

Angelina

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The power of a child's prayer

We decided to drive to Ft. Collins (100 miles north of Denver) that particular Tuesday morning to visit an old friend, even though Betty was “on call” to be with Tatiana when she went to the hospital to give birth to her third child.

The Rybikov family had been in the States for only two and a half months, and they spoke no English. Only Russian. Vladimir and Tatiana were in their early thirties. Their daughter, Angelina, was six and their son, Vadim, was eight.

Betty spent a lot of time interacting with the children because she had taken on the responsibility of helping the family, especially Tatiana. She was Tatiana's interpreter and translator at government agencies, clinics and hospitals. The baby was due any time now, but driving up to Ft. Collins for the day was a chance we thought we could take.

On our return trip, Betty suggested we find a pay phone and call the Rybikovs to simply check on Tatiana. I found myself volunteering to actually drive to their house in Arvada. Once we were in the Metro Denver area, Betty mentioned again that we could just make a phone call to them. But, for me, that was not an option. For some reason I felt we should go to their place. Of course, Betty had no problem with that.

When we got there, no one seemed surprised to see us because (her parents told us), that morning Angelina had prayed (in Russian, of course): “And, Dear Lord, I would like for ‘Grandma’ Betty to visit me today.”