

Chapter 1 : After Happy Dad Holds Door Open for Stranger, She Slips His Son a Graduation Gift in Return

*Our Son a Stranger: Adoption Breakdown and Its Effects on Parents [Marie Adams] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. In Marie and Rod Adams, brimming with idealism and keenly aware of the plight of disadvantaged aboriginal children.*

An excerpt from her memoir, Without a Map He drives a little bronze car. He drives slowly along my dirt road. He glances at me quickly as I stand waiting on the steps. I can see blond hair, curls. He turns off the car. He reaches for something, gets out, looks at me, and never takes his eyes off me again. He shoulders a soft old book bag and walks slowly toward me. This is my son, the son I am meeting for the first time, meeting on this warm fall day after 21 years of waiting. He is thin, graceful as he walks toward me waiting for him in the sudden sun. He is not a baby. He is not a child. He is a young man, and he walks toward me while I wait. He wears jeans and a sweater striped around his chest. We are in a slow-motion film. His feet are in old loafers. He comes toward me, his feet crunching on the stone path in the silence that joins us. Our eyes draw us together, lead him to me, a force joining us, a connection fierce and overwhelming as he slowly comes along the path. His teeth are brilliant white; there is a space. My father has a space like that. I step toward him. Every day for all these years I have played this scene in my mind. I have never known what to do. I do not know now. I think I must be smiling. I think I am breaking, breaking with joy, with love, with grief because here he is a grown young man, here I am middle-aged, all the years gone forever and we know it in this moment more than ever before. I reach for him and hold him in to me, a stranger, my son, this beautiful, radiant terrified son. The leaves in the trees glow red and gold in the sun. We are very shy together, and have no idea how to do this. We walk without talking to the railing of the porch and stand, three feet between us, facing the river, looking out over the sheep in the pasture, along the coast of Maine. We do not speak. I cannot find the question which will start our life together. I want to ask, Will you forgive me? Have you felt my love calling to you every day? Have you been loved? Where have you lived while I loved you? Have you felt this binding cord between us? What did you do each day for 21 years? Will you forgive me? His voice is soft and deep. But his face is open, his eyes enormous, blue, set wide apart. He has a scar across his chin. His nose has been broken. He is very serious, like a boy who has known a lot of sadness. He turns to me and smiles suddenly. He has deep dimples. His uncle has these dimples. We turn to the ocean again in overwhelmed silence. Joy and the old sorrow tangle in wild confusion. We walk down the little dirt road to the river. I feel as if I am walking next to myself, step for step, cell for cell. I want to tell him I love him. We sit on an old bench above the undulating seaweed. We start slowly, searching for words, for a place to start. Then we speak quickly, saying every thought that comes, our conversation leaping as we try to reconstruct the lost years. He must wonder if I will want him to. His school, tracks, a pasture: I frantically try to paint the picture of his childhood. People drove all the way out to the farm to buy them. The sun glints gold on the water, warming us as we fight the current of sorrow running between us. Sometimes, we find ourselves laughing. This is the kitchen where I like to cook a lot of food for my family. We go back down to the kitchen and eat tuna sandwiches across from each other. The joy we feel right at this minute lies like a shimmering pond within our grief, the landscape of our lives. He lives in Massachusetts. I was sixteen, and he was a senior at Boston College. We met at Hampton Beach. His name is Anthony. We hug each other silently at his car, trying to prepare for whatever will happen next. He drives back down the road. I can hear his car moving away long after I have lost sight of it. The days of the following week roil tumultuously around every word he has said in those sunny hours, every gesture, his glance, a movement of his hand. I do not sleep. A letter comes on Friday, asking if he can come again, maybe on Sunday. The call had come in May. I work with the New Hampshire courts. I want you to sit down. Your son is looking for you. It is devastating to the child to experience a second abandonment. A hush, inside me, in the air I breathed. Twenty-one years and my son had a name. I could hold this tiny word. I could hold Paul. My son had a name. My son was named Paul. Paul is a spectacular young man.

Chapter 2 : Our Son a Stranger : Marie Adams :

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That day when I learned one of my three sons was a homosexual? When I felt that my world had fallen apart? My minister husband and I had recently returned home from 15 years as missionaries in Singapore and were both working at the General Conference. How could something like this happen to our family? As a result, I felt compelled to learn everything I could about it. Help Adventist Today celebrate 25 years! I took a creative writing class about this time, where we were supposed to write about the most difficult experience we had ever had to face. That was a no-brainer for me. And after we read our stories aloud, the professor and other class members all urged me to write a book. Since I had felt like there was no one I could talk to and was sure there must be other Adventist parents out there who felt the same way, I decided to write for them. My Son, Beloved Stranger was published in Almost immediately, I was invited to speak at Kinship Kampmeeting. I had never heard of this organization until soon after we found out about our son. Good friends, who also worked at the General Conference, came over to visit one evening and told us their daughter, a lesbian another shock , had seen our son at Kampmeeting and told her parents we needed their support. They told us that Kinship offered love and caring to Adventist and former Adventist gays and lesbians, which they did not find in their churches. I arrived at Kampmeeting in the evening and listened with tears in my eyes to the old hymns of the church being sung with emotion and enthusiasm by mostly male voices. As I told my story about our son, I was touched and amazed to receive standing applause. Trying to Help When one young man asked me to do something for other parents, I decided to start a newsletter. I tried to advertise it in the union papers but was turned down and I began to realize how much hostility there really was in the church. I kept up that newsletter for nearly 15 years, before starting an online support group and putting up a website, Someone to Talk To. Over those years I talked and listened to hundreds upon hundreds of heart-broken parents share their dismay and fears for their children, and as a natural extension, I learned to know many of their sons and daughters. Literally people from all over the world have contacted me, including quite a few people from outside our church. I have found that being open about my story gives others permission to talk to me about their problems. Back then, I was still at the beginning of my journey. The church was basically silent on this subject, although its disapproval seeped through strongly enough that I knew it was something I should be ashamed about. But just a short time later, I learned that Cook had been accused of inappropriate sexual behavior with his counselees. This, sadly, was never acknowledged by the church, and neither those young men, who had been deeply hurt by this, nor their parents have ever received an apology from the church. In my early days of coping, despite growing media coverage of the issue, there was little acceptance of homosexuality in general society, and I doubted society would change in my lifetime. As for the church admitting this was even a problem among its members, I felt sure that was far in the future, if ever. Progress Looking back from my vantage point today, I am amazed by the vast change across many cultures and societies. In 29 countries, same-sex marriage is legal today, and several more are considering it. In secular America, there is little to no prejudice toward gays and lesbians, though there continues to be strong prejudice in many religious communities. I would never have dreamed of this much progress. And even less would I have dreamed of the progress in our church, though it is really still in the beginning stages. I enjoyed this responsibility for several years and grew to love the special and wonderful members of Kinship. I now realize what a dull, gray place our world would be without the color and imagination of our LGBT friends. In , an advisory group of pastors, church administrators, professors, physicians, editors, etc. This Kinship Advisory, of which I have been a member until no longer able to travel, has become a group of special friends with whom I have developed a very close bond. Also, in I had a booth at the General Conference in Toronto, and at the ASI Convention in Michigan, to share about my ministry for families and friends of lesbians and gays. Unfortunately, someone complained to the organizers of the ASI Convention about my booth being

inappropriate, so I was banned from ASI conventions thereafter. But I did have a booth at a number of other large church conventions in Orlando, Atlanta, Dallas, St. Louis, and Denver, before I was black-listed by the church. At each of these conventions, we met so many people who were thirsting for someone who could understand their pain, either as family members or as gay and lesbian people themselves. And even when we talked to people who knew little about the issue and were opposed to the church being involved with it, they usually left the booth with a little broader understanding than when they came. We interviewed over a thousand people, and the answers to questions on homosexuality were not very encouraging. Most of those who believed homosexuals should be allowed to be members of the church, limited them to celibates or those married to an opposite sex partner. To my gratified surprise, they accepted my application, with my topic being how teachers could deal redemptively with their lesbian, gay, or trans students. But just a week before the conference began, we were disappointed to receive word that we could not have a booth. Again, having already purchased air tickets and reserved rooms, we decided to go and just walk the halls, talking to people. As always, we met many who were looking for help in dealing with homosexuality and handed out some of our literature. In direct response to this book, Andrews University held a conference for those with a conservative viewpoint and published their own book, *Homosexuality, Marriage, and the Church: Biblical, Counseling, and Religious Liberty Issues*. I attended the AU conference, along with several members of the Kinship Advisory. A great deal of progress was made five years ago, when Stephen Eyer and Daneen Akers produced their documentary, *Seventh-Gay Adventists*, about three Adventist lesbian or gay couples who at the time were still connected to the church. This was followed by *Enough Room at the Table*, a model for dialogue among people who have different viewpoints, and *Outspoken*, a series of individual stories. One of these, the coming-out story of a young female pastor, Alicia Johnson, drew special attention beyond the church, being covered in a number of public venues. These films caused a definite sympathetic reaction among most of those who saw them and an overt conversation in many areas of the church that was hard to ignore. I might mention here that my interest in learning the latest information on this topic has continued over the years. At first, I resisted reading anything regarding new theological approaches, but eventually I was persuaded to take a look. There has been an explosion of theological study on this issue, as pastors and other theologians have had to deal with students, family members, and parishioners who come to them for help. Efforts to understand the context and history behind the few texts in the Bible that mention same-sex behavior, have resulted in new understanding of what they mean. One of the achievements of this group has been a booklet authored by Reinder Bruinsma, long-time church leader and author: It is a slightly edited Adventist version of one written by Bill Hensen for other Christian groups and includes research by Adventist scholars. While advocating for compassion, even toward LGBTs living with partners, it still includes on the last page the official Adventist statement on marriage being between one man and one woman. That is the message I hope will soon spread through our church. Carrol has been retired for 30 years, stays home and prays for her husband Bob when he takes seniors on mission trips, responds to all requests for help from LGBTs or their family members, and quilts, reads, and writes her family history in spare time.

Chapter 3 : Chicago Tribune - We are currently unavailable in your region

In Marie and Rod Adams, brimming with idealism and keenly aware of the plight of disadvantaged aboriginal children, adopted Tim, a young Cree boy, two and one half years old.

Chapter 4 : Sorry, this content is not available in your region.

Our Son a Stranger Book Description: In Marie and Rod Adams, brimming with idealism and keenly aware of the plight of disadvantaged aboriginal children, adopted Tim, a young Cree boy, two and one half years old.

Chapter 5 : This Stranger, My Son

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Chapter 6 : How My Son With a Disability Encouraged a Stranger in the Waiting Room | The Mighty

The mother of a child with autism and Down syndrome describes an encounter they had with a stranger who had lost her son 10 days prior and how her son was an encouragement to the woman.

Chapter 7 : My Son, The Stranger by Charles Z. Doilain

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Chapter 8 : Our Son a Stranger: Adoption Breakdown and Its Effects on Parents - Marie Adams - Google E

I have a shadow son " a shadow son I didn't give birth to, a shadow son who believed I was his biological mother for over a decade. I first became aware of him 14 years ago, when a private.

Chapter 9 : HOLLYE DEXTER: We Gave Our Son a Stranger Things Birthday Party (and it was awesome!

My year-old son has Down syndrome and is a "people person." He has limited oral speech but loves to interact with people using physical contact and natural gestures. He has limited oral speech but loves to interact with people using physical contact and natural gestures.