



Love, Marriage and Adoption

By Thurston Faulkner

Our story of adoption sort of started in a church service, but not with a revelation from God. I did feel something that day: my wife jabbing me with her elbow in an attempt to keep me from laughing. I had taken an envelope off the pew in front of us and begun "illustrating" our future children. We took turns with the little half-pencil, doctoring the image that morphed into a combination of us.

Not long after, when we began trying to have our little works of art, we found ourselves going through fertility treatments. That's when the realization came—my wife and I were not the ones in control. It was a watershed moment for both of us.

As a couple, we had to determine whether we would continue treatments for the possibility of a biological child, or pursue adoption. Instead of tears at the loss of our vision for having children, we experienced great excitement about adopting. We agreed that this wasn't the second-best option. It was God's plan for our family.

I'll admit that at first my motives were not purely for the love of my future child. I felt for my wife; she wanted so badly to be a mother. Many of our friends were in the midst of having their second child. I knew she wanted to keep those little pajamas chosen for one of their babies for our child instead.

Chalk it up to personality or gender, but I wanted to give my wife what she wanted. So, I helped her research and plan, participating in everything adoption related. I prayed that our adoption would go quickly and smoothly, but I spent little time praying for God to truly give me a deep love and connection to our child.

What I've come to realize is that I was facing what many adoptive parents face—insecurity because of a fear of rejection. I worried: Will my adopted child see me as his father? Will I be good enough? When I expressed these fears to my wife, she confirmed that she was facing many of the same feelings. Together, we prayed for God to guide us into parenthood. Gracefully He reminded us both that this was His plan for our lives.

Our marriage is stronger today because of the weaknesses we worked through. As we let go of our insecurities and the idea that a child should look like his parents, we came to realize that a child's preciousness is not in his appearance. God gives children a deep desire to belong to a family, even if their new parents look different from them. Thankfully, instead of having the children we'd envisioned, God brought us two masterpieces through adoption.