

Christmas, 2002

My dearest Chris,

This was a late entry in my gift selections for you. It is less than I would like, but at the same time, more than I hoped for. Oh to be an artist! In the quiet hours last week after God showed us that we are the parents of every child He has given us, even those we never knew in this life and thought were irretrievably lost, a picture took shape in my imagination. It was as if we were surrounded by an endless, glorious field of stars, galaxies, planets, and moons. Out of the darkness we saw the faint shadows of a human embryo, tiny at first, then rushing towards us as it grew in form and size. We watched breathlessly as God brought this little life closer and closer, so close that we could see him reaching out to us with half-formed limbs, then ... receding back into the distance, but this time as a bright star among all the others. And God spoke to us saying, "Before you were born, I knew you". It is as true as we are here today that Stephanie, and Adam, and each child that we have given life or adopted into our hearts - all are known to God, loved by God, and kept by God. Forever.

This painting by Ron Di Cianni is amazingly like the one in my heart. Your son Ben used his artist's eye to lovingly frame it for you so beautifully. I believe that God intends this picture to remind us of both the children who lived, and the ones we never knew. For me, it is a window to heaven where our babies are waiting for us. Come and see how beautiful they all are!

With all my love,
Your grateful husband.