

Christmas Carol

BY: CAROL WARREN

Once upon a time. That's how all stories, even true ones, should start.

Once upon a time there was a preacher man who had a beautiful wife. He loved his wife very much and she loved him as much as he loved her. After several years of marriage, although they were very happy together, they wanted to complete their family with a child, a child to love and care for. They wanted to share the riches of their lives, their capacity to love, their compassion for the world, and their love of God. They prayed diligently for a baby. But no baby came. Although no baby came, they were faithful to God and continued to do his work. They continued to pray for a child, if not one of their own, then one who needed them. For them, giving to a child was important even if it was not theirs biologically. God knew their need and waited until the time was right. In His infinite wisdom all things work together for good. There would be a child who needed them as much as they needed a child.

In a world where some children are not wanted it is a miracle for a homeless child to be matched with loving parents. Adoption is a blessing to both the parent and the child. There can be nothing more precious than to be wanted. It gives a child a sense of security deeper than any other, a sense of self that comes from knowing its parents made plans and chose to accept it into their family. It proves their need for a child.

After several years of waiting they contacted an adoption agency. They said they would like to adopt a little girl that was fostered with a lady from their church. The agency explained that it was rather unusual to request a specific child. They were told they would be put on a list and informed when their application had been approved; paper work must

be filled out, forms signed, backgrounds checked and more. Time passed. They waited and prayed. More time passed. Finally the agency approved their application. Still they waited. Late in December the call came. There was a baby available, did they want it? They asked if it was the little girl they had requested. The agency told them it was a baby that needed a home and if they really wanted a baby it would not matter. They prayed and asked God if this was the baby they were supposed to have.

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On December 22, 1950 they brought home a baby girl just 11 months old. She was the baby they had seen and wanted. Their hearts were full of joy as Christmas music filled the air. Because of the season and the joy filling their hearts they named her Carol, meaning a song of joy. Because they prayed and God answered; they gave her a second name, Faith, because she was a product of their faith.

They believed God had given them the ultimate Christmas present. They were wrong. I was that child and God did not give them a present, he gave me one. He gave me the most loving and kind parents in the world. Thank you, God, for looking down on the world and seeing the need of one small child and filling it without being asked.

How great is a God who sees our needs before we recognize them.
