Adoption is a Blessing

At the age of 77, when I look back to my earliest memories, one sticks out beyond all else. I vividly remember at age 5, my parents lovingly informed me that I was adopted by them as a young infant. They said that although I was not their natural child, I was especially chosen by them to be their child. With that beautiful understanding, I had nothing but gratitude and love for them. Later, as my reasoning developed, I also learned to appreciate my biological mother, who I never knew, for giving me life, and then giving me to my wonderful parents.

From personal experience, I saw three people blessed: myself and my parents who could not have children on their own. The fourth person who was blessed was my biological mother who brought me to team and gave me away. How do I know she was blessed? I bless her in my prayers constantly. Adoption is a tremendous support of life by both the biological and adoptive parents. “No greater love is there than this…”

Brad Simpson