



MOPS Sensory Group Activity

PRAY TO START

Show this picture to your group, allowing them to study it:



Ask each mom to close her eyes and imagine herself as a mom there.

Read the following aloud, pausing between paragraphs:

I'm Carline. I am 26 years old. This is a photo of where I live with my three children. We are in the city, and it is very hot here. Sometimes it is so hot inside the tent that when we open our eyes it feels like they are on fire. We are inside for a few hours of sleeping during the coolest part of the night.

What's inside our tent? There are pallets on the floor for sleeping, a small pile of clothes, and a handmade broom for sweeping out the floor. I also have a cooking pot, a knife and a few plates, cups and forks. Sometimes there is charcoal for cooking, but not today.

I know that people live in nicer homes than our tent, but I don't have any hope of that for my family. My husband left us after my baby was born. We stay where we know the people and they know us.

The air here is dirty with smoke from trash and charcoal, and also from cars, trucks and motorcycles, which buzz by all day and night. It smells pungent. We cough constantly from this and all the dust.

It is noisy. There are many people — walking places and selling things and going to work, doing whatever they can to feed their own families. People here run up to traffic-stopped cars with food, drinks, sunglasses, gadgets or a bucket, asking for change. Sometimes there is yelling as they fight over a possible customer. Everyone in this area is desperate to make money for food.



MOPS Sensory Group Activity (continued)

The drivers honk all the time. There are no signs or lanes on the gravel road, and everyone goes as fast as they can through the thick traffic, weaving in and around and honking at others to get out of their way.

I don't have anything to sell, so I sit by the road offering to do people's laundry. I own two metal washbasins and a bar of soap. I keep these outside my tent, but nobody takes them. The people who live here know my situation is difficult.

Getting water is a problem. There is no running water nearby and no well. I fetch the water several times a day from a nearby stream. I use my one bucket for several trips. Each trip takes about an hour. The water is not very clean because people bathe in it, but it makes the soap work to clean the clothes. When I was a child I learned to carry the bucket of water on my head, so now I can carry my baby in my arms.

My baby's sister is holding him right now. She is 8. She is singing to him, but he is crying. I do not let her go to school because I need her help to care for the baby as I do the laundry work. Her older brother, who is 11, has attended school. Many times, including today, I send him out to help us get money for food. He works for a few coins and washes windshields or shines shoes or sweeps porches.

My baby cries loudly because he's hungry. I don't eat enough to make enough milk for him. I nursed him already but he was not satisfied. I don't have money to buy milk for him. Maybe his older brother will bring home money. Hopefully my baby will sleep for a while even though he is uncomfortable from hunger. My other two children and I are hungry too, but we are used to it.

Oh, here comes my son. He has a big smile on his face. That means it's a good day. It means that we might have a meal of rice and beans today, and maybe have some left to eat in the morning when we wake up. My mouth is watering, and I start to smile too.

DISCUSS AS A TABLE:

1. What spoke to your heart about this mom's circumstances?
2. Can you relate to her? If so, how? If not, explain.
3. What can be done for moms and children who live in conditions like this?
4. What does God's Word say about orphans and widows?
5. Why do you and I live in circumstances that make our lives easier?

PRESENT COMPASSION TO YOUR GROUP.

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