



BRAZILIAN

CHILDREN'S OUTREACH

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Helder, Narriman, and their 6-year-old daughter Hadassa have dreamed of having their own house for years. They both work every day as hairdressers, but never have been able to be in a position to buy a home. They did realize one dream when they had their daughter. While ecstatic about their daughter, it only made them want to have their own house even more. So, they worked harder and saved and paid rent for a less than desirable house, but got no closer. First they would have to buy a piece of land, but that was even out of their reach. Their dream kept getting further away, but they held fast that God would be faithful if they were faithful to Him. Blessings of blessings, someone donated a plot of land. Then their pastor came to us and asked if we would help and we said yes. Now, as I said, Helder is a hairdresser, not a builder, and he would build the house. Being a modern man, he used the tools available to him, YouTube. He downloaded videos, studied them and started working.



Family

He never had held a building tool, so the beginning was trial and error. To tell you the truth, his work is some of the best in our history of families building their houses. The building has been slow; he still works full-time and only able to work at the house on his days off. Slowly but surely, he's making progress, and no one but his wife wants it more than him. Overcoming great obstacles and with great commitment, perseverance and faith it will get done.



Laying foundation



Setting the perimeter



Up go the walls

Sometimes this work is not only a blessing to the ones receiving, but for us who witness God's hand in motion. I had such an experience. We were able to bless a lady with some construction materials. I can't tell you her name, I didn't ask, and I can't show you where she was building. The drug overlords had arrived, and it was not safe to ask questions. I do have 2 pictures that I generated with AI, just to give you an idea of what I saw.

An elderly lady with a broken hand cart was carrying bricks, 3 at a time (that's what fits on cart), up a hill. She was in a simple dress, in the mud with flip flops and 2,000 bricks to transport.



Woman



2,000 bricks

People that were mixing cement told me how many bricks had been delivered and that her son comes later to help. I asked if he thought she would mind if we helped, and he said he was sure she'd appreciate it. It was getting late so we rushed to the hardware store. They were closing but said they would help. We bought a new wheelbarrow, boots, gloves and socks for her and a new shovel for the neighbor, since the handle on his was broken. When we got back the neighbor ran and got her. She arrived and had no idea what was going on. We gave her the items; she stood there just staring. We told her God loved her and wanted to bless her and she began to cry. We prayed and said our goodbyes. When we drove away the neighbors were hugging and praying with her. I can't tell you how good and privileged I felt. Thank you, God, for giving me these opportunities.