

He didn't even have a name that first night as he fought for his life. There was nothing to set him apart from the other children, except for the fact that he was dying and the doctors were about to run out of options.

On November 10, 2011, a policeman brought **Marshall** to the orphanage. As the staff examined him they found an infected surgical incision on his abdomen leaking puss and excrement. It was swollen and inflamed, so they rushed him to the hospital. Four hospitals later – no one able to do anything – the orphanage staff called New Day South before they gave up. When the plea on Marshall's behalf came in, we were forced to make a hard choice. His chances were slim; he probably wouldn't survive the night. But the fact that Marshall was still breathing and fighting gave his life sanctity that we could not ignore.

Marshall arrived in Guangzhou at 7:00 pm the next day. At 10:30 pm surgeons diagnosed him with previously repaired intestinal atresia. It appeared that after his first surgery, the suture parts of Marshall's intestine had not healed, leaking excrement into his abdomen. Marshall was in critical condition. Despite the severe infections, he was not running a fever which could have been a sign that his organs were shutting down. The surgeon ended up removing a section of Marshall's intestine and he was stable in PICU by about 3:00 am that morning.

Four days later, the news was good – miraculously good. Marshall was still stable, his kidneys functioning well and his heart and lungs strong. But his abdomen was still distended and he had not yet had a bowel movement. One other concern was that because a good portion of Marshall's intestines had been removed, he might be unable to absorb nutrients, leading to malnutrition. He began running a fever, which was cause for both rejoicing and worry. His organs were no longer shutting down... but there was still serious infection. We prayed, and a few days later the news again amazed us.

On November 21st, Marshall was doing well. Not only had the infection decreased 80 percent and his previously hard stomach turned soft, but he had a bowel movement. Marshall's intestines had begun to function. Marshall continued to be fed intravenously for another week, until December 2nd, when he began eating from a bottle. The doctors removed his stomach tube and began to plan for Marshall's discharge.

Marshall came home to New Day South on December 15, 2011. His condition, though significantly improved, was still quite serious. Marshall was severely malnourished and needed special attention, but he did gain weight. His body is now functioning well and he is a happy, growing little boy.

There have been many amazing miracles in the life of this little boy who once had no name. Marshall's Chinese name means "Grand and Powerful." It's been so obvious that a Grand and Powerful God has been caring for Marshall all the time, and we know that Marshall's story will continue to echo the power of His Heavenly Father.



An elderly gentleman who wanted to sponsor a child's cleft lip and palate surgery contacted us. He wanted to change a life; we had no idea that he would actually save one. When Maya arrived February 9, 2012, we were unaware that her situation would rapidly become something that we had never dealt with before. Something scary.

In April, **Maya** began to have stomach pains. As the days and weeks progressed, her nannies began noticing a growth in Maya's abdomen. The growth was getting bigger. We took Maya to the hospital and had her seen by a specialist. She was diagnosed with a fast growing cancerous Wilms' Tumor. The tumor was too big to operate on at the time, and Maya was scheduled to start chemotherapy. This was the first miracle. If she had not come to New Day and been in the care of our loving and perceptive nannies, the growth might never have been noticed. If she had not traveled to Beijing to have her cleft lip and palate surgery, she would not have been here where high quality treatment options are available. If it were not for the grandfather who wanted to change a life, Maya might not be alive today.

But Maya's tumor was growing too fast. The doctors had recommended that she complete a few rounds of chemotherapy before undergoing surgery to remove the tumor. Their hope was that the chemotherapy would cause the tumor to shrink. But it didn't shrink and two rounds of chemotherapy had taken their toll on Maya's little body. Her strength and weight were down and pneumonia hit her hard. On May 7th, our doctor examined Maya and said "I don't think she can hang on much longer. If she doesn't have surgery this week, I don't think she will make it."

The tumor continued to grow and Maya was wasting away as the tumor sucked the life from her little body. Maya became too weak to even smile, and with that our hope for her life began to grow dim. Our staff was moved to tears when we saw Maya's fragile condition. We weren't sure what to do, but we had to do something.

Maya was admitted into the hospital that Monday afternoon to get a nutrition IV. The hospital scheduled surgery to remove the tumor four days later, as long as she was healthy. But at our meeting with the doctor Thursday morning, we learned that Maya had pneumonia. The surgeon said that surgery was not an option until she recovered and stabilized.

We were being forced to hang on to the Truth that there is a God in heaven who heals, who restores and redeems. Begging Him to restore life to Maya's body, we went into her hospital room to see her and saw something unexpected. Despite battling pneumonia, losing much-needed weight and being weaker than we had ever seen her... Maya looked better. There was a tiny spark in her eyes and a little smile about her lips.

After one more week of treatment in the hospital, Maya was scheduled for surgery. That she survived those days of waiting was a miracle. The surgery took three hours. Her whole left kidney needed to be removed along with the massive tumor. The tumor weighed nearly 2lbs, 20 percent of Maya's bodyweight. A biopsy of the tumor showed that it was indeed malignant, but the surgeons said it had not spread to the rest of her body. Maya amazed us with her recovery. She was released from the hospital a week after surgery and already had her big smile back. As her nanny carried her back through the foster home doors, Maya gave a huge grin. People doubted that I'd ever come back through these doors. But here I am again, alive and so, so happy to be home.





With every day that passed

Joseph's chance of survival grew smaller. But we didn't know this.

We had just brought in Joseph, who supposedly had a light heart condition. When our doctor checked him she looked grave. "He is much more serious than we thought."

Joseph was struggling with a severe case of pneumonia when he arrived, so we took him to the hospital the next day. The doctors told us that with his severe heart condition (TGA) it was "a miracle" he was still alive. Without immediate care and surgery, Joseph would not make it.

Unfortunately, the national holiday was just beginning. It would be a week until the top surgeons could operate on Joseph, and he needed the best. Our only hope was that Joseph would survive the holiday until surgery could happen.

Joseph made it through the week. He was scheduled for one of the first surgeries after the holiday and went into surgery first thing Monday morning. Joseph's four hour complex surgery seemed successful, but not long after we returned from the hospital, we received a call. Joseph's oxygen and heart rate were dropping rapidly. The surgeons didn't wait until we had arrived before they took him back into surgery. This alone was a life-saving decision.

Joseph's shunt had become blocked and he essentially needed to have his surgery re-done. Another four hours later, Joseph was out of surgery and stable in ICU.

Two weeks later he was ready for his second surgery. This time the surgeons would be exchanging the main arteries. The complex surgery was successful.

Already Joseph's story was miraculous. When we heard for the first time how serious his case was, we were a bit nervous... we were anticipating an easy case. But now we know that if he had not come to New Day when he did, he would not have survived.



Lily's orphanage was desperate. She had a serious heart disease, so complex that no hospitals in her city could treat it. They contacted us, asking if we could do something – anything. Lily arrived at New Day on June 24, 2011. Her fingers and toes were cyanotic (blue from lack of oxygen) and her oxygen was in the low 70s.

The list of Lily's heart defects was scary. We took her information to the cardiac hospitals we work with, and further tests determined that surgery would be possible.

Lily never seemed to be without a cough, so it wasn't until January 11, 2012 that she went in for surgery. There were many risks, the doctors told us. This surgery was difficult and might take a long time, despite the fact that the top surgeon was going to be performing it.

Three and a half hours after Lily went into surgery, the surgeon wanted to talk with us.

It was done. Lily was out of surgery. In the words of one of the surgeons, Lily had "A perfect operation!" The doctors couldn't stop smiling, nor could we. The next day Lily was taken off of the ventilator. She returned home on January 20th, just in time to celebrate Chinese New Year.

Make more amazing stories possible.



Children's Amazing Stories



It only took one look

at **Wendy** for us to realize that this little girl was a much more serious case than we had anticipated. On top of having a very sick heart, Wendy also had a very broken heart.

Abandoned on her fourth birthday, just two months before she arrived at NDFH, we knew that there were deep, fresh scars on Wendy's heart. We discovered that Wendy had a very severe heart condition: TGA, ASD, VSD and dangerously high pulmonary hypertension. Because of her age, Wendy was at high risk for sudden death after surgery. But without surgery Wendy had no chance of survival.

We saw daily changes in Wendy. She learned how to smile, how to laugh and how to trust us. Medically she was weakening, but emotionally she was gaining strength. Sad and scared were slowly being replaced by bright and happy.

December 16, 2011, Wendy had heart surgery. It took six and a half hours and was a success. The surgeon, the top surgeon of that hospital, was able to do a complete repair. But Wendy's pulmonary hypertension was still very high. At any moment we knew that she could go into heart failure, so we braced ourselves for a long and scary recovery.

The next day Wendy was taken off of the ventilator. Two days later she was transferred out of ICU and ten days after surgery Wendy was released from the hospital. Wendy's risk of heart failure was still very high, so we kept her in medical isolation for a few weeks to monitor her recovery. Now she runs and happily plays with all of the other children. Wendy has gained strength, and there's a new spark in her eyes now. It's the spark of a life reborn.