

## Our Adoption Story:

Jaydon and I talked about adopting before we had even got married. It was something that was close to our hearts from a very young age and also very present in our lives and on both sides of our family. After conceiving our first son very easily, we were both very excited to continue to grow our little family. Just after our son had turned one, we had already experienced one miscarriage and took that as a sign it was time to further our discussion about adopting.

We applied to adopt through the ministry, as we knew there were many children waiting to find their forever homes. We waited patiently for four years, but were unable to find the right match for our family during that time. We were also challenged with the further disappointment and the heartbreak of multiple pregnancy losses. We decided to take some time off and quit trying to adopt or conceive naturally. After a year, we were both in a different space both emotionally and financially, and after a little persuasion I was able to convince Jaydon to consider one last effort to grow our family but this time it would be through private adoption. By this time our son was 6 years old and we were feeling the pressure of the age gap between him and a hypothetical sibling. We decided that we would try for a year and if it didn't happen then we would take that as a sign that it was not meant to be. We became active in the system in early spring and began another stint of waiting. At this point, I had become pretty good at not letting myself get my hopes up. We were very used to the roller coaster of excitement followed by disappointment shortly after, so I really tried to pace my emotions and take the attitude of "If it's meant to be, it will be". I had read something that was so helpful a while before and it comforted me during that waiting time. It said; "It's not about when you are ready for your child, but when the right child is ready for you". That was such a comfort for me and helped me to understand that those previous losses meant that they weren't the right child for me or for our family.

Christmas came around and over the holiday season we were able to really relax and reflect on where we were at in this process and also as a family. We were loving watching our son grow and change, and we had gotten into a really good rhythm as a family. We finally decided that it was time to throw in the towel and move on from this very painful chapter in our lives, and embrace the blessings that we already had without always wanting more. I emailed Linette at KCR and shared these feelings with her. Even though we hadn't been active in the system for the year that we had planned, we were ready to close our file permanently. She replied to our request with kindness and understanding. That was it. Our journey was over. Or so we thought...



On January 15th, I got a call from Linette. She said she had our file sitting on her desk and was getting ready to deactivate our account in their system, however a baby had just been born and she had a strong feeling that she needed to tell us to hang on just a little bit longer. She said that she couldn't guarantee anything, but had this strange feeling that she needed to tell us and that if we could find it in our hearts, we should give it one last shot. To try and explain the feeling that I had after hanging up that call is impossible. Could this be it? Could this be the biggest miracle to ever happen to us? or would it be one final blow to our hearts, one last opportunity to be terribly disappointed. We talked about it that night, and decided that in our hearts, we couldn't quit. We wanted another child so badly, not just for us, or for our son, but also because we knew that we could provide a stable and loving home for a baby who needed a family. So again, we waited. Waited to see if we were a match, and if the birth mom would pick us. Of all the waiting over the 5 years, this was by far the hardest. This sweet baby boy was born 3 weeks early, and was in the NICU, waiting for his birth mom to make a plan. She had been discharged from the hospital and so trying to arrange a birth plan was proving to be a bit more difficult. The hospital was waiting to call the ministry in case she didn't come back and make a plan for him, the adoption social worker was doing everything she could to contact the birth mom and get her to sign the papers and make a birth plan, as it was something she had expressed she really wanted to do. We were at home holding our breath to hear anything from anyone to see what was going to happen with this sweet little baby. Everything was in limbo for what felt like forever.

On January 28th, I was driving back home from running errands and I saw Linette on my call display. I knew that this call would determine the fate of our family for me, and she hastily told me to pull over. My heart was beating in my throat when she said to me the words that I had been waiting to hear for two weeks. "She picked you. She looked at your profile book and she chose your family. She wants you to be his mother, and Jaydon his father, and your son to be his brother. She picked you." To be honest, I don't remember anything else from that moment other than crying hysterically on the side of the road, and then calling Jaydon and relaying this amazing news. He was at work and all I can remember is saying "WE ARE GETTING A BABY!!!" SHE PICKED US!!!!". He raced home and as soon as school was over we went to pick up our son and tell him the exciting news that all those bedtime prayers he had prayed for a baby sibling had been answered. That night we all excitedly packed our bags, and made a quick stop at the mall to grab some essential supplies before heading across the province to pick up our little baby boy.





The following morning, we met the social worker at the hospital and after signing some paperwork we got to go into the NICU and meet this sweet little 5-pound bundle. I won't lie, it felt very strange to just be ushered in and handed a baby. "Here you go, he is yours". It was amazing, exciting, intimidating, and a million other things all at once. After staying there a few days, he was finally discharged from the NICU and we got to take our little man back with us to his new home and to a ton of VERY excited family members. This all happened right before the COVID pandemic went into full swing and so we were very fortunate in getting to celebrate him with friends and family. Our community of people had gathered supplies for us while we were away, and were dropping off all kinds of things that we were going to need to our house. We were so blessed by all of our family and friends who made us meals, brought us diapers, and gave us so much support. It had been a very long time since we had a newborn, but a few of our old tricks came right back.

Our son is almost 2 now, and has been the most amazing addition to our family. He is hilarious and feisty (like most toddlers), and has brought so much joy and light to our family. Our road to adoption was a painful one. It was long and at times, very discouraging. Although this was a 5-year journey, our time at KCR exploring a private adoption was quite short. The staff there were so supportive and helpful, and truly helped to facilitate a miracle for us. Our amazing little dude was more than worth the wait, and even though it's not always easy raising a child (either biological or adopted), it was so worth going through all of this. It truly wasn't about when we were ready for him, but when he was ready for us.

*Sarah*

