from the verses of silence.*

We labour to bridge despair with dignity, one  
family torn apart is too many. We serve, we speak,  
and **we stand for wholeness unyielding.**





These journal entries are connected by one simple idea: change that nurtures communities begins when we let love do the leading. Our partners live this truth every day, and we are honored to walk alongside them as their solutions take root and rise.

With your support this year, projects like these have flourished in communities around the world. And when one grows stronger, we all grow stronger.

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Thank you for being part of this story, and for helping communities turn their care into change.



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GlobalGiving is top-rated on Charity Navigator and is accredited by the BBB Wise Giving Alliance.

Learn more at [globalgiving.org](https://www.globalgiving.org).

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By giving to the change leaders on GlobalGiving, you support local, community-led organizations that are best positioned to find and implement solutions in their communities.

Thank you for making the world a better place with GlobalGiving.





*Thank you.  
Your support makes all the difference.*

globalgiving.org

