

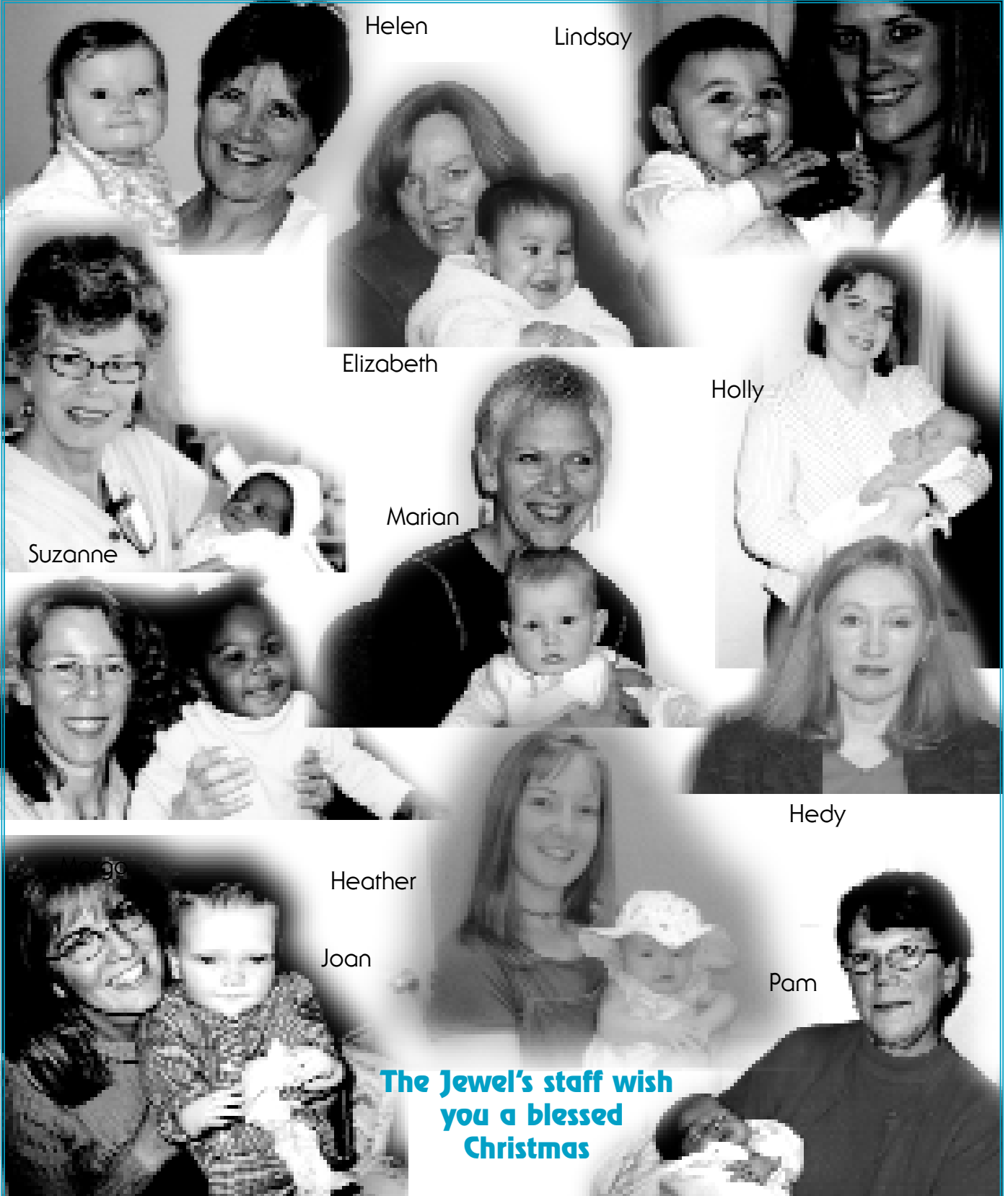
*Jewels  
for  
Jesus*

# Reflections



A Publication From Jewels For Jesus Mission Inc.

Christmas 2004



**The Jewel's staff wish  
you a blessed  
Christmas**

## **“Every good action and every good gift is from God.” James 1:17**

At the beginning of the 2004 New Year, I pleaded, “Dear God, Give me a new heart – a heart likes yours.” By the end of January, a dear friend had died suddenly leaving behind children who really needed her and a hole in my heart. I had hardly begun to process this tragedy when the phone rang with more unbelievable news. The facts were regarding a 17 year old African girl whom we had sponsored through a Christian ministry from 1996 until 2003 at which time she immigrated to Canada to live with a relative. Now she was pregnant!

As the telephone bridged the 2000 km. distance, I began to understand that this vulnerable teen was now being pressured into an abortion by several well-meaning professionals and one self-serving man. My job was to pray. That was the best I could do. That was all I could do, or was it? A totally crazy thought formed and popped out of my mouth in the form of a question to my 30 year marriage partner. “Is there any reason we shouldn’t invite Y. to come and stay with us for awhile?” He easily thought of several reasons: she was miles away in another province; by Canadian standards, our house was already full with two teenagers, a live-in mother-in-law, and a twenty-something son who had just returned to the nest. Then there was me, the turning fifty mother bird dealing with an unpredictable chronic illness. So I returned to the patch of carpet on the dining room floor, where I wept and pleaded for a little baby and a confused pregnant girl. Much of that time was also spent on the telephone enlisting prayer support from a pregnancy center in each province and also from many friends. One of my dear friends challenged me to imagine the broken heart of the Father in Heaven as He sees each of the many little ones swept away by abortion every day. I cried for Him. I cried for them. I cried for this one.

A week later, the phone rang again. The voice was hesitant and emotional. It was my husband saying, “I couldn’t sleep last night. I kept seeing Y’s face. Invite her to come.” Two days later we were at the airport, waiting and watching. I felt so anxious as the girl in the

warm blue jacket approached us, her pretty black face framed in many tiny braids. She was a beautiful Valentine. It was Saturday, February 14th. We drove home with grateful hearts realizing that although an abortion was scheduled for Tuesday, this baby was now safe 2000 km. away.

Y. instantly became part of our family. As the baby grew inside her womb, this beautiful girl was growing inside our hearts. The fears and tears were being transformed to hope and joy. When I think back over the 2004 gallery of memories, Y. is in so many of the frames. Some weren’t pretty pictures, like the night she was sick, when the lights went out, in our unfamiliar bathroom and she vomited in all the wrong places.

Other memories are so beautiful to recall. We were so blessed the first time we heard her pray aloud in her melodic African language. We encouraged her to sing to us in her tongue as well. It was a blessing each time she let us in on her decisions, like the day she chose her baby’s name and the day she made up her mind to give him up to be adopted. Late one summer morning, Y. shared with me how she’d spent most of the night playing the flashlight game we read about. When she shone the light on her big belly, the baby would respond in movement and she would reward him with a pat. Then she would shine the light on a different spot and he would move again. This game was part of the wonderful relationship she had with her baby. So, weeks later when the wide-eyed newborn was placed beside her it was fitting that she greeted him with a friendly, “Hi, Buddy.”

We were blessed again as we became involved with Jewels For Jesus, a Christian adoption agency where compassion and expertise seem to be seamlessly knit together. Y.’s worker assured me that there would certainly be a good family ready to adopt this little guy when he arrived. My husband and I toured the hospital facilities, with Y., where she would give birth in just a few weeks. I was still anxious about 2 things. After 4 ultra-sounds there was still a specific concern

regarding the baby. Secondly, no one had become the answer of our prayer for a labor coach. On Thursday evening of August 19, Y. was presented in our home with three wonderful family profiles from which to choose the parents for her son. Because of Y.'s challenge with English as a second language, she asked us to read the stories to her. She picked up one of the books and I began to read aloud. I hadn't gotten very far when reading became impossible for the lump in my throat and the tears blurring my eyes. My husband's steady voice took over where mine had failed, leaving my mind free to wander back several years to the time we were the family seeking to adopt. Now, 18 years later, here I was the blessed mother of 2 biological children and 2 legally adopted children. I had been satisfied in experiencing full well the joy of treasuring the chosen children as much as the home-made ones. But these last months, God had allowed the eyes of my heart to peek at the other side – the mystery of a mother bravely choosing to give away the baby that she had grown to cherish. My heart was broken between these three couples who desperately wanted to adopt a little child and the courageous birth mother.

Y. indicated that she knew right away which couple was the right one for her son. We encouraged her to wait til morning to make the announcement. She told us that after much tears and prayers she was still sure that they were to be her son's parents. She actually said, "God chose." The Jewels For Jesus worker arranged for a meeting the following week where our family was invited to go with Y. to meet the prospective adoptive parents. The connection was immediate as handshakes melted into hugs. Photo albums were shared while cameras snapped more pictures. It was a lovely visit. We drove home full of wonder at God's ways. Indeed He had chosen this family for Y.'s child. And He also had known all along that the adopting mom was the perfect answer to our prayer for a birth coach.

The next time we connected with the adoptive couple was on the birth day. It was an exhausting, exhilarating, long day. What a joy to finally see this wide-eyed, perfectly healthy, baby boy. It was confirming for Y. to spend time with the adopting parents as they cared

for their son together at the hospital. Two days later, after some quiet time alone with her son, Y. gathered the gift up in her arms and carried him to the nursery. She sat with him there, perhaps memorizing the moment, perhaps praying for strength to do what she planned. I loved her so much as I watched her courageously stand and present her son to his parents. I saw the grateful daddy accept the precious gift with both hands. He seemed to understand how expensive this gift was.

Though Y. fully experienced the painful sorrow of that real loss, truly we have witnessed a supernatural work of the Peace of God carrying her to the next stage of her life. She has begun attending a new high school where she already reaches with compassion to other students who have immigrated from all over the world. Soon we will be at her music night listening to her sing in the choir. I expect there will be more music and more laughter this year as we celebrate the Gift of Christmas with our new daughter.

And as I remember that grateful daddy reaching out with both hands to receive his new son, I want to reach up with both of my hands to fully accept God's priceless Gift to me. As I look back through 2004 I remember the places where my heart was broken. I predict the holes will remain but I also realize that those are the places He will fill with indescribable joy, for He has begun to answer the prayer that He had written on my heart at the start of the year, "Dear God, give me a new heart, a heart like yours."



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## A Word From Joan



Dear Friends:

"My soul glorifies the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior, for he has been mindful of the humble state of His servant. From now on all generations will call me blessed, for the

Mighty One has done great things for me – holy is His name." Luke 1:46-49

400 years of waiting. Waiting for the promised Messiah to come. Waiting for God to speak. Waiting for Him to deliver. Waiting for His salvation. Waiting. And then, quite amazingly, quite miraculously, our God comes. He visits Mary – a young Jewish girl who had been faithful to walk in His laws as she waited. And what does God do? The unthinkable, the unimaginable, the impossible – how can this be?

As I approach this Christmas season, Mary's song and indeed the miracle it represents echoes the wonder and praise in my own heart this season. I've yet to be visited by an angel in the night, but I have experienced the wonder of which Mary sings. There've been those times where, after long times of waiting, God has broken through in a miraculous way and granted me the impossible thing in

answer to my prayers. Indeed, the Mighty One has done great things for me – holy is His name."

Corporately, as a Mission, we've also been blessed by the miraculous. God has taken seemingly impossible situations this past year and resolved them in a way that was far greater than anything we could have imagined. A family for a special needs child, a breakthrough in a legal problem, an openness to the Lord in the seemingly closed client, provision for a situation before we even knew we needed it, funds that arrived unexpectedly but just in time, a timely volunteer, a medical miracle, a word of wisdom in a difficult situation, a divine appointment....the list goes on. Like Mary, we sing, "The Mighty One has done great things for us – holy is His name.

As you set aside time to celebrate the birth of our Saviour and all He has done for you over this past year, I pray that you too will find a song of praise as you recount the ways that He has been mindful of your humble state and the great things He has done for you. He is our wonderful Saviour, our Mighty God, our Everlasting King. Holy is His name.

Merry Christmas,

Joan Kosmachuk

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12/04

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