

Gracie's Stories

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GRACIE FINDS OUT SHE IS ADOPTED

Ellen Grace Smithers was a bouncy six-year-old girl. She liked the name Gracie so she kept the name Ellen, but no one ever calls her that. Her name is just Gracie. She has been six years old for two whole weeks!

Gracie has curly long dark-brown hair, green sparkly eyes, and a dimple on each cheek when she smiles a big happy smile. Her mommy's hair is curly, but very dark. She had to have gotten her curls from her mommy. Her daddy has sort of blue-green eyes, like Gracie's, so she must have gotten her eyes from him. Daddy has black hair, and it is straight and he has a moustache. Gracie does not have a moustache and she is very glad about that! Yes, she did look more like her mommy than her daddy, but she was not just like her mommy. Most of the other girls she knew looked a lot more like their mommies, and most of the boys, well, they looked like their daddies.

Gracie's mommy always told her, "You are special, Gracie; you have your own look. You look like Gracie!" Then she would give Gracie a big bear hug.

She had a very nice room with lots of toys and her favorite friend in the world, Mr. Fluffy Bunny. She had dolls, storybooks, and coloring books. She had a tea set and a make-believe oven where she would cook a pretend dinner to feed her dollies and of course Mr. Fluffy Bunny.

Gracie tried always to be the good little girl that her mommy and daddy wanted, but sometimes she had an accident or two. She found that she did not like the time-out chair, or no-television nights, or being grounded from playing outside with her friends. Gracie tried very hard never to have these things happen if she could help it.

Mommy and Daddy were so very nice. They got her yummy food, warm clothes, and always wanted to kiss the top of her curly dark-blonde head. Gracie was very, very happy. She liked her school and all of her friends. She was a lucky little girl.

On a Friday night one time, Mommy and Daddy were sitting at the table when Gracie came in the room. They were looking at a calendar and trying to decide on something. Gracie climbed onto her daddy's lap and looked at him then at mommy.

"What are we doing?" she asked in her sweet little-girl voice.

"Well, my funny bunny"—that is what Daddy called her and it made her giggle—"Mommy wants to go see her mommy," he said as he tickled her just a little bit under her chin.

“Grandma’s house, oh boy, yes-yes-yes!” Gracie shouted as she slipped off Daddy’s lap. She began jumping up and down and dancing her happy dance which made Mommy and Daddy laugh.

Gracie loved Grandma so much. She was nice and always smiled at Gracie and hugged her a million times. She would rock Gracie in the big rocking chair and tell her stories. Most of all, her grandma always smelled like sugar cookies.

Gracie never had a chance to meet her grandpa and she had wondered if he would have smelled like cookies or cake. Mommy told her that Grandpa had left to go live in Heaven before Gracie was born. Grandma showed Gracie many pictures of her grandpa and Gracie just knew that Grandpa would have been a nice man and he would have hugged her as much as Grandma did.

So, the next weekend, Gracie, Mommy, and Daddy went to visit Grandma. They played outside on Grandma’s little farm, and they made ice cream the old-fashioned way, which delighted Gracie. She helped Mommy and Grandma feed the chickens and get the eggs, while Daddy fixed some things in Grandma’s house. Gracie had so much fun that when they had to leave, she hugged Grandma very, very tight. She smiled as she smelled Grandma’s neck and hair and yes, she could smell sugar cookies!

The next week was a regular one for all of them. Gracie went to school, Daddy went to work, and Mommy went to work too. She had a good job that let her be home with Gracie after Gracie got home from school. The school bus dropped Gracie off and Mommy was always there to walk her back to their apartment. It was a nice apartment. There was a big metal gate around all the apartments. The gate kept the bad people out and the good people safe. They had two bedrooms and even two bathrooms. There was a bathroom for Mommy and Daddy, and Gracie got her own bathroom.

Saturday came and there was much to do. Mommy and Gracie had two birthday parties to go to, and Daddy had some man things to do, Mommy told her with a laugh. Gracie knew he would probably watch something on TV, and then he would snore like a big bear while they were gone. It was okay with Mommy because Daddy worked hard all the time.

That night Daddy took them to eat pizza, play games, and enjoy some rides at a little carnival. Gracie had pink cotton candy and red slushy punch. It was so much fun. When they got home Gracie was asleep when Daddy carried her to her room. Mommy washed her face with a warm wet cloth, whispering to her that she was not sure all the cotton candy had made it into Gracie’s tummy.

Mommy and Daddy kissed her good night and Gracie and Mr. Fluffy

Bunny went to sleep dreaming about all the fun, the hugs, and the love she had with her mommy and daddy.

Sunday came and the day was just like all other Sundays. Sunday school first, then a nice lunch, and then Gracie took a nap while Daddy watched football and Mommy ironed Daddy's shirts.

When Gracie woke up from her nap, Mommy let her ride bikes with her two best friends, Amy and Hannah. Amy's mommy would be with them so Mommy knew her little girl would be safe.

After dinner, Gracie had to take a bath and get her teeth brushed so she could go to bed because she had to go to school the next day.

On this particular night, Mommy and Daddy came into her room, and Daddy pulled up the rocking chair and sat in it while Mommy sat on the bed. Mommy picked Gracie up and scooted her on the pillow so no one had to turn his or her neck to see everyone. This scared Gracie who thought she had been bad and was in trouble. Her lip quivered.

"It's okay, my bunny rabbit, you're not in trouble." Daddy smiled at her. Gracie looked at Mommy and she was smiling too, but her eyes were not smiling. She looked worried.

"Gracie, you know we love you very much, right?" Mommy asked as she took Gracie's little hand in hers.

"That's right, funny little bouncy bunny," Daddy told her. "We love you so very much."

Gracie, wide eyed, nodded, and in a tiny voice she said, "I love you too, Mommy and Daddy, forever."

"Gracie," Mommy said, "you are a very special little girl and you are six years old now."

"I know, Mommy, I am growing up too fast, right?" Gracie asked.

Daddy nodded and so did Mommy. "Yes, you are getting bigger and older, that is why we think you are old enough to learn a secret."

"A secret?" Gracie's eyes were now wider and more alert, and she was no longer afraid. They were going to trust her with a secret.

"Mommy and Daddy want you to know that when we first saw you, we knew that you would be our little girl. So, one day, we came and got you and all your toys and clothes and we brought you home to live with us." Mommy let Gracie think about this for a minute.

"You mean I had clothes and toys already at the hospital?" Gracie knew

that babies all came from the hospital, that was where God let the storks drop them down from Heaven and that was where all of them landed.

“No, you were living in a house with a lot of other special boys and girls who were all waiting for new mommies and daddies to come and get them,” Daddy added.

“Gracie, Daddy and I thought it was time to tell you that out of all the boys and girls we could choose, we chose to adopt you. Do you understand what we are telling you?”

Gracie nodded and sat very quietly, and then one tear fell, then two, and then even more. Gracie cried and Mommy picked her up and held her so very close. Gracie climbed out of her arms and looked at Mommy and Daddy with a very serious look.

“So my real mommy didn’t love me or want me?” Her innocent face was looking at them for answers.

“She was very, very young and she didn’t have money or a nice house to keep you in, and she was being unselfish so you could have a better place to live,” her mommy explained.

“My daddy didn’t love me?” Gracie asked, as she looked at her own daddy in the rocking chair.

“He was very young too, Funny Bunny, and he was a silly boy who didn’t know anything about babies as sweet as you.” Daddy held his arms out for his funny bunny, but Gracie did not move. This was a lot for Gracie to think about, a whole lot for a six-year-old girl.

“Gracie, we didn’t want to keep waiting for the perfect time to tell you,” Daddy said, his voice very soft. “We wanted you to know the truth so you would not be mad at Mommy and Daddy later for not telling you sooner.” He sounded so sad, then Gracie finally smiled at him, but it was not a big smile like Daddy usually got from his Gracie.

“Oh, I don’t think I would ever be mad at you!” She looked up at Daddy and then at Mommy. Mommy pulled her covers back and let Gracie crawl into bed, and Daddy laid Mr. Fluffy Bunny next to his sweet baby girl.

Gracie did not cry, but she was not her bouncy self either. Daddy kissed her head and then Mommy did too. They knew that Gracie was a strong, smart little girl and that she would have to think about what they had just explained to her. Mommy and Daddy hoped that they had not told her this secret too soon, but they were afraid to wait too long. Gracie was so tired and sad that she went to sleep right away and did not even dream as she usually did about

bunnies with big floppy ears and extra fuzzy tails.

She was very quiet for a few days, and Mommy and Daddy understood and they did not try to make her laugh, smile, or act silly. They knew it was important for Gracie to work this out for herself.

About five days later, Gracie was so tired after supper that she asked Mommy if she could go to bed earlier than usual. Mommy got worried and took her temperature to make sure Gracie was not getting sick. Gracie had no fever and she told Mommy she felt fine, but she was just tired. Mommy hugged her and got her some hot cocoa and Daddy got her two of her favorite vanilla cookies. They all sat at the table while Gracie had her bedtime treat and Daddy softly whistled a song that Gracie liked.

Both Mommy and Daddy tucked her into bed the way they always did, kissed her good night, and left Gracie to go to sleep.

That night, Gracie dreamed of flowers and rainbows. She dreamed that she and Daddy were on a Ferris wheel with Mr. Fluffy Bunny and they were laughing while Mommy waved at them from below. She dreamed of cotton candy clouds that were sticky and made her laugh when Mommy was stuck to one and it began to float high in the sky. She also dreamed that Grandma was there and she was wearing a dress that looked like a giant pink frosted sugar cookie, and she was hugging Gracie saying, "I could just eat you up." Gracie laughed and kissed her and Grandma even tasted like a sugar cookie.

Gracie dreamed of Mommy's hugs and kisses, new dresses, playing make-believe, and nice warm oatmeal on a cold morning made just the way Mommy made it taste so yummy. She dreamed about the day her daddy taught her to ride her bicycle without the training wheels, and he never let her go until she was ready. He would never let his Gracie get hurt. Gracie's dreams were so nice that she never wanted to wake up, but morning came and the sun woke her sleepy eyes. It was Saturday morning and Mommy let Gracie sleep later.

Gracie bounced out of her bed, happy! She grabbed Mr. Fluffy Bunny and she ran into the kitchen, but Mommy and Daddy were not there. Gracie found them both sitting on the big brown couch, watching TV.

"Mommy, Daddy, can I tell you something?" Gracie asked as she stood in front of the TV. She hoped that did not make them mad, but this was very, very important.

"Okay, Gracie, we are all ears, just like Mr. Fluffy Bunny," Daddy said and laughed.

Gracie stood there very still and a little nervous. "Well, I had some very

nice and funny dreams last night. You and Daddy and Grandma were in my dreams,” she said as she looked at her mommy.

And, well, when you told me I was adopted I was sad that my real mommy and daddy didn’t want to keep me. It made me feel like maybe I was not pretty or maybe they thought I would be very bad, so they didn’t want me. It made me cry sometimes at night when I was in my bed. Then I dreamed about you and Daddy kissing me and hugging me; and how Grandma sings to me, and how much you love me all the time, even when I have been naughty. You picked me out special, so I must be special. I wanted you to know that you will always be my *real* mommy and my *real* daddy...as long as I can always be your real forever little girl. Gracie had tears on her little rosy cheeks. She so wanted them to be her real mommy and daddy forever. Daddy got up, went to Gracie, and picked her up.

“My sweet Gracie funny bunny,” he said as one little tear dropped from his eye. “You have always been our real daughter, and nothing can ever, or will ever take that away.”

Mommy smiled as she cried happy tears. They had their little girl forever!

The End

