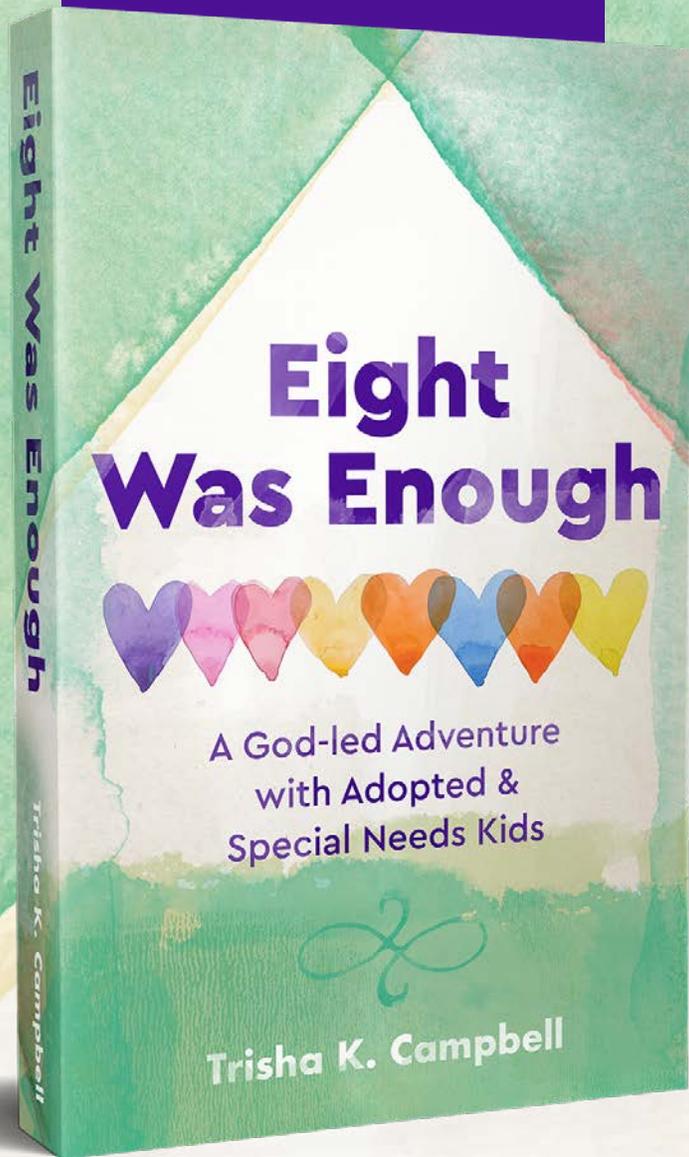


MEDIA KIT



"With unusual honesty Trisha shares her story of raising a unique family. From adopted toddlers to troubled teens to supernatural encounters with our heavenly Father who understands it all, her life will encourage you wherever you are in your own journey!"

—Susan Alexander Yates, bestselling author and speaker

TITLE

Eight Was Enough



A God-led Adventure
with Adopted &
Special Needs Kids

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TOPICS COVERED INCLUDE



PARENTING



CHRISTIAN
LIVING



ADOPTION &
FOSTERING



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ABOUT THE BOOK

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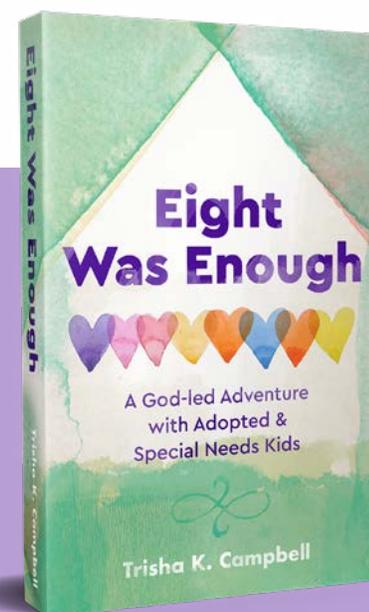
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Children should feel unconditionally valued and accepted regardless of birth circumstance, race, or ability—and Trisha Campbell and her family rose to this challenge. After a faith search inspired her to care for hungry orphans in a developing country, she heard God's calling and adopted five children to join her biological three.

Life in a big, transracial family can be difficult, especially when many in society don't think White families should adopt kids of color. But when God is in the lead, every day is an adventure—never lonely, never boring.

A heartfelt memoir of God's grand design for her life purpose, *Eight Was Enough* chronicles a devoted Christian parent's journey in trusting God with unwavering faith to create a divinely inspired, transracial family. Full of spiritual insight for parents on their own adoption or fostering adventure, this true story will guide you through the sometimes difficult but always rewarding and adventurous path of adding a child to your home—and your heart.

You'll discover:

- ◆ How to find your purpose in parenting, the saving love of God, and truth of the scripture.
- ◆ Multilayered challenges faced by parents during the adoption and foster care process.
- ◆ Encouraging guidance for the unique difficulties of raising a boy or girl with special needs.
- ◆ Relatable, amusing anecdotes collected while raising eight kids—because they say and do the darnedest things and sometimes you just need a laugh!
- ◆ Creative parenting advice to handle discipline, difficult topics, tantrums, chores, and more.

A family is created through love and God's purpose, not color or ability. Get *Eight Was Enough* now for the inspiration and hope to answer the calling on your own parenting adventure, no matter what comes your way.

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"Trisha K. Campbell has written what will become a parenting/family classic...This book is real. It is not just theory. It presents parenting in all its nitty-gritty. Success as well as "failure" is given. Along with parenting skills, this book will increase any Christian's faith. It will encourage the reader to follow the direction of the Holy Spirit and trust God to provide where He leads. I highly recommend this book to all... engaging and inspirational."

—Readers'
Favorite 5-star
Review

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

"An exciting, captivating, difficult-to-put-down book on family life. A must read. This book is valuable not only for adoptive parents with transracial or special needs children, but for all parents, or would be parents. If one desires to discover God's purpose for their lives, wants to know how unity can be achieved in family life, and seeks creative, loving, and effective ways of raising their children, this book is for you."

—Rev. Dr. R James Tasker, Author, *Nations Are God's Idea: Exposing and Countering the Assault on Sovereignty*

Trisha K. Campbell is a mother, author, and advocate. After questioning her faith and volunteering in a developing country, Trisha realized her true calling and God's purpose for her. After having three biological children, she and her husband added five more children to their family through foster care and transracial adoptions. Though a blended family with several special needs children didn't come without challenges, God helped them through every difficulty as they responded in loving obedience to His call.



Born and raised in Massachusetts along with her three siblings, Trisha is the daughter of a police officer and a teacher. After graduating from Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, she taught middle school and high school social studies while also coaching field hockey, basketball, and track. Her experience as a teacher and coach served as training for her true calling: being a mom of many.

Trisha lives in Ohio with her husband and college sweetheart of 38 years, David, and their two dogs. After raising eight children, they are both happily fulfilling and enjoying their roles as grandparents. Trisha shares more of her experience, insights, and encouragement in her Facebook group, *A Dose of Hope with Adopted and Special Needs Kids*. Learn more at trishakcampbell.com

SAMPLE TOPICS

Talk to Trisha Campbell about adoption and foster care, Christian parenting, life in transracial family, and raising special needs children.

Topics include:

- **Eight was Enough: How God's Calling Inspired a Transracial Adoption Journey**
- **A Divinely Inspired Path: Find Your God-Given Purpose in Parenting**
- **Post-Adoption Tips to Ease Your Child's Transition into a New Home**
- **No More Chore Chart: Calm Household Chaos with the Peg System**
- **Simple Strategies to Navigate Difficult Topics with Your Adopted Child**
- **Sensory Meltdowns, Learning Struggles, and Other Special Needs Challenges: Survival Tips for Parents**



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BOOK EXCERPT

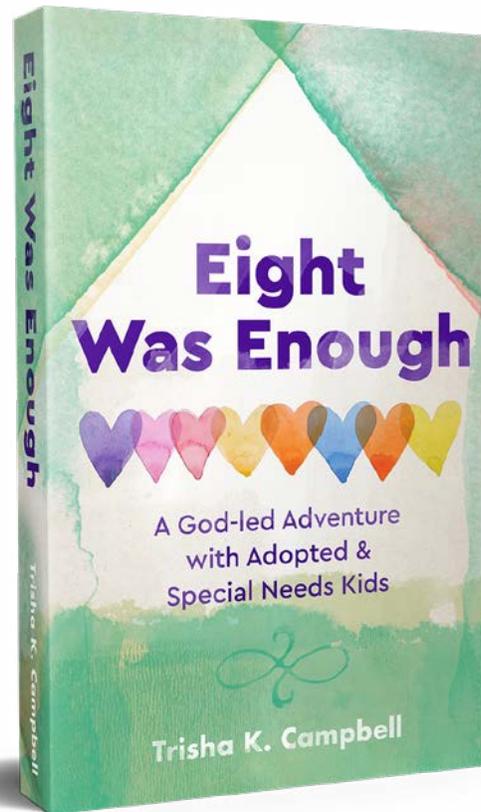
Now that we were saved, baptized, and ready for action, God didn't pause a beat in His expansive plans for our lives. Just weeks after our baptism, in His typical spectacular fashion, God called us to adoption.

He revealed His plans for our family through vivid dreams that involved adopting kids. To me, the dreams felt normal because I'd started my Christian life having been literally awakened by God. I hadn't put Him into any religious box He needed to extricate Himself from before I'd pay attention. I didn't have any theological blockades to tear down in order for Him to communicate with me. He had my full attention, and I knew it was Him.

"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me."

(John 10:27)

I love God's Word and am committed to His church. However, spiritual experiences can be hard for some people, so I kept a lot of these occurrences to myself, my husband, and a few close friends whom I knew were prayerful believers. After my salvation, I learned that people who weren't ready to hear



about God and His will weren't ready to hear from Him either. But through several prophetic dreams, God laid down the foundation for a work He had planned from the beginning of my life ... our marriage ... probably even the beginning of time.

Initially, I didn't know the dreams had to do with adoption, but they were centered on a baby girl named "Danielle," and she was clearly our daughter. She was African American, had one arm, and was a tiny, darling, cheerful little girl. She was of different ages in the dreams but always the same sweet child, and it

was obvious she was our daughter. I couldn't recall the actual events in the dreams, but I awoke with the conviction the little girl was ours. After the third dream, I awoke on a Sunday morning and, as usual, excitedly told Dave about it.

At that time, we were out of town on a business trip and had planned to go to the Episcopal church by our hotel in Naples, Florida. Sunday morning church had become our usual family pattern. We arrived into the very full church, sandwiched into a pew with a number of other parishioners, and partook in the typical Episcopalian pattern of worship to which we'd grown accustomed. Then, they got to the Bible readings, and it was like my own mind expanded, as God spoke and everyone else in the church just faded away:

And Jesus took a child and put him by his side and said to them,

"Whoever receives this child in my name receives me, and whoever receives me receives him who sent me."

(Luke 9:48)

At the altar, the priest read quite matter-of-factly, unaware

he was being used as an oracle of God. Back in the pew, I started to shake and weep uncontrollably from the very depths of my soul. God was calling us to receive this child, Danielle! The dreams were about adopting!

Dave was frantically searching his mind for why I was in tears, when I showed him the scripture and whispered, "Danielle." I watched the reality dawn on his face and a smile spread across it. He put a comforting arm around me, pulled me close, and kissed my head. God had orchestrated the dreams, the trip, the scripture at the church—all of it. He was indeed now calling us to the life of adoption, in a rather spectacular fashion, leaving no doubt that He was the author of our calling! A few days later, we went home with a keen sense of purpose but with no idea how to move forward with it.

Back in Ohio, we relayed the contents of the dreams to a young pastor friend at the church. Various components made it evident we were to seek a transracial, special needs adoption. He went on to pray for clarity about how we were to move forward. The problem was that we couldn't just call an agency and make inquiries about the specificities of children in their care! It would go over like a lead

balloon:

"Yes, hello. We were wondering if you have any African American baby girls in your care with one arm."

We prayed about it and boldly decided to just start trying to proceed in the process. After a lot of phone calls to local agencies, we even looked into international adoption as we couldn't determine Danielle's origin just from her appearance in the dreams. We thought of Tijuana but knew she wasn't likely to be Mexican. She could be from the United States, but she could also be from an African nation, a Caribbean Island, or from any number of other countries.

Another problem was that most of our agency inquiries were met with suspicion—why would a couple with three healthy young children seek to adopt a child of color with special needs? Social workers were typically polite but then told us to go home and just enjoy our kids. Of course, I'd told no one the story about the Danielle dreams—it was the better part of wisdom since I knew unbelievers would think I was a fool or plain crazy. They may have sent us home and called Children's Services to check on our psychological fitness as parents!

Shortly thereafter, I started to get a nudge from God to speak with a certain woman at our church who was a well-known busybody. I often avoided her to keep myself from hearing her gossip or becoming a party to her latest rumor! At first, I wondered if it was God, but He was persistent like the line of scripture that woke me in the night. He was insistent; "Talk to her!" So, I resolved in my heart to speak with her at the next after-church coffee hour, the one place our lives intersected.

As God intended, it came on the very next Sunday. I braced myself, took a deep breath, walked right up to her, and asked the open-ended question, "So, Joan,* how are things with you?" She told me a couple of anecdotes. Thankfully, none of it was gossip-laden, and then she reciprocated the question. I took another deep breath and plunged in with what God had called Dave and I to do. At the end of my tale of not knowing how to proceed in this calling, she said, "I don't know if you know this, but I am on the county board for unwed teen mothers."

I just smiled to God—He is omniscient—He truly does know everything!