

God Can Use You, Too

When I was a little girl, I watched my dad get drunk and physically abuse my mom. One day He went so far as to bring another woman into our home.

At 4 years old, I was molested by a baby-sitter, and at 5, by a family member. The molestation continued until I was 12.

At first, I didn't tell anyone because the abuser said my mom would be angry with me and would not believe me. When I finally spoke up, that is exactly what happened.

In high school, I spent every moment either at school or working, just to get away from the turmoil in my home life. Then at 17, I became a Christian.

My mother made it difficult for me to live the Christian life. Eventually, I returned to my old ways.

I began preparing to attend college in Europe. I wanted to get as far away as I could, but I discovered I was pregnant at 18, and I was kicked out of my home.

I moved in with my boyfriend and cried every night for a year. This was not what I had planned!

When we were old enough, my boyfriend and I were married. We had many differences, but I made a commitment to him.

My husband liked to drink and smoke. His drinking led to cocaine use and adultery. I tried everything to get him to stop using drugs, but nothing worked.

One day I called out to Jesus to help me.

My husband became very sick, and I ran to God. That day I found Him all over again. He comforted me and loved me as though I'd never left Him.

Two years later my husband was diagnosed with a terminal illness and given two to six months to live. But before he died, he became the kind of man I'd prayed for him to become.

Now I'm running a day-care center and working with abused women. I have also begun speaking and writing books.

The Lord has turned my misery into a ministry to others. He's using me in ways I never imagined He would.