

Bridges and New Beginnings - A Foster Story



I've lived in houses with red doors,
And slept on a dozen different floors.
I've carried my life in a garbage bag,
With a heavy heart and a spirit lag.
But now I'm eighteen, and I've grown tall,
And I'm here to tell you: I've seen it all.
So sit by my side, let me hold your hand,
And help you learn about this strange land.



This is fostering.

It's a brand new bed and a borrowed toy,
It's a mix of fear and a little joy.
It's sitting at dinner with people you don't know,
Watching the clock and the way the shadows grow.
It's wondering why you couldn't stay,
And if you'll be leaving again one day.
It's a knot in your tummy, a tear in your eye,
And a million questions that start with "Why?"

But look at me now, I'm big and I'm strong,
I've learned where the pieces of me belong.
Fostering isn't just boxes and black bags,
It's a bridge that you walk on the way to a home.
It's the lady who teaches you how to tie your shoes,
And the man who listens when you have the blues.
It's a safe place to hide when the world gets too loud,
Like a silver lining inside of a cloud.

I know that you're scared of the quiet at night,
And you keep your borrowed teddy gripped extra tight.
I know that the rules here feel funny and new,
But listen, little one—they're looking out for you.
You aren't a "visitor," you aren't a "guest,"
You're a brave little bird in a temporary nest.
And even if your families don't look like the books,
Love is found in the heart, not just in the looks.

Sometimes you'll feel angry, and that is okay,
I used to shout at them every day.
Sometimes you'll feel lonely, even in a crowd,
And want to hide under a big, fuzzy tree.
But fostering means you don't walk it alone,
There are seeds of kindness that people have sown.
They'll help you with homework and brush out your hair,
To show you that someone is truly right there.

My suitcase is old and the corners are torn,
It's traveled through nights when I felt so alone.
But inside that suitcase? It isn't just my memories.
It's the courage I gathered through every year.
I'm eighteen today, and I'm heading out wide,
With a heart full of stories I carry inside.
I was once small and worried, exactly like you,
Wondering if the strangers promise was true.

So when you feel lost in a house that's not yours,
Remember that life has a lot of open doors.
You are brave, you are smart, and you're worthy of care,
Even when life feels a bit unfair.
This is fostering—a start, not an end,
And I'm proof that the broken things actually mend.
Keep your head up, little one, don't be so blue,
Because I made it through, and I know you will too.



Bella-Wednesday, aged 18