

## Testimony of God's Creative Miracle For My Baby, Khrissy – Born Under A Troubled Star

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I believe my Khrissy was born under a troubled star, everything from her beginning of life to her end of it, seemed to have some kind of problem linked to it. From the beginning, she was a “Daddy’s Girl” and I loved her dearly, so did her mother, and her brother Ronnie. She was like a little mama to Ronnie, she fed him, she diapered him, she dressed him, and made her mother and I responsible to feel bad if she felt that we were neglecting him, yes, they were a quite pair. I taught them to take care of each other but it seems that most of the

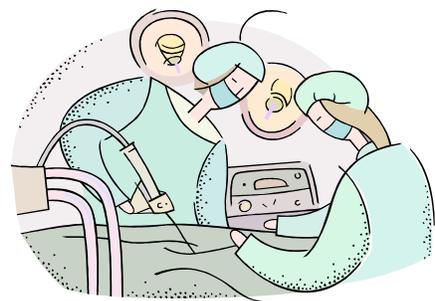


care giving was always by little Khrissy simply because, she was the older of the two.



Khrissy was born to a Pakistani woman named Fatima Jahn and to a Greek Embassy worker, I do not know his first name. Khrissy’s father worked in the Greek Embassy in Karachi, Pakistan. He had met, fell in love with, and married Fatima in Karachi, they had twin boys there and then within a year or so they left Pakistan, and he went to work for the Greek Embassy in Munich, Germany. Khrissy was born in Munich, Germany on March 31<sup>st</sup>, 1965. Something happened in Munich that made Mr. Jahn get a divorce. Fatima, very soon thereafter, married a German man named Mr. Burtelles there in Munich. By now, little Khrissy (Khrissy) was an infant. Fatima and her new German husband wanted to adopt Khrissy out to someone so, they gave the German Jugandamt (German Youth Office of adoption) permission to seek someone to adopt Khrissy.

While at the Jugandamt orphanage, the German doctors were giving Khrissy a required physical examination when one of the doctors carelessly dropped Khrissy and broke a bone (Fibula) in her right leg. The lower right leg became infected, x-rays of the leg, showed that there had been a broken bone and it was not healing properly and this was the cause of the infection. Khrissy eventually, had to go through an operation and the medical team removed her right leg, Fibula bone. Everything went well except that it gave little Khrissy an intense fear of men, especially doctors.



Now I (Ronald A. Underwood) come into the picture. I had gone to the Jugandamt Office and been interviewed as a potential parent for one of their available children. After a series of miraculous events, Wednesday, January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1968, I was able to take my girl home with me to begin a wonderful little family. About six weeks later, on Thursday, February 22, 1968, I picked up my boy, born, Thomas Nasal (Later changed to Ronald Jordan, (Ronnie)) November 17<sup>th</sup>, 1967, a



little brother for Khrissy. Now, we were set as a family, and ready to begin our lives together. God had been so generous to me and I knew it. We were foster parents to these wonderful children for the next

year and a half then, we had to begin getting the paperwork (passports, physical examinations, and adoption papers, etc.) done correctly to take these two lovely children back home to the U. S. A.

Ronnie was no problem, I was able to formally adopt him under German and American law and get his passport through the German Government to go home to the United States, without incident. I had hired a German lawyer, Mr. Otto Mankauf, and between the Judge Advocate General's Office (JAG) and my attorney, Mr. Mankauf Ronnie's paperwork sailed through all channels with no problems. Khrissy, her paperwork and physical examination was another story. It seems that all of her little life, she was always behind the "8 Ball" about something, nothing in my little Khrissy's life ever came easy for her or me except for loving her, all of this is a part of what is called parenting, I suppose.



I needed to get my Khrissy a passport so that she could legally travel home. As I said previously, Khrissy had been born to a Greek man who worked for the Greek Diplomatic service. He had not claimed little Khrissy as his own because he was afraid that, if he did, he would have to pay child support which, I had never demanded from him or the mother anyhow, as a "Foster Parent", but I understood why he didn't claim her, money talks doesn't it. After talking with the Greek Embassy, they said that they would not help me because of the father would not acknowledge Khrissy as his. The mother, Fatima, was Pakistani so, I went to the Pakistani Embassy in Munich and asked for help in acquiring a Pakistani passport so my Khrissy could legally leave Germany and go home with us. The Pakistani's story was that, in Pakistan, a woman is like a "beast of burden", she is considered as property owned by a man. Women are not citizens, therefore they do not need a passport, and that, if I needed a passport, the Pakistani's said that, "I should try the father's country's Greek Embassy". Well, I'd already done that, and with no success. This was and is, Islam at its best, I suppose.

I talked with my German Attorney, Mr. Mankauf. He said that we could probably, could get a German Passport with Khrissy listed as "Staatenlos" (German) or "Stateless" in English. She could leave Germany but she could not return later, without an American passport. He'd done this before, and for a small fee, he said that, "he would do it now, for my Khrissy". My U. S. Army, JAG office said that this would work for American law and they advised us that, we should do it. Now, all I needed to do would be to get the children a U. S. Army physical examination and if the children passed, we were ready to go home to the good old U. S. A.

As usual, the physical examination for my boy, Ronnie was a breeze but for my Khrissy, there were problems. It seems that when the Germans had operated on my Khrissy's leg, they had created a problem to the American U. S. Army doctors. To enter the United States, Khrissy had to be considered in good health and the missing right leg, fibula bone had shown up in her X-rays and the U. S. doctors said that her health was less than perfect so, Khrissy could not enter the U. S. A. "Now, how can I get my baby home?", I ask them, "Will I have to stay here in Germany and raise her here?" "Well," they said, "Rules are rules and they are clear



here, we cannot make any exceptions, if you can get some authorized someone, to give her a clean bill of health, you can take her home otherwise she must stay here.”

Well, I was stumped; I had no idea what I was going to do. I began to check with American owned companies located in Europe, to see if it would be possible to go to work for one of them when I got out of the Army. I reasoned that, I could take a European discharge and maybe work for a company here in Europe until I could figure out a way to take my Khrissy home. Upon checking, no American company would pay the wages that American’s were making at home. I secured a promise of a position at a Munich, Germany, American Express office but they were paying only \$200.00 a month and I could not live on that. As a U. S. Army Captain at the time, I was making around \$1,200.00 monthly and barely making it now, what would I do if I had to survive with my new family on less, yes, I didn’t know what to do, the future was a big question mark.



When I’d first come to Germany, I had been spiritually desperate to find other Christians that believed fundamentally like me because I needed the Christian fellowship. Christian Fellowship is important, the Army’s Chapel program had always left something undone in my life. It had never served me well, maybe, because there were always so many other compromised faith-belief systems where the Army Chaplains had tried to be politically correct and they had watered down the truth with too much allegory. I’ve always believed that, God’s Word is true and it means exactly what it says and says exactly what it means, all you had to do was read it within its context then, practice it. God has made promises to His children in His Word and we, as His children, have a right to point to those promises and expect



God to fulfill them to us, if we’re obedient to Him. I’ve always basically believed that, God’s promises to us are either true and they work, or they are a bunch of bald face lies, with no in-between exceptions. I’d been in Germany now, for approximately 1-3/4 years and had helped to begin this Christian Fellowship when I first was assigned to Germany. I had worked within the U. S. Army Chaplain’s office system and we had begun a fellowship that started with 3 serious basic believers starting a Bible Study together in my home, and we had grown to over 2,200 memberships, in the time that we were there. So now, there were other believers that agreed with me that, God was there to fulfill His promises to us all and I needed the support of their prayers.



I told my whole problem to my Christian Fellowship brothers and sisters and asked them to pray for some kind of breakthrough or miracle for my family or I would not be going home with my family, we would have to stay in Germany with my little girl. The Fellowship did pray for several weeks and then, after prayer service one evening, I went home and went to sleep after my evening prayer time. But, just before going to sleep, I told God that, **“in Hosea 14:3 it says: *“Our God,’ to the work of our hands. In thee the orphan finds mercy.”*** Also, I explained that, “He and only He can extend



and offer mercy to anyone and even to orphans” then, I told Him that, “I had always believed that He had meant for me to have this child and that, if I had been wrong in assuming this, please forgive me, and He needed to stop the whole process and that, I would relent, it was in His hands now. I did not want this child if she would die unsaved someday, or, if I was to be the cause of any harm to her

whatsoever and to forgive me if I had been wrong in my assumption. On the other hand, if I was right in taking this little girl as my child, I asked Him to make a miracle based on his promise to me in Psalm 91: verse's 14, 15, & 16 – **14, Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. 15, He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. 16, With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.**

When I awakened the next morning, I had, had a dream where, I was made to know that, I was to go to the U. S. Army hospital in Augsburg, and insist that they re-X-ray my Khrissy's leg. A Dr. Gonzales, a U. S. Army Captain, waving a copy of the original X-ray in my face, at first, refused me, saying that, "His staff X-ray technician had X-rayed my Khrissy once before, and the indication was that Khrissy's leg did not meet the specifications required for her to go back to the U. S. A. with my family, and that was final as far as he was concerned." I told him that, "there must have been some kind of mistake and if he would only do what I asked, I would leave without making any problems but if he continued to refuse me, I was formally requesting that, I be granted permission to see his commanding officer and assured him that I would make problems that he would not forget." Then, he finally agreed, with the Lord's help, I had been able to intimidate him into re-X-raying my baby.



After redoing the X-ray, Dr. Gonzales walked back into the room with both x-rays (original and new) in his hands. Looking puzzled, scratching his head, he said, "I'll not trust that X-ray technician again, I don't know what he did or didn't do with the first X-ray but Captain Underwood, I apologize for causing you this agony, your daughter's leg is perfect, I can see the large scar on her leg and where there has been some damage but everything's normal now. The scar on Khrissy's leg where the operation occurred seems larger than it needed to be for whatever those German doctors did to her, but this baby is a normal healthy girl with two good legs, take her home." I thanked Dr. Gonzales and took my daughter, Khrissy home, and ultimately back to the United States.

However, A day or so, later, at the officer's club during dinner, I saw Dr. Gonzales and his family, he got up and came to my table and told me that, "he had gotten his X-ray technician straightened out, and that he wouldn't be making mistakes like that again and once again, he apologized for causing me trouble. I explained that, "he shouldn't be too hard on the technician and that he (Dr. Gonzales) should feel privileged that he had personally been able to witness a "creative miracle" from God because the first X-ray had also been a good one. He didn't understand what I was saying, at the time, and didn't want to stand and continue to talk so, he just smiled and walked away.



Dr. Gonzales, did in fact, witness a "Creative Miracle" for my Khrissy, by God. I had access to those X-rays, and upon my discharge from active duty, I asked if I could have both of those X-rays for my files. The Veteran's Administration looked, but could only find one X-ray of a little girl's leg that was in perfect condition. All of her life with us, Khrissy played games, climbed, and ran, like any healthy child and never had a bad day from her leg, God had done a good work. All of her life, you could see the large scar on her leg until she passed away in 1987 at age 21. I'm grateful to God for giving her to us for the years that we had her, and I will always love and cherish her memory, she was my girl.

Ronald A. Underwood (Proud Dad)



Home with my Babies, disembarking the USS United States in October 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1969

PERSONENBESCHREIBUNG DESCRIPTION SIGNALEMENT	
Beruf Occupation Profession	
Geburtsort Place of birth Lieu de naissance	AUGSBURG
Geburtsdatum Date of birth Date de naissance	31. MÄRZ 1965
Wohnort Residence Domicile	AUGSBURG
Gesichtsform Shape of face Visage	OVÄL
Farbe der Augen Colour of eyes Couleur des yeux	BRAUN
Größe Height Taille	IM WACHSEN
Besondere Kennzeichen Distinguishing marks Signes particuliers	KEINE
Nr. 0045424	

	
 SCHREIBKUNDIG	
Unterschrift des Passinhabers Signature of bearer Signature du titulaire	
Es wird hiermit bescheinigt, daß der Passinhaber die im Lichtbild dargestellte Person ist und die Unterschrift darunter eigenhändig vollzogen hat. It is hereby certified that the bearer is identical with the person on the photograph and that the signature has been given in his own hand. Il est certifié que le titulaire est la personne représentée par la photographie ci-dessus et que la signature est autographe.	
Augsburg, den <b>19. Mai 1969</b>	
 <b>Stadt Augsburg</b> Amt für öffentliche Ordnung Im Auftrag <i>[Signature]</i> Unterschrift / Signature / Signature	
Nr. 0045424	

This is my Khrissy's "Stateless" German Passport Photo Page