Giving



Providing support to children and families battling cancer, rare blood diseases, natural disasters & severe financial hardship.

It all began nearly 24 years ago. Back then, it appeared to be something random. I was invited to attend an event in New Jersey that was hosting the NY Giant football team and their wives. It was a charity fashion show to benefit a new charity called Tomorrow's Children's Fund. I must admit that I paid little attention to the charity aspect of this event, and I was more excited about the potential of meeting Giant players and getting autographs. The ballroom was packed! Everyone was friendly, willing to take pictures and give autographs. Towards the end of the night, a young woman came to the podium and brought order and silence to the room. She said "Thank you for coming. I want to introduce you to some women who will explain our purpose here tonight." What was a very noisy room became respectfully quiet.

The first of four moms came to the podium. Her voice was shaking. "My name is Betty. My daughter is Charlotte. She is seven years old and is dying of cancer. We have been wiped out financially. The money that we raise here tonight will allow me to buy food and clothing for my children." Her voice was breaking. She said "thank you" politely and walked off, allowing 3 other mothers to tell their similar stories and express appreciation to the crowd.

Dying children. Wiped out financially. I felt outraged!

I asked my friend. "How is it possible that, in the United States of America, mothers of dying children have to stand in front of strangers and beg for money, food and clothing? HOW is that possible?" He shook his head in disbelief. Those women looked like my wife and the stories about their children struck me deeply.

It was a very rainy night and a long way home. It was then, on that drive, that I was haunted by these words. "What if it were YOU?" My three young, healthy children were asleep in their beds at home. What if it were them? What if this were my plight? What would I do? How would I live? I pulled to the side of the road and literally wept. It was then...that God spoke to me.

"You must use the gifts that I have given you to help these children and their families."

Al's Angels began that night in the darkness and rain of a New Jersey night. I committed to doing all that I could with as many friends, family and strangers, to help children battling cancer, rare blood diseases and severe financial hardship. We have never looked back.

There is still so much need in our world. Too many children and families continue to battle, continue to be wiped out financially. We need more Angels...We need more people who will step up and help. We will do this work until each and every cancer ward, clinic & hospital is destroyed and replaced with a playground. We look forward to a day when NO parent, NO child will be victimized by these despicable conditions.

Until that day, we are Al's Angels.

Resources:

AL'S ANGELS 342 GREENS FARM ROAD, WESTPORT, CT 06880 (203) 254-1759 https://www.alsangels.org







