

# *OUR LOVE VINDICATED*

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*The Johnny Series*

*By ThinkJP.Consulting*

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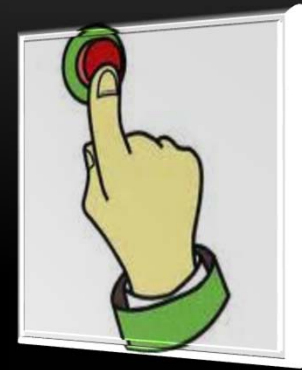


The day Johnny died was a very long day. Both Jack and I were extremely exhausted and our emotions taxed. Of course neither of us had slept much that week with Johnny being so ill and we had now been without sleep for about 40 hours.

We spent a lot of time and energy explaining Johnny's death to the other five mentally challenged foster people who had become Johnny's family. They, like us, were all very sad and required much comforting before settling down for the night. We shared our tears, our pain, and our grief as we tried to adjust to the fact that Johnny would not be coming back home. We were amazed to realize that they too had developed parenting-like attitudes towards Johnny.

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We had finally gotten everyone settled and tucked into bed around 11:00 p.m. and was just getting ready for bed ourselves when the doorbell rang. We looked at each other and wondered who would be at our door at this hour. Jack went to find out and was gone for a good while before he called for me to get dressed and join him upstairs.



I was shocked to see two State Police Officers sitting at my dining room table. I was quickly informed that they were there to question us about Johnny's death. I told them what I knew, and soon their questions turned to insinuations.

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I couldn't believe those officers had the nerve to come into our home on the very same day of Johnny's death and insinuate that we had been a part of it.

They suggested that we may have caused head injuries because the hospital records indicated bruising on the back of Johnny's head. We explained to them how the hospital kept him in a metal cage and becoming frustrated and confused, Johnny would bang his head against the bars for attention. After talking further with us, they suggested that we overdosed him with morphine because we felt sorry for him and couldn't stand to watch him suffer.





I was insulted and hurt. How could anyone think that we would deliberately harm Johnny?! I couldn't hold the tears at bay any longer.

Jack had finally had enough and told the officers to leave our home immediately and not return until they had "evidence" of the things they were insinuating. Just when I thought the tears had stopped and we could finally rest, they sprung forth like a well again.



My emotions ran wild between anger at their insinuations, and fear that they might actually try to make a case out of their ridiculous lies. If, for some unknown reason they were able to make a case against us with these lies, we could possibly lose our other folks, along with our Foster Home License and outstanding reputation.



Needless to say, neither of us rested much for the next couple of nights.

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The next afternoon, we talked to our doctor friend who had been a part of Johnny's health care team.

He could not believe what had happened and offered to find anything he could from the Medical Director and have him call us as soon as possible with his autopsy report.

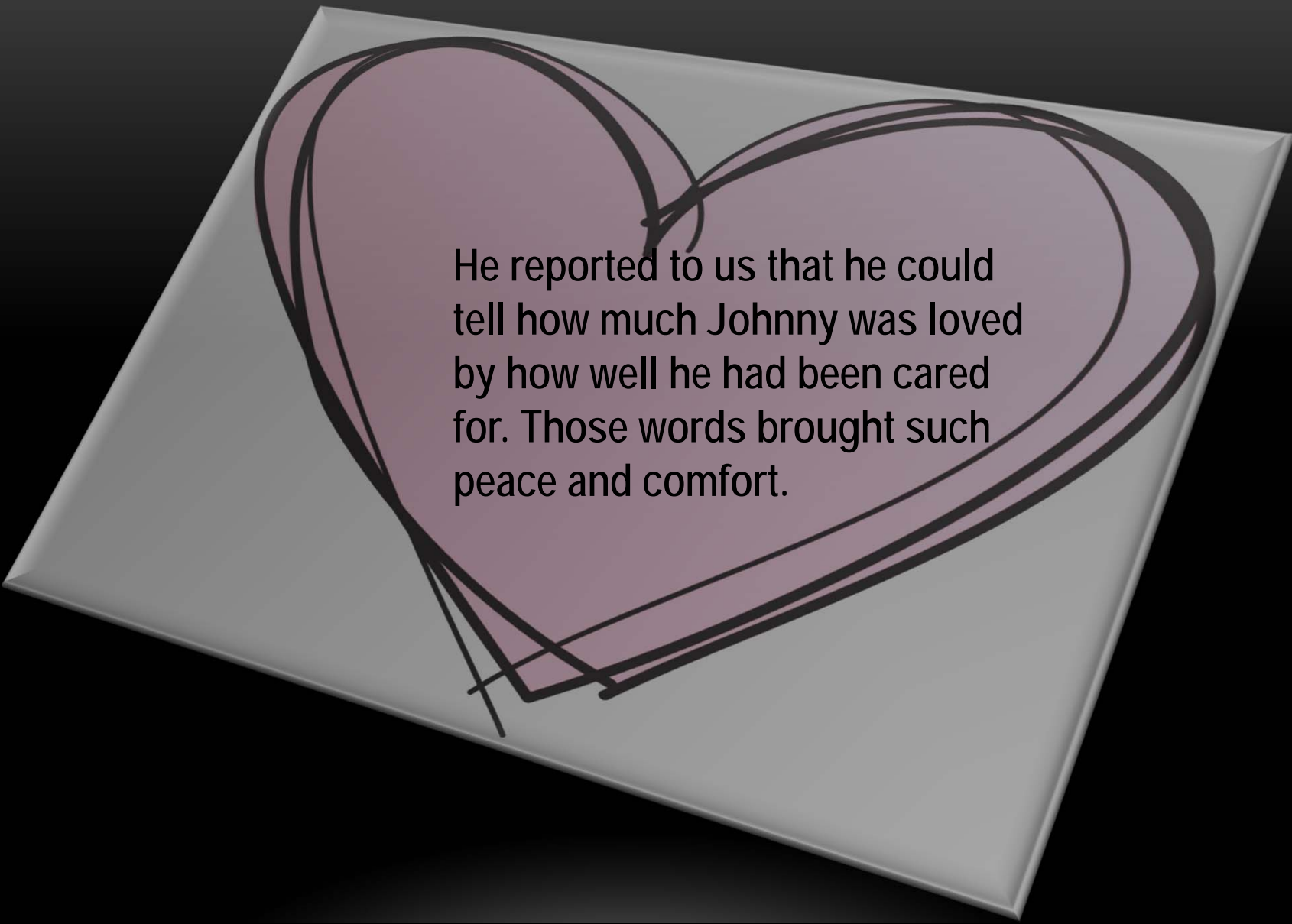


We nervously awaited news. The following afternoon we received a call from the doctor who performed the autopsy on Johnny.

He was full of praise for how well Johnny had been cared for, from inside his ears, under his nails and all the hidden areas that normally get neglected when one is in a foster home. He did not find any other bruises or marks on Johnny that indicated abuse or neglect on our part, nor did he find that we had given him too much morphine.



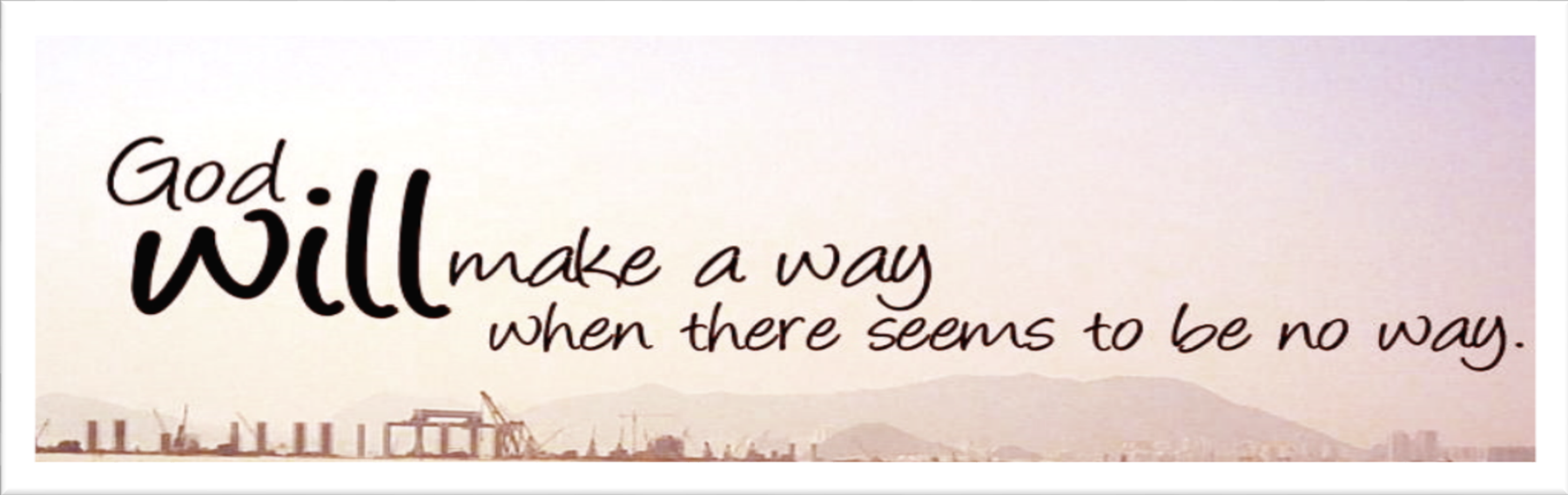




He reported to us that he could tell how much Johnny was loved by how well he had been cared for. Those words brought such peace and comfort.

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Someone once said that Jesus is a "way maker".



God  
**will** make a way  
when there seems to be no way.

Through this experience, I have learned that even when I am overwhelmed and burdened beyond what I think I can humanly bear, God will make a way for me.

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# Jesus



*you*

Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye who are burdened and heavy laden and I will give you rest".

I know from experience that I can believe those words. I praise God that He answered our prayers and justified our love for Johnny, even in his death.

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*THE END*

