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|  | By **Martha Rodman** on June 5, 2025 |

*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Psalm 116:15. ESV.*About sixty years my mom received a phone call. Of course, we only had landline phones, so she was tethered to the spot. She shooed us away into another room and shut the door. Being 15, we knew something was up. This was not my mom's normal behavior. After a while, she emerged tight-lipped and very quiet. Of course, as normal teenagers, my sisters and I (remember we are triplets) began to pester her. What's going on?Later that day, after talking with our dad, she shared some news. Turns out the person on the phone was our sister's mom. Yes, our sister! It was the beginning of a swirling whirlwind of emotions, questions, and thoughts. We learned that day that we had a sister named Laura! Laura was getting married and we were invited to the wedding! My mom and dad discussed this invitation and, with some fear and concern, took us to the wedding. There is a whole other God back story to how/when they discovered where we were.The wedding venue was about four hours away from our home. I remember being excited and anxious at the same time! Besides Laura and her family, we got to meet our brother, Larry and his family, plus our sister Carol and her family. We learned that with our birth, there were eight children! Besides these, we had our oldest sister Betty and a sister Alice!At the time of our meeting, Carol was married with two young girls. They lived in a farmhouse, with an orchard to care for. Her husband Pat was a teacher (as was Carol). Carol actually wanted to get to know us! Apparently, she had told everyone she had triplet sisters and knew she would meet them someday. They invited us to come and stay with them for a weekend off and on. Slowly, we learned about our biological family and make memories together.I have discovered in life, there are people who seem to be "gluers", and people who are "gluees". What I mean about that is there are folks who work hard keeping people together. It can be with family or friends. Carol was a "gluer". Obviously, it was a momentous occasion for all of us. Particularly for our sister Carol. At eleven, Carol was the oldest child at our birth home. She had the task to calling for the doctor. Because our dad was a mining assessor, they lived in one of the cabins made available to the workers. It only had two rooms. The doctor came by seaplane. Talking with her about this event always brought emotions to each of us. When our family left Texas, Betty stayed behind. I think that hole was difficult for all the siblings, but especially Carol. I think that experience helped her become the "gluer" she was. Then, rightly understanding, our parents could not raise triplets in that environment, the doctor began the termination of parental rights. Carol and Laura went into foster care.Carol did not let the wedding event be a "one and done" meeting. I know she talked with my mother. She planned for us to take the train to visit her and her family. Over the years, she truly became our "big sister". She pursued a relationship with us. Part of the adoption process is not necessarily having someone around who has the same DNA. Despite not being raised together, we were remarkably alike! It gave validation and a foundation that we didn't even know we needed.She passed away May 17, 2025 at 86. Our last visit took place in a hospital room. She did not seem to really comprehend who we were. Parkinson's was taking its toll. I sat on the side of her bed, thanking her for touching so many lives so well. She said my name, and I knew she knew who I was. My friends, each of us can touch lives. To bring value to those around us, if we simply choose to see them. Carol did that her whole life. It was hard to say goodbye that day.I look back at our remarkable story. Our "big sister" Carol was the epitome of compassion, caring, and a great example of a good listener. Her persistence in developing a real sister relationship between strangers was amazing. God sent her into our lives when we were three insecure teenagers, and it changed us. Through Carol, we also came to know Laura, Larry, and our sister Betty. Unfortunately, although I "met" Alice, distance and life circumstances did not give us the same opportunity.We hosted a family gathering, May 23, to help celebrate her life. Over thirty people came, including Larry, Laura, Mary and Marie. We missed our sister Betty, who, at 95, stayed in Texas. How do we say goodbye to her? We don't because we know we will see her again, as Carol is a believer in Jesus Christ.I know this is a personal story, and I thank you for taking the time to read it. I pray that you will know your value to Him. You are also valuable to others. Use that value to help others. Carol and Laura went into foster care after our birth. It was not good or easy, but they were survivors. Those challenges help create some amazing people. God is using your story for your good and the good of others, keep walking!*Father, I thank you for our remarkable story. You took so many hard parts and have woven them together in some amazing ways, and for that I am grateful. You see each one of us, and understand just how you want to help bring glory to Your name, no matter how messy. Thank you, in Jesus' Name, amen.* |