

Comfort in Crisis

Times of crisis don't usually evoke cherished memories. However, it is just such a time in my life that calls up my fondest memory.

While I was growing up, my family went to church sporadically and believed in God. I believed that He existed, but other than that I never thought very much about Him.

Then in my late 20s a series of events drove me to a crisis point. My mom died suddenly, and 14 months later, I married and began a new life 900 miles away from family, friends and everything familiar to me.

When I became pregnant with my first child, the thrill was tempered with fear. Problems with the pregnancy confined me to bed for several weeks. As I prayed for the safety of my child, I found myself deeply desiring to know this God to whom I was praying.

Until then, I had avoided reading the Bible because I'd been deceived into believing I could never understand it. A precious Christian friend encouraged me to buy an easy-to-understand translation and dig in.

I devoured the Psalms as ravenously as a starving person would a sumptuous meal. A picture of God began to emerge from them that was very different from the one I'd created myself, and oh, so much better!

When I read through the New Testament, I began to understand my desperate need for Jesus. Right there in my bed, I asked Him to come in and take over my life.

Later I realized that the crisis in my pregnancy was a gift in disguise. Not only was I blessed with a perfect baby boy, but also I was born again to eternal life.