

A Special Blessing

When I was 25 weeks pregnant, I discovered that I was carrying a baby girl with Down's syndrome. Devastated by the news, I drove to my church in tears.

In the weeks leading up to her birth, I vacillated from pure joy to the edge of terror. I've had knives pulled on me, gone without food and survived a lot of bad situations. But I didn't think I could survive this one.

How would I tell my friends and loved ones of her condition? Would I be able to take care of her? Questions such as these tormented me.

We were surrounded by close friends when D'Andra made her entrance into the world on April 18. Her doctor decided to run another blood test because she did not look like a Down's syndrome baby.

For three days my husband, Jerome, and I held onto a thread of hope that the Lord had miraculously healed her in the womb. But the test confirmed that she had the chromosomal abnormality.

That extra chromosome opened up a new world to us—and a new ministry. Our church is building a House of Hope & Healing, and for the first time in our lives, our family desires a healing ministry.

Because of D'Andra, I'm helping to organize a monthly event to minister to special needs children. I've also gone to hospital wards where children hover between life and death.

I believe that D'Andra is healed. But in the meantime, I will fight for her and the millions of children who are dying or classified as special needs. Indeed, the love and care of God shown to D'Andra through His people will now touch thousands

of other children.