

Adoption Quotations

Be assured that if God waits longer than you wish, it is only to make the blessing all the more precious.

He who can reach a child's heart can reach the world's heart. —Rudyard Kipling

When they placed you in my arms, you slipped into my heart.

Parents hold their children's hands for a while, their hearts forever.

For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him.
— I Samuel 1:27

Children are a gift from God; they are His reward. —Psalms 127:3

One sought for you a home that she could not provide,
The other prayed for a child and her hope was not denied.

However motherhood comes to you, it's a miracle. —Valerie Harper, Adoptive parent

By choice, we have become a family, first in our hearts, and finally in breath and being.
Great expectations are good; great experiences are better. --Richard Fischer, Adoptive parent

Our children are not ours because they share our genes...
they are ours because we have had the audacity to envision them.
That, at the end of the day...or long sleepless night,
is how love really works. —Unknown

Biology is the least of what makes someone a mother." —Oprah Winfrey

I wasn't expected but I was selected! —author unknown

Adoption means you grew in your mommy's heart instead of her tummy

"There are no unwanted children, just unfound families."
-- The National Adoption Center

"I did not make you in my own image;
I created you from the imagery of my heart.
-- Nancy McGuire Roche

"Every baby needs a lap." –Henry Robin

"I didn't give you the gift of life,
But in my heart I know.
The love I feel is deep and real,
As if it had been so.
For us to have each other
Is like a dream come true.
No, I didn't give you The gift of life,
Life gave me the gift of you."
-- Unknown

Adoption Creed

Not flesh of my flesh nor bone of my bone, but still miraculously my own. Never forget for a single minute, that you grew not under my heart, but in it. *Anonymous*

Adoption Poems

Half A World Away

A half a world away
Sometimes it seems we're so far apart
But a half a world away
Is not too far for a journey of their heart

My little one, my bundle of joy
I'm waiting for you
My precious son, my baby boy
I know you're waiting too

A half a world away
A child waits for a family of his own
While a half a world away
A family waits to come bring him home

My little one, my bundle of joy
I'm whispering a prayer
My precious son, my baby boy
I hope to soon be there

I hope that we
will no longer be
a half a world away.

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The Legacy of a Child in an Open Adoption

By *Brenda Romanchick*

Once there were two expectant mothers.
One carried and cared for you beneath her beating heart
She became your Birthmother.
The other carried the hope of you within her.
She became your Mom.
As the days passed, and you grew bigger and stronger,
Your Birthmother knew that she could not give you all you needed after

your birth.
Meanwhile, your Mom was ready and waiting for you.

One day your Birthmom and your Mom found each other.

They looked into each other's eyes and saw a friend.
Your Birthmom saw the life your Mom could give you.
Your Mom saw how much your Birthmom loved and cared for you.

They decided that what you needed was both kinds of love in your life.

So now you have two families,
One by birth, the other by adoption.

And you have a home where you can get:
your questions answered,
your boo boos bandaged,
your heartaches soothed,
And much needed hugs.

And a place where you can find:
answers to your questions,
your image in the mirror,
a part of yourself,
And much needed hugs.

Two different kinds of families
Two different kinds of love
Both a part of you.

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To My Baby

by Karen Ledbetter

I knew of you before your birth,
I loved you before we ever met.
I prayed for you day and night,
Thankful your birth mother had chosen life.

The waiting was so anxious and hard,
You already held a place in my heart.
Weeks went by, and sometimes I cried.
Finally one day came a call with good news.

Tears of joy fell on my cheek
The first time I held you,
Precious Baby, so tiny and sweet.
I'm thankful your birth mother had chosen life.

Rocking and singing sweet lullabies,
You've brought much joy to so many lives.
I'll love you forever, sweet little one.
Memories to treasure, a new life begun.

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This Is Our Daughter

By Jill Work

THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER.

We adopted her,
but we will NOT be
referring to her as
"our adopted daughter."
She is simply "our daughter".

THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER--

and the niece of her aunts and uncles,
the granddaughter of her grandparents,
the cousin of her cousins,
and the sister of any future children
we add to the family
by biology or adoption.

THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER.

There is no "return policy"
on an adopted child.
The whole idea of adopting
is a lot like marriage.
You make a lifetime
commitment to a person
with no biological
relationship to you.
You promise to "love and cherish"
for "richer, for poorer,
for better, for worse,
in sickness and in health-
as long as we both shall live."

THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER,
and we ARE her real parents.
She has birth parents
(sometimes called
biological parents),
but we are her Mom and Dad,
and always will be.

THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER,
and we love her.
We hope that you will too!
THIS IS OUR DAUGHTER.

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Legacy of an Adopted Child

Author Unknown

Once there were two women
Who never knew each other
One you do not remember
The other you call Mother.
Two different lives,
Shaped to make your one.

One became your guiding star
The other became your sun.
The first one gave you life
And the second taught you to live it.

The first gave you a need for love
The second was there to give it.
One gave you a nationality,
The other gave you a name.

One gave you a talent
The other gave you an aim.
One gave you emotions,
The other calmed your fears.

One saw your first sweet smile,
The other dried your tears.

One sought for you a home
That she could not provide

The other prayed for a child
And her hopes were not denied.
And now you ask me,
Through your tears
The age-old question,
Unanswered through the years.

Heredity or environment
Which are you the product of?
Neither, my friend, neither.
Just two different kinds of love.

We've added to our family tree
A stronger one to make
A child from another plant
Has become our new namesake.

Just as a limb is grafted
From one tree to another,
It alters and improves the plant
Making it, uniquely, like no other.

Our family tree has been improved
Adoption made this so.
For love, much more than bloodlines,
Makes us thrive and grow.

We chose to share our life and love
And all the joys to come
Our "family tree" has blossomed
With the arrival of our cherished one.

Adopted Child

I did not plant you, True.
But when The season is done –
When the alternate Prayers for sun
And for rain are counted
When the pain of weeding
And the pride

Of watching are through-
Then I will hold you high,
A shining sheaf
Above the thousand
Seeds grown wild.
Not my planting,
But by heaven
My harvest
My own child.

The Gift of Life

I didn't give you the gift of life,
But in my heart I know.
The love I feel is deep and real,
As if it had been so.

For us to have each other
Is like a dream come true!
No, I didn't give you
The gift of life,
Life gave me the gift of you.
--Unknown

How Could You Know?

As you lay sleeping far away as still as you could be...
How could you know the joy today this photo brings to me?

A few short weeks and you'll be mine, and "I" will soon be "We".
How could you know the love I feel? It's something you can't see.

So have sweet dreams, my precious babe. Sleep well and tenderly.
Some say that you're the lucky one. How could you know it's me?
--- Kris Laughlin

A Child To Love

You can have your wealth and riches
All the things so many seek,
Position, power, and success,
The fame you long to keep.
You can earn as much as you wish,
Reach a status high above,
But none of these can equal
Having one sweet child to love.
'Tis the greatest gift from heaven,
Little arms that hold you tight,
And a kiss so soft and gentle
When you tuck them in at night.
A million precious questions
And each story often read,
Two eyes so bright and smiling,
And a darling tousled head.
God has never matched the goodness
Of a trusting little face,
Or a heart so full of laughter
Spreading sunshine every place.
A child to hold and cuddle,
'Tis a gift from God above,
And the world is so much brighter
When you have a child to love.

--Author Unknown

Our Child

Our child
Can never not be yours,
Nor not ours.
So somehow,
We must let you know
Our unbound gratitude
For this precious gift you nurtured
then gave into our keeping.
Thank you for sharing life.
For allowing it uterine maturity
In place of abortive non-existence
Which you could have chosen.
Thank you for caring deeply enough,
For trusting enough
To place your babe into a small secure ark,
To float in the rushes of life
Without even a Miriam at the watch
To tell you where His path will be.
We honor that trust,
And shall love and cherish him
As strongly and surely as you do.
Our child Will grow tall and well
Undoubtedly with the stumblings
And skinned knees of life.
But always we will be there.
And you also, in spirit, close by.
A mother's spirit knows no abandonment,
No matter what circumstances
Produce separation or distances
Our child will always know that you care.
We pray for your joy and well-being
We humbly acknowledge your gift,
And in spirit closeness
Share with you OUR CHILD.

Birthmother Quotes and Poems

Adoptive Mother

There is no mother more deserving of our praise
Than one who takes another's child to comfort and to raise
Who has the blessings of the court to keep and call her own
A baby some what selfishly allowed to live alone
Her name is foster mother, but it should be angel queen
For she is all the nobleness that motherhood can mean
Why she is a bit of heaven on a cold and cruel earth
Where all too often human life is deemed of little worth
Her child belongs to her not by the grace of nature's art
But by the choice made freely from the goodness of her heart

On The Wings of a Prayer

I set you free on the wings of a prayer
To fly through life in His tender care,

You're free from the nest and the ties that are bound
Free from the pressures I carry around.

If I kept you I'd only be cutting your wings,
Not offering the chance a true family brings.

The decision I've made has my heart torn in two,
But I know what I'm doing is the best thing for you.

The sky is so vast, the mountains so high
Take wing and remember: I love you.

Goodbye.

--LISA BOTE-PHILLIPS, a birth mother

Kisses in the Wind

I hold you in my heart and touch you in my dreams.
You are here each day with me, at least that's how it seems.

I know you wonder where we are... what's taking us so long.

But remember child, I love you so and God will keep you strong.

Now go outside and feel the breeze and let it touch your skin...
Because tonight, just as always, I blow you kisses in the wind.

May God hold you in His hand until I can be with you.
I promise you, my darling, I'm doing all that I can do.

Very soon, you'll have a family for real, not just pretend.
But for tonight, just as always, I blow you kisses in the wind.

May God wrap you in His arms and hold you very tight.
And let the angels bring the kisses that I send to you each night.
--- Unknown

"A Birthmother puts the needs of her child above the wants of her heart"
Skye Hardwick, *founder of* "Life Mothers"

"I wouldn't give a puppy to someone I didn't know. I had to give my baby to people I had never met." -*Anonymous*

Quotes from Adoptive Parents

Five Reasons Why We Chose Open Adoption

- * When she looks in the mirror, we want our daughter to know herself. It's hard to face the world when you don't know where your face came from.
- * We didn't want our daughter to have the cabbage patch mentality. The truth is, her life didn't start the day we adopted her. Like us, her history and ours began a thousand lifetimes ago.
- * We believe in a birthmother's right to choose, if she has the courage to place, she has the wisdom and right to choose her child's parents. Our daughter's birthmother is her first Mother.
- * We wanted to do a domestic open adoption so our daughter could know her birth family. Our daughter's birthmother chose not to abort her, how could we abort our daughter's birthmother from our lives.
- * We both have family members and friends who are products of closed adoption. These people are still suffering the adverse effects that their denied birthright has caused them. We didn't want this for our daughter.
--Monica and Debbie, adoptive parents

We look at adoption as a very sacred exchange. It was not done lightly on either side. I would dedicate my life to this child. --Jamie Lee Curtis, Adoptive mother

“When you honor the birth family, you honor the child. When you don't honor the birth family, the child will believe that something is inherently wrong with him/her.” --Sherrie Eldridge, Author of *Twenty Things Adopted Kids Wish Their Adoptive Parents Knew*

I realized at the start that whether a child is biological or adopted, one does not know all the ingredients in the package. That is what growth is all about. A child is the slowest flower in the world, opening petal by petal, revealing the developing personality within. -
-Robert Klose, Adoptive parent

It has been said that adoption is more like a marriage than a birth: two (or more) individuals, each with their own unique mix of needs, patterns, and genetic history, coming together with love, hope, and commitment for a joint future. You become a family not because you share the same genes, but because you share love for each other. -
-Joan McNamara, Adoptive parent

Needing to connect to ones biology is so instinctive, that people when meeting your adoptive child will tell you, "Oh look! She has your smile" or "look, he has your beautiful hair," knowing full well that there is no biological connection, but sensing the importance that your child needs to know that they look like someone. --Open Adoptive Parent

From Adopted Adults

This is Love

Kris Kroeker 2005

dedicated to my child's birthmom

I know you love me
You loved me from the start
I know that you want the best for me
I know this because you made a plan for me
A plan so I would grow up with my mom and dad
A mom and dad you knew would love me as much as you do
I know it tore your heart apart to make this plan for me
I know it hurt when you put me first
I know that you feel the pain of empty arms
I know that my pictures are spread across your walls to try and fill the hole

You need to know that I was hurting too
I felt the loneliness
I felt the emptiness when my new parents held me
When you were gone
When I couldn't hear your familiar voice
I was too little to put it into words, but I cried out for you
I wanted YOU to hold me
I wanted to hear YOUR voice
But it didn't work that way
Life gave me hurt and loneliness
But you knew that your plan was good
And that your love was bigger than the pain
It would have been so easy for you to hold me tight and never let me go
But you were too strong for that
You knew what your love would do
You knew the pain would heal
You knew I needed my mom and dad
And you knew they needed me
You knew I would be loved
And that when love is shared it grows
I know that love
I feel it every day
Every time my mom picks me up and holds me
Every time my dad laughs at some little thing I do
When they wake me up to squeeze me in the morning
And when they put me down in bed for night
I know that I am loved

This is love
You died inside when you showed your love
You sacrificed your world for me
I will always remember what you gave
You gave me life
You gave me my parents
You gave me love

This is love