

“We realised that accepting the children God wanted to give us included not having any”

Laura is a mother of three. On social media, she shares her journey through the adoption process, coming to terms with infertility, and topics related to family and education. In this article, she talks about her faith, and how sharing her experience on social media has been a source of healing for herself and a way of helping others.

02/27/2025

My husband and I exchanged the most important “yes” of our lives on 15 May, the feast of Saint Isidore, in Madrid, where we were to live after getting married. We said “yes” to loving each other always, “yes” to the children who would come, “yes” to God, and “yes” to a whole life together.

Like any other young couple, we dreamt of our future together. The thought of having a large family excited us; we longed to be parents and imagined holidays with one or several little ones. However, as time passed, the pregnancy we so deeply desired never came.

Accepting the children God wants... even when that means none

Although the years went by, we never lost hope of becoming parents. We consulted several doctors, who reassured us that we had nothing to worry about, that we would become parents at any moment. So, rather than growing anxious, we intensified our prayers.

We visited several shrines: Lourdes, Fatima, and Torreciudad. We also travelled to Rome, where we naturally prayed before St. Josemaría, St. Peter, St. John Paul II, and in countless holy places across the city.

In Spain, we prayed in every chapel, church, and cathedral, invoking the Virgin Mary and all the saints. The years continued to pass until we finally understood that accepting the children God wanted for us included not having any.

Those prayers were not in vain. They prepared us to accept the fact that

our dream of biological parenthood would not come true with great serenity. They also helped us to see that we were to be blessed in another way. The Lord showed us that our parenthood would come through adoption... And not just once, but three or four times.

As of now, we have undergone four adoption processes, through which three of our children have joined our family. We are currently waiting for the arrival of our fourth child, who, as always, will come when God wills... if it is meant to be. One thing is certain: we are not in control of anything.

After about two or three years of waiting, with the fourth adoption process completely stalled due to the pandemic, I decided to share our story on social media and in a book I titled Mis hilos rojos (*My Red*

Threads), alluding to the legend of the red thread.

I set out to talk about adoption and family, making myself available to anyone in need through my Instagram account (@mishilosrojos). At first, I felt a bit embarrassed discussing certain topics or openly sharing my faith, until I noticed that whenever I spoke about the Virgin Mary, many people asked me for prayers, and posts featuring her image were very popular.

Encouraged, I began to share everything without fear. My followers got to know me better, and before I realised it, I was having deep private conversations with many of them. One person told me she did not believe in God, but that my writings brought her peace, serenity, and joy. Jokingly, I replied, “You don’t believe in Him *now*, but if you keep reading, you will!”

Since adoption processes are long and complicated, and support can be hard to find, I gradually became friends with the people I met on Instagram: people considering adoption, those grieving infertility, and others who had completed their journey. We discussed many things, and I always told them I was praying for them. I never stopped thinking of several families whose adoption processes were stuck in China, just like ours.

I thought particularly of one family in a very difficult situation. When everything came to a standstill, they were on the verge of travelling to bring their child home. The years passed with no progress, and they grew increasingly discouraged. I kept encouraging them to pray, until one day the mother told me she was desperate and felt like no one was listening. So I said, "We need to do something extraordinary. Let's pray

to St Joseph, the most famous adoptive father in history.”

I explained why I had such great devotion to him, and she loved the idea. We decided to pray a novena together, asking St. Joseph for his help. “For nine days, we need to say a prayer and offer up a small sacrifice to make it more meaningful. What do you want to do?” We chose things that required some effort, adding extra value to our novena. When the nine days ended, not only did we celebrate completing it, but also the fact that, thanks to St. Joseph, she had gone back to the sacraments.

She has not yet been able to travel to collect her child, but in the meantime, we have celebrated many important milestones in her family. Just the other day, I told her, “St. Joseph hasn’t brought you your child yet, but look at all the beautiful things he’s placing before you!” We

never know where our prayers go, but one thing is certain: they are never lost.

I “teamed up” with St Joseph to continue helping more people. In fact, my book is always on my bedside table and in my living room, placed beneath a statue of St. Joseph. That way, I entrust to him everyone who reads it. And St. Joseph, who is always so discreet, has not stopped working wonders. The same summer I met the family waiting for their child in China, I also connected — through Instagram — with another family whose baby had arrived through domestic adoption.

We started chatting about all sorts of things, often laughing because I also enjoy posting lighthearted content where I poke fun at myself. As time went on, our conversations became deeper and more personal. We started messaging on Instagram, then

moved to WhatsApp, and eventually met in person.

One day, she shared with me that she had experienced many ups and downs in her life and felt restless, unsure of what God wanted from her. She told me she prayed sometimes, occasionally went to Mass and confession, and attended different events organised by various religious groups, though none of them truly fulfilled her. She also mentioned that she had never thought much of the message of Opus Dei, because it was not well-thought-of in her town. But then she added, “The Lord keeps placing people from Opus Dei in my path.”

Since she was already acquainted with some members of the Work and occasionally visited the shrine of Torreciudad, I suggested that she entrust her concerns to the Virgin Mary and speak with a priest who

could help clarify her doubts. Shortly afterwards, I had the opportunity to travel to Torreciudad and spend time with her and her family. There, we prayed the Rosary together and entrusted our families to our Lady.

Through my Instagram account and my book, I speak about adoption and family from my own perspective; one that is, of course, shaped by faith. It amazes me that people I never imagined would engage in deep discussions with me are reading my words. To my surprise, on the day of my book signing in Madrid, many people I had met through social media turned up, as well as people I encounter in my daily life, like the butchers at my local market and parents from my children's school.

Over time, I have come to see the importance of being active on social media. It is, after all, a “sea without shores” on which countless people

are searching for God. *Mis hilos rojos* has become a tool to reach many people, allowing me to speak about family, adoption, and whatever else arises — and, in one way or another, bring them closer to Him.

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(08/05/2025)