



## Never Too Late by Epy Scrivano

My husband and I adopted our first child, a son, more than nine years ago from Bogotá, Colombia. It was a life-long dream come true and a beautiful experience, despite the snags and pitfalls encountered along the way. Gabriel was, and is, a beautiful, delightful boy who made us a happy and complete family... well, sort of.

Having gotten off to a late start, combined with some curve balls life threw at me, I didn't dare mention to my husband that I never meant to have only one child. It seemed like too much of a burden to put on him, like an impractical indulgence. Before Gabriel was born, we had been caring for my paralyzed mother at home. After she died, Gabriel came to us.

We spent the next several years recovering from the financial hardships that came from electing to make myself available first to my mother, then to my son, sacrificing the income I could have made working full-time. The years went by and soon I found myself settling for the status of our family as it was, conformed to having Gabriel be an only child as I had been.

But Gabriel didn't want to be an only child. He longed for a sibling and frequently asked me, "When am

I going to have a brother?" (although originally he wanted a sister). Not daring to dash his hopes or mine, I would only reply, "Someday, if God wants."

Then came the year 2000. In March my father lost his 2-year battle with colon cancer. Then I attended a baby shower for my nephew's wife. These events and a few other things revived in me the nagging desire that I had squelched and suppressed all these years. The funny thing was, it didn't seem any more practical to add to our family now then it had been when I'd first scratched the idea.

But the difference was that the desire was out of the cage and the biological clock of stamina was ticking loudly as if to say, "It's now or never." I finally sat down with my husband, Giulio, and told him what was in my heart. And, God bless him, his response to me was basically, "If that's what you need to be happy, then let's do it because it's easier to live with debt than regret." I was so relieved that he didn't just tell me

I was crazy and to forget it. But just the same I went and spoke to my pastor as well, to make sure I was seeking this for the right reasons and would have God's blessing.

So we stepped forward and began the process again. Originally, in keeping with my desire to be practical, we were planning to adopt from Guatemala for the simple reason that one has the option of paying an escort to bring the child, rather than traveling. I figured this way I wouldn't have to leave my older son or disrupt my job, when I got a steady one.

But God had another plan. We went to a CRAN reunion party attended by Beatriz Bernasconi, our facilitator from our first adoption, and told her of our plans to adopt from Guatemala. She urged me to return to Colombia to adopt again, but I told her I thought I was over the age limit for Colombia. She urged me to try anyway, and admitting that had always been my heart's desire, I applied. To my happy surprise, we were accepted!

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David Jason Scrivano came home on September 7, 2001

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