

From Crisis to Christ: Finding the Love of Your Life

David breaking up with me literally broke me. I just knew he was the one I would marry. Barely able to see through my tears driving home, I opened the door to my condominium, dropped my purse and keys to the floor once inside and stumbled over to the couch where I fell into it. I was sobbing from a depth of my soul I never knew existed. The tears streaming down my face were painfully hot. There were times I felt sheer agony and other times complete numbness.

I loved him and was certain he was the man I would marry. To be loved and in a secure marriage was something I'd dreamed about from the time I was very little. My home life as a child was violent, abusive and terribly volatile. I had always believed when I grew up I would get married, and then I could satisfy the deep inner longing and finally feel secure.

I don't know how long I laid there, when I found myself praying. God, Jesus, Father, heavenly Spirit ... if you are real and you love me the way the Sunday school teacher told me as a little girl that You do, then I need you to help me now more than ever. I realize I've wanted Jesus to be my Savior to keep me from hell, while I've lived as Lord of my own life. If You will, I want You to take my life and make something good of it because up until now, I've only proven all I can do is make a mess of it.

Then I most unexpectedly heard the voice of the Lord speak to me. Not audibly, but in my spirit, and I've since taken the time to write it out to share with others. Read more about what I heard from God that night on my blog and listen to the full story on *Faith to Live By* on the Charisma Podcast Network. {eoa}

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