

# Miracle Babies

by Melisa Rhinehart



*W*omen who read this article will relate to the desire of most women's heart to have a baby. Some of you also know the pain of longing for a baby and having your heart broken month after month and year after year. I think every woman can identify with my story. So it is my privilege and joy to share my testimony and hopefully give another woman hope that your prayers are being heard.



My name is Melisa Rhinehart, and I have been married to my husband, John, for seven years. We tried for five years to conceive a child. We visited several doctors and tried different medications and procedures with no positive results. Finally, my doctor told us the heart-wrenching news that most likely we would never conceive a baby.

For those of you who have not gone through this trial of infertility, I will try to describe to you the five most painful years of my life. I can remember crying every day. My husband always

had faith and talked positively, but as you ladies will understand, this is a lot harder on the woman. I became depressed and bitter. I often questioned, "Why God? Why us?" John is the youth pastor of our church, and I worked with handicapped children at our high school. I knew we would make great parents. It didn't make sense to me that God wouldn't give us a child, yet I would see pregnant teenagers and hear of child abuse and abortions.

When you are diagnosed with infertility issues, it is not something that you can move past easily. You are constantly

reminded of your dilemma when other women become pregnant, followed by baby showers, new babies and baby dedications. Even though I knew there was almost no chance, every month I would still hope that I would be pregnant and would set myself up to go through all this hurt over and over again.

Through this trial, prayer was the only thing that gave me hope. Even though I had no children, I still felt that I had a mother's heart. I was already a mother, but a mother without a baby. I would pray as a mother and cry out to the Lord to give me a child. I feel in my heart that the Lord finds something extra special about a mother's prayer.

In March 2005, I attended our Ohio Ladies' Conference. Sister Priscilla McGruder was the speaker and the title of her message was, "Speaking Things As Though They Were." She gave her testimony of how she was dying of breast cancer and stood on her Bible and claimed her healing. I purposed in my mind that when I got home I would do that very same thing, and I did. When I got home I took out my Bible and stood on it and I claimed my baby. I felt in my heart that I was going to get my miracle, but the next month, to my disappointment, I was not pregnant.

That same summer we decided to take foster classes to potentially adopt a baby. During these classes the instructors do not give you much hope to get a baby. They would often remind us that there were a lot of people waiting to adopt babies, and that they don't become available very often. We finished our classes in November, and we received our license in the mail on December 24. On December 26, I received a call from a foster care supervisor. She told me that due to the holidays we would not be issued a caseworker or be put on the vacancy list until sometime in January. I didn't give it much thought, and I just went on about my day.

The very next morning I received a call from the placement coordinator. She asked me if I was interested in a three-day-old baby girl. She was a "safe haven baby." Her biological mother dropped her off at the hospital with no questions asked. She said we could bring our families and pick her up from the hospital and that we could name her. This is not the normal procedure. So my husband and I went with our families and picked up our new baby girl. We were able to take pictures and video this miraculous occasion. We named her Makell which means, "Who is like the Lord?" She was a tiny 5 pound, 13 ounce little miracle baby waiting just for us. Our story became the "buzz" around Children's Protective Services. No one could understand how we received the call for Makell since we had just obtained our license a few

days before. In addition, we didn't have a case worker and were not even on the vacancy list.

Two months later some of the ministers in our church went to a conference where the McGruders were ministering, and they brought the DVDs home. After watching Sister McGruder's testimony again, I was reminded of when I stood on the Bible and claimed my baby. I got my calendar and counted the months. It had been exactly nine months after I stood on the Word of God that Makell was born. I believe with all my heart that she was conceived that very night. Some people have said, "You rescued that little baby," but I feel that she was sent to rescue me.

I can't say that I did everything right and never questioned the Lord during the trial, but in spite of my anger and bitterness God heard my desperate prayers and blessed me anyway. We could have become foster parents and went through several babies before getting to adopt one, and I would have been happy. The Lord wanted to do it in a way that He would receive all the glory, and we will never fail to give it to Him.

However, this would not be the end of the story. When Makell was eleven months old, I found out that the Lord has a sense of humor. I was pregnant with not one, but two more babies! In August 2007, I gave birth to Emerson and Emma. I am so thankful for the Lord's plan, because if I would have had a baby right away I probably would not have adopted our sweet Makell. He is an on-time God!

What a privilege for us to bind together all across the country through "WE Pray First." God will honor our prayers. What He did for me, He will do the same for you. He is no respecter of persons. I will be praying for anyone who may be facing this same trial. I can't wait to hear of more miracles that will be coming through the power of our women's prayers.



Please send contributions to:  
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