

“They have a deformed baby and they are thanking God for it. I can’t believe it,” he answered.

“Why not?” inquired the nurse.

“Well, the child is deformed. I thought they would be angry with God...not thanking Him.”

At that moment the father came from the room, went over to the doctor and shook his hand, saying,

“Thank you doctor, thank you.” Then he rushed off to find a telephone to call his family.

“See what I mean?” whispered the doctor.

The nurse looked at the doctor, and said, “These people see the value of life and what a wonderful gift it is from God. They do not look at what may be wrong in the child, they see what is right, and it is right that this child lives and has a happy and loving family, as all children deserve regardless of appearance, of deformities, or of the extra work a child may bring to its parents. All children are a gift of God’s love, and none deserve to be treated as if they are not.”

The doctor was silent for a moment, then said, “I suppose you’re right; this job has made me a little callous.” He left to carry on with his duties.

The nurse smiled and went off to visit the child-caring center, where her own daughter was playing. She entered the room to her smiling daughter, who came running towards the nurse with her arms open wide, wanting an embrace.

“Mummy,” called the daughter happily, as she sank into her mother’s arms. The nurse began to cry as she felt the love of her little daughter touch her heart, and she knew that the Downs Syndrome her child had did not stop her love... it enhanced it.

(excerpted from: *Stories of Love*)

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#### *Prayer for Newborn*

*Lord let me walk with You  
Although my steps are small  
Stay beside, hold my hand  
And never let me fall.  
Amen*

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## *Thank You*

*“ I LOVE YOU”*



*“You should be happy we have a son...*

*a son that God gave to us.*

*What a gift!*

*We must never stop thanking God for our son.”*

## Thank You

As he waited in the hospital for news of the birth of his child and the well-being of his wife, the husband was very anxious. A nurse came and spoke to him reassuringly, "It will not be long now; do not worry, your wife is in good hands."

"I know, but it is difficult not to worry; she has had a difficult pregnancy," replied the man, with a worried look on his face. "And we have lost two children before."

"It will be all right," said the nurse, gently, as she put her arm around his shoulder, giving him a hug.

"It's in God's hands," shrugged the man.

"Well, there are no better hands for it to be in, are there?" asked the nurse.

"No, you're right," said the still anxious man.

"Whatever happens, it's His will; I know that," he continued. "But it is still hard."

"I know, I know," said the nurse, soothingly.

"Can I get you something to drink?" she asked.

"No, thank you. I don't think I could drink or eat anything," replied the man.

"Well, I will come back as soon as I hear anything," said the nurse as she stood up to leave.

"Thank you," said the man, as he slipped back into his thoughts.

Several hours later, the now very concerned man was walking up and down in an agitated way, still having had no news of his wife and child. The nurse passed by, and, looking at the man, said in her mind, "Oh Lord, please let them be all right." Just then a doctor came to the man saying, "sit down, please. I have something to tell you."

"Oh no, they are not dead, are they? Please, please don't tell me that...please," sobbed the man.

"No, no; they are not dead, but there is a little problem," said the doctor.

"They are alive. Oh, thank You God, thank You," cried the now happy man. "What problem?" he asked, as the words sank in.

"Well, you have a son; he was born 50 minutes ago," explained the doctor. "But..."

"But what?" asked the now uncertain man.

"He was born with a defect," said the doctor slowly, then paused.

"What sort of a defect?" demanded the father.

"There is a problem with his brain; it seems that it may not have developed properly, and because of that he may never walk or use his hands as he should. I'm sorry," stated the doctor, sadly.

"But he will live?" asked the father.

"Yes, he will," said the doctor.

"Thank God for that," said the man with a smile.

"How is my wife?" he asked.

"She is fine...a little tired, but otherwise okay," replied the doctor.

"Can I see them?" asked the smiling and excited man.

"Of course; follow me," directed the doctor, as he led the husband and now father into a room where his wife was in bed holding the baby boy.

When the wife saw her husband she began to cry, "I am sorry, I am sorry I couldn't give you a healthy baby; I am sorry, she was sobbing and sobbing as the husband came to her smiling.

Reaching out he embraced his wife and his son. "You have nothing to be sorry about; you should be happy we have a son...a son that God gave to us. What a gift!" he said, lovingly.

"But he will never be normal," sobbed the wife.

"That is the way God gave him, and we must be grateful for that," answered the husband, with a certainty in his voice.

"Oh my husband, I love you, and I am thankful to God that He brought such a good man into my life," smiled the wife, as she strained her neck to lift her head and kiss her husband on the cheek. The husband leaned across her and kissed his sleeping son, saying, "And we must never stop thanking God for our son, either."

The doctor went out into the corridor shaking his head, "What is it, doctor?" asked the nurse, who had comforted the man earlier.