
She calls me Flora the Adora....

A little piece of news written by Flora. (She's gifted I know)



My Story...

They were just like any other parents around the world excitedly awaiting the safe arrival of their new baby. They loved me from the moment of conception and waited as I slowly and carefully grew into the most perfect human being who was knit together quietly in the secret place of my mother's womb and then I entered this world at 8:42am on Friday the 20th November, weighing 2468grms, and I was 49cm long . My Mum, Florence and my Dad Bacumi were told before I was born that I was going to be the Son that culturally so many parents would so desire for their family - well I tricked them all and as I was delivered I surprised everyone at my birth that I was in fact their baby daughter. This caused a little confusion to start with and so the search to name me started, I am so thankful that they decided to call me Izabeyo Flora, which means God knows His people and Flora, which was taken from my beautiful precious Mum's name Florence.



Flora's Perspective

I was just ten days old when late one night my Dad decided to call his boss Serg and ask him to take my sweet Mum to hospital. It was close to midnight on the Wednesday night and by Thursday she was soon to be unconscious, our friends from church were all busy praying for my Mum and I am most thankful for them. Over the weekend she forgot to wake up and then on Monday she did wake up and was asking about me - oh I was so happy to know that she was asking after me, Serg took me into the hospital to see her and I was able to have my last breast feed with my Mum, even though, I thought it will just be a few days before she gets to come home again so we can start living as a family. On Tuesday she started to eat and we all thought she would be home by the weekend. She improved some more on Wednesday and for some strange reason that I am yet to understand Jesus needed her in heaven more than He thought I needed her here on earth, so she went to be with Him on Thursday the 3rd of December.

My Mum was now an angel in heaven and on the night that my Mum went to be with Jesus in heaven, He also sent me an earthly angel, a lady I was yet to meet - I was sleeping on the lounge

under a blanket cubby house - I was so very small that she didn't even know I was there until I decided I needed a drink of milk. This was the night that my new Aunty Shell came into my life, that night she cuddled me and I snuggled right up into her neck knowing that I felt safe in her arms and I knew I could rest knowing there was someone who would love me and nurture me as my Mother was so yearning to do.

I was now living with Jen and Serg who my Dad works for and they had a big wedding to go to on the weekend so good old Aunty Shell came over and looked after me, and Prince (18), Isabella (9), Beni (6) and their cousin Seriya (2) - we had a great day, the big kids made Christmas presents for their Mum and Dad, Seriya and I just loved being rocked to sleep, fed and nurtured. As I said goodbye to Aunty Shell on the Sunday morning, I was secretly hoping that she would be back to see me again.

Little did I know that God had bigger and better plans that neither of us knew about on the Saturday, meanwhile as I slept and ate through my days on Monday and Tuesday God was speaking to Aunty Shell asking her look after and care for me - oh how my heart rejoiced at the thought of receiving that kind of love I experienced on the weekend on a more permanent basis. While I knew it straight away and God knew it - of course He knows everything, it took her a sweet while to convince herself it was the right thing to do - she likes to please everybody you know, and it was important to her that people wouldn't see wrong motives but rather that it was in fact all part of the plan for her arriving in Rwanda in August and not at the start of a new year. It was also part of the plan as to why her housing wasn't confirmed until the right house where I too could have my own bedroom, was put into place for her to rent.

I sat quietly in my bouncer on the Wednesday when Aunty Shell came around and shared with Jen and Serg all that she was thinking - I didn't say a word as I lay there hoping and praying that they would also think it was a good idea - and yes - they did - they were considering placing me in a children's home, but that was too much for Aunty Shell's heart to take and she wanted to see that I could grow up and be a little more independent, like walking and talking maybe at the age of two before thinking about those kind of options. Bless her heart she was so concerned as to what my Dad would think and (because I'm bilingual and can understand what everyone around me says!!!) I heard Serg speak to my Dad in Kinyarwanda and my Dad said the exact same thing, he said that if there was just someone who would care for her until she was walking and talking and eating real food he thought he could cope a lot better. So - don't tell them but I plan to never learn to walk or talk - or eat proper food!

Watching this whole thing fall into place I can see the hand of God on my life and oh how privileged I feel - there are not too many babies in my position who are given as many opportunities as I have already have had, who knows what I will grow up to become and what my testimony of life will look like. Isabella who is 9 suggested that maybe one day I might just be the President of Rwanda - well lets just get through my baby years first hey! All I know for now is that I find so much comfort and joy as I lay in my crib at night and let me tell you - if she ever tells you that I make a bunch of funny noises at night - she's no angel herself - her Dad was right - she does snore! Maybe not like the steam train that he mentions but she does!

If I haven't been clear to this point let me say it a different way - I have moved in with Aunty Shell and we are house mates - except I make all the mess and she pays someone else to clean it all up! Yes she is going to foster me until I can go and live with my Dad or into a children's home, whatever the outcome ends up being, we will love and care for each other until that point.

I was so blessed to go to my first Christmas Cantata and sleep the night away in her arms and nestled into her neck as I listened to the words to the song of O little town of Bethlehem being sung and I felt drops of warm salty tears drip on my head and roll down past my ear and along my cheek - I know how loved I am by this lady called Aunty Shell. I think she was thinking about the things that my Mum was missing out on as well as that precious baby born in Bethlehem at Christmas time and here I was snuggled in her arms just like baby Jesus himself.

I love how she also rocks me in her arms and sings Jesus loves you this I know to me - the joy of those words and the comfort it brings to my soul are beyond measure as I wonder where I could have been. That same salty tear drips down onto my nose this time, and I know I am here for a plan and purpose for such a time as this and so is she - our paths have crossed for a reason. I think her eyes leak a lot because on Tuesday this week I had to have a blood test and she couldn't hold me this time - she gave me to Serg, and there I was screaming my little lungs out - she was holding it together until I too had a tear that dripped down out of my eye and into my own ear this time - Serg looked over and she was gone - she was crying too! Tomorrow she is taking me and my Dad to have my six week vaccinations - so we will see who is the first to have leaking eyes!

I love that she calls me Flora the Adora - she tells everyone I am not allowed to call her Mumma - as I had a Mumma who is now in heaven, but we will see - what ever comes out of my mouth first. I don't have any plans to change the plans for her being over here and so Lea comes and cares for me during the day while Aunty Shell goes to work and writes a curriculum for the next generation of early childhood teachers - I guess I can give her hands on experience on the developmental stages as we walk through this together. I also love Lea who is with me on the front verandah at the moment, she will help me withhold my Rwandan culture and heritage, by speaking to me in Kinyarwanda (I think I will be the only Kinyarwanda speaker with an Australian accent!) and when I am starting to eat food she will cook me beans and rice - although I think I might fancy a vegemite cracker as well! We will have all these things to work out as we go along. Our house is literally just across the road from the school so if Lea needs anything Aunty Shell is just there. So neither of us planned for this to happen - it just happened - neither of us were prepared and it is amazing what you can live without and do without - I use one bottle all day long and I have just a couple of outfits that I live in - wash one wear one right! I know after the last email that some of you have placed packages in the post and I would personally like to say thank you as I know it is a commitment and an expense to feed and clothe another person. I am looking forward to trying on what you sent over and I am certain Aunty Shell will take some photos of me wearing what you have sent.

I would also like to thank those of you who have been asking about me and have been mindful of my well being, thank you too for your support and encouragement and I look forward to writing to you again and sending more photos as I grow and develop.

May God bless you for being a blessing to me and my new Aunty Shell xoxo

