

Why Bad News Could Be Your Biggest Blessing

I remember the day I found out I was pregnant. I was 17 years old and a senior in high school. The news was *bad* in every way. My boyfriend dumped me when I didn't have an abortion. I dropped out of school because I was so embarrassed of being pregnant. **Yet that dark day turned into something beautiful.**

When I was six months pregnant, I dedicated my heart to God. I told Him that I wanted to live His way and not my own. My future started looking bright! I then started praying for my future husband, and God brought me an amazing, godly guy. We were married when my son Cory was 9 months old.

Well, that's good for you, you might be thinking. But that doesn't happen every day. That can't happen to me. God can't help me—won't help me like that.

Friend, I think He might. He wants you to turn to Him. He wants to provide a good life for you and your child. And he might even bring you an amazing, godly husband. How do I know? I'm not the only one He's done it for. Below is a story from my friend Kelly. I met her at one of my speaking events. Here's her story in her words:

"You are probably my only friend who will never get married or have kids," said my friend just one week before I found out I was pregnant and just 10 months before I met my future husband. Life can change in an instant. I realized my life's course had drastically changed direction on what is known on my calendar as Black Monday.

Black Monday was the catalyst that propelled me away from eating movie-theater butter popcorn and a bottle of wine for dinner to healthy home-cooked meals. From repeatedly getting into superficial relationships revolving around sex to a

committed marriage revolving around God (with sex as a perk <smile>.) From avoiding God because I feared Him to facing fears with God as my deepest and safest confidant. I still experience times of exercising faith without “feeling” it and overwhelming sense of fear, but they are less and less all the time. I am still convinced God is good, He is for me and not against me, and He is faithful to me. Period. Black Monday was the start of my path in believing these things.

Several weeks before Black Monday, my mom asked if I thought I could be pregnant because of some recent gut issues. Adamant and defensive, I assured her that was not possible. Her mom wiles were sharp that night, and she told me how my younger sister found condoms in my apartment. Busted. **This was God’s grace, showing me the truth in love. But I wasn’t ready to face the fact that my lifestyle needed healing.**

After weeks of denial and bad gas, I was at a lunch date with girlfriends. One of them shared tons of strange symptoms that I totally identified with. The culmination of stories about her GI track irritations came to a roaring crescendo—she was pregnant! Fear seized my mind. I had to get out of there, find Planned Parenthood and “flush out whatever is in there.” God totally intervened. My girlfriend followed me out, all the while trying to talk me out of a panic and an abortion. She grabbed my shoulders and said, “Kelly! You are not thinking clearly.” Miraculously I just biked home. God saved Toby’s life.

As soon as I got home, I took a test. The reality of being pregnant was so harsh I went outside for fresh air to help me stop hyperventilating. As soon as I got outside (to really drive the point home), I witnessed two ducks mating right before my crying eyes. The Lord. Is. Hilarious.

Shortly after finding out I was pregnant, I heard Tricia give her testimony. My heart was softened, and that night I made a list of values I wanted in a husband and began praying for

him every day until I met him four weeks after Toby was born. Five months after we met, we were married, and Toby was adopted.

God is a god of miracles.

I love Kelly's story. I love how her bad news was turned into a blessing! I've heard similar stories from so many young women who dared to take these steps of faith:

1. **Turn your life over to God.** You've been trying to do things on your own, and you've messed up. Admit that to Him. (Don't worry, He won't be surprised.) Ask God to forgive you and give you a good future.
2. **Start praying for your future husband.** Consider reading *Praying for Your Future Husband* and praying along with the book. Think of all the positive, godly qualities you want in a husband and pray for those things.
3. **Pray for your baby and dedicate him/her to God.** You never know how God will use your child! Even if the world may say that your child is a mistake or accident, that's not the truth. God created your child in your womb and has good plans for your child's life!
4. **Open your heart to those who want what's best for you.** It may be a parent or a friend. Surround yourself with people who love God and want His best for you. The road won't be easy, but good friends help you on your walk.
5. **Consider reading *Teen Mom*.** This book was written just for you. Know that other teen moms have gone on to lead amazing, beautiful lives ... and you can too! {eoa}

Tricia Goyer has written more than 35 books, including both novels that delight and entertain readers and nonfiction titles that offer encouragement and hope. She has also published more than 500 articles in national publications such as Guideposts, Thriving Family, Proverbs 31, and HomeLife Magazine.