

Lindsey Bandy '12
Family Anchors Award Winner
Nominee: Bruce and Colleen Bandy (Parents)

A beautiful story had begun to be written a long time ago. On a warm, sticky Kentucky summer day in June, June 18th to be exact, my life changed as I knew it. I was eight and on that day my little brother was born. I didn't know he was going to be my brother, I just knew that he was going to live with us for a little while when he was born. Just a few months prior, in late March, when spring was pushing its way through what winter left lingering on the ground and in the air, my family met my brother's biological mother at the Kentucky state prison and she choose us to be his "safe family" while she served the remainder of her sentence for crack-cocaine possession and use. A year later, my family moved to Chicago and his mom regained custody of him.

The long eleven years that followed were full of unknowns. He would come and live with us for extended periods of time, all for his mother to decide one day she wanted him back. We had no choice but to oblige, unsure of the next time we would see him and unsure of the environment he was returning to, if he would go to school or where he would sleep. He would go, first weeping, begging, and clinging his skinny three year old, four year old, six year old, eight year old, body to my mother's tucking her words deep in his chest, ribs and spine: "you are my son; I am your mother, but you are His. God will hold you until He brings you back and He will. I love you, to the moon and back, I love you", I heard from the front porch.

My parents are two of the most faithful people that I know. They waited on the Lord's timing and withstood suffering even through the unknowns; they waited on the Lord and on November 17th 2010, Lucas Lee Lyvers legally became Lucas Lee Bandy when we adopted him at the age of twelve. My parents taught me, through their faithfulness to the Lord's timing and will, how to endure patiently, and suffer faithfully.

Academia, by nature, is one of unknowns, abstractions, difficulty and delayed gratification. It isn't easy to refine your thinking in order to patiently endure the process of learning; to suffer faithfully through the seemingly mundane for an unknown delayed gratification is something my generation is not comfortable with. We want everything as fast as possible with as little effort as possible. What my parent's modeled for me was counterintuitive to what society models and has helped me while pursuing my education at Hope. This depiction of endurance has provided me with a tangible example that I have found myself leaning into often as a student at Hope and as I look on to graduate school. Learning is a process of delayed gratification, and patiently enduring and suffering faithfully is not easy, but what my parents showed me is that it is so much better than easy.