



PHOTO PROVIDED BY AUTHOR

Citizenship Privileges

BY LORI WILLIAMS

“... THROUGH HIM WE ... HAVE ACCESS TO THE FATHER BY ONE SPIRIT. CONSEQUENTLY, YOU ARE NO LONGER FOREIGNERS AND ALIENS, BUT FELLOW CITIZENS WITH GOD’S PEOPLE AND MEMBERS OF GOD’S HOUSEHOLD” (EPHESIANS 2:18-19).

We were prepared to wait in line. First, my husband, Dean, and I waited for the completion of our home study. Next we waited for the results of our mandatory background check. Then we waited for the Romanian court system. There were long immi-

gration and visa lines at the airport, followed by a gauntlet of police checkpoints and begging porters. At our Bucharest apartment we had to wait for the antiquated elevator and the hot water. And our daughter-to-be still waited across town at cement block orphanage #3.

At the orphanage we reluctantly heeded our lawyer’s advice and waited for Aurelia to make the first move toward us. It wasn’t long before she approached Dean for a closer look. Underweight and frail, our 5-and-a-half-year-old daughter had never held a spoon or eaten solid food. When we departed the orphanage an hour later, Aurelia’s unsteady gait matched the rhythm of our trembling hearts.

At the apartment on Strada Rovine, we waited in vain for the building’s single wooden elevator. After carrying our daughter up eight dusky flights of stairs, we took a deep breath and opened a package of bubble toys. The bub-

*Underweight and frail,
our 5-and-a-half-year-old
daughter had never held
a spoon or eaten solid food.*

bles floated and gleamed, reflecting the light cast from a single bare ceiling bulb. Before popping softly, the bubbles bounced once, then twice, in our daughter’s outstretched hands.

The next day, we resumed waiting — this time on wooden benches at a medical clinic. Singing and playing patty-cake with Aurelia helped pass the time



PHOTO PROVIDED BY AUTHOR

*My citizenship papers guaranteed
my audience with embassy
officials. And my daughter ...
gained access through me.*

and mask our anxiety.

Grateful that just one more formality awaited us, we taxied to the American embassy. The queue in front of the fortress-like building curved around the block and out of sight. But when we showed our passports to the guard, he beckoned us to the head of the line!

That entrée is forever embossed on my memory. My citizenship papers guaranteed my audience with embassy officials. And my daughter, who would have otherwise waited in line with every other Romanian citizen, gained access through me.

In Ephesians 2 Paul proclaims good news: Jesus has signed His name in blood to every alien’s citizenship papers! Through the Son of God, everyone can approach God the Father. There is no waiting period. □