

*Some readers have expressed curiosity about Stacey Joy, the daughter I wrote about in *I Was Broken, Too*, so here are answers to your FAQs and a few extra tidbits.*



Stacey came to us on Flag Day, June 14, 1974, through Holt International.

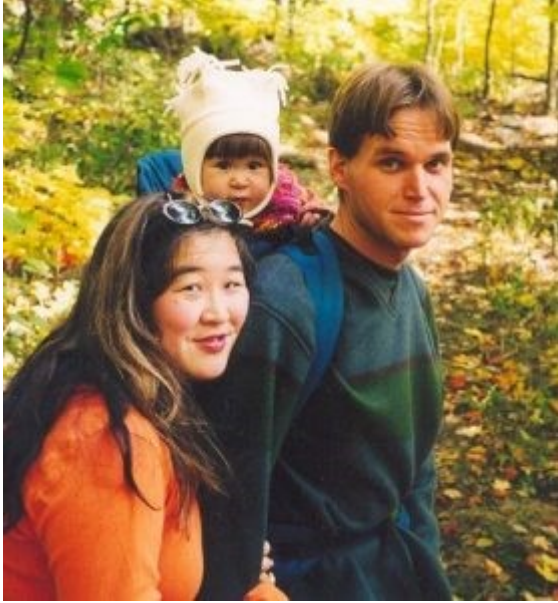
You could update this facial expression annually. Stacey had a stubborn determination and would not be intimidated by her brothers.



This is one of my favorite pictures, taken at Long Beach Island during the period I refer to as the Camelot years. I'm flanked by my daughters Stacey (left) and Bethany (right) with my daughters-in-law Shannon and Amy kneeling in front.



Stacey was everyone's cheerleader—her oft-spoken words of encouragement were, "You go, girl!" Any success was an excuse for a party. She loved fun and nobody laughed like her—there was no doubt when Stacey was in the room.



Two years after her marriage to Phil Touw, they had Kaylee, the joy of Stacey's life.



One of the last pictures we have of Stacey shows four generations—me, my mother ("Grandma B"), Stacey, and Kaylee at her three-year birthday party.

This short visit was not an incident: it was a benediction. The child departs, the remembrances, the influence, the associations remain... And if God recalls the child He lent, then let us thank Him for the loan, and consider that what made that child the messenger of God—its purity, modesty, trustfulness, gladness—has passed into our soul.



The Potter's Wheel, Ian Maclaren, 1904