

1. *For My Wife*

For separate reasons, we were both born contumaciously self-centric people. The fact this journey is a reality is clearly prima-facie evidence that God transforms human beings into the shadow of His own heart. For this, He has my utmost praise and you, my magnanimous respect.

2. *The Call*

To think that before the foundations of the world You had a plan, of redemption, of adoption. The very idea was Yours. And now, in this slide of time you saw two hearts seeking Yours in prayer and in this, we found it.

3. *Prayer*

For us, this began with a desire to find God's will corporately. The semantic of my wife and my relationship has often been that one gets a drive and the other complies. It was my heart that we find direction more simultaneously. So we began to pray together about the big things. Who could have guessed what God has up His sleeve in the form of an answer?

4. *One*

This song is dedicated to the birth mother. I can not imagine the personal torture one would feel to be forced to entrust the fusion and fission of their own being to the abyss of her absence. May she know that she, and all other mothers of her plight, are incessantly held in my prayers.

5. *China*

The prayer originally was whether to have a second child or not, an idea vehemently opposed by my wife. And then, as if to throw the ultimate curve, she speaks of adopting. It isn't as if it were a biological impossible for us to conceive, so the concept seemed completely out of nowhere. In retrospect it was clearly out of Heaven itself. The issue remained, from where? The answer for this was even clearer that this issue of adopting itself. Even as we spoke and prayed together a woman in China was conceiving.

6. *Confirmation*

It was everywhere, from the diversion at the co-op home schooling group to my invitation to speak at the College Chinese Christian Group, I was surrounded by the hints of God that shouted at a deafening amplitude.

7. *Paperchase*

One has to step into this venture with absolute resolve, otherwise the red-tape alone would suffocate any vagarious heart. Strangely enough, the joy of doing God's will was all the proverbial carrot we needed to scale the seemingly insurmountable summit of retrievings, gathering, testings, sendings, and of course, waitings.

8. *Infatuation*

All of a sudden, emerging from the locust-swarm of paperwork, everything is turning up Chinese: dinners, movies, napkins, knick-knacks, they all infiltrate my home with the resolve of an advancing army. From the dust-clouds of this menagerie is seen the heart of a woman who, in her own way, has just become pregnant again.

9. *Empty Chair*

One can only expect that once the hen has begun to sing, it is little time before the chick joins in harmony. My then 5-year old, Chante, now joins the song. She has ordained a chair at our dinner table exclusively for our awaiting addition to our family. Now, one would have to go to a re-showing of Steel Magnolias to deluge themselves in more emotion than has saturated my home.

10. *Little Sister*

Chante has quickly taken possession of this ambition by dragging along an imaginary sister everywhere she goes. (I have had to fill my trunk with the stuff from my back seat to make room for her) I now have to be extra careful where and how I sit as to be sure it is not on her and suffer the wrath of an indignant chiding child.

11. *Like Crazy Cakes*

There is a book that, when read, it always makes my wife cry. (Perhaps many of you have it too!) For whatever sadistic reason, my daughter is unceasingly flinging it before my wife, and with sheepish eyes, implores Suzanne to read it to her. All of a sudden I realize that the tsunami of emotions I frequently surfed when Chante was yet to be born (which I conveniently attributed entirely to hormones), had returned to high tide. Apparently this is more than biological warfare.

12. *Oh, Mailbox, my bane*

There was this period, an infamous stage of history, when futility was best described as the daily trip to the mailbox to find coupons and specials from local retailers, the onslaught of bills, the latest parenting magazine, but nothing from B.C.I.S.

13. *Delivery*

Perhaps these liner notes may paint me as the sure-tempered stoic. I have a friend (a father of 3) who told me during my wife's "first" pregnancy that the moment she conceived she became a mother but we really become a father the moment we hold our child in our arms. All I can tell you is this project is incriminatingly deleterious to my aloof exterior. Honestly I am caught into this like a child on a merry-go-round bouncing gleefully and wishing it would never stop. This song is sort of a soundtrack to the entire experience and an anthem to my own adoption as well.

14. *Gotcha Day*

Perhaps several months from now we will be sitting in a hotel room in China, verses a Hospital room in California, and instead of delivering the child, someone else will deliver the child to us. (The theme from "China" is reintroduced as a recapitulated statement of conclusion or fulfillment) I know when that happens, I will have to wrestle her from my wife and daughter's arms to hold her myself that day. All I can say is that China better have a lot of Kleenex there.

15. *Homecoming*

Even as with my own adoption by God's own grace, the truest reality will be seen the moment we arrive home. The question I am beset to ask is, "Do you know the God of the Bible who so loved you He surrendered His only Begotten child to pay for your adoption?" All that which you may disqualify as "religious" (Jesus' death on the cross) is simply the price of your