

“MY LETTER TO BABY TERESA”

THE BACKGROUND AND INTRODUCTION

by Teresa McCurry

“It’s not how you start out in life that matters so much, it’s how you finish that counts”!!

This quote from Joyce Meyer is quite profound, especially in light of the way *my* life started out. You see, my parents had lost 2 *full-term* babies before conceiving me, one was stillborn, and the other lived only a few hours. The doctors assured my parents that my fate would be the same, due to serious problems my mother had with her pregnancies. Abortion was not an option for them back in those days, but I’m sure it would have been highly considered had it been easily available. I was very much an “accident” as they had been greatly warned never to try again for a healthy baby.

In those days there were literal maternity wards where 12 or more beds were in each ward. A woman, whose baby had died, was also kept in that ward as she recovered for 3 long days. She had to watch and listen to all the other new mothers in the ward who were celebrating, and holding, and nursing their healthy newborn infants. Can you imagine the pain of my mother’s empty arms?! In order to cope with the devastation of burying another full-term baby in a little white casket, my parents went into denial and decided to keep this pregnancy a secret. My mother was greatly secluded as she became obvious with her growing form. They told only a select few, and even my Dad’s mother did not know. My parents pretended I did not exist, and did not make the normal preparations for bringing home a new baby. This was the only way they could cope with the pain of what they believed to be the inevitable.

And then along came the great surprise!!!! I entered the world as a totally healthy little baby girl for them to take home!!!! However, fear that I would die prevented my parents from holding me or even looking at me for 3 whole days. I was kept in the nursery the entire time my mother recovered from delivery. When they - and the doctors - were convinced that I was totally healthy, and normal, and ready to go home, much had to be quickly prepared for my arrival!!

In spite of the radiant news that I was a healthy baby and would live, there was something else that went unseen and unnoticed. I was already emotionally and spiritually wounded, and not at all bonded with my mother and father. For, you see, there is no such thing as a perfect child. We are vulnerable to fears and misperceptions from the very earliest moment.

You may be wondering, “How can this be? How can we be wounded even in the womb?” From a spiritual perspective, we all consist of not only a physical body but we also have a spiritual component. Even though our mental and emotional abilities are not developed to the level whereby we are able to perceive and understand wounding in the womb, our personal spirit *is* aware and *does* receive and internalize this wounding. From a scientific perspective, there have been various studies over the years that strongly support the fact that a child in the womb is able to respond and react to various types of external stimuli—both positive and negative in nature.

I was an imperfect child, conceived under imperfect circumstances and was born into an imperfect world. I left the hospital in the arms of two imperfect parents, rode home on the lap of an imperfect sister 10 years older, and entered a home that was filled with emotionally wounded and hurting people. It was not “Leave it to Beaver”, “Donna Reed”, “Father Knows Best”, or even “The Partridge Family”!! Most of my childhood and teenage years were consumed with fear, confusion, and rejection. Hurting people hurt people.

As a result, I greatly struggled with fear, anxiety, self-rejection, shame, low self esteem, depression, and performance orientation, well into my adult life. Many of these struggles continued even *after* I became a Christian. I was greatly blessed to experience huge milestones in my inner healing over a number of years, through powerful ministries, and much personal study along my Christian journey. However, there was *one profound encounter with truth* that changed my life more dramatically than all others, second only to the moment Jesus Christ became my Lord and Savior. During a special time of receiving prayer ministry, I was encouraged to write a letter to Baby Teresa. The following is “My Letter to Baby Teresa” which unfolds all that God revealed to me throughout that process. Perhaps it will bless your life as well.

“MY LETTER TO BABY TERESA”

by Teresa McCurry

Dear Baby Teresa,

I see you clearly now in that dark, lonely place. A place of death and isolation - a shared tomb previously occupied by doomed siblings. I see you Baby Teresa. There was no desire for your conception nor joy when your presence was discovered - only a shroud of dread, despair, and the curse of death. You were hidden away and your very existence was denied in pretense.

There were no proud and excited announcements to elated family and friends. There were no enthusiastic words in anticipation of your arrival. There were no baby showers filled with laughter and joy, nor gifts to welcome you into the world. There were no loving caresses or gentle Daddy kisses over your growing form. There were no lullabies sung, nor prayers and blessings spoken over you as you kicked and turned within. And as your birth approached, there were no precious tiny clothes, no snuggly lambs and teddy bears, no little warm and cozy blankets, no carefully chosen new outfit to wear home, no beautifully decorated nursery filled with everything to meet your every need. There was not even a name. There was only fear....and dread.

Entrapped in this lonely place, you questioned if you were even meant to be. No one seemed to know you were there, no one seemed to care. There was no love, no bonding, and no nurturing. I can feel your lonely pain, Little One. You were screaming within your heart from this dark abyss, **“Hey, somebody!!!”**

Somebody!!! I'm in here...I'm in here!! I need somebody to love me and to want me!!! Please, somebody, love me!!!

You felt like you didn't belong. You knew something was dreadfully wrong, something dreadfully missing, but you did not know what. You had no way of knowing or understanding the "what" or the "why". All you knew was that there was no peace or comfort, only confusion and turmoil. It was a scary place, and you would have preferred to die than to stay in this vague, confused, twilight zone of existence. Fear had entered in, and would be a close companion for many years to come.

And then, it came time for you to leave this dreadful place, and be born into a much bigger, and more deeply vague and confused, twilight zone of existence. There was nothing beckoning you to emerge. There was no connection to the hearts of the voices you heard for nine long months. Nature forced you out into a much bigger, scarier, and lonelier place.

There were no shouts of joy, there were no "ooooh's and aaaah's" of admiration, there were no mother's arms, nor mother's adoring eyes to look into, there were no breasts to suckle, there were no strong Daddy's arms to hold you securely. There were no cameras flashing, no videos running, no one exclaiming with joy "it's a girl"!! There was no one giving you gentle kisses or examining your ten tiny fingers and toes with awe!

For three long days you lay in a hospital nursery with only a stranger's arms to calm you when you cried. From that lonely nursery bassinet, you were screaming once again, ***"Hey somebody!!! Somebody please!! I'm here...I'm here!!! I need somebody to love me!!!!"***

Oh Baby Teresa, God has shown me so many special things this day. Things I must tell you!! Your little spirit was not fully alive and you could not see into the spiritual realm of all that surrounded you. God had a magnificent plan for your life before the foundations of the earth. Even in the midst of these negative circumstances, created by choices of man's free will, God's hand was upon you to bring you *through* these circumstances, and into a mightily blessed and fruitful life. Unlike earthly parents who must wait for weeks to pass, and tests to be done, all Heaven celebrated the moment you were conceived: mighty trumpets blew, the voice of God was heard, and angels danced and shouted! Father God's hand caressed your mother's belly with divine protection, and God the Son began His intercession on your behalf. Angels were assigned and have been faithfully by your side ever since. Father God knitted you and formed you in His image. You were the apple of His eye. He loved you so much and He longed for the day when you would know His Son, and be able to look up to Father God and call Him Abba, Daddy!!! He knew the appointed time and He could hardly wait for the day you would reach out, and take His hand, and crawl up into His lap, and let Him hold you close with *His* big, powerful, strong arms of comfort and protection. He loved you unconditionally and for all of eternity. It may have felt like you were all alone but you were not. It may have felt like no one knew you were there, but all of Heaven knew you were there!

And even though it appeared that nothing was prepared for you, God the Father, your Abba Daddy, had your entire lifetime planned with a path to fulfill your destiny, prepared with miracles and blessings to be poured out at the appointed times.

The moment of your birth was a grand Heavenly celebration as God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit rejoiced with a host of angels in that delivery room! Father God, your Abba Daddy, held

you up high toward Heaven and shouted, "This is my beloved daughter, and I will love her, and cherish her, and protect her unconditionally, forever!!!! She is the apple of my eye, and for whom I've prepared great and mighty things that she knows not of. She is my chosen one and she is greatly blessed!"

Then your Abba Daddy held you, His little baby girl, up close to His chest, and you could hear His beating heart! Oh, Baby Teresa, He has kept you close to His heart *all these years*. He has protected you through many dire circumstances caused by man's wrong choices, and He has walked with you in dark places, and He has carried you when you were too weary to walk alone. He has delivered you from fear, rejection, confusion, and shame. Many times He has healed your broken heart and given you beauty for ashes.

Baby Teresa, your Abba Daddy was *grieved* by all that happened to you, and He deeply felt your pain. He was there. He saw and felt everything that you experienced. Oh, how I want you to understand all that was truly taking place during those 9 long months filled with loneliness and confusion. Father God gave your parents the most precious gift when He formed you in your mother's womb. He was giving them great joy for their former pain. And He trusted them to love you and nurture you and protect you.

However, your parents were not able to receive this gift because *their* pain and fear prevented them from opening their hearts to receive it. Many, many of God's people are not able to receive His gifts due to pain and fear; as well as shame, and guilt, and rejection, and all the other negative experiences and emotions this world can impact our lives with. And it *grieves* the Father's Heart deeply. He provides multitudes of blessings and joy for His children that cannot be received, or fully embraced, or even recognized, because of strongholds and bondages in their lives.

Baby Teresa, Father God saw you in your mother's womb for 9 long months. He felt your loneliness, isolation and confusion! He wept, He felt your pain, He could hear your heart's cry, and He hurt just as every truly loving parent hurts when their children are in pain. Yet, *His* grief was deeper than any earthly parent, for your Abba Daddy, Father God, knows your every thought and sees every hidden thing. His hands were surrounding you, and His love was embracing you, while you were in this lonely, secret place.

You see, Baby Teresa, He had no choice but to place you in the womb of an imperfect woman, for even His original *perfect* parents chose rebellion and disobedience. And so it has been since the beginning of time. However, listen to me Baby Teresa, He *KNEW* that His love would eventually overcome *all* of your pain, and that *His* purpose and plan for your life would unfold at the appointed time! And yet, He grieved over all that you would have to endure in this imperfect world, before your destiny could be fulfilled. If He could have placed you with perfect parents, He would have. But none could be found. If He could have forced your parents to feel and act differently, He would have. However, Father God can not violate man's free will, for you see Baby Teresa, He gives each of us our own free will as a gift at the moment our life begins.

Oh, Baby Teresa, if only you could have known then that Father God, your Abba Daddy, would take everything that is wrong and make it right. He would take every painful moment of your life and create something beautiful from it all. Baby Teresa!!! He has gloriously done just that!!! He has healed all the pain, He has restored every moment of brokenness, He has severed every stronghold, and He has set the captive parts of Teresa free!! He has taken all the broken pieces of our life, and He has restored them, and He has knitted them into the fulfillment and destiny of our purpose!!

This letter was placed in my heart as a very special love letter *just to you*. A letter of *God's* love for you, to bring a deep level of healing and understanding to your little wounded spirit. However, this letter

now must go on to fulfill a *greater* purpose and a *higher* calling. For you see, there are millions of little babies around this world, one within each and every person, that need to hear of Father God's unconditional love, and His celebration over each and every life!! They need to see *their* name in each and every place where I call you Baby Teresa. They need to see and experience the *truth* of all that was happening in the spiritual realm during their times of pain and despair. They need to *know* that God is at work restoring their lives at this very moment. They need to *know* that Father God has a mighty purpose that will bring great joy and fulfillment to each and every one! They need fresh hope and new encouragement! They need to *know* that God truly gives each one of us beauty for ashes, and joy for our former pain. They need to crawl up into the lap of their Abba Daddy, give Him all of their tears and all of their pain, and *receive* each and every blessing that He has prepared for them!

So now, Baby Teresa, it *is* the appointed time. We must go, and tell the world of His mighty love!!

I love you, Baby Teresa, and I embrace you with all my heart,

Teresa

Copyright 2008

This document may only be copied for personal ministry purposes only. All other uses must obtain written permission through the contact information below. This document may not be printed in any other publication, nor published in any other form, without written permission by the author.

teresa@passionatehealthonline.com

www.PassionateHealthOnline.com