

Praying and fasting for 7 days at the Washington DC Holy Ground - Day 2

Robert Sullivan
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Robert Sullivan and family

“Two and a half days done” doesn’t sound quite as good as “well into the third day”, but as far as the prayer and fast is going, all is well.

I would like to digress a little tonight. Someone asked me “to remember the birth mothers and fathers”, and I believe that is an important thing to do -- especially the birth mothers.

Whenever I asked my mother about my birth mother and why she gave me up, my mother always told me it was out of love. When I was forty, I took the liberty of tracking her down through “post legal adoption services” offered through the adoption agency through which I was adopted. I wrote her a five page letter and received back a 26-page hand written letter with a stack of family photos that literally took my breath away. And the clear message of the letter was exactly what my mother had told me: my

birth mother had put me up for adoption out of love. Her letter to me was filled with questions which clearly showed that she had hopes and dreams for me when she gave me up and that she wanted to know if I was on the road to realizing those hopes and dreams. We exchanged a number of letters, spoke by phone a number of times, but when it came to meeting, she wanted me to meet the whole family but couldn’t find anyway after all these years to introduce me to them. So the relationship ended there. But I am very happy to have made the contact and received the birth family information I now have, especially when I am now dealing with the issue of liberating my birth ancestors as well as my adopted ancestors. From what my birth mother told me, my birth father never knew that I existed.

The reason why birth mothers put their children up for adoption in the United States tends to be for matters of convenience when compared to the reasons why most birth mothers place their children internationally. When I look at the four international adoptions in our family, the case can be easily made for mere survival in each: Chase was put up for adoption at 20 months because a jealous step boyfriend was abusing him and had pushed him out on the street. Reeder had a ventricular defect and was not expected to survive his first year of life. His birth mother abandoned him to get him the treatment he needed. Adrian was found under a bridge in Ecuador at the age of 4 or 5 days, abandoned, dehydrated and suffering from pneumonia. It is assumed that he had been there for at least 2 or 3 days. (Police routinely check under bridges in Ecuador. If you want to give your baby a chance, that’s where you leave him or her.) And my daughter, Ana, was left at an orphanage at about a year. She was a member of a rain forest tribe that doesn’t ordinarily give up their members. So the guess is that her birth mother had to give her up because of tribal shunning. But that is just a guess.

But let me go back to our first adoption and to the idea that every birth mother in giving up her birth child, even if it is for the purpose of survival, still retains a hope and a dream for that child. When Deb and I were in Peru, I did a prayer condition to understand the purpose or hope of our adoption from God’s viewpoint. A few days after it was over, I was walking with Chase on my back through the streets of Lima, looked across the street at the store fronts, and had the only vision I have ever had in my life. (I’m not a spiritual guy. I don’t have visions!) But instead of seeing the stores, I saw Moses’ mother placing her infant son in the basket of reeds and floating him down the River Nile to the Pharaoh's palace. I’ve always wondered if that vision was specific to our adoption of Chase or whether it was indicative of the hearts of all birth mothers and, of course, the Heart of God with regard to international adoptions. But as we understand through the Principle, God’s hope and the hope of Moses' mother was that he be raised in the Pharaoh's palace, that he never forget who he was or where he came from, and that he would return to lead his people out of their slavery and into the promised land. Hopefully, I don't have to spell it out any further.

Talk to you tomorrow.