

TRACIE - Alternative To Abortion



Tracie at 18 months

In these days of instant abortions in nearly every street corner clinic, this is a chronicle of a life... which is a testimony of allowing it to be birthed into the world, regardless of the circumstances; a life which was a blessing to nearly all who were associated with it.

The life represented by the “IT” belonged to a beautiful black-haired girl named Tracie, full of life and a joy to her acquaintances. She became a blessing by being an adoptive child to my wife and me. But, before that event, a little background information on her ‘to be’ family is in order.

Teresa and I were married in 1962, after a one-year engagement. We moved from a small town in Virginia to the small town of Erwin, Tennessee, where I was employed in the radio broadcasting business. We had planned to wait a short while before beginning our family, and, after a year we decided that the time was right. However, our efforts were unsuccessful.

Unfruitful years elapsed, and we began to investigate the reasons why. After much testing, it was determined that I was unable to father children. So, in 1966, we agreed that we would adopt a child (three years later my wife delivered our son.). I had a fondness for little girls, so my wife and I decided to ask for one.

At this point in the story, we need to look at the spiritual background of my wife and me. At that time we were not spiritually-aware people. Still, it is evident that God was at work in our lives. We did not know about ‘speaking things that are not as though they are’, or, that ‘God will give you the desires of your heart’, etc. However, ignorant as we were, God did honor His Word.

Teresa and I were both Christians, having accepted Jesus as our Savior at very early ages (I was six). We both had a good church background especially in our younger years. But, like many Kingdom people, we were not living our adult lives in a way that would bring glory to our Master (we were not bad, mind you, but we were not the good witnesses that He wanted us to be). We were members of a local Presbyterian church but were only occasionally found there. We were upstanding in our community and, being in the radio business, we were more or less in the public eye (especially in a small town).

We waited and waited, rather impatiently, to hear something from the state welfare agency. There were many couples in our same condition waiting to adopt and the waiting period in Tennessee was about one year. During that time, the adoption agency investigates the would-be parents for a good background, the ability to support the child, etc. They also spend much time matching up the child with the couple, by trying to find adoptive parents much like the natural parents; similar ethnic, social and financial background, etc. They did a very good job too, for when they introduced us to 'Tracie', she *looked* like our child.

The first meeting had shades of mystery and intrigue; we traveled to a city some 40 miles distant, checked into a motel room, and, at the appointed time, the social worker came and left the five-month-old child with us for a number of hours. We got acquainted with her that day, and then the worker came back and took the child back to the foster home. It didn't take us long (about two minutes, at the most) to know that she was for us. Then, we had to go home and think about her for a few days.

In June of 1967, we received her into temporary custody (for the first year) while being visited occasionally by the 'worker'. At the end of the year, we went to the state court and legally adopted her into our family.

We named her Tracie Michelle, not a 'family' name, but one which was popular and for which her mother and I were fond (we spelled her first name differently which **did** cause some problems later on, like ready-made name tags, etc.).

Before we took Tracie into our home to be our own child, she had a rough start in life. According to the information we were given by the State, she was born illegitimately on January 18th, 1967, in Knoxville (or Knox County), Tennessee, and was placed in a foster home which had ten other, older children. Naturally, she was the last of the children to receive attention and the last to be put to bed. She needed constant attention and absolutely would not go to sleep until the wee hours of the morning, which haunted her (and us) for the first five or six years of her life.

However, since she was used to having lots of people around, she was a very sociable young lady. She was a beautiful child and, as such, was constantly coddled by just about everyone. When we took her 'out to eat' at our favorite restaurants, she had swarms of people around her. When she learned to walk, she visited the other tables, conversed with the other diners, and even ventured into the kitchen to 'speak' to the cooks. She was welcomed everywhere.

Within the group of adult friends that Teresa and I had, there were several children who became Tracie's closest friends. Most notable were Julie and Sherri, both of whom, incidentally, were also adopted (the parents of Sherri were to later become a major part of our family's future spiritual life and direction).

At a very early age, Tracie asked us to take her to Sunday school. We were like many 'Christians', with regular attendance on all special or holy days (Christmas, Easter, etc.). After a while of taking her and 'dropping her off', it soon became embarrassing; we should be going ourselves. So, we started going regularly (like **we** did years ago as youngsters). Thus, she influenced us in church attendance.

In her early school years, Tracie participated in the things that most other young ladies did, including dancing classes, swimming at the 'Y', and so on. She took piano lessons, and played flute in the school band. But, she always 'required' companionship...she needed someone around. By contrast, our son, Marty, who was naturally born into our family three years after the adoption, could entertain himself all day. So Julie, Sherri and others were always around.

When Tracie was nine years old, our nation was celebrating the Bicentennial. With my work in broadcasting and with her out-going personality, she and I were asked to do a small narration (a father/daughter dialogue) in the John Peterson/Don Wyrzten musical, "I LOVE AMERICA".

My mother and father were there, as well as my wife and son. It was a heart-stirring moment, with hundreds of voices in a community choir, the musicians performing such patriotic music, and my daughter and me doing our little dialog part in the production. God and country; patriotic and religious music. What a time!! It made the heart swell up with pride in being an American. The last of my narration included Jesus' words in Revelation: "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hears My voice, and opens the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me.*"

It was at this time that God was preparing me for the rest of my life. Something happened that summer. I suddenly had a desire to know Him better...to sup with Him, to serve Him. I had, over the years, become an Elder in our church, was a Sunday school teacher, Sunday school superintendent, and all the other *important* roles in the church. But, even that didn't provide that closeness to the Lord for which I was searching.

Later that summer, Sherri's mother, Dot, from whom our family had become estranged for several years because of some differences related to our businesses, asked to come, with another lady, to visit us. I agreed, and that night they shared 'Jesus' with us...in a way that I never knew possible (which they called 'the Baptism in the Holy Spirit').

They told us how you can actually have a 'real' personal relationship with Him, and be empowered to serve Him, and do the things He did... heal the sick, cast out demons, and even raise the dead. And, they told how you could talk to Him in a heavenly 'language', that only Jesus and God and the angels could understand. They told us so many things about which we were ignorant. Then, they invited us to go to our (Presbyterian) pastor for confirmation of what they said.

I did, and he did! And, upon my request, the pastor prayed for the infilling of the Holy Spirit to come upon me. And, from that day till this, this Jesus-person who was just so much history to me became a living, personable, loving part of my life. In fact, He has become my *whole* life! My desire is to always serve Him. My wife, Teresa, went the next day and received likewise.

All of this because of the persistence of a pre-school girl for her parents to go **with her** to church. God can use anyone to reach you, and He used my daughter, and the pageantry and the heart-throbbing “God Bless America” music of the Bicentennial to prepare my heart enough to want to spend time searching Him out.

(Footnote: Teresa and Daniel True were ordained as Ministers in September 1995, in Orlando, Florida)

Tracie had the normal childhood illnesses, as do many. We took her regularly for checkups (as we did her brother). But, there was nothing of any significance to ever show up. She had all the regular shots and immunizations.

When she was fifteen years old and just going into high school, I changed jobs. I applied and had been accepted for a position with a new Christian television station that was to be built in Cocoa, Florida. Well, you can imagine the trauma that must have been for this freshman - - - having to pack up and move away from all her friends, her new school and her church (at that time we were going to a non-denominational church in a neighboring town).

I went to Florida a month before my family moved down. While I was there, Tracie went swimming and twisted her spine which required treatment by a doctor. Soon afterward I went home and took the family to Florida. Two months later, after being treated for a back (vertebrae) problem, it was diagnosed that she had cancer and that she needed immediate treatment. It seems that the cancer had settled in her right hip joint and had honey-combed the bone.

Here we were...in a strange place (in Orlando), with the doctors speaking words of doom and gloom. Since we had just come out of a church which had **intense** study on the rights (authority) of the believer, we called on our Savior, on behalf of our daughter.

We would not let the medical team (doctors, nurses, etc.) even speak the word ‘cancer’ to her, although we told her as much in different words. We concentrated on God’s Word, and not the medical words. We looked up and spoke every scripture on healing. We got a minister’s (Kenneth Hagin, Sr.) tape of healing scriptures and had the tape playing day and night, over and over. We infused into the very atmosphere of the hospital God’s pre-eminence over any situation. In short, we put our total trust in the Lord, to deliver her from this situation.

We did submit her to the doctors’ treatments. We told them they had permission to exercise what the good Lord had taught them, but we would do (pray, etc.) all He had taught us, and, if there was any conflict, we had the right to override any of them. They agreed, and although we did have to stop some of their actions, God triumphed over the situation and we had victory.

She immediately began showing positive results, within days. And, after two weeks, she went home! She continued to have chemo-therapy for five months, but the doctor said that her tests showed no sign of the cancer after the second month. And, by January, her bone had completely filled in and was perfectly restored. The physicians involved said that she had Divine intervention in the treatment.

But, while Tracie was in the hospital she showed all the staff her strong faith in her God (for she had accepted Jesus as her Savior several years earlier, as had our son, Marty). And, with her personality, she made lasting friendships with members of the staff.

She had a home-tutor for a while and then went to her (new) school (in Titusville, Florida) where she was welcomed with opened arms. She grew stronger and stronger, joining the band and the school choral group, and participated in field trips, etc. After all, she was HEALED!

During the remainder of her high school years, Tracie lived for life. She had been redeemed from apparent death and she wanted to make as much of her life as she could.

There had been a lot of additional stress on her, though. Within the year after moving to Florida, I lost my job at the TV station, but three months later, I was given a job at Kennedy Space Center, where I still work (1989). We had changed churches several times, trying to find our place. And, Tracie had changed boyfriends several times since moving to Florida.

During her high school years, she participated in the Junior Miss competition. As her ‘talent’, she decided to sing a Christian song (El Shaddai) which had been made popular by Amy Grant a couple of years previous. She was told that you can’t win by doing Christian music, but she insisted on doing it. She didn’t win the pageant, but she was able to express her faith in her God.

In 1984, Tracie’s biography was published in WHO’S WHO AMONG AMERICAN HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, a National honor, bespeaking her character and achievements.



She was also invited to be a member of the Madrigal Singers at Titusville High, a group of less than two dozen members who perform professional-quality close harmony, and which had many invitations from all over the state, including Disney World. All the members of the Madrigals were very close to one another, like brothers and sisters. In her senior year they had a favorite song, “Friends”, which meant so much to Tracie, for the lyrics were an expression of love between friends, which she shared with each of them.

Tracie’s graduation from high school was a beautiful time in her life. Relatives came down from Virginia. And, she was able to march down the aisle and receive the diploma she had worked so hard to get. It was a grand time.

A month after graduation, Tracie had pains in her shoulder. She went to the hospital in Orlando for an examination, and a biopsy showed an onset of cancer; similar to what she had been delivered from three years previous. She returned home after a short stay in the hospital and immediately began the twice a month chemotherapy treatments (one as out-patient and one as a three day in-patient). It was more painful than before. And, like before, she lost her beautiful black hair.

But, the tests showed cyclic action; it seemed that she was getting better, then, next month it would flare up in a different part of her body. The doctor did not know why the treatment seemed not to be working this time. Several different formulations were tried, but nothing would permanently stop the action of the cancer.

In between treatments, Tracie was determined to go on with her life. She enrolled in the local community college; she even took a part-time job in the campus bookstore. And, after school she did volunteer work as receptionist at the Christian TV station where I once worked. But, about two weeks out of each month, following the treatments, she was miserable.

However, during all this time, she was maturing spiritually. She began studying the Word; looking at all the promises of God, healing, etc. She went for counseling, that she might be stronger in her Christian walk. Finally, and, I guess, at a point of fatigue from all the pain and discomfort she had been suffering, she said that if she had to go through chemo-therapy the rest of her life, she would just as soon go home to the Lord now. Sort of a reverse-Hezekiah syndrome ... the Lord was calling His good servant home (after he suffered a toe infection) and Hezekiah cried before the Lord to prolong his life. The Lord relented and gave him fifteen more years - which turned out to be the **most miserable** and painful period in his life.

When they started her last chemotherapy treatment, she had such a violent reaction to it that the doctor stopped it and sent her home. He intended to try to find another formulation that would work, but she had made up her mind...no more chemo-therapy! She confessed that she was putting her trust in the Lord, to deliver her from this disease (like He had done before) or to take her on 'home'.

In June of 1986, her body had lost so much weight and was so weak, that we convinced her to be checked into a local hospital **only** for infusion of nutrients. She agreed, as long as they weren't treating cancer, which she had committed to the Lord.

[One may wonder why her mother and I, who had been so instrumental in 'standing in' for her during the first attack of cancer, were not doing the same. But, we were shown by the Lord that now, at nineteen, Tracie was her own person, spiritually, and had to stand on her own...that we could pray and intercede for her, but only in line with her wishes and prayers. We all must reach that point in our lives; that we can't expect 'mommie to do it for me' any longer; that we are 'naked before the Lord.']

While she was in the hospital, a Madrigal friend, Kim, with whom Tracie had had some disagreements, asked if she could sit up one night with Tracie (Tracie's mom had always been with her while she was in the hospital, both this time as well as all the other visits to the hospital, reading the Word, praying, and giving words of cheer). That night the two girls reached an understanding about their problem. Later, both girls were awakened by a ray of light, and they both reported seeing Jesus, who said, "Fear not, for I am with you !!"

We checked Tracie out of the hospital on Thursday. On Saturday, her temperature went very high. I called her local doctor who came by later in the day. The temperature had gone down some, so he said to wait till Monday and, if no change, he would admit her. However, later that night the temperature went up again, and I called for an ambulance.

In the ambulance, neither blood pressure nor pulse could be found, even though Tracie was talking to the attendants. She was taken to the emergency room and then on to the intensive care unit. Her stomach had ulcerated and surgery was performed to close it up. On Monday, Tracie's grandparents arrived from Virginia and went in to see her. Later that night, around 10:30, her heart stopped and she died.

Many thoughts pass through the minds of parents, relatives and friends at a time like this. As a Christian, you question GOD! But, God's grace is sufficient and His peace is strong enough to see you through these rough times. True, there are a few questions I want to ask Him when I meet Him face to face, but it remains that He is in control of all situations. I know that He and Tracie worked out her future plans, which happened to be contrary to the wishes of all who knew her.

Probably the most important thing of all, that which we are admonished to share comfort in, is that we shall see her again, when Jesus comes back in all His Glory. She will be among the cloud of witnesses that will accompany Him.

At her Memorial Service in Florida, and by direction of the Lord Himself, we had a time of Praise and Rejoicing. There was congregational singing and worship, words of testimony from some of her close friends, and special music, including a song by a Christian rock group and the special song, "Friends", sung by Tracie's good friend, Kim. The message by Pastor Dan Pritchett was one on salvation and eternal life in Christ. And, at the end of the service, an altar call was given to the 400 people gathered, and ten people were saved that night!

Graveside services were performed in Virginia, since most of her "family" was from the area. But, we all know that she is not in that grave; she is seated with Christ in Heavenly places.

Since that time, many people, young and old, have been affected either by those services or by the kind of life Tracie lived. She was vibrant, vivacious, ultra-caring for others, and just a joy to be around.

Which brings me around to the purpose of this writing – – – in 1966, when the natural mother, whomever she is, discovered that she was pregnant and being out of wedlock, she could have decided to abort the child. And, that would have been the end of that.

But, she didn't! And, **that mother**, in allowing the State of Tennessee to offer her baby for adoption, knowingly or unknowingly let God perform His work of taking a situation which at first seemed bad and turning it around for good. She allowed us the pleasure and joy of raising her child. But, more importantly, God used that same child to steer Teresa and me into an enriched walk with the Lord, and bring forth salvation and eternal life to at least ten people, and perhaps more that we don't yet know about.

God's Word says that He knew us in our mother's womb, and I feel sure that her life was planned to be lived just the way she lived it. And, I thank God for that woman who let this little girl **LIVE !**

Tracie, at 18 years



Look at the picture of this pretty young lady – can you imagine putting a scalpel into her brain and killing her while she's coming out the birth canal (partial-birth abortion)? Who could be so cruel?
