

## Michael, Our Precious Little Boy

In the beginning of 2020, on January 2<sup>nd</sup>, we received a call from our adoption agency informing us that we had been matched with a precious little boy in South Korea who was 13 months old. We received adorable photos and fell in love with him instantly. We were told his Korean name was *MinkYoo*, and that *Mink* means “wise,” and *Yoo*, “of good behavior.” We loved his Korean name and its meaning and decided to keep it as his middle name, but wanted to choose an English name for him as well. We decided right away that his English name should be Michael because it matched well with his Korean name, but more importantly, so that we might ask for the special protection of Saint Michael for his life. Little did we know then, at the start of 2020, how badly we would need the protection of heaven’s Warrior Archangel – just to bring Michael safely home.

You have probably heard that the adoption process tends to be long and stressful. You may have also heard that international adoption is even more so – by far. So, when you add a global pandemic to the mix, well, you get a perfect storm.

We knew at the start of 2020 that it would take anywhere from 7 to 11 months before we actually got to meet Michael in South Korea and bring him home. What we didn’t know was how much the “world as we know it” would change in 2020 and how many things we never could have imagined happening, did happen. International travel would come to an abrupt stop, numerous events around the world, like the Summer Olympic games in Tokyo, would be postponed or canceled altogether, and countless restrictions would be announced. . . . If someone had told us that all of this, and more, was going to happen, we would have thought our adoption process would surely be delayed and adversely affected. But somehow, miraculously and against all odds, our adoption process carried on and only 8 months later we were on our way to South Korea to bring our son home!

It was not an easy ride, however. Not for one day during those 8 long months did we feel truly certain that we would **ACTUALLY** be *able* to travel halfway around the world. Our anxiety grew with each passing day as things seemed to get worse in so many countries, and so many hurdles came our way, all of which we would have to overcome.

Yet, as the storms grew only stronger, God remained faithful every step of the way, perfectly assembling all the pieces of the puzzle, even to the smallest detail, to ensure we were able to get our boy. In February, 2020, just as things were starting to heat up on account of the pandemic, we met one dear and very faithful lady through our church. She was spending the winter in our area and was about to return north. As it happened, she “coincidentally” had a relic of St. Michael and, after hearing about our story and the many challenges that lay ahead, she decided to loan this relic to us until she returned again the following winter – all with the hope that our son Michael would be home with us by then.