

Healthy Families America

Success Stories from Nebraska

A developmentally disabled teen mom is enrolled in our HFA program. During the course of visits, the home visitor noticed that the baby was not gaining weight and became concerned. The young mom *did not know how to talk to her doctor* about it, and was scared to tell the doctor by herself. The home visitor *encouraged* mom to call, *coached* her on how to assert herself and advocate for her child, and *went to the doctor's appointment with her*.



A teenage, first-time mom continues in high school with high scores adequate to earn free time during the day during her senior year. Encouraged by her home visitor, she is determined to breast-feed until her child is at least six months old. She carves time out of her busy schedule—at HIGH SCHOOL!—*to pump and store breast milk during the school day*.



When the MOM's court date came up, the home visitor went to the court house to testify about all MOM had done to try and remain sober, and to support her if she wanted help in getting her children back. MOM was shocked, none of her family or "friends" had gone with her to court, and here was the *home visitor that she had written off, telling a judge that she was not a bad mom!*



When asked the reason for their willingness to have her home visitor come to their home, MOM told me (supervisor), "I love her (home visitor) coming over because *she accepts me as I am and doesn't judge me.*"



One of our partners at a clinic called me to refer a teen, single, pregnant mom with mental health issues and learning disabilities. I learned that the girl has anger issues and post-traumatic stress disorder from long-term abuse from her mother . . . BUT, she wanted to be the very best mother she could be and *wanted to do everything right for her child!* She's now on level 2, and will be moving to level 3 soon. She works with her daughter daily and sends me video and pictures all the time. She is so attentive to her child, reads her cues, and cares for her every need.



I am now 25 years old and my journey began almost 3 years ago. I met a man who I thought the world of. When I found out I was pregnant with (my daughter), that's when things went from good to not so good. This man I thought I loved, started abusing me. He'd choke me until I would pass out. He would throw me off the bed and caused me to hit my back while I was pregnant. Once he pushed me into a bath tub and I hit my stomach so hard I threw up. He would not allow me to work or to talk to my family or have any interaction with friends. The abuse never stopped. I was told I was ugly, I'd never amount to anything, and that I was worthless and stupid.

Without my parent coach, I would still be a lost soul. She *stood by me* and stuck by my side. *I'm stronger because she helped me.* She took me to a domestic violence agency. She went with me to the court house so I didn't have to go alone, and helped me file papers for custody of my kids and protection orders. She has taught me how to be a better mom. She teaches me how to interact, communicate, and encourage my children. *My parenting coach is a lifelong friend* whom I am thankful to have in my life!

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