

Hannah
by
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On August 23rd, 1999, by the best global estimates she was number 6,007,961,562. The U.S. Census Bureau estimated she was U.S. citizen number 273,343,013. Fifteen others entered onto the earth during that fleeting minute while eight others passed from this world during that same short interval.

Perhaps she was just another insignificant statistic born into the world. But not to me. I became an uncle again. This time to a new face named Hannah.

There has always been something miraculous and wondrous about the birth of a new baby to me. It isn't so much the joy of having someone else new in the family. It isn't even the awesome beauty of innocence. Whenever I encounter a newborn I think, "wow, there is hope. God hasn't shut off the spigot yet. In spite of all the tragic episodes that captivate us with 24 hour news broadcasts, children are still brought into the world. The only plausible explanation I can find is that God must love human life with a passion. Yes, in spite of the mess we've made of things, for some reason God continues to send down his angels with more beautiful babies. Surely He must love human life."

Of course, I understand scientifically how this birth occurred. But the scientific explanation only augments what actually occurred behind the scenes. You see Hannah came down in a chariot from a cloud in Heaven. Her trip began on a moonbeam until the sun gently rose and smiled its radiance upon her. She rolled on top of a rainbow colored with grace and bluebirds flew down beside her. The angels played trumpets and the cherubs began to sing. God breathed life into her and she emerged from her mother's womb awakening to our world.

"Hannah, do you remember what it was like up there? I've forgotten almost everything since the day I emerged as a baby like you into the world. Somewhere along the way I started learning words and that's where the trouble began I suspect. Somewhere down the line, I began getting competitive and prideful. Where it all care from, I'm not sure. We're probably all a big disappointment, I know. Things were so much easier up there because everyone just knew how great God is. Before I forget, I have to ask you, He does still remember us up there doesn't He?"

Hannah before you learn how to talk, can you tell me if dogs are up there in Heaven. I have three you see and each day I wonder if I make it, do they get to come too. Good, I thought so. Ok, here is a question that has always puzzled me: Is evil a necessary condition in order for us to have free will? I was afraid so. And finally, why is it that life is sometimes hard and unfair. Ok, that is what I thought.

You will find that you are a remarkable creation Hannah, made in the image and likeness of God. We take it for granted. You don't yet. You are different from the animals, even my beloved dogs. You have been blessed with a soul. You can't see it. But, it is one of the few things that seem real and permanent. The rest of what you see around you is very temporary so don't get too attached to things. Of course you know all this. But you're likely to forget soon. It's hard to relearn all that, believe me.

Anyhow, today you are God's miracle to many of us. You are our hope that God hasn't turned His back on this world yet. You aren't just another statistic or biological event. You are all that is good from God. Your perfect humility draws us all toward you. You are a precious gift.

Hopefully the hand on the spigot continues to be merciful. Thanks for reminding us about the goodness of God. Welcome to our world. You've already made this a better place.



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