

God Had Another Plan

The July 4 celebration in our quaint Texas town drew 50,000 visitors. I stood onstage at Granbury Live, the Branson-style theater where I work, and sang “Amazing Grace” to a sell-out crowd.

Before I sensed a call to ministry, I had dreamed of being a wife, mom and musical theater performer. But I thought those dreams and my calling couldn’t possibly co-exist.

By the time I entered Baylor University, I had my life all planned—college, marriage at 23, children by 26 and a successful singing career. But when my college years came and went without Mr. Right’s showing up, I questioned God. Obviously, I had missed the boat and was sure I was destined to be single forever.

I graduated with a vocal music degree and went on the road with a Christian musical theater group. It was a perfect blending of my talents and dreams.

During rehearsal camp I met my husband, Carey Dyer, a funny, godly guy with a great voice and a big heart. I knew instantly that he was “the one,” but he didn’t realize that I was to be his soul mate until 10 months later.

After we were married we started trying to have a baby almost immediately and didn’t have to wait long to conceive. But sadly, our first pregnancy ended in miscarriage.

I had never prepared myself for that possibility. People kept telling us, “Oh, you’ll get pregnant again within a couple months—everybody does.” But as time dragged on I began to wonder if we would ever have a child of our own.

I was still active in ministry, singing in our church and supporting Carey, who was a seminary student and youth pastor,

but I fell into depression and doubted God. Had I done something to displease Him? One by one the questions came, but there were no answers.

Finally, we saw a specialist. Our tests all came back normal, and three weeks later, I realized I was pregnant. With that blessing came a flood of uneasiness, but God kept whispering, "Trust Me."

He used those nine difficult months to teach me more about waiting and about Himself. Now we have a precious son, Jordan Ray, whose coming was that much sweeter because we had yearned and prayed for him.

Last year God opened a door for us to perform each weekend in a new Christian theater on our town's historic square. God fulfilled seemingly unrelated desires in His perfect timing. So when I sing about our Savior's grace, I believe every word. And, hopefully, the audience can tell.