



1,000 / 40 for 40: Day THIRTY EIGHT

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So this is an interesting piece of cultural information. Romanians seem to love their doctors, and they refer you to the doctor or specialists all the time. When my OB saw that I was wearing a back brace and I mentioned my back pain (because, well, it's my third child in three years and I've got two toddlers at home who want to be held and we're walking a ton), she told me to go see a spinal specialist to make sure there aren't any problems with me delivering naturally. I texted my OB in the States (because she's the most awesome OB in the history of EVER and gave me her cell phone number so I could call/text her throughout this pregnancy!) and confirmed that it seemed nuts for me to go see a spinal specialist. Also, they do ultrasounds at every single OB appointment you have. We've heard that Romanians go to the doctor all the time for the slightest ailments. Well the other day we noticed that Atticus has a sore on his finger. It's swollen and really seems to hurt him; it looks to us like a burn but we can't for the life of us remember him burning himself on anything to our knowledge. We went to the pharmacy to get some Neosporin to help it heal and when I showed the pharmacist the picture of his finger to help her figure out what I needed with my very limited Romanian, she got fiesty with me and told me that I needed to take him to a doctor! And just to be clear, you don't need prescriptions here because you can get pretty much whatever you want from the pharmacies. So it wasn't like she didn't want to give me something without a prescription, but in this case she wanted him to see a doctor first. At the end of the day I just went to a different pharmacy and got what I needed, but I think it's an interesting cultural insight to know about Romanians and their love of seeing the doctor. I'm not sure if they just enjoy their medical advances, if they hold authority in high esteem, or if they just really like to take advantage of the

Prayer Requests

Here are our quick, specific prayer requests for September 4, 2017:

- The usuals - Our visa to come quickly, Catalina's hips and pregnancy, car, friends for Elin, decision about Kindergarten and which one, pastor for our church. THANK YOU!

Who We Met

As we've mentioned before, they aren't many kids on our neighborhood block. Most of our neighbors are elderly, which is great for our language practice since they can't speak to us in English. It forces us to learn Romanian! But it also makes it harder for our children. But there is this one little blonde girl who rides around on her scooter up and down the big hill with another little boy. Most of the few kids on our street kind of ignore us or just stare at us with curiosity since we're clearly foreigners. But this particular little girl is so sweet and has said hello to us from our first time seeing one another. She smiles gently - almost timidly - but in a lovingly curious sort of way. And she waves at Elin.

As I was coming home from language school and was by myself today, I finally stopped and tried to talk to her a bit more. I found out that her name is Erica and she's ten years old. I told her the names of our family members and that we're from the States, and that's about as far as my Romanian could get us. But she was just so sweet!

She still seemed innocent, which is not very common by her age here in Romania. We've seen kids younger than her buying alcohol at the store for their parents struggling with addiction, which is pretty common here. The kids have a freedom here in these streets that I only know about from stories my parents told me about their childhoods, which is partly due to the general safety of the area but also because of the general lack of parental oversight. The Ebbers kids tell us that many thirteen year-olds smoke, and children as young as Elin curse in their everyday vernacular. And we know that for as easy as pornography is to see in the States nowadays, it's even easier to get to in

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I don't really foresee Erica being a playmate or anything since she's so much older than Elin, but we clearly see the Lord keeps putting her kind face in our path. So, let the children come to us if that's who God wants us to serve! Pray for little Erica - that the world would not steal her joy for life and kindness toward others. Pray that He would give her good friends who will help her walk toward Him even if that isn't their motivation or intention. Pray that she will grow up and know the Lord as her Rock and Redeemer.

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