

Living Proof

During my sophomore year of college, when I was 20 years old, my mother, Regina, was diagnosed with cancer and died three months later. I was very close to her, so her death was extremely painful. It was particularly hard because my father had died three years earlier.

My parents had worked very hard for my brother and me to attend college and “make something of ourselves.” Having lost them both, I felt alone but determined to finish school and see my dreams realized.

My mother’s death came in July, and I was scheduled to return to classes in September. I was concerned that I wasn’t prepared emotionally or financially to go back.

With so much going on, I had not finished my paperwork for grants to cover the costs of my next semester. I felt the weight of the world on my shoulders, so I cried out to the Lord. That day my prayer was just two words: “Help me.”

The next week I spoke with the director of financial services. I told her about my loss, and she told me not to worry about my paperwork; she would take care of it.

By the end of that day, I was registered for class and had my dorm assignment for the fall term. I can remember saying out loud: “Jesus is real.”

Initially I was afraid of everything, but with each step, I asked the Lord to be with me and protect me. That was six years ago. I am now a college graduate working in public relations, a field I love.

I want my life to encourage young men and women to be strong and courageous in the Lord. He is truly our “Waymaker.” Then and now, He is Jehovah Jireh, our Provider.