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**About the header and our mission**

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 21, 2010

**[A comment from Pastor Van...](#)**

We delight that he is experiencing joys forevermore in the presence of the Lord, yet we mourn with you because he is loved and missed.

When her second child died, Ann Judson, the wife of Adoniram Judson, wrote,

“Our hearts were bound up with this child; we felt he was our earthly all, our only source of innocent recreation in this heathen land (India). But God saw it was necessary to remind us of our error, and to strip us of our only little all. O, may it not be vain that He has done it. May we so improve it that He will stay his hand and say, ‘It is enough.’”

What sustained this man and his wife was a rock-solid confidence that God is sovereign and God is good. And all things come from His hand for the good – the incredibly painful good – of His children.

Pastor Van Loomis

No man who has lived has been more of an inspiration to me than Adoniram Judson and somehow in this tragedy I forgot these glorious words spoken by his first wife... thank you Pastor Van, you have lifted this weary soul closer to God with your timely encouragement.

[2 Comments](#)

Posted in [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 21, 2010

**[Goodbye Israel...](#)**

We’ve been kicked out of our hotel room (not really, they just don’t have any room for us outside of the third floor which is for women only who have been released from the hospital with their newly born child and they appropriately thought this would be painful for us... good call.) and we are now sitting in the business lounge for the next seven hours. I cannot express just how understanding and compassionate these people have been... everywhere we go we end up with new family members, but these folks I am ready to leave... no offense please, we just want to be home.

This morning we had to get the cash to cover Evan’s transport home... no easy task. We had the approval from our bank for the transfer yesterday but apparently someone in America forgot to hit the right key and the approval never went across the network. So we show up at one bank and they refuse the amount needed, so we went to another and our guide pleaded our case and just when the clerk went to the manager’s office to hopefully fix the problem the power went out... so... we went to another bank and they could not help. Called the bank and our cellphone ran out of

minutes, so our guide loaned us her phone and after twenty minutes they said everything was approved and they didn't know what the problem was.

We go back to the first bank and our guide told the clerk our unusual situation and this must have warmed his heart to us because we now had an advocate who eventually had us in the bank manager's office on his phone with our bank until the problem was solved and 2.5 hours later we had the cash for the Israeli Funeral Director. St. Alicia has missed her calling, her patience and resolve in situations like this is supernatural. We thanked this kind man and as I was leaving the bank I glanced back to see his smiling face following us out with a little dance in his step and I was renewed... one, because the people here don't smile... and two, I understood the satisfaction he was feeling and I am glad to have had him as a friend even if it was for only a moment.

Yesterday as I was showing our guide the pictures in my camera she said, "You know the interesting thing about Americans? They are always smiling... (paraphrased)." She said this after looking at a picture of my father who wears his big grin from ear to ear most of the time.

We gave away a stroller we bought for our little guy, and all his diapers to a very grateful hotel housekeeper, and it hit Alicia again... it's hitting me right now, gonna stop writing...

We will be back soon, and we can't wait to see our children, our dogs, our house, our friends, our home...

[6 Comments](#)

Posted in [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 21, 2010

[You never let go...](#)

Thanks Lorraine...

[1 Comment](#)

Posted in [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 20, 2010

[Going home sometime tomorrow...](#)

Spent a little time in Joffa today as a distraction... Evan is gone now and our time in the hospital, which has been perpetual since 7/9/10 has come to an end. Our sweet guide from Moldova took us to St. Peter's Church by the seaside and learned it was closed (she convinced the porter to let us into the chapel). At the foot of this Catholic Monastery prayers of a Muslim temple rang out while we walked across a wishing bridge filled with Zodiac symbols where we were instructed to make a wish by our sign (our refusal puzzled our guide so we had the opportunity to share our faith a little); then down to an open market where jewish merchants were selling good luck charms. One of the merchants realizing we were Americans tried to sell us one that would give us wealth and

health... how about that, Kenneth Copeland must have preceeded our visit to this ancient land. According to our guide there are very few Christians here and the only other church, St. Georges Cathedral, is a strange mixture of Muslim and Christian practiced by mostly Arabians.

Our guide was insistent she wanted to get us something to take home when all I want to do is forget I was ever here. So while she led Alicia and I through the various shops I wandered away until something caught my ear, ...the "Hallelujah Song" from Shrek by Rufus Wainwright. I found the one speaker quietly playing this tune and positioned myself in front of it between two empty cafe tables so I could hear the chorus, only the chorus... as I stood there the emotions came back and I wanted to hide but I couldn't pull myself away... I couldn't... I just stood there and my heart sang with him... "Hallelujah, hallelujah, Hallelujah, halleluuujaaahh..."

How in the midst of this most exquisite pain and loss can my heart sing? The heavens opened for a moment and it was as if all the angels were singing with me, rejoicing in the goodness of God... yes His goodness. Here in this "almost" Godless society close to where Jesus once walked God broke through my fog while listening to a pagan tune sung by mythical creatures (the characters of Shrek) from one lonely speaker in a crowd of shoppers in a strange foreign land.

I told Alicia today that we will never be the same, our spiritual metabolism has been forever changed, and God intends to use it for His glory... we just need to hang on long enough to understand.

For all you folks waiting for us at home, we don't have an itinerary yet... look for it tomorrow morning. We can't wait to see you and tell you personally what you have meant to us during this difficult time.

[10 Comments](#)

Posted in [News](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 19, 2010

[July 19th, 2010](#)

Little Evan went home to be with Jesus tonight, his sweet little face will meet his Saviour's face before ours, and when I arrive there in all His glory I will see him again and sweep him up hold him tight and whisper... gamardjobot little one... gamardjobot.

God bless all the men and women who tried to help him, and especially for those who prayed. Parents, please tell your little ones that God heard their prayers but He had other plans for Evan, and we will see him again. His journey home was not what any of us anticipated, it was into the arms of his Christ, the Son of God.



Details to follow regarding our return home...

[30 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 18, 2010

### Day 3

Spent some time with Evan this morning and evening... it's very hard because he doesn't know we are there. Got to hold his foot again and stroke his hair, kissed his forehead...

Met with the staff at the hospital whose job it is to insure Non-Israelians are well cared for, they wanted to make sure we understood that we are not alone, they also took care of the hotel accommodations for us insuring we do not have to move out at least until Tuesday. This is truly a wonderful facility, and a very loving/caring staff.

In the bed next to us, a young child lays in a cast over most of her/his body. The mother is constantly by the child's side in this Israeli hospital wearing a Burka beside a white couple with a child who could be her own, life could be stranger I guess.

Tomorrow we meet the doctor again in the morning for an answer to more definitive test to help us understand the next step...

Pray for wisdom, pray for strength...

[7 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan, News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 18, 2010

[I believe... the story doesn't end here.](#)

[1 Comment](#)

Posted in [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 18, 2010

[A boy without a country?](#)

Evan is a Georgian citizen, with a Georgian passport and a Visa to travel to America where he instantly becomes a citizen when he steps on American soil, and we are in Israel... could this be any more complicated?

It's Sunday, the day after Shabbat here in Tel Aviv where random electrical devices are not in use and all the stores are closed except Toys R us and McDonald's. We have one elevator that will only go to the 12th floor in respect of Shabbat, so I took this elevator yesterday morning to breakfast, which is on the 12th floor, and couldn't get back down because that same elevator will only go back down to the lowest floor and I am on the 4th floor, and every door I opened hoping to find stairs led somewhere else.

How closely this resembles our situation here... I want to go to the "4th" floor (which is to bring Evan home healthy happy and whole) but no matter what button I push the only one that lights up says "0", yes "zero"; not the 1st floor like most elevators... "zero". I've got food and drink in my hand and I want to go to the 4th floor but I can't and no door will lead me there, God has only given me the "zero" option. So is it "zero" me or "zero" God, is it simply myself I must rely on to get through this, or is it simply God... it is all God, I must hit the "zero" and see where it takes me. I get out and look around and see another elevator where the "4" button lights up.

Perhaps someday we will find this elevator where the "4" button lights up and God will make all these things clear to us...

I miss our Georgian family and so wish they were here to help us with our decisions the next few days...

Alicia's still sleeping. God has given her a precious gift, the ability to sleep soundly regardless of what the world throws at her... I lost it yesterday and in my panic state of mind couldn't be there for her; please pray that I will stay rational and calm so I can hear God's voice and trust the "zero" button.

We meet with the doctor today at 12:00 to talk about Evan's condition and deliberate options we can't render a decision on because it's Sunday in all three countries...

...and a shred of hope remains.

[5 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [News](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 17, 2010

### [This wasn't on our list...](#)

Spoke to the kids this morning and tried to help them understand our circumstance... Nick my thoughtful one, and Carrie the unflappable listened while we did the best we could to squeeze out what we know about Evan and his chances without conveying our emotions through the wire.

God how we miss them... I ache for them and dreamt of holding them both tight until the thought produced panic because of my desire to be home. We must endure the next few days, and I must be strong for Alicia, she has never needed me so much and I have never felt so inadequate. My thoughts cast back to two weeks ago and the analogy of the "cracked pot" from 2 Cor 4:7... what if your pot is shattered... what do you do then? Perhaps it's these times when God's glory isn't designed to shine through the cracks of your "Earthen Vessel", and He lays you open for all to witness His steadfast love.

We went to see Evan a while ago, and I held his little right foot tight, all puffy now, while stroking his coarse black hair remembering it was the only way I could comfort him that first night in the hospital. The only thing missing from my formula was the whisper of shhh... in his ear because it just wasn't necessary tonight, he was quiet and peaceful.

... my face is dry now, my spirit numb, my mind blank and Alicia's sleeping. I so long to be somewhere that I hear the muffled tones of English from the crowd around me, where people don't stare because I look different, where I can look at a menu board at McDonald's and know how to order a hamburger, or read the package of an instant noodle meal and know what I'm eating and how to cook it.

There is no protocol for the situation we are in, there is no hardware or software that can process this data, the code hasn't been written, there are only minutes clicking by, and one foot slowly forward into a future we didn't plan... this wasn't on our list.

[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 17, 2010

### [Even now, He is still enough...](#)

[3 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [Thoughts](#)

July 16th

I lie here with money in my pocket from three different countries and all of it is useless to me... I hear the echoes of voices from home speaking in dispassionate unbelief bouncing off the voices of others screaming in pain and I am caught somewhere in the middle wondering where is God... how will I ever get through this. My poor relentlessly compassionate wife with her ruthless love for children lying here beside me with her heart ripped from her fragile ribcage hears these echoes too while almost every child she see's reduces her to dribble. This woman has become the most beautiful creature on earth both inside and out to me and now I have to learn how to help her pick up the pieces of her just days ago glowing life and restore any meaning... any sense ...any comfort. The anger boiling in me rises up while she sleeps and wants to vaporize with a ball of nuclear fire the selfish motorist outside our window blowing his horn at someone in his way...

I'm in Israel, the land where Jesus once walked and I could care less, I don't even want to look out the window of my small hotel room. I told her today, if the unthinkable happens... "We'll see him in heaven", and maybe this wasn't really about him at all, maybe this white-hot pain has another meaning, another reason, just give me a minute and I'll figure it out... it will take a lifetime to comprehend the steps God has ordered for us. I frantically search my internal hard-drive while there by his bedside for a verse that explains my assurance, and nothing comes, nothing concrete. Could our deep love for this child we only met a few days ago infuse the adopting love of Christ for him, is there any room in all of scripture that gives me hope... yes and it can be found in the mystery of God's word, that which is unspoken. The ultimate end of all theology is mystery... to think we can fully comprehend the vast love of God with our six inches of gray matter is arrogant at best... my assurance finds a home in His big hands, hands that have held me tight every moment I've been gone from home.

She's still sleeping, foolish me, I actually thought a car horn could wake her up... I don't think she wants to wake up, and I'm not sure I'll ever be able to sleep for more than a few hours at a time. Every couple of hours I wake up with the blinding thought, "This is happening, this is happening... why is this happening?"

It's 10:00pm and we go see him again. The care this hospital gives him and us is so tender it should be a model for even the best facility in America. He looks so peaceful, so beautiful, it's hard to believe what they've told us... the male nurse caring for him looks like he was peeled off the interior wall of some ancient Egyptian pyramid, and the soft chatter behind us in Hebrew with all the inflection of my own tongue somehow breeds peace in my torn spirit. It looks like they've given him another bath... the whole week in the ICU in The Republic of Georgia water never touched his thick black hair, even though it was constantly running five feet from his bedside and he has the sores to prove it.

We return to the small expensive room over-looking the hospital and eventually sleep comes for me in the glow of our daughter's computer with Alicia toiling over the many email responses we've received from America... another day.

Yes, there is still hope...

[14 Comments](#)

Posted in [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 16, 2010

[We are here...](#)

...and Evan needs a miracle.

Please pray.

[11 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 15, 2010

[Where to next...](#)

A brief history of the past few days would fill more volume than "wordpress" will allow me to post for free, so here is an edited synopsis...

Evan is being transferred to the closest most capable hospital who can treat his condition. The facility in Tbilisi Georgia has done all they are able to do because they do not have the equipment or knowledge to help him, so we were faced with a tough decision, explored our options and our Georgian family came through again with solutions. For us, it would be no different than if Nick or Carrie were lying there in the hospital bed... Evan has been our's for over two years and we have fought hard for him and will not give up.

He is being medivac'd to a hospital in Israel who can insure the best care for him by a team who have provided this service four times in recent months for children in Georgia. They have reviewed all his medical records and are confident they can help, we will leave sometime this morning from Georgia and had to say a tearful goodbye to our dearest friends from this wonderful country.

Evan's condition is stable but serious. From what we understand his blood chemistry has returned to normal; normal blood sugar, normal PH, normal temperature, but it is strongly suspected he may have some form of a Metabolic Disease which can easily be regulated with diet once he is well. Until our intervention this was all a mystery and was treated with medications which may have exacerbated his condition according to the specialist in Georgia.



It's important to note that the staff in Iashvili Children's Hospital in Georgia has been wonderful and done everything they can to help but the facility they are forced to use would probably be equal to an average hospital in the 1930's. Roughly twenty years removed from Soviet rule, some of the archaic philosophies still remain intact as well and it's seems to be a great mystery to them why we would go to such great lengths for a child like Evan.

This city is filled with glorious monuments and fountains, some draped in gold which you've seen pictures of, and yet the children of this country when ill are subjected to an environment I am not willing to speak about at this time... stay tuned.

Perhaps the greatest monument this great country could ever erect would be a hospital that has the ability to care for it's most precious treasure... it's children... it's future.

(A heartfelt and sincere thanks goes out to my employer, Pierce Aluminum Co., who has extended grace for me to be able to respond to this need and the deeply compassionate people at Harvard Pilgrim Healthcare without which Evan would not be able to get the care he needs.)

[13 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#), [Tbilisi](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 14, 2010

[Update...](#)

Evan's condition is still very serious, we will update you later today when we have more news.

Please continue to pray.

[7 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 12, 2010

["Trust in god, my boys, and keep your powder dry." Oliver Cromwell](#)

I don't know where to begin...

We have had a few sovereign events today that will enable us to sleep tonight, and the quote that came to mind that best fits is the one stated above, and especially depicts St. Alicia's response to news today that was not positive.

No definitive change in Evan, and the doctors seem to be at a loss how to help him if the course of action they are on doesn't begin to show improvement. This has been a very engaged and accessible medical team, but resources are limited...

Our intermediary suggested contacting a doctor stateside to get involved, and offered to translate all the records for us to send to our Doctor, and it was recommended to see if the Embassy could help.

Long story short... the Embassy was polite but not the help we needed, so we go home to our apartment and call his pediatrician... he's on vacation, so we call every number in the office, all six, all busy and we are calling from 6,000 miles away. We call CHKD, who we have an appointment with when we get back for Evan... not much help (You understand when I say "we" I mean "Alicia"). I get online and find a doctor who is a Dwarfism Pediatric Specialist in New Hampshire and after one dropped call and two long periods of waiting, Alicia finally gets a receptionist who is sympathetic to our dilemma, and behold we are talking to one of the board members for LPA who agrees to review our case. We are now waiting for the translated hospital records, but his initial analysis of the case leads to two possible diagnosis. This information is forwarded to the head of the hospital who agrees to review his findings which may lead to a change in treatment and positive results.

We feel your prayers, please do not stop... please, please don't stop, we are emotionally fractured, physically drained, but spiritually planted.



[8 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 11, 2010

**“You will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on You, because he trusts in You.” Isaiah 26:3**

Perhaps tonight we could've stayed at home and drank our salty tears... but rather chose to join our new friends on a mountain top. The air was clear and cool and the view spectacular, and for me one of the greatest blessings was having the company of our driver and father of our land-lady. Even though we cannot speak the same language, the kindness I see in him reminds me of my own father. We made a deal... if I come back he will learn 50% English and I must learn 50% Georgian, then we can carry on 50% of a conversation.

So, Robin... will there be another child available? ...I told him we will need two years to recover from this event, which he said was more than enough time.

We heard from one of the doctors involved tonight and learned that Evan remains stable and unchanged, which is good. The normal report we receive is a dip in his status after what we thought was a good day, and tonight it remains where it was earlier... I'll take that. I miss holding him and hearing him say, da-di-go... pe-pe-a, or the whisper of gamardjobot (Hi in Georgian) as I hold him close while walking; his laughter involving his whole body while he looks around to see who is joining him in his fun. I just don't get the same thrill from being in a car like he does... sorry, but I do enjoy watching the thrill he receives.

Tomorrow maybe I'll see his big brown eyes gazing into mine, studying me, trying to figure out what a man is and why there is prickly stuff growing on his chin that hurts him when kissed... maybe, I'll pray for that, and hope for a little more.

Here are a few snapshots from tonight.

The waterfall outside the restaurant and us minus the driver who showed up later...



The waterfall at night (Evan's arms would've waved at seeing this);



A picture with our driver;



Tbilisi from the mountain (That's the President's home in the foreground and the Patriarch's church in the center);



Evan, Alicia and I heading to the Rue for dinner a couple of days ago;



It's difficult to process the fact that we can't be with him, holding his hand rubbing his leg, hearing him breathe and only have a few precious minutes with him during the day.

[8 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [Tbilisi](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 11, 2010

[Morning update...](#)

We had a thorough consultation with the doctor's this morning before visiting Evan. Things are better but guarded...

His temperature has returned to normal and remained there at least until this afternoon around 3:00pm which was this last time we were there (as stated in the earlier post we are not allowed to stay with him). They have determined the cause of the infection as bacterial and not viral which is also positive because the antibiotics will be effective in helping to eliminate this problem.

The Metabolic Acidosis is marginally better but clearly will take time to normalize. They have run some test on his kidney function and ascertained a slight elevation of protein output in the first test, and the second test showed no change. This is not cause for alarm and could very well be normal for him or related to stress, however they will continue to watch for change in this status.

We continue to ask for your prayers and please know we are completely trusting in the Lord for Evan's recovery. We know he is in God's hands, and our heavenly Father is in control, pray that we

will continue to look to Him for guidance and strength and not rely on ourselves. We feel your prayers...



[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 11, 2010

[Another day...](#)

Heading back to the hospital today to be with Evan as much as possible, and hope to see more improvement.

Here are a few pictures from the past few days (my camera was idle from the day he got sick until yesterday)

Outside the "waiting" room window;



Alicia has been getting chocolate shake therapy from #19 and this is the fella who serves her kindly posing for a picture (Imagine how we feel not being able to see Evan and filling our time this way);



One of the beggars on Rustaveli;



A monastery we wandered into yesterday;



We want to bring this girl home with us.. our interpreter;



Evan getting a kiss from mommy;





[2 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 10, 2010

[Update...](#)

We have felt very comforted by your encouraging words and responses to requests for prayer. We are 6,000 miles from home during the most trying time of our lives, but have been adopted ourselves by some of the most beautiful people in the world... the people of Georgia.

We felt it necessary to share more detail regarding Evan's condition. Sorry we have waited until now but we wanted things to be more positive and did not want to cause unnecessary concern.

He is in critical condition in the ICU at the best children's hospital in Tbilis Georgia, in the care of a great team of doctors. His condition, which began prior to our picking him up on Tuesday has degraded and the doctors are now fighting two different illnesses, an unknown infection which they suspect is viral and not bacterial, and metabolic acidosis. The latter is improving due to the care he is receiving, however the infection is still causing a high temperature.

Of course there have been some extraordinary lows , but tonight our spirits are relatively high and we are hoping for better results tomorrow.



[2 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#), [Tbilisi](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 10, 2010

[Thou rulest all things at thy will...](#)

"Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb,  
To search the starry vault profound;  
In vain would wing her flight sublime,  
To find creation's utmost bound.  
But weaker yet that thought must prove  
To search thy great eternal plan,

Thy sovereign counsels, born of love  
Long ages ere the world began.  
When my dim reason would demand  
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,  
By some vast deep I seem to stand,  
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.  
When doubts disturb my troubled breast,  
And all is dark as night to me,  
Here, as on solid rock, I rest,—  
That so it seemeth good to thee.  
Be this my joy, that evermore  
Thou rulest all things at thy will;  
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,  
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.”  
~ Original Trinity Hymnal, #93

### Evan's condition

Just wanted to let you all know that Evan is doing better and is stabilized... thanks for your prayers.

We left the hospital tonight very relieved, and we hope there will be continued improvement tomorrow. Please continue to pray for him, and us.

We have the most wonderful people here who have come to our aid, our interpreter who has been extraordinary, our lawyer who has lost many hours sleep supporting us, our land lady whose knowledge of the way Georgians operate has really blessed us, our drivers who have been very concerned and getting updates for us; and finally tonight our knightess in shining armor, our fellow adoptive parent traveling here at the same time who happens to be an RN processed all the information we have been getting and helped the doctors here see valid alternatives.

Pray for her as well who is adopting Evan's former bunk-mate at the orphanage, she learned today there may be more delay in her case due to a technicality.

More details to follow soon...



[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 9, 2010

### [Prayer request](#)

Last night Evan's medical condition took a turn for the worse, vomiting, labored breathing, and pain. We called the doctor who saw him the day before yesterday and he suggested taking him to the clinic which we did. After examining him they felt they didn't have the proper medical staff to adequately treat him and they took him to the children's hospital here in Tbilisi. They have treated him and ruled out anything serious but kept him overnight for observation, primarily because of his labored breathing.

Please pray for him and us. We got home last night around 4:00am, and the conditions in this hospital are not like America so we hope to get him out of there and home very soon.

Yesterday we received our Visa for Evan from the Embassy and are ready to come home but he must be well enough for travel.



[10 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 7, 2010

### [Nobody said this would be easy...](#)

...woke up to a feeling of sand behind my eyelids preventing them from remaining open for more than a few seconds and an emphatic plea for skali (water). Rolled over to meet the boy who kept us awake last night and he was flapping his little arms like a spring robin beckoning to his waiting mom for food. Alicia pointed me in the right direction for the skali and I managed to keep my eyes open long enough to find it and get back to our new son... it's 6:00am, we both had a combined 2.5 hours sleep... maybe, and I'm guessing Evan had about 7 hours.

Sometime during the night I woke and freed my contorted muscles from their forced position under Evan as he decided my pillow was more comfortable than anywhere else in the bed and when I sat up he did a triple salchow and ended up right in the middle of where my weary body had once lain. Alicia and I both move him back into position which was much better because now all I felt was his little feet tapping into my backside all night. (We even called our interpreter early in the AM in the hopes she could help us understand what little Evan was saying and this sweet gal did her best to help.)

Short digression... It finally dawns on me what his breath smells like, which at first challenged our ability to show "close" affection, or really probably just me... West Point twenty years ago before the

clean air act. So either something dreadful is going on in his little stomach or the water he drank at his foster moms contained something sulfuric.

After about 12 ounces of water happily drunk by the spring robin, we decide to lay back down for a morning nap... it's now 6:30am ...ten minutes later we both wake up to what sounds like the hatch of a naval submarine opening while still submerged (use your imagination). Now we had to wash 12+ ounces of water out of the sheets, except that the color and odor had changed just a bit.

God we so need you right now was my prayer...

Fast forward... Alicia's kneeling on the floor head on my shoulder sobbing through tears, "I wanna go home" while I nurse our now feverish child. This awakens our lethargic Evan who lays his arm on Alicia's and looks down to see her eyes and says, "Modi-a, Modi-a", which means "Come to me"... so Alicia hugs him tightly and gathers up the strength to go get a shower and we leave to get our certified birth certificate, and passport with a new interpreter. After this we decide to go see the doctor who we've called two times already and he checks out Evan head to foot... he's fine, probably just a virus, give him plenty of water and Tylenol. As we leave this wonderful man who carved out time in his busy day and patiently and thoroughly answered all our questions, doesn't allow us to pay ...his kindness almost sends St. Alicia into another sobbing episode.

We're home now and he's asleep, next is Alicia and I. We've turned on the air-conditioning and tonight we should sleep in peace. Here's a few pictures from today;

Daddy, leave me alone I don't feel well;



I don't wanna go in the Pe-pe-a;



We're terribly home-sick especially after talking to the kids so we go to McDonald's and I got a hamburger and fries, while Alicia had chicken McNuggets... just like home, no kidding!



Most of this journey has been extraordinarily taxing with occasional bright strands of hope, well this has been the most taxing day here yet and God gave us those few bright strands of hope to help us endure. Brothers and sisters I'm more confident than ever that these challenges are what God uses/ordains to bring us close to Him, if everything went along without a hitch our relationship with our creator would be one-dimensional and lifeless, so if you're struggling today latch on to God in Christ and look for those bright strands of hope.

Pray for all the details dropping into place tomorrow, so we can leave before this weekend, otherwise it will not be until early next week... (God knows best and we will accept whatever He ordains (well maybe not at first), and make the most of it... but we wanna come home, so pray for that... okay?)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [News](#), [Thoughts](#), [Uncategorized](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 6, 2010

## He's ours!!!

Well today after taking care of some paperwork around 1:00pm we went to pick up Evan from his foster mom for the last time. She seemed sad and relieved all at the same time, it was Alicia that needed tending to after we parted ways. The knowledge this would be the last time she would see Evan and how difficult that must be was a stretch for her emotions...

I'm tired and I know Alicia is... this trip has been wonderful but I think we both woke up this morning a little empty, and then the delight of wrangling a 5 year old who cannot really communicate with you on top of that has us both blissfully worn out.

He has been incredibly sweet today except for about 45 minutes when it appeared he was grieving the loss of his foster mom. Don't expect anything profound from me tonight...

Here are a few pictures from today.

Waiting for the driver in his Pe-pe-a;



Dinner at #19 on the Rue Chardin (He sat perfectly still and quiet in my lap while we ate. I had to walk around with him later and we whispered Gamardjobot (Hi in Georgian) to each other);





At home watching Cars with his Da-di-ga (Mama);



Sleep finally comes...



We had some good bonding moments today and one the way home he kept saying in Georgian "Going to America". His foster mom prepared him well...

[6 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 6, 2010

[Prayer request...](#)



Please take a minute today and visit this link and pray for Levi (Nika). We are hoping for God's will to unite him to the Fox family, and that He would reign over the many hurdles needed to make this happen for him and the precious family who loves him.

<http://ridinthewavewithulord.blogspot.com/2010/06/my-nika.html>

[1 Comment](#)

Posted in [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 5, 2010

[Each visit gets sweeter...](#)

...and tomorrow we bring him home, our home in Tbilisi that is.

After witnessing another couple get the nod from a Georgian judge today to adopt their child whom they've been waiting on as long as us, we depart to eat then see our boy. He met us with the usual slightly downward cast look while grinning, arms outstretched and waving up and down, "Hi Mommy, Hi Daddy!"; of course these are not his words but what his expression tells us.

Marina, his very loving foster mom puts away his gruel (using this term is no insult, what she makes for him looks and smells wonderful) and excitedly tells something to our interpreter, who has become like a daughter to Alicia and I. She then hurries over to the fridge which takes up 10% of her apartment and produces one of the largest cakes I've ever seen, then we learn she bought this as a going away gift for Evan because he loves the cream (icing) so much.



This lady takes my breath away....

Here she is caring for one child who has aged out of the system that is blind and autistic with the same tenderness and affection my biological grandmother would give me as a child, but this child is not her own and she receives no support for her, and Evan who is her only means of support is leaving and she goes through this expense just because he loves the cream.

She made us sit down, offered us drinks and cake, then proceeds to cut us a slice of Mt. Everest, and hands us a piece the size of the north face... Alicia and I shared while we fed Evan all the "cream". (check facebook for the video)



He has a fascination with anything electronic and actually found a way to use the phone and camera both at the same time while balancing all the toys in his lap.

Here is one picture I snapped of him while playing with the phone;



And here is a rather artistic shot he got of the table Marina slid in front of us so we would have somewhere for "The North Face";



We had dinner with the couple from Oklahoma who are here to adopt the little girl who was in the orphanage with Evan and our interpreters at #12 on the Rue Chardin (yeah, that green stuff in the bowl is mine);



We covet your prayers for God's protection the rest of this week, as Evan is officially our child.

[3 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 5, 2010

## [Random pics](#)

Outside Tbilisi baby house where Evan spent his first two years;



The courtyard outside where the children play;



One of the remarkable things about this facility is how stunningly clean everything was, and the same is true for most everywhere else. The people here seem to take great pride in what they do and the things in their care.

Lunch at "#19 on Rue Chardin";



Our lovely landlord and our champion attorney;



A street sweeper (this one's for you Martha);



...and finally our son Evan with his mommy;



[2 Comments](#)

Posted in [Uncategorized](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 4, 2010

### [The next phase...](#)

While the first part of our journey is almost over, the frantic pace picks up again and began tonight with a tearful departure. It's a mystery to me how hearts can become so knitted together in such a short time. We have only been here a week and yet the love and affection we have for Robin, our agency director, what in ordinary circumstances would've taken years to build has happened overnight; and it's been the difficult stuff that has brought us closer. Multiple doctor's visits (yes, we've all been sick), multiple Geocell visits, stunning first court appearance, coping with no air-conditioning, cold showers, shall I go on??? The things she's learned about us (Hands clasped over ears while singing, la la la la la la la la), and the things we've learned about her (la la la la la la la la), have forged a permanent bond, a life-long friendship. My rock, my Alicia upon entering the apartment tonight was reduced to tears, and said (if I remember correctly), "I don't know if I can do this without her here."





In an earlier post referencing 2 Cor 4:7 I mentioned that we're all just fragile clay pots, "Cracked pots", that God chooses to shine His glory through, well nothing could be truer when we allow others to see our fragility and that fragility is met with a loving embrace; we met another "crack-pot" just like us (insert smile here), and we are richer for it.

I was reading from Micah this morning and again tonight and I saw something wonderful in the 4th chapter vs. 6 & 7 which says;

"In that day, says the Lord, I will assemble the lame, I will assemble the outcast and those whom I have afflicted; I will make them a remnant, and the outcast a strong nation; So the Lord will reign over them in Mount Zion."

Who is it that does the afflicting? ...it is God.

I am confident this afflicting doesn't necessarily mean a physical one; it's the awareness of our condition without Him, a place He brings us to where we realize the impossibility of any task without His sovereign power to accomplish it, a despairing of ourselves leading to complete dependence upon Him, and He is the one who does this afflicting; It is a gift.

Pray that tomorrow will go smoothly. The new couple joining us has had a very eventful flight and will arrive around 4:45 am to meet our champion and then a full schedule of events for them with very little sleep and jet-lag. They need God's provision tomorrow...

Our day will be complete when we bring Evan back to our apartment and Alicia needs your prayers as she and I begin to care for Evan without being able to communicate in his language. We do feel your prayers and covet them...

[3 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [News](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 3, 2010

### [Prayer request](#)

Please continue praying for our health as we think we ALL have a parasite, but have antibiotics for it that we begin taking tomorrow. Thanks~

[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [Uncategorized](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 3, 2010

### [Taking the day off tomorrow...](#)

...from blogging, but here are a few pics from today (we learned our translator is a pro photographer, so she blessed us with her talent.)

Alicia and I helping Evan walk outside the foster mother's home;



Evan trying to climb over my shoulder in search of the Pe-Pe-a (Car);



We found the tree of life at a park on top of a mountain (stay tuned we're taking Evan here next week). See, another reason to stay, Gramma-Dot we'll send for the kids;



A gorgeous flower taken by our resident photographer;



...and finally Evan getting some gruel from his new mommy;



[3 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [News](#)

[Doctor's visit and misc. rambling thoughts...](#)

In an attempt to keep the post short I am breaking up each event as much as possible.

I mentioned that we were going to the Tbilisi Baby House (orphanage)... we did however they were not expecting us and we did not get to tour the facility nor would they accept our gifts (I'll add pictures later).

Getting Evan's pictures was a bit of a challenge because all he wanted to do was ride in the "Pe-pe-a" (car), but we did get him to stay for a bit in my lap. Next was the doctors visit which was traumatic; the doctor had to poke and prod in his ears, eyes and check out his body as well, and each new device was received with an ear piercing shriek. The last thing they had to do was take blood, and Alicia asked if they could do that with the nurses so that he didn't associate the pain with her, and they agreed. Two nurses went in and after about a minute and a few shrieks, one of the nurses stuck her head out the door and frantically said something in Georgian and another nurse came running. So it took three roughly 130# nurses to hold down this 30/35 pound child to take blood. Alicia is certainly the right mother for this young man!



The day before yesterday we visited the Patriarch's new home, which was the lighted dome I noted in an earlier post. Inside there were pictures of saints and other relics which the worshippers were not only praying to but also kissing which is a universal sign of affection here. This scene was very difficult for Alicia to process, as well as I (That process is not complete so I'll save my commentary until later). Here are some pictures from the outside;

Looking back at the entrance gate with our interpreter, Alicia and Robin;



Looking from the entrance gate toward the main structure where the worshippers were;



One of the structures to the side with our driver in the lower left corner;



The gardens;



We have truly grown to love our driver. He got his first car at age 14, and it has been his profession since. Even though his driving is daring even according to Georgian standards, I have managed to fall asleep at least four times while riding in the front seat. Yesterday while at the foster mothers

home, I noticed he had a very peculiar look on his face, and reading his expression he seemed to be saying I don't understand these people. Later our interpreter shared with us that he said what we are doing is beautiful but he cannot understand why we are making such a sacrifice.

Are we not called to be peculiar? Are we not supposed to be different from the world? Is not our lives and witness one that is marked by striking contrast to the world's system, almost startling? Should we not live lives that almost take the breath away from those who would want to persecute us, revile us, and slander us?

Our message is painful to the unregenerate ear... and we should never change or water down our message to make it less painful. We are not salt or light when we either change the message or live lives that do not show His mark upon them.

Please pray for our Agency Director Robin who is still struggling with stomach pain and yesterday a fever.

[1 Comment](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#), [Tbilisi](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 2, 2010

### [Today our freedom Sings to the glory of future](#)

I cannot adequately describe today's events but I will try, and with god's help you can relive it with us...

To briefly rehash the last week, we came to court on Monday with an entourage that consisted of 12 people including a top-level embassy official his assistant and intern, and were met with a judge who apparently had a point to make which none of us has been able to figure out, and honestly it really doesn't matter.

Today he was much kinder and gentler. (To give you an adequate picture here I must digress; the judge has the appearance of what anyone would imagine a russian KGB agent to look like, dark deep-set eyes, heavy furrowed brow, 2/3 bald and a stare that makes you shiver with one exception, today there was a kindness in his eyes and the occasional slight glimpse of a smile.) When he walked into the small courtroom we all stood in respect and he invited us to sit while he reviewed the details of the case. This lasted about 10 minutes while one of the interpreters whispered in our ear what was going on, then the moment came... he turned to look at me speaking in Georgian, which makes even the most delicate female sound masculine, then at the close of his question the interpreter whispered the two-part question to Alicia and I. The first I had rehearsed and memorized, however the second surprised me. I stood and responded to the first which the interpreter shared back to him and she turned and said, "And what about the second part?" which



was, "Why do you want to adopt a sick child?"... I knew the answer in my head but it wouldn't come, I looked up to meet his stare which made me terribly nervous, I turned and looked at Alicia then in a rush of inspiration gave an answer that satisfied him completely. After a few more formalities he left the room for his verdict, only to enter again about 10 minutes later to read his judgement while standing and the only part we understood was when he read the name change to "Evan Moses" which signaled much emotion in the room. When finishing his verdict he glanced towards me smiling and thankfully I was able to nod and express, however briefly, my extraordinary gratitude.

So we depart to pick up "our" boy for a visit to get pictures for the Visa application and clinic visit.



When we returned an excited Marina, his foster mom, invited us all into her little room. Her expression was so much happier today, she seemed to have real joy, and she looked beautiful. While there the interpreter shared with us that she is sad but knows this is the best thing for Evan and she has accepted it.

On the ride back our little Evan sang the Georgian National Anthem for us which one line is the title of this post (see tomorrow I may have the link to the song here, otherwise just check facebook to view.)

[13 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 1, 2010

[Isn't flexibility one of the fruits of the spirit?](#)

Well another day, and no see Evan... okay I'm starting to talk like a Georgian. Told you I didn't want to come back... God has truly planted something in our hearts here... I don't want to come back to spoiled America, sorry guys.

Plans changed, we are cramming everything in tomorrow (prepare for an emotional post tomorrow night folks, just warning you.) We first go to the orphan house, then after that trauma we have court with the new documents (pray, pray, pray), then after that we take our boy to the doctor, then to get his Visa, then we may take him home... whew! This all starts at 10:30am Georgian time which is 2:30am your time, it's 9:05pm now.

We talked to our kids tonight!!!

Carrie-Anne my gorgeous, intelligent and compassionate daughter;



and Nicholas my boy with the smoldering good looks and the heart of an angel;



It's our anniversary and we are celebrating it in grand style, instead of going to the finest restaurant in town I cooked my bride a tasty dinner consisting of boiled rice with chicken stock, served with imported pineapple juice, and delicious chocolate chip cookies.



Twenty one years ago we struck this very same pose, and who knew then that we would be on this marvellous adventure today...



I made the picture small so you wouldn't see how bad we look. How do you pack a century's worth of learning, emotion, and joy mixed with meeting some of the most wonderful people (people you never want to leave, see a pattern here?), absorbing a beautiful culture and it not affect your complexion, plus I had a real bad hair day!

[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [News](#), [Tbilisi](#), [Thoughts](#), [Uncategorized](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | July 1, 2010

[Outside our apartment window...](#)



This gal keeps us awake all night...



These are her pups Alicia wants to adopt...



Sitting outside our front door waiting on the driver...



Yes those are grape vines; this country about the size of Maine is known for it's wine, and the streets, courtyards and nearly every spot of dirt has grape vines growing from it cared for and harvested by everyone.

[3 Comments](#)

Posted in [Tbilisi](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 30, 2010

### [The Rue Chardin on the eve of our 21st anniversary](#)

Not much news today. We had to get Alicia and Robin's feet on the ground and with the help of some fine homeopathic remedies from Kim McCormack and the local apothecary they seem almost 100%.

Best news today is we get to see Evan tomorrow. We have to take him to the doctor before our Visa application on Monday... pray for us because they don't use car seats here and the driving is worse than I described earlier.

We did make a visit to the old side of the city so the girls could have some soup and here a few pictures from our trip;

Hillside in front of the Rue Chardin



The Rue Chardin



Our interpreter, Robin and Alicia walking down the Rue after lunch



Another shot at the end of the Rue...



We get to see this little guy tomorrow seen sitting here with our agency director Robin and Alicia trying to figure out Robin's Blackberry



Remember we are here for Evan and if this seems like a vacation to you it's because of the delay of the court decision. This Friday things will change dramatically and he will be ours!!!

Can't wait to see him tomorrow, we had so much fun last time. Continue to pray for Alicia who's stomach is still sore... and tomorrow is our 21st wedding anniversary!

[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#), [Tbilisi](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 30, 2010

### [The countryside](#)

Well Alicia and Robin both seem to be doing a little better today. The "bug" as I called it last night was probably bad food... we think, ironically from the american style restaurant.

Here are a few scenes from yesterday;

Very old active Monastery on a mountain





Our interpreter and Alicia looking over the countryside from the Monastery



Behind this gate is a tunnel used during early conflicts that extends into the city



Inside the Monastery



Just taking it easy today, letting the girls heal up, while we wait for the results from a meeting today between our attorney and the Social agent. We may not get to see the little guy today...



[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [News](#), [Tbilisi](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 29, 2010

[Not sure I will ever truly leave here...](#)

This has been for us an unexpectedly rich voyage for Alicia and I, and I want to try to encapsulate a few moments for you so you can hopefully share the intensity we have felt.

Tonight while frantically passing through the streets where cars rule, lines mean nothing, lights are ignored, and pedestrians look more like targets than people; where the first things to wear out are the horns and brakes, and the bumpers of many are missing, we saw a group of three children wearing rags I wouldn't use to wash my car wandering between the stopped cars with their hand out begging for money while their parents watched. One child no more than five, dirty from head to

foot sat on the curb while his older more experience brother of eight dodged in and out of cars begging from an ignoring crowd of motorist.



We arrive at our destination, a block from the previous scene, and our interpreter and Alicia are invited up to nurse our sick agency director while I am encouraged to sit on the outside patio under a grove of grape vines, pear trees, and another tree with an odd apple shaped fruit that has the consistency of a plum. The matriarch of this single family dwelling which is extremely rare in this city is walking through the shady paths of the garden sweeping the droppings into a pile; a garden full of what looks like herbs with the random flower. After dozing off I wake to this sweet woman offering me a glass of water, which I haven't had here because of my weak constitution, but I've learned not to refuse anything these proud people offer you, so I take it and drink. About thirty minutes later she comes out and says something to me I do not understand, I motion that I can't understand, so she repeats herself as if I didn't hear her, so I smile and shake my head erratically while waving my hands attempting to signal I don't understand but I am perfectly fine. Apparently I communicated that I would like whatever she was offering because her daughter delivers me coffee and candies in the finest china I have ever used.



So how do I process these two scenes? After writing the first and almost convulsing with tears from the memory of it, and the second glorying in the graciousness of these people, which is universal... everybody's like this! The first has me saying, " WHERE ARE YOU GOD?", and the second; "Oh here you are."

My reformed, doctrinally deformed and those friends in between might challenge me on this but... What is a Christian? One who trust in Christ alone... right? It's Christ plus nothing that makes me one of the beloved... right? My doctrine doesn't have to be right, it's not Christ plus good doctrine that makes me His; and for the liberal reader, it's not Christ plus my good works that makes me His. Could it be that this dear foster-mother with her crucifix hanging on the wall has found this secret, and her life of faith (more than I am ever likely to experience) proves out her trust in Christ alone... I don't know.

How do I live/preach in such a way that all others see is Christ? How do I make Him preeminent? I love the quote from Jim Elliot that says: "Father, make of me a crisis man. Bring those I contact to decision. Let me not be a Mile-post on a single road; make me a fork, that men must turn one way or another on facing Christ in me." ...Lord make me that man.



Pray for Alicia who has come down with an intestinal bug, as well as our agency director Robin. Right now we have no plans for tomorrow.

[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [News](#), [Tbilisi](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 29, 2010

### [Prayers answered!](#)

Our champion attorney called early this afternoon and said they had already found the parents and had the documents re-done, and he was having them carried back to Tbilisi... and I am surprised... God has been so gracious.

To help you understand just how challenging this was; they live in a village not far from Azerbaijan, they have no phones, they have been sought three times to sign these forms and the last time resisted, the father often makes long excursions into Azerbaijan with no way to contact him, the social worker has in the past been reasonable but unmotivated, shall I go on???

Last night our champion, our Agency Director, one of the interpreters, and another woman spent the evening with the social worker at a soccer event in the hopes to help him understand the critical nature of a quick response, and for the first time they saw his humanity. He mentioned how much he liked the family (that's us)... we hardly spoke to him in court, outside of thanking him for his help. God has shown us favor here indeed, pray with us that all else will go smooth so we can come home earlier than planned, although it will be an emotional departure because of all these dear people have done for us and Evan.

Here are a few pictures of our apartment I promised to share (Another wonderful person who we love vacated this home so we could have somewhere to stay);

Our front entrance



The scary elevator whose lights turn off only when Alicia rides it alone



Some of beautiful furnishings inside



We see Evan tomorrow for the doctors appointment, but for today we are finished. Later I'll post some pictures of a Monastery we visited that dates back to 500 a.d. and the carnage from our lunch with our new driver who picked all the food.

[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 29, 2010

[Tbilisi, Georgia](#)

We've only been here two full days and I feel I could write a book... don't worry I'll spare you.

This is truly a different world here. Tucked away between mountains on three sides and home to about 1.5 million people, one small city without any suburbs. Unemployment is high and on almost every street corner there are beggars; young women wandering between cars holding their babies in one arm while the other is stretched out hoping for coins. Young boys, who could grace the cover of any JC Penney catalog knocking on windows peddling religious icons (pictures of saints) on small pieces of cardboard. The people here are strikingly beautiful and very proud; which may be the reason for some of the delay in our case, they know their heritage well and jealously guard it's

preeminence to neighboring countries. The Georgian Orthodox religion seems to be modeled after traditional Catholicism, and they have their own "pope" called the Patriarch whom they revere, which seems to be the common grace that maintains order in this city where drunkenness is the biggest problem. The picture below you can see a well-lit dome between the trees which serves as the home of the Patriarch.



The influence of American society can be felt everywhere; pop rock sung in English, McDonald's, and a restaurant where we found Elvis still alive! Our lovely 22-year-old translator admitted when she was young she was addicted to Elvis music.



The pictures below include, McDonald's, the parliament building, one including the "Georgian Mother" (you can see her between the monument on the left and the building on the right behind the trees.)



The streets were teeming with activity on this Sunday night nearing 10:00pm, young people, old people and children all enjoying themselves without the fear you experience on the typical American city street at night.





Well today we hope to see Evan. They are picking us up at 11:00am and to fill the time we going to do a little sight-seeing. One of the places we are going is a church that dates back to 500 a.d. where it's traditional to tie a prayer ribbon on one certain tree. Doctors visit for Evan this week, court on Thursday all the while our champion Giorgi frantically searches for Evan's birth parents.

[4 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [News](#), [Tbilisi](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 28, 2010

### [Result of court hearing](#)

We had our court hearing today, and it was somewhat overwhelming due mostly to the high level of support in the room for this child which included the US Embassy Consular and his entourage. The small un-airconditioned room filled with interpreters, lawyers, Embassy staff and us.

We both understood that all the discrepancies had been resolved but two issues were brought forward; the first was that there was no official name change for Alicia from her maiden name to my surname, and the second more preposterous issue was mistakes in the handwritten portion of the relinquishment document filled out by Evan's birth parents. The first he waived, however the second detail the judge wants to be done over, so the parents will have to be found to accomplish this. We are set to go back to court on Friday and hope all will be done by then and Evan can be ours.

PLEASE PRAY that the parents can be located and that the father, who often travels for weeks at a time, is home.

(We have added some pictures to earlier posts)

[8 Comments](#)

Posted in [News](#)

Evan's backyard...



Evan's backdoor...



Evan and I...



Our lawyer with Evan... (This man has been an absolute God-send)



Our driver Molman, our interpreter, and our agency director Robin Sizemore...



Stay posted for news about today's court hearing from Alicia...

[1 Comment](#)

Posted in [Evan, Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 28, 2010

We had our court hearing today. What an event, even attended by the US embassy consular!! We were in a small room in front of the judge and were a bit nervous. He first had a question about our marriage and when my name was changed to Haufler!?!?! This hurdle was overcome, but another one followed.

There were some corrections in handwriting done by the bio. parents on the relinquishment paper work. The judge wants it to be done over, so the parents will have to be found to do this. We are to go back to court on Friday and hope all will be done by then and Evan can be ours. PLEASE PRAY that the parents can be located and that the father, who often travels for weeks at a time, is home.

[2 Comments](#)

Posted in [Uncategorized](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 28, 2010

[Forgive me but...](#)

...why am I always surprised when God answers prayer?

In an earlier post we made you aware of the extraordinary care Evan has received from his foster-mother, and the hope that somehow we could help her as well in this transition. We learned that our attorney's desire in moving Evan from her care to the orphanage temporarily was born from concern that her emotional state may negatively impact him when the exchange was made. When we shared with him our hope to meet her, and in doing so, to learn more about Evan's needs he did what he could to insure we could see them both.

After many calls and driving in circles near their home we did make it and here is my feeble attempt to share about this event (pictures later). Our driver pulled up in what seemed like an alley while our attorney exclaimed, "This is it, this is it!". He went in first to make sure it was okay and came out saying Evan was asleep, and perhaps another time would be better. We said we would wait a bit and the next thing I knew we were all following him into the dark entrance, down a long dark hall laden with rubbish and through a curtain over the opening of this small bedroom size home for three. Evan was lying asleep on the bed. The other girl in her care was rocking back and forth on the corner of the same bed, and the foster-mom was standing in the corner next to the opening that served as a window. So here we are, all standing here looking at Evan in almost disbelief after 2.5 years coming to the realization that yes, this child we have only known through pictures does exist. For what seemed like a very long time, none of us knowing what to do, I felt someone brush by me in the room and I turned to see Alicia walking very deliberately towards the foster-mother.



She walked over, stood on her tiptoes and threw her arms around the neck of this dear woman, who returned the embrace and immediately started crying which provoked a like response from us all. Moments later she walked Alicia over to the bed, and turned over Evan to wake him (more later)...



We all left in complete shock and disbelief at how well it went, and even though Alicia didn't bring her "list" of questions for Evan's caregiver, we learned when we arrived back home that every question had been answered...

I'm learning more and more that it's the process that produces the crown jewel of our faith, which is the knowledge of God's own Son Jesus Christ. It's the process that God uses, orchestrates, and ordains to work this miracle in us... this miracle of sanctification, and every piece no matter how painful is designed to bring Him glory. We are just cracked broken pots (2 Cor 4:7), and He uses these cracked broken pots to shine His glory through, and the brightness of His glory was evident yesterday through Alicia.

[7 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 27, 2010

## We saw our Evan today!!!

Thank you for your prayers, we feel them! This is Alicia with my first blog post!! We were able to see Evan today for the first time and it went very well. We all worried about his foster mothers reaction, but she did great, although she is naturally very sad about Evan leaving.

Evan is so cute, sweet, and very smart. He was sleeping when we got there, but woke up and after he warmed up to us, he was so cute smiling and laughing at Tim when he made funny sounds with his lips. It was a communication that broke through the language barrier. HE CRIED FOR US AND WANTED TO GO WITH US WHEN WE LEFT WHICH WAS REMARKABLE!!! Before and after we saw Evan we had a wonderful rest of the day with our agency director and attorney. They treated us to some excellent Georgia cuisine. GREAT DAY!! 😊

So tomorrow is our adoption court hearing when Evan becomes legally ours. Please pray that things go smoothly. \*\* ALSO, we are having phone issues so we can't call anyone. We are using a computer in the apartment as well since can't get our computer to work. If you need to contact us, do it via email or if emergency with the house, children etc, call our adoption agency. They can call Robin who is with us and has a working phone.

[6 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 27, 2010

## Who am I and what have I done with myself...

Those were the words of St. Alicia as we sat on one of the many planes last night in route to The Republic of Georgia. An eventful trip that included walking up to the ticket counter for the flight to London to be told we didn't have seats, which was taken care of only to almost board that same plane when they detected mechanical difficulties that caused a three-hour delay. Roughly eight fitful hours away we arrive in London and end up at the wrong terminal; rush to the right one to find the line at the ticketing counter very long when our plane was due to leave in 30 minutes. I (the man who whined most of the trip) then run like OJ to make sure the flight didn't leave us, run back and uncharacteristically push my way to the front of the line, pled our case and found a sympathetic flight attendant who then ticketed us quickly. Then we run to the gate to learn the flight was delayed... (I think God just wants me to learn how to be a man).

We are here, safe and sound. Alicia is peacefully sleeping while I am getting my computer fix. Our host Giorgi who has truly been a gift (oh, how we thank God for him) met us at the airport with a big smile and a big sign, then escorted us through downtown to our 7th floor apartment (more on that later).

Continue to pray for Alicia who is holding up supernaturally, and me who can find almost anything to complain about, but mostly for Evan who we learned may be removed from the foster-mother prior to our departure and placed temporarily in the care of the orphanage. This could prevent us from getting the adequate information we need to properly care for his medical needs, and cause unnecessary trauma.

[7 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Evan](#), [Tbilisi](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 25, 2010

### [We're off...](#)

We're off today and not much time to write. Looking forward to meeting Evan and this adventure with Alicia. Last night both Alicia and I were reflecting how thankful we are for our family and Christian brothers and sisters, without which most of this would be impossible. I would mention your names but the list would be long and I'm sure I would leave someone out. You know who you are and you know we love you... Rejoice because your reward awaits you!



The family and the church were God's idea folks; from all eternity God has been a community of three and He calls us to join in this beautiful relationship of giving, loving and deferring to one another. He draws us outside ourselves into something so much bigger. He takes our focus off ourselves and turns our face in His direction, and as we join this dance our purpose is fulfilled in giving Him glory and we achieve the highest satisfaction possible in this life. Live with eternity in full view, don't waste your life...

Today we simply covet your prayers as we depart, and we will post something when we arrive.

[7 Comments](#)

Posted in [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 22, 2010

### [Three more days](#)

Packing until 11:30pm, wife until past 2:00am, now some of the panic has subsided. Alicia has at least 20 lists, so many in fact, she needs a list to keep up with the lists, and often discovers redundant lists ...I've never felt so well cared for and loved. We could land in the middle of the Australian outback and as long as we had our luggage we would be okay for weeks. My wife is a saint; her passion for children runs so deep it must be supernatural, a gift from God. With grace and humor and about 10,000 tears behind us, here we sit only three days away from the big event. I looked long and hard for a good candid shot of her and found none, because she's always holding the camera! So instead I thought I would include a shot of our agency director who we have grown to love dearly, holding Evan from a previous trip. We are so blessed to have this wonderful lady escorting us through this process, and I am blessed to have St. Alicia as my wife, who could easily compare to Gladys Aylward, missionary to China, whose 100 lb frame housed more compassion and



raw determination than 1,000 men

[5 Comments](#)

Posted in [Alicia](#), [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 19, 2010

[Religion that is pure](#)

James 2:27 says the following; Religion that is pure and undefiled before God, the Father, is this: to visit orphans and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unstained from the world.





So what does this look like... well for us the former has been the path chosen for us as we endeavored to be faithful to the latter, however the more difficult one in this case will be "visiting" the "widow". While we do not understand the status of the foster mother who has unselfishly cared for Evan for over two years now, we do understand she loves our son and this separation will be very difficult. In one of the most desperate situations she cared for two handicapped children with very little assistance. From her one room apartment she managed to clothe and feed them during a time of war with tanks as close as 30 miles from the city; and we are coming to gather up the only child who is capable of returning love to her. We ask that you pray for her, shown in this picture carrying Evan, and pray for us as we help her with this transition and somehow communicate the love of Christ.

[3 Comments](#)

Posted in [Thoughts](#)

Posted by: [thaufler](#) | June 16, 2010

[Rejoicing in hope... \(Rom 12:12\)](#)



A face any mother could love reserved for us from the heart of God; a seed watered by many when our faith was weak. From the day we spoke of adopting, a day our natural born son would never let us forget... until the day Alicia fell in love with an unwanted boy she never met, our God has never let go our hands. Enduring, unrelenting delays coupled with steady, sure promise, these 2.5 years have taught us things about ourselves,

about our Father, about His plan no other road could have accomplished. And here we are approximately one week from an adventure that will last our lifetime and "Rejoicing in hope..."

[3 Comments](#)

Posted in [Evan](#), [Thoughts](#)