

A Child is Born

By Barrington H. Brennen, December 3, 2012

In April of this year (2012), we got a much anticipated telephone call from my daughter and son-in-law living in Michigan, informing us that they were expecting their first child. That was exciting news to hear and to know that we, Marguerite's parents, were the first ones to be informed. Truthfully, the entire Brennen-Samuel-Catalyn-Edwards-Albury-Bryan-



Rahming-Valleray-Pieri clan, although separated by oceans and mountains and linking regularly via cyber technology, were eagerly awaiting this joyful news. Hallelujah! It was great, great news. This is the kind of news that brings peace, joy and happiness to parents, family members, and friends. Although no family member pressured mom-and-dad-to-be, we were all hoping that they would not wait too long beyond five years of marriage before we hear the awesome news. However, the Samuels had their strategy for family planning, and it worked. Nevertheless, how pleasant was the news.

With the clicking of keyboards and sliding of mouse on pads and with pointers on computer monitors, the message of the coming child spread wildly around the earth. From Michigan to The Bahamas, to St Maarten to Arizona, to Jamaica to Martinique, to France to Nebraska-

-the news spread. It was the good news we were expecting. Each new email between relatives became more intense as we all looked forward to the time when the world would know and the baby would be here. Then, at the ending of the first three months of the gestation period a tidal wave of information started to engulf the world. "Yes, it is a fact--a child is to be born." Facebook friends, bloggers, email geeks and inquisitive website visitors all got the news that on November 25, 2012 (the doctor's prediction) a baby boy would be born to Marguerite and Leslie Samuel. Even my church members were told from the pulpit about the great news and they all clapped and said "Amen."

The birth of a child is always a miracle to behold. There is anticipation of sometimes unrealistic proportions, that a new baby would be someone special and do something great in the universe. Despite the universal pandemic of political corruption, economic failures, wars and rumors of wars, the birth of a child brings a ray hope and sunshine, if only for a moment.

Months following the grand announcement to the world about the coming child, there was the pronouncement that his name would be Noah Gabriel Samuel. We prayed, encouraged, advised, laughed and talked. Annick and I knew that we needed to, although with great sacrifice, be with our daughter and son-in-law for the birth. We were equally excited when our son, Gerard and dear daughter-in-law, Dana gave birth to our first grandchild almost

three years earlier – Alexander “Xane” Barrington Brennen. Now our daughter would again bless us with a child. I jokingly said to Marguerite on the phone that it would be great that the baby would be born on my birthday, November 29. But most of all I only wanted another healthy, vibrant grandchild.

We arrived in Michigan on November 14 via South Bend Airport. When we disembarked the plane it was cold, but the anticipation of having a new grandchild neutralized the feelings of almost freezing temperatures. Both Marguerite and Leslie came to pick us up. How special was the reunion. We had not seen our daughter and son-in-law in person for almost four years. Now she was carrying a big belly in front of her, yet remaining relatively small.

The twenty-fifth of November passed and no baby came. Then on Thursday, November 29, mother-and-father-to-be went to a regularly scheduled doctor’s visit at the Memorial Hospital in South Bend, Indiana. They called us from the hospital about eleven in the morning and said that the medical checkup predicted the baby to be big (over nine pounds) and the doctor said it would be best to have a cesarean section. Thus the appointment for the cesarean birth was set for five o’clock that day. There was some disappointment at first that the plans for a natural birth would not take place. However, anticipation and excitement soon displaced the disappointed feelings. Yes, he would be born on my birthday. What happened next was almost like a dream. They came home to get us and we gathered the necessary belongings and we all headed back to the hospital at 3:12 p.m. Marguerite and Leslie had prepared for this. The mother and baby needed post delivery hospital supplies were packed in a suitcase and the baby’s security car seat were both kept in car trunk from months earlier.

After arriving to the hospital some 25 miles away and settling in the designated room in the Birthing Center, we waited. Leslie was allowed in the operating theater to be beside his wife. She was ready for the birth with local anesthesia. With camera in one hand and the other hand gently caressing the mother-to-be, Leslie filmed the most beautiful delivery of their first born son. It was 5:37 p.m. He was 7lbs 9oz and 20 inches long. A child was born, healthy and energetic. He was born to a Bahamian-French mother and a Caribbean Dutch father. What a beautiful melting pot of nationalities. Noah birth added to the list of eight other family members born in November. Something happens in a very special way during the months of March and April in the Brennen clan and children are born nine months later. Sarafina and Antionio Samual, paternal grandparents, were bubbling with excitement during each Skype conversations from St Maarten. Thank God for cyber communication. They anticipated their visit to Michigan within a few weeks.

THE CHILD

More than two thousand years ago another child was born. This child will not only bring joy but redemption to the entire world. Hundreds of years before His birth the nation of believers anticipated He would be born. Who would be the chosen virgin woman? News of this would not spread around the world via cyber technology. Facebook and emails were not even thought about. Those who would learn about the coming birth would be the scholars and teachers of prophecy or history. This child would be no ordinary child. This child would be the Savior of the world who would enter the universe through the humble virgin woman – Mary. The announcement of this birth started thousand of years earlier

because it was to be a promise to all believers that one day there would be no need for sacrifices of lambs and goats in the temple. This child would not just bring happiness, joy and peace to a single family but to the entire universe, at least to those who accepted his birth. The prophecy of his coming is found in Isaiah 9:5-6: "For to us a child is born, to us a son is given, and the government will be on his shoulders. And he will be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the greatness of his government and peace there will be no end."

It was so thrilling when we were told the name of our grandson months before he was born. Facebook, emails, and blogging pages would now talk about the coming son with his personal name – Noah Gabriel Samuel. Thousands of years before the birth of our Savior, his name was chosen. Isaiah 7:14 states "Therefore the Lord himself will give you a sign: The virgin will be with child and will give birth to a son, and will call him Immanuel." Matthew 1:23 quotes Isaiah and added the meaning of the name: ""The virgin will be with child and will give birth to a son, and they will call him Immanuel"--which means, "God with us."

Two thousand years ago our Savior was born. There were no digital cameras, paparazzi photographers, satellite transmissions, or Facebook. Yet, His coming would change the world. Christmas is the time of the year we reflect in a more deliberate way about the first coming of Jesus – the first Noel. It is a reminder that He came to earth in human form, yet without sin, to make it possible that we can have the gift of salvation. Then one day soon, he will return the second time – the second Noel, to take home those who believe in Him. Are you ready to go with Him? "For unto us a Child is born . . ." Merry Christmas! (You can view Noah's photos on www.soencouragement.org/noah)

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