

A Forgetful Mother

In a Reader's Digest article, a contributor told of an Aunt Ruby and Uncle Arnie who had adopted a baby boy after five years of trying unsuccessfully to conceive.

To their surprise, a short time after the adoption, Aunt Ruby discovered she was pregnant, and she later gave birth to a boy.

One day, when the two boys were eight and nine years old, the teller of the story was visiting Aunt Ruby, and a woman in the neighborhood came to visit.

Observing the children at play, the woman asked, "Which boy is yours, Ruby?"

"Both of them," Aunt Ruby replied.

The neighbor persisted, "But I mean, which one is adopted?"

Aunt Ruby did not hesitate. In her finest hour, she looked straight at her guest and replied, "I've forgotten."

Apply that incident to the spiritual realm. When we are adopted as God's children, we quickly come to cherish our heavenly Father's forgetfulness. For He chooses to forget our sins, to forget our wayward past, and to give us the full rights of sons or daughters.

He treats us as if we had never sinned, never gone astray, and He loves us supremely.

(The Father has) predestined us to adoption as sons by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will (*Ephesians 1:5*).

– Beecher Hunter