

ANNIE'S STORY



The phone rings and the voice on the other end says, "We have a three year old girl. Would you be able to take her?" Instantly, I think, "We only take babies". The heart then takes over, and I quickly reply, "Yes, of course." (Annie was born 2/9/93). Forty five minutes later Annie arrives Yes, short curly hair and all, and she's just as precocious as in "Little Orphan Annie". Like a fire truck, she shoots through the house. It's pretty apparent that she is used to being dropped off at different places for she has no fear. She stands up to and talks back to everyone in the household, but she does have that sweet smile and special charm that no one could turn their back on.

As always, in foster care, the plan was to return home. Dad visits Annie at our home on a regular basis always seeming appropriate. Then, out of the blue, things take a dramatic turn. Visits become seldom and no longer take place in our home. Annie is frightened little girl. She has night terrors and very difficult behaviors. With the help of a very caring professional, Annie begins a long attachment and bonding therapy. She was so filled with anger that during one of the sessions, she actually burst one of those stress relief balls. Just in case you don't know, they are filled with fine white powder and so was her fancy office. Slowly, Annie began to attach to our family although the behaviors stayed much the same. Three long years later, Annie became one of us and finally had a forever family. Almost instantly Annie was a compliant, adorable daughter the kind we all hope and pray for.

Annie is now twelve. Issues from her past continue to surface and need to be dealt with. She has grown into a truly beautiful girl both physically and emotionally. She loves babysitting for her younger siblings, she is working hard in school, she is Germantown's best soccer goalie, and she makes both her Dad and I proud. We know Annie was part of God's plan. She certainly is our blessing.