

A Surprise Christmas Gift



Lloyd Marcus

Over forty-five years ago when my white wife and I met, interracial dating was taboo. We endured verbal and physical assaults from blacks and whites. A deranged white man approached our table in a restaurant, smashed a bottle over my head and ran out of the restaurant. He was prosecuted.

Mary and I did not intend to offend anyone. We were soulmates.

Raised by her father and step mother, Mary's parents reluctantly accepted me as their new son-in-law. They quickly became awesome in-laws.

Unfortunately, Mary's birth mother whom I will call Ruth refused to meet me. Even after we had been married for 39 years Ruth wanted nothing to do with me.

On our annual Christmas trip from Florida back home to Maryland to visit family, Mary wanted to visit her 90 something year old grandmother, Easter Pansy who is Ruth's mom.

I assumed Mary's grandma was an old-school racist highly offended by interracial marriage. I thought it best to drop Mary off at her grandma's house. My assumption about her grandma was so wrong.

Mary said Easter Pansy was extremely disappointed, asking,

"Where is your husband?" Easter Pansy dashed out her front door, trying to catch me before I drove away. She instructed Mary, "You tell that young man that he is always welcomed in my home. And tell him that I love him."

A few Christmases later, Mary received an amazing letter from Ruth, her birth mother, expressing how sorry she was and how much she wanted to meet her son-in-law. Mary called Ruth and setup a Christmas Eve visit.

I must admit that a negative thought did cross my mind. Is this a trap to get me inside her home for thugs to beat the crap out of me? Then, I thought, "That's ridiculous."

Ruth appeared super excited, greeting us with hugs. She had dinner prepared. The gathering included Mary's half sister, brother and their spouses. Ruth's grandson and his wife were there also.

Ruth asked me to say grace before we ate. Feeling a bit shy, I said I would prefer that our hostess say the prayer.

As Ruth prayed, she wept thanking God for bringing her family together. Feeling her genuineness, I spontaneously reached out and grabbed her hand. With my other hand, I grabbed Mary's hand. It was an awesome heartfelt moment orchestrated by the Holy Spirit.

Over the course of the evening, we all laughed a lot, got to know each other, viewed family pictures and took a bunch of pictures. I learned that Mary's half brother and his wife are conservatives who have been reading my articles and following my Christian conservative political activist work for years on the internet. Ruth is a born again Christian.

It was a wonderful evening. Mary and I left feeling extremely blessed and grateful. God gave us a surprise Christmas gift of new family.

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God instructed Pharaoh, “Let my people go.”

God instructs us, “Let my people know.” Spread truth.