

Strength in Weakness

In 12 years, there has not been a morning when I actually felt like getting out of bed. Having survived many difficulties, I've learned to start each day with a divine "turbocharge" in the form of a simple prayer: "Lord Jesus, please give me the strength for this day."

One month after I was married, 17 years ago, my husband and I were hit by a drunken driver. The accident resulted in years of neck and back pain for me. I began my honeymoon on anti-inflammatory medication, which would prove to be a major problem later.

Then shortly after the birth of our precious daughter Chelsea, a number of chronic health problems began. I became terribly weak with a kidney infection that was compounded by diverticulitis, a bowel disorder. Thankfully, God sent a clever doctor my way, and my health was restored.

Following the birth of another precious daughter, Jamie Hope, I was scheduled for surgery to remove a portion of the placenta that had been left intact. It should have been a routine procedure, but during the course of the operation, my uterus was perforated, and I began hemorrhaging. This brought about the need for a hysterectomy.

Eventually, the shock of this crisis wore off. But then doctors discovered that the anti-inflammatory medication I'd been taking for neck and back pain had caused a perforated ulcer and peritonitis.

In 2000, I became heavily involved in campaigning against the legalization of child pornography in Canada. One day, my mind on the campaign, I left a pan of hamburger cooking on the stove for nearly two hours while I was out of the house. When I returned, the house was filled with greasy smoke.

In the midst of a cleanup by a professional company, our house was poisoned. We lost everything.

But God intervened. The anti-pornography campaign was a success, and it appears that we will be able to resolve all the insurance matters related to our home.

Even more important, much character building occurred during this trauma. I learned to turn to Jesus in the storm.

He has enabled me to survive, and in the midst of it all, I've been able to maintain a sense of humor and my sanity. Today our family is even stronger.

All three of my children have an appreciation for life far beyond their years. My husband and I are closer than ever.

I would not trade who I am now for anything. I like who I am in Christ Jesus.

God does use our sufferings to reveal His future glory. He enables us to do all things through Him.