

Three Windows Three Women

Modern day slavery



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I love watching my 13-year-old daughter Tianna, who was born in Vietnam and came home to our family when she was five months old, as she negotiates the normalcy of her life—laughing with friends, tossing her head back, her pony tail swishing from side to side, texting one friend while absorbed in a conversation with another.

I watch from a distance while they talk. They are huddled together, almost nose to nose, sharing life's current challenges: the perceived unfairness of not being moved up to the "A" field hockey squad, going to watch their once preschool sandbox friends now play junior league baseball while making certain (they are 13, after all) that their mothers are either out of sight completely or maintaining a socially acceptable distance.

I catch the twinkle in her eye and the passion of her expressions. There is vibrant life inside my daughter.

But there are many her age, and from her corner of the globe, whose eyes are vacant, the passion and hope for a life that is normal robbed from them along with their innocence.

Each day children are trafficked into prostitution, forced labor, child marriage and other slavery-like conditions. I am able to watch my daughter sort out the flutters and feelings of puppy love and hopefully instill in her the value of giving herself in purity to a man who will both adore and cherish her.

And then I read about others my daughter's age, another mother's daughter being sold into the sex trade, often at an age younger than my own daughter, with a special bounty being paid for their most precious innocence.

The poverty and harsh starkness of life that those of us in our comfortable and at times too complacent life cannot truly compre-