

Adoption: The Loving Option

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Imagine being two years old and walking into a foreign place, where there are two little boys, ages one and three, and two smiling adults, after having spent most of life in a much darker place. This place resembles what anyone might have imagined Disneyland would be like, but as this was my third house in two years, I was apprehensive at best; yet, as the parents introduced themselves with nothing less than warmth and love, I came to know that I could find hope and trust. This was my 3rd house in my 2 years of life, so I was a bit apprehensive of this new place. As the adults introduced themselves as my newest set of foster parents, I immediately saw the love they brought to their little family. I played with the little boys, and my biological sister as any little kid would. Although my early life was anything but easy, and my biological mother had many problems, she still chose life: she chose to give me the chance to become the person that I am today with a loving adoptive family.

I was born into a family that was unstable at best; sin weighed heavily on the souls of every one of my biological family members, inflicting a suffocating sense of neglect on me, as I was not old enough to care for myself. I became increasingly independent as a two year old, caring for myself, and maturing beyond my years. Unfortunately, this did not get better and the neglect did not start, nor did it end with removal from the family. Although there is never a good reason to neglect a child, my biological mother did not have an easy upbringing either.

Her pregnancy with me was not that of a young mother. She was well into her 20s, married, and already a mother to three girls. As a preteen, she too was adopted. Her parents were not married, and she was abused physically and verbally throughout her early years. Sadly, my biological mother was a product of rape. This dysfunctionality caused a three-generation cycle of abuse before my adoption. Despite this harsh reality, my mother twice chose life for my older sister

and then for me. When she found out she was pregnant with me, she could have ended the pregnancy. In terminating her pregnancy with me, she would have solved the problem of financial burden, raising a child, and upending her life by bringing a baby into it. Despite these facts, she chose to see the truth that I was not something she could just throw away and forget. She chose, like her mother before her, to see how God could shape the life of a little girl. This little girl was born with the odds stacked against her, but she was (and still is) a fighter.

Now I'm a 17 year old girl who loves life. I am a product of the cycle of abuse and severe neglect, but these facts do not define my life. I am also kind, athletic, faith-filled, optimistic, a teammate, a scholar, a daughter of Christ, and part of a loving family. I thank God every day for the choice my biological mother made. I experience the effects of neglect, but I take these challenges in stride. Oftentimes, people say I am mature beyond my years, and I know this is due to my past. However, I also know I am loved dearly by my family, so I extend my love to everyone I meet. I know that above all else, I am a child of God, and this is a fact I believe with my whole heart.

Despite my childhood experience being far less than ideal, I choose to see the good. I was neglected and subjected to terrible things, but I was given a second chance through adoption. This second generation choice of life has allowed me to live out God's plan for my life.