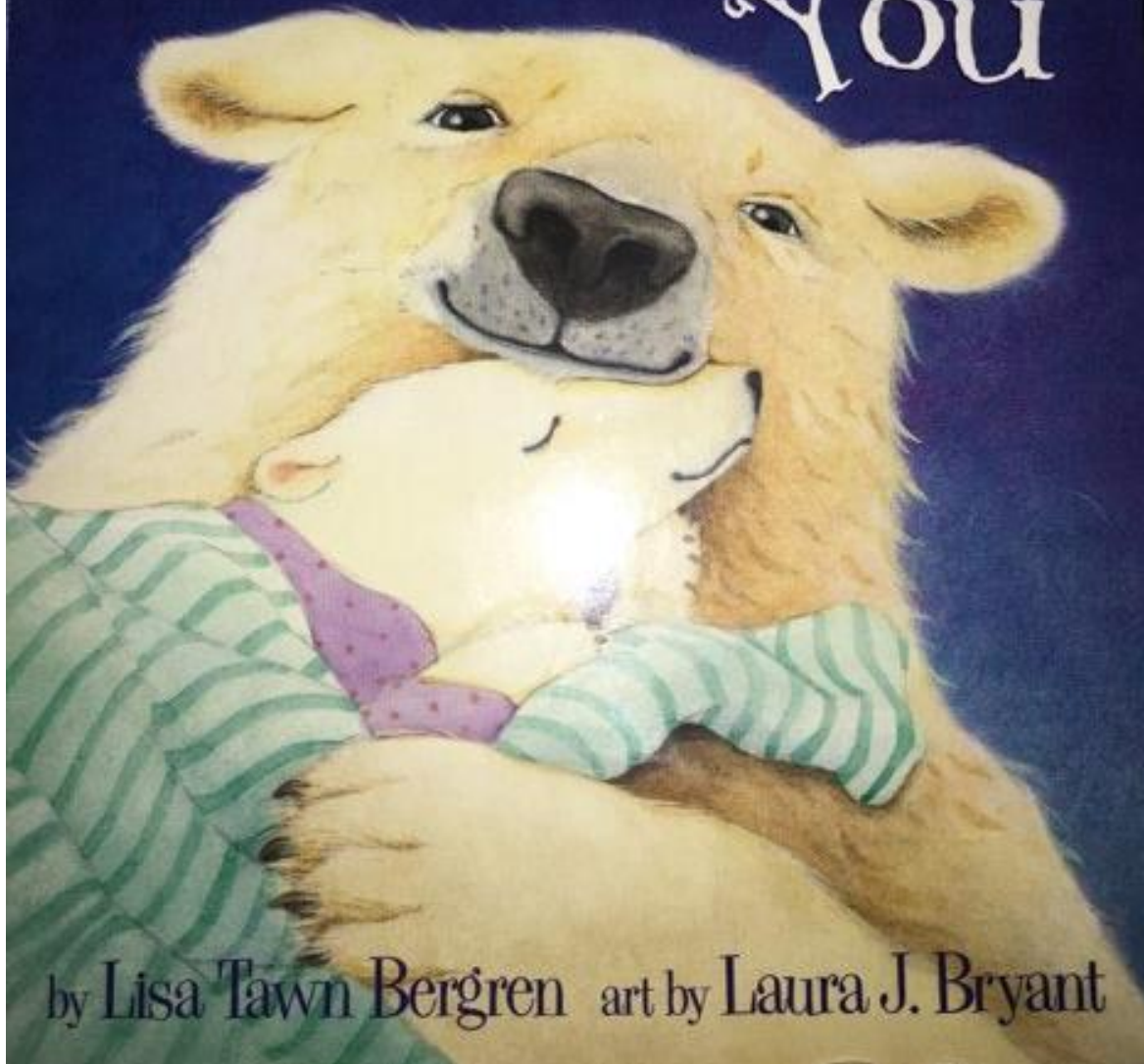
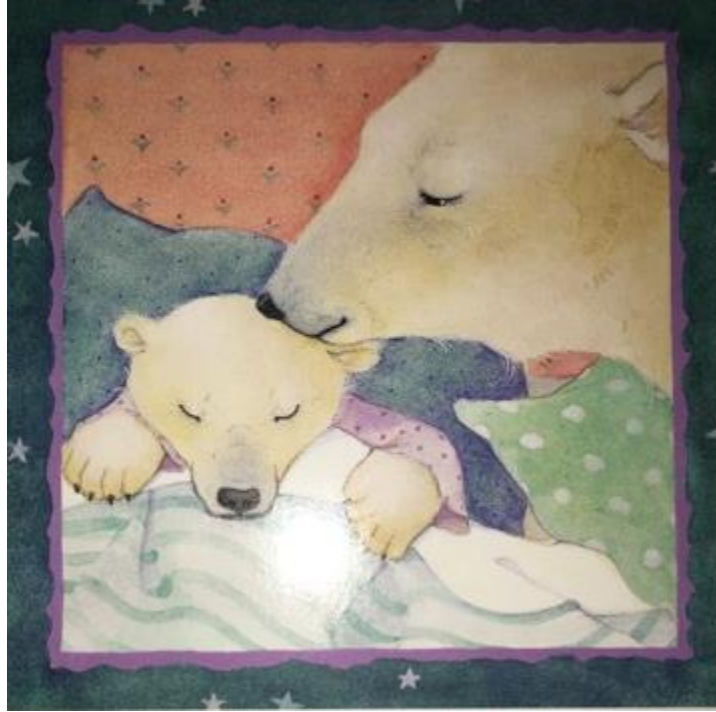





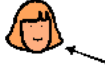
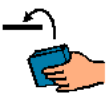


God Gave Us You



by Lisa Tawn Bergren art by Laura J. Bryant



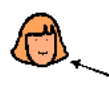
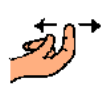
 "Good night Sweet Child," Mama said as she put



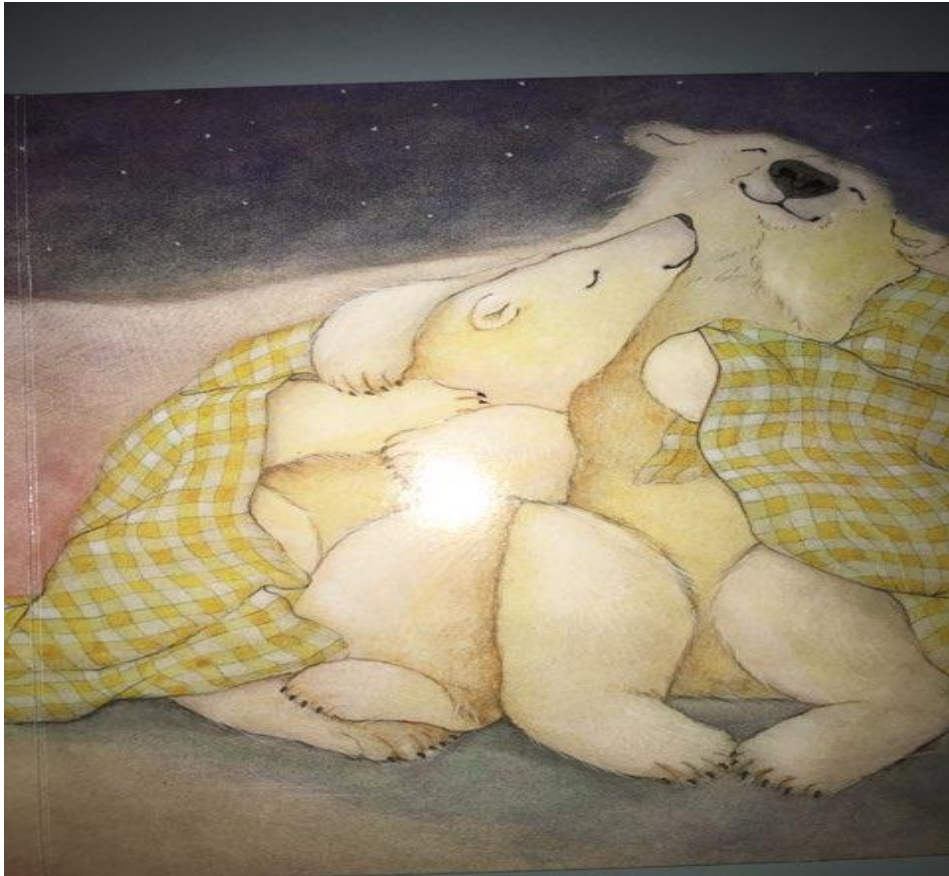
Little Cub to bed.



















But Little Cub wasn't quite ready to go to sleep.

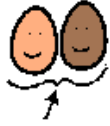


"Mama, where did I come from?" she asked.



 From  God,  her mother said.  "Your papa  and I were
 alone,  and  we  wanted a  baby."
 "And  you got me?" Little Cub  asked, her  voice  muffled by the
 blanket.

Adapted from the original text, *God Gave Us You*, written by Lisa Tawn Bergren, illustrated by Laura J. Bryant.



"When we found out you were growing inside me, we were



so happy! Even the angels were celebrating for us!"



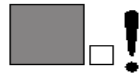
"Because of me?" asked Little Cub.



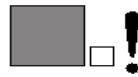
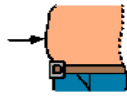
"Yes. my darlina child.



"And then what happened?" asked Little Cub.



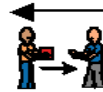
"You started getting bigger," Mama said, kissing her.



"And my tummy got bigger."




"That was me inside of you?" Little Cub asked in wonder.



"Yes, my special child. It was you. God gave us you."









 "Your papa talked to you and sang to you. He wanted you to

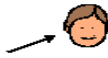








 be born knowing his voice."

 "Why?" asked Little Cub.

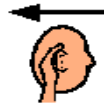





 "Because he was excited. He was going to be a papa.





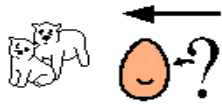
 God gave us you."



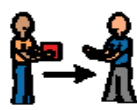
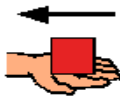
"We went to the doctor and heard your heart beat and I



cried happy tears."












"Why," Little Cub asked.











"Because God had given us you," Mama said.





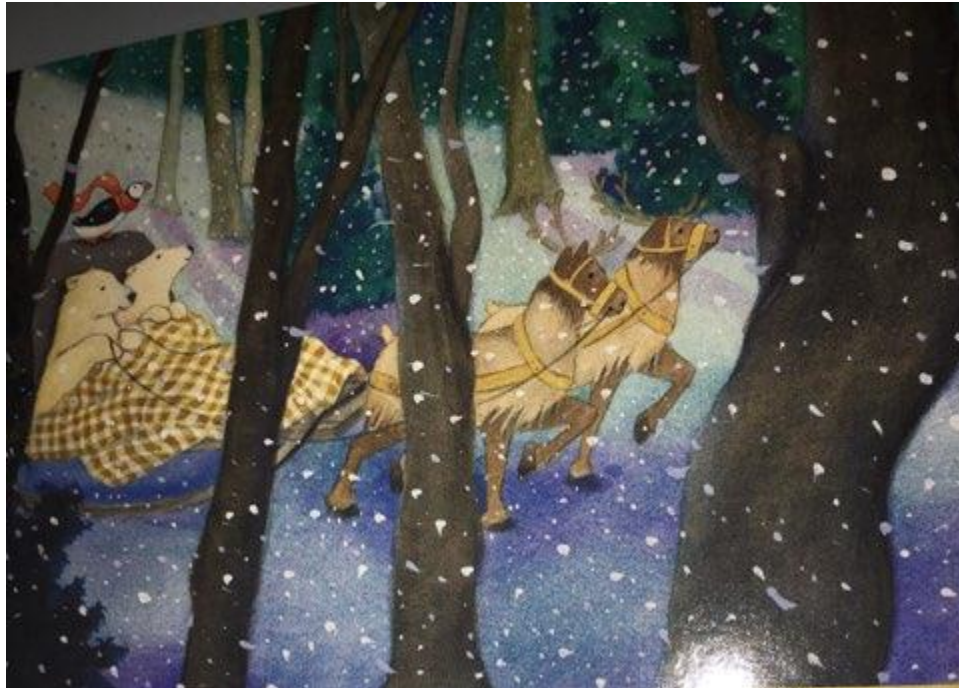





 "Every night, I prayed for you, my special child. I prayed that your





 bones would be straight and your heart would be strong. But






 most of all, I prayed that someday you would love God."




 "I love God," Little Cub said.



 "I know," Mama said. "I do too."



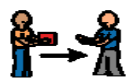
"And then what happened?"



"I felt something different. You wanted out!"



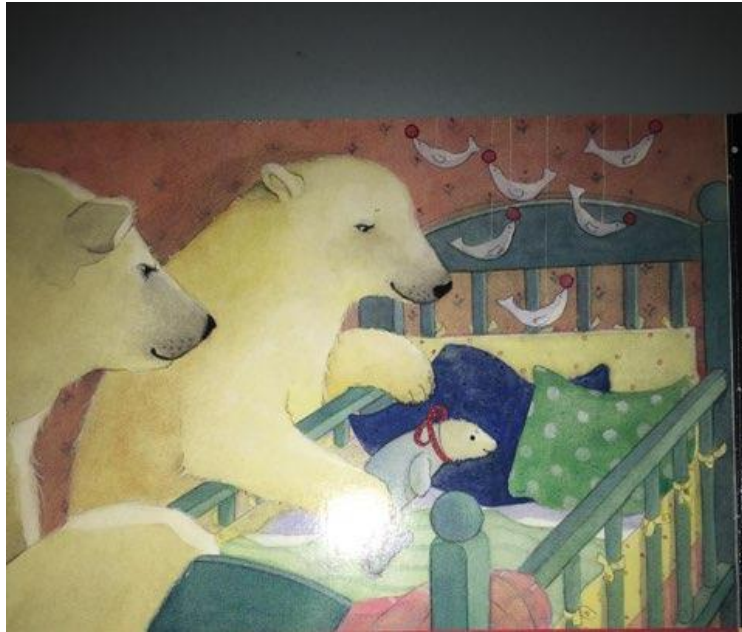
"How did you know?" Little Cub asked.



"God gives mama bears special signals. So Papa and I went



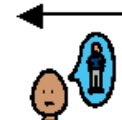
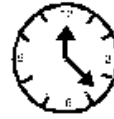
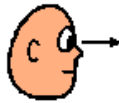
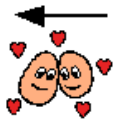
to the hospital."



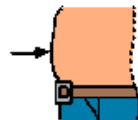
"So then I was born?" Little Cub asked.



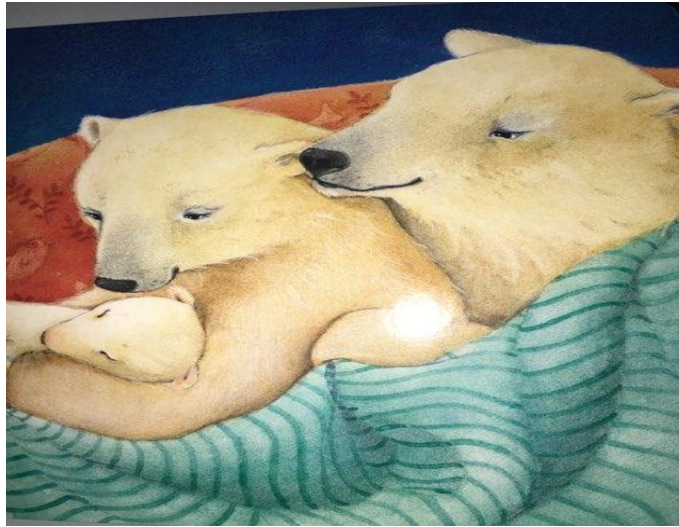
"Yes," Mama giggled. "And how you screamed. As much as

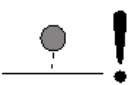


we loved seeing you for the first time, you missed being in

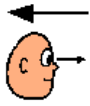


my warm and cozy tummy."



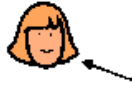
 lowered her voice, "And then we took you home.

And it was just us. Our family. We just stared

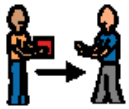
 and stared, wondering at the miracle of you."



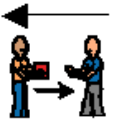
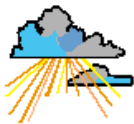
Little Cub closed her eyes and said her prayers.



Mama whispered "good night." She felt happy because God had



given her and Papa Little Cub. "We are happy because



God gave us you."



The End

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Paul V. Sherlock Center on Disabilities / RI College
600 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Providence RI 02908
www.sherlockcenter.org