

*Child* of  
PROMISE



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An Amazing True Story  
of Faith and Family

DEBBI MITT



*Child of Promise*

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Re-Published by Redemption Press 2017, PO Box 427, Enumclaw, WA 98022

[www.redemption-press.com](http://www.redemption-press.com)

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*Cover design by Nino Carlo Suico*

*Interior Design by Kandi Evans*

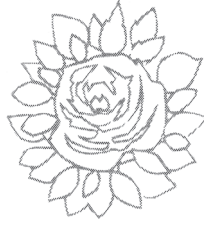
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Published in the United States of America

ISBN: 978-1-68314-477-9

\$15.99

1. Family & Relationships / Adoptions
2. Church & Ministry / Church Life



In loving memory of my dad, Paul E. Campbell, who taught me to believe in miracles.

And in loving memory of my twin brother, Dave Campbell, who taught me to hear the harmony.

For Jenny





## *Acknowledgements*

I want to thank my mom, Bobbi Campbell, for modeling the ministry of motherhood with unconditional love, laughter, and a bit of Irish lace.

A very special thank-you to my husband, Phil. I wouldn't want to make this journey with anyone else!

And of course, my three beautiful children, Alex, Ethan, and Kate, each one a true Child of Promise.

I also thank my extended family for their encouragement and my Trinity family for their oversight and support of Child of Promise Ministries.

A special thanks to my assistant, Jenny Thomas, and to Brenda Shaver, Lynnae Kellum, Jen Miller, Christine Phillips, and Connie Springer, for encouraging me to "write the book!"

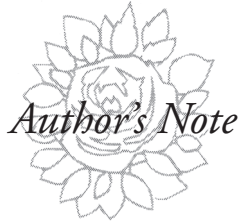
Thank you to Karen Burkett, Jen Miller, and Bethany Clark of Christian Editing Services for your amazing help!

A very special thanks to Samaritan Ministries International, for sharing my vision for adoption.

Finally, I thank Redemption Press for offering me the opportunity to "publish his glorious deeds among the nations; tell everyone about the amazing things he does," (1 Chronicles 16:24, NLT).







*Child of Promise* is the true account of our adoption miracles. I have tried to tell the story as accurately as memory allows with some creative license taken for insignificant details. However, all of the miraculous events occurred as they are detailed in this story. I have a keen sense of responsibility to report the facts as they happened. We have an amazing God, and he doesn't need my help to prove it. I have changed the names of just a few people in the book, most especially the birth mothers of our children. Otherwise, all names, places, and dates are accurate.

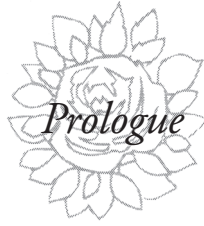
A JEWISH PRAYER

We did not plant you,  
True.

But when the season is done,  
When alternate prayers  
For sun and rain are counted,  
When the pain of weeding  
And the pride of watching are through,  
We will hold you high.

A shining leaf  
Above the thousand seeds grown wild.  
Not by our planting,  
But by heaven  
Our harvest.  
Our child.

—Author Unknown



## CHRISTMAS EVE 1986

I was pregnant.

Wrapping my arms around my tummy, I hugged the sweet knowledge to myself. I imagined I could even feel a fluttering inside, although I knew that was impossible. It was too soon, of course.

I squirmed in my seat like a ten-year-old about to enter Disneyland. The woman sitting on the opposite side of the waiting room darted a glance up from her magazine, and I willed myself to be composed. She looked about twenty-five years old, and she was very pregnant. For a moment I felt a familiar twinge of jealousy but quickly pushed it away. The old patterns would need to change. If I were truly pregnant, I would finally be able to look at other mommies-to-be and feel a sense of kinship instead of sadness or anger. Joy simmered, and I gave the woman a companionable smile.

Casually crossing my legs, I smoothed my navy pants and brushed off a spot of salt lingering from my walk through the slush outside. My navy shoes were soaked, a testament to my reluctance to wear boots. Although I'd lived in Illinois all my life, I had a stubborn resistance to wearing winter clothing. It had been snowing for hours,

and the road crews were working overtime to make sure everyone could make it home for the holidays.

Another wave of excitement shivered through me. It was perfect. My lips curved in an irrepressible grin, and eight years of pain began to melt away. The memories of infertility tests, miscarriages, and grief were now overshadowed by the joy of the moment. All that was important was that tonight I would give my husband the gift of a lifetime.

On the floor next to me a little girl rummaged through the meager contents of a toy box. Blocks quickly littered the floor as she dug deep for her prize. I smiled as I watched her pull out a stuffed green frog and give it a hug. What was the frog's name? I realized I would soon be very familiar with the frog and many other characters. But I was a traditionalist, and visions of a nursery inhabited by Pooh and his friends teased my mind.

It was 2:00 p.m., and Dr. Shay's office was nearly empty. On the other side of the reception desk I could see the nurses, Janet and Chris, as they took a moment from their work to sample the apple cake a patient had brought in to the office. They'd offered me a piece earlier, but I was too excited to eat, although I was enjoying the spicy aroma still lingering from the cake. The window around the desk was decorated, and Christmas lights blinked, causing the silver garland to sparkle. I couldn't imagine a better setting to finally receive the wonderful news of my pregnancy.

Down the hall a door opened and then closed, and I heard Dr. Shay's voice as he spoke to Janet. After eight

years of battling infertility, Dr. Shay, Janet, and Chris had become almost like family in my mind. When Dr. Shay had examined me a few moments earlier, it seemed he was as excited as I was when he announced, "It looks like the Clomid finally did the trick!"

What he didn't say was, "It's a good thing too." I knew if I hadn't become pregnant this time, we'd have to try an alternate treatment. Because of the long-term side effects, six months of Clomid was all I was allowed.

My husband, Phil, had been a little wary of the Clomid from the beginning. The stories of multiple births worried him although I explained other drugs were more likely to bring that result.

"Did you remind the doctor you're a twin and twins run in your family?" Phil cautioned. "Tell him we want a baby, not a litter!"

We'd both laughed, but I knew Phil was still uncertain about having one baby, let alone two. Since my grandmother was a twin and two of her eight children had produced twins, I could understand Phil's caution. I'd dreamed of having several children, and now, at age thirty-one, time was getting short. Caught up in the magic of the moment, I allowed myself a brief hope that I really might be carrying twins.

Dr. Shay's voice was muffled as he moved down the hall. Janet had taken my blood test and asked me to stay in the waiting room for a few minutes while they confirmed my pregnancy. Nervously picking up a magazine, I tried to distract myself by studying the face of the toothless baby

who grinned up at me from the cover. When I'd first come to see Dr. Shay, I pored over the parenting magazines in his waiting room and tried to soak up every bit of wisdom they offered. After the first year, though, I'd studiously begun to avoid them, in favor of more generic reading material. Today, hoping to catch up, I quickly thumbed through the pages. There was so much to learn.

"Debbi?" Janet leaned around the door frame. "Dr. Shay can see you now."

I carefully replaced the magazine and followed Janet to the private office Phil and I had visited once so many years ago. I tried to picture how Dr. Shay would officially announce my pregnancy. One time, about four years earlier, I'd been waiting in an exam room when I heard Dr. Shay enter the room next door. His booming voice came through as he announced to the patient, "Congratulations, lady. You are pregnant!" Tears suddenly clogged my throat at that memory, and the years of longing to hear those words.

For eight years, Phil and I had faced the pain of infertility, and my faith had been shaken to its foundation. But now, finally, I would have the desire of my heart. My pulse quickened as I heard Dr. Shay's knock at the door.

"Come in!" I responded, trying to appear calm. Any second now, the doctor would deliver the wonderful news.

I had no idea that a few hours later, God would begin a new chapter in our lives that would change everything, and I would marvel at how he had prepared me even from my childhood for this great adventure.