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Love Makes A Way

By

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“I just don’t understand” I said to myself after opening another letter. I flipped it down on the table. “This adoption is going so hard.”

That was an understatement. Everything that could was going wrong. When I adopted my daughter from Russia in 1993 things seemed to unfold in record fast time. In less than six months from beginning the process I was holding my seven month old princess. But now, nine years later, nothing was going smoothly.

“Mommy, is something the matter?” my nine year old daughter asked. She came over to my side.

“Oh, another form just needs to be redone. It will be ok, honey,” I said giving her a hug. “We will just keep trusting God.” But I pondered about it. What was God saying?

He was in truth the call behind this second adoption. Having been accepted into a doctoral program I had suddenly felt uneasy. I knew there was something else I needed to do before I began my studies. I prayed and listened and finally sensed God’s nudging to adopt another little child.

In a matter of days I had contacted an agency and chosen Ukraine as the country. But six months changed to nine and now a year had gone passed. Waiting. Praying. Seeking God’s time. Finally I got the invite to travel. I packed my bags and

left asking for the prayers of God's people for safety and wisdom.

But the trip that began with so much joy ended in a failed adoption. I came home with a broken heart and empty arms.

As I slowly unpacked my bags and looked at all the little pink clothes tears trickled down my cheeks. It was difficult enough to deal with my own pain but the disappointment in my daughter's eyes wrenched me. How I wished I could have spared her this.

"Father," I cried out, "It is ok. I choose to trust you. I ask no questions. But your little lamb is hurting. Please heal her."

My daughter and I went away for a few days. Together we swam, licked ice cream cones and talked. We cried and hugged. In time we began to heal knowing we were kept in His good hands.

"God is always good. Always," I shared with her. I told her time after time of experiencing His mercies so many times in my life. But I knew she still hurt. I could tell she wondered.

Then one day while riding in the car we happened to hear the song "God Will Make A Way". The words just spoke right to us so clearly. Over and over we played it until we knew each line by heart. That spring my brown eyed Russian daughter sang her song of faith before her whole school. "He will make a way" her voice lilted. And as she sang I knew. I knew that it was true. He would. Somehow. Someway.

Well the months have passed. We are now approaching fall. In a few weeks I am scheduled to get on the plane and travel to Russia to complete another adoption. Only God could make this possible. Only He could fill our hearts with faith that no matter what happens the outcome is His. His Love will always make a way.

Time has passed. Years have flown. My youngest daughter is now almost eight and my oldest is fourteen. We frequently reminisce about Jenny's long adoption process. We praise Him

that He in His awesome way got me to the right country where she was waiting. Oh, I'd do it all again for the joy of raising this precious child. The tears and heartache we experienced is nothing in comparison to the joy we have now in our family.

Once more God revealed Himself as the Mighty One Who knows our deepest longings and draws us deeper into a life of trust and obedience. My oldest daughter is stronger for the experience. She knows for herself that God's way is always the best. That God's timing is always the best. His love will never fail. And His Love always makes a way!