Life Experience

During March 2002, after months of paperwork, research, waiting, and prayer, my husband and I received a phone call requesting us to travel to Guatemala, Central America. The baby girl that would become our daughter had been born. The following May I packed a weekend bag, expecting to visit Guatemala City for three days. I expected to see this little girl we had been waiting to meet, decide if she was the baby we felt was meant for us, and come back home to wait for the adoption to be finalized so that we could bring her back to the United States. I had no idea that when I boarded the plane to Guatemala, taking me to a country I had to look for on a world map, that I would live there for the next four months. In a tiny hotel room, in a foreign city where no one spoke my language and I didn’t speak theirs, I lived alone with this perfect baby girl I had just met but had fallen in love with instantly. We finally brought her home to loving welcomes from family and friends.

Eight months later, the phone rang again. Our second daughter had been born in another tiny town in Guatemala. Twelve days later we traveled again to meet our daughter’s new little sister. Just like before, it was love at first sight. With a husband and a one year old at home, I sadly was not able to stay until the adoption was final. Over the next twelve months, I made many trips to Guatemala to spend a few days, hoping to bond with our beautiful new baby. Just before her first birthday, little sister came home!

Those two years were the longest, hardest, most emotionally draining years of my life. I wouldn’t trade them for any amount of money. Nine years later, I am wife, student, and most importantly, mom to the most wonderful little girls on earth!