



# BEAUTIFULLY BITTERSWEET BEGINNING

**Grace Jacobson**  
Trinity Lutheran School, Reed City

Adoption is a special, unique word. It changes lives and decides futures. Being adopted is a blessing, both for the adoptee and the adopter. I was adopted into a loving, supportive, and caring family. It was because of my courageous, loving, selfless hero, I am where I am today. I am both thankful and proud to call my birth mom, Magdalena, my personal hero.

Courage is often thought of as a form of bravery. Magdalena was 21 and she already had three kids. Often, if you're adopted, the birth parent(s) must acknowledge that they might not see their child ever again. Magdalena had to keep in mind, that once the decision was made, she couldn't change her mind. The decision she made required courage. She knew she may never see me again. My sister Maggie was already adopted, which meant only two of her three kids with her. If Magdalena chose to release me for adoption, she would only have one of her three kids with her. The amount of courage she had is unimaginable to me, but because of her choice, I'm blessed to be where I am now.

Selflessness is something everyone wants, but few actually have. It is often easier to think of what you want, rather than to think of others. Even though she knew what she was doing was commendable, it wasn't an easy decision. Magdalena could've kept me and done her best to raise me, but she thought of what was better for me.

Guatemalans aren't always fortunate enough to have a stable job, steady income, or a roof over their heads. Magdalena would've had to support two daughters, with what little money she earned. Magdalena was able to recognize she couldn't give me what she wanted, but maybe someone else could. She was selfless when she made her decision and I have an overflowing amount of love, respect, and admiration for her.

There is often one common misunderstanding when it comes to adoption. People often think the parents don't love their child enough to keep them, but that is not true. My birth mom loved me enough to

let me go. She loved me enough to realize that what she wanted to provide, she couldn't. She was quite young, barely an adult, yet she was able to make an important decision based on her love for me. Giving away your child isn't easy, especially if you know you'll never see them again. Magdalena loved me enough to let me go and live the life she wished she could provide for me. Love like that is special and Magdalena had that love.

Adoption is both beautiful and bittersweet. In order for one family to grow, another must give. Magdalena gained a secure future for her daughter but, in return, let her daughter go. Her love for me, courage, and selflessness allowed her to let me go. Magdalena is my hero and, to be honest, I couldn't think of a better one.



*Sponsored by*

