

## **It's Raining Again**

It's raining again and it's cold. I can't remember the last time the sky was actually up in the air where it's supposed to be.

I lay on my bed, tired, and mildly depressed, thinking about the day, while my three-year-old son chatters tirelessly beside me. The day has been nothing unusual. In fact, most days of late have been so similar that I can't remember if anything different has ever happened or if it's always been this way.

I'm a single parent of one, working part-time and living off the support my husband pays me each month. I'm also an English teacher at a language school for refugee and immigrant women. This quarter most of my students are from the Ukraine. Raisa brought papers today for me to look at. She was worried about them and couldn't find anyone to translate them. Raisa has seven children, all under the age of ten. She usually asks her ten-year-old son to help her make sense of her new foreign world but this time he couldn't understand either. The papers were from the child support office. Her husband abandoned the family about two years ago and welfare is trying to get him to pay the back support he owes. She brought her child, Serge, so that he could translate my words of explanation to her. I looked at his sweet little-boy face as I tried to explain about his father being very late paying for his support. I don't know how much he understands about what has happened with his family since coming to the United States. I don't understand much myself. I know his father lives in another town and hasn't seen his kids since he left to live with another woman. From the looks of the child support papers, he is only paying about 300 dollars a month for his seven children. Loud weeping wells up inside of me.

Raisa recently asked the Minister of her church for help to feed and care for her children. He told her to pray. She tells me that here she is much better than in the Ukraine.