

hend have conspired against thousands of victims, one of whom could too easily have been my daughter.

It is time that the vacant and hopeless eyes of children who are precious to Jesus be precious to His bride as well. I believe that as we start viewing this issue with eyes of personal compassion the darkness can be overcome by what is now merely a faint flicker of light. 📖

*Suzanne Stauffer, 68  
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I am a reader. I choose to educate myself about the world by reading as much as I can about a subject (Afghanistan, Human Trafficking, the struggles of immigrants, the struggles of those who don't "fit in" with their sexuality, teen angst literature) or the works of a particular author. Though I don't necessarily remember facts or figures, I do remember my impressions. I read (and "listen to") both fiction and non-fiction, thanks to my friend, Deb, who introduced me to the joys of nonfiction. I am not an activist except when relaying my feelings about what I've learned to someone who shows interest. Somehow I feel that this is a calling for me, that I am "missional" by educating myself and by being empathetic and understanding. Though I have strong feelings about issues, I am one of the "quiet in the land" unless you should happen to press one of my "buttons" or ask me for my opinions.

When I was working as a reference/youth librarian at our county library, I read the book, *Sold*, by Patricia McCormick, when it was first published in 2006. The book, a "quick read" written in free verse, contained subject matter that remained with me—a story about a young Nepalese girl sold by her stepfather into prostitution in Calcutta. McCormick chose her words sparingly, yet portrayed vividly the betrayal of an innocent child thrown into a life of slavery in "Happiness House." I was horrified and deeply moved.

So at MC USA last summer (2009) when Rhoda Keener introduced the Resolution Against Human Trafficking, *Sold* immediately came to mind. I recalled how powerfully this work of fiction introduced the subject of modern-day slavery. When I returned home, I decided to read similar books on the same subject. After spending many hours at the computer and contacting some other sources I had, including the editor of VOYA (Voice of Youth Advocates) and some nationally-known teen librarians, I learned that few fiction



*Editor's note: This column is a forum for women to share perspectives on the current timbrel theme. It introduces women spanning their 20's-30's, 40's-50's, and 60's and above. If you are interested in writing for this column, please contact editor, Patricia Burdette, at <PattyB@MenoniteWomenUSA.org>.*