

“No!”

I gasped in horror and disbelief. Riding towards my exam hall and towards what I believed was my bright future as a lawyer, I was seated on the upper level of an overcrowded bus in India. As we approached a high bridge, I looked to my right and saw several children playing on the upper floor terrace (like a balcony) of a seven - story apartment house. We were almost eye to eye. I watched in disbelief as a little girl jumped on the top of the parapet built to protect residents from falling off.

She walked along the narrow, curved top as if she didn't have a care in the world that the street was more than 100 feet below. Suddenly, she lost her balance, slipped and plunged to her death.

Involuntarily, compassionately, I cried out, shocking the crowded bus. No one else had witnessed the tragedy. My anguished yell, rattled and startled everyone.

It seemed like time slowed to a crawl during the scene even though it was over in seconds. Her body fell limp on the descent. She had died of fright before she impacted the ground.

Why was I the only one who saw this innocent child perish?

Holding my head in my hands, I rode the rest of the trip home in silence and shock.

As I related the experience to Sheba whom I had recently married, we immediately turned to the scriptures for consolation and inspiration. The Holy Spirit's fingers must have been stirring and stopping the pages of parchment.

*Our eyes were riveted as our hearts were drawn to the message of Lam. 2: 18,19: **“For the life of your young children who fall breathless in the corners of every street,” “let” your “tears run down like a river day and night; give yourself no relief; give your eyes no rest. Arise, cry out in the night, at the beginning of the watches” and “lift your hands toward” “the Lord” and “pour your heart like water before” “Him.”** Without a shadow of a doubt, God was calling us to minister to children and youth.*

*Neither of us could get away from that experience, God's call or from the Christ Child, the most precious baby in the world – J E S U S. Holy, innocent, guiltless, pure and yet, his mother raised Him knowing that a sword would pierce her own soul as **she nurtured Him toward His destiny.***

*That experience we had 33 years ago was the beginning of our **call to nurture children toward their destiny** by creating a safe haven, a safety net of prayer and fellowship for them all over the world from cradle to college, and much more than that, a training program for warriors and champions. By way of reinforcing our experience and call, God brought from India to the US, 85 year-old Dr. Hepzibah Newman, Sheba's mother and Newman Academy's name sake, an educator for over 60 years, a mentor, visionary and partner in this mission. The Lord took Dr. Newman home when she was 89 years this year.*

*You too have embraced with us that vision of **nurturing children and youth toward their destiny**, and we are thankful for this growing, dedicated Newman family/family of God around the world.*

Our prayer is that the combination of a God-given vision and a complete devotion to fulfilling His invitation to be His ambassador will fill your hearts with peace during this season, the coming New Year and throughout your life.

For our entire family,

Dr. Lazarus George

