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# I Am an Adoptive Parent to Be -- We Are an Adoptive Family to Me

**By Desiree Corbett Korelich**

Have you ever been on an emotional roller coaster? One that brings you excitement, joy, fear, doubt, that feeling you get in the pit of your stomach during stress, love, anticipation, disappointment, relief, and sadness in 24 hours? Wow, I never thought that knowing about a small infant born to a birthmother that loved her more than herself, compelling her to find a family that could take care of her would enlighten my world. I am an adoptive parent to be. We are an adoptive family to me.

We knew immediately that we wanted this infant to become a part of our family. In fact, in that moment, "the phone call", we had already accepted her into our hearts unbeknownst to us, her birthmother, and of course her. We didn't want to get too excited, but emotions just happen. We weren't sure if joy was appropriate because we knew that she did not belong to us. I am an adoptive parent to be. We are an adoptive family to me.

And then there is "the next phone call." Another loving family is also interested in this child. We are happy to know that this child is wanted (and loved) by many…her birthmother, and two waiting families and all the people helping them to provide the best care for this small child. I am an adoptive parent to be. We are an adoptive family to me.

Now come the fear & the doubt. What does the birthmother really want for her child? Will our profile answer her questions? If only we could meet you, I am thinking. It always came back to the infant, is she okay? Will she be okay and taken care of like she and every child deserves.
We aren't selfish to think that we are the only ones to take care of her. Her well being is what is most important to us, even if we are not chosen. I am an adoptive parent to be. We are an adoptive family to me.

And at the same time I think of all the things we know (which is very little) and I am already becoming attached. I believe in symbols and I thought of everything that made this the perfect match…and then my logical side kicks in making sure I know that there is no "perfect match" only a match that was meant to be. I am an adoptive parent to be. We are an adoptive family to me.

The time crunch (the baby is to be released from the hospital on Monday) intensified all our feelings and for a full day we waited on pins and needles. Is she, the birthmother, going to choose us? Is the baby healthy and being cared for well in the hospital? If we are chosen, can we get there in time? Can we find a place for Pierce (our biological son) to stay while we fly to pick up his new sister? Again, she isn't ours…but I want her so much to be. I am an adoptive parent to be. We are an adoptive family to me.

Finally, we (Eric & I) couldn't wait anymore. We call Beth for an update. We already suspect it has not gone our way. And that is okay. We just need to know if we are getting a good night sleep or going to Wal-Mart to buy the necessities we need and heading on a plane in less than 12 hours. We need to tell our wonderful and supportive friends when or if we will be dropping off Pierce to embark on a journey they have already experienced.

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And then we get the "call back." Sounds dramatic, huh? Well, that's how raw our emotions are. The news is what we expected, or at least tried to prepare ourselves to expect so we could be strong. We are positive thinking people and convinced that there is a child out there for us. This just wasn't the time. The other family lives closer and that is what is important to Christine, the birthmother, and we can not fault her for that.

For she is the one who had an even tougher 24 hours than we did. In fact, I am certain her roller coaster ride started a long time ago and there is probably no ending in sight. She is extremely courageous. I am an adoptive parent to be. We are an adoptive family to me.
It was at the end of the "call back" that the tears started to fall and it was then that I realized that I have loved this child from the very first moment. And this is okay. The sadness is okay. I know that she is loved. Knowing that the family who is adopting her is a Pact family assures me that this is the right fit for this child. I am an adoptive parent to be. We are an adoptive family to me.

There is a child (or children) waiting for us, of that I am sure. This roller coaster ride has only strengthened our belief that adoption is the right choice for us to grow our family. I am an adoptive parent to be; we are an adoptive family to me…and my journey is just beginning.

*Desiree and her husband Eric are adoptive parents to Miranda, whom they adopted in 2006.*