

Mike and I had been married 4 years when we decided to start trying to start a family. Many months we would think I was pregnant, only to be disappointed. It became more of the norm than a disappointment after a while. However, the hurt never went away.

About 3 years later I kept trying to talk to Mike about adopting a baby. He rejected the idea for almost 2 years. He says God hardened his heart for that long because we were supposed to have our David. In the early part of 1981, Mike suddenly said he wanted to adopt. My mother worked in an obstetric office and they dealt occasionally with private adoptions. My mom was fervently searching for the "right" baby for us. In March she informed that she had found the one for us. As it drew close to time for delivery, my mom abruptly, without ever explaining why, said that this was not the one. It was almost like thinking you were pregnant again! But we never questioned her wisdom.

November 1, 1981, I received a call from a lawyer about a baby that was to be delivered at the end of the month. A little early, David Michael Hughes was born on my birthday, November 10th. We knew and have been shown many times since, why God waited for us to have this particular child. David means blessing, and that is exactly what every day has been since that 1981 day.

Never question why by the Lord. He always knows what you need and when you need it.

- Debby Hughes