

“Your eyes saw my unformed substance, and in Your book all the days of my life were written before ever they took shape, when as yet there was none of them. Psalm 139:16”

My testimony

In 1983, my maternal grandfather, John, had two daughters, the older Lori, my mother, and the younger Christine. In 1983, my grandparents had been dealing with Christine having had cancer for five years and battling for her life everyday. My grandparents and Christine thought that the cancer had gone into remission, but on one particular Friday (probably in February) they got the bad news. After five years of chemotherapy, radiation, and seven surgeries the cancer had not gone into remission; in total, my aunt had seven pounds of cancer. They scheduled surgery on the following Monday.

My grandparents and Christine got home from the hospital scared and discouraged. My grandfather had been faithful every night to ask God to save the life of Christine, but it did not seem that He had answered any of my grandfather’s prayers. When my grandparents got home, my mother wanted to speak with them. During the past few years, when my grandparents have been trying to take care of Christine, my mom was not getting the attention she craved at home, so she looked for it in other ways. She got into drugs, alcohol and parties. My mom pulled her parents aside and said she was pregnant, but was going to get an abortion to get rid of the child.

My grandfather had now reached the lowest point in his life. He went into his home office, and as he describes it, the next thing he remembers is a voice coming inside his head that was NOT himself. The voice said, "There's a life you wanted, and I gave it; there's a life I want what will you do?" My grandfather was stirred as if from a deep sleep. He decided he should tell his family what he had just experienced, as crazy as it sounded (even to him). He went back in the house to tell his family that he thought he had just heard from God, and all of what God said. Christine and my grandmother thought he had lost his mind. My mom didn't. This is the end of the scene on Friday.

Sunday, my mom pulled her parents aside again. She had decided she was going to keep the child and not have an abortion.

Monday, Christine goes in for surgery. The doctor said, "It's gone, the whole thing. We searched for six hours, but there's no cancer in your daughter's body."

You see, God said, “You asked me for a life, and I gave it” (my grandfather had been praying that God heal my aunt and my grandfather just received the answer to his prayers), but God wanted “a life” in return (this was the life of the child my mother was carrying). The life God wanted was mine; I was that child in my mother’s womb.

After that I grew up raised by my grandparents. My mother was still messing up her life and my father left. I asked my grandmother to start going to church with me as a pre-teen, and at the age of 12 I went through confirmation in the Methodist church, where the gospel was presented, that Jesus died for my sins, but that He rose from the dead to give me new life, and I accepted Him as my Savior. That's not the end of the story, though, because although I was very active in church, I was never fully surrendered to God. He was my Savior, but not my Lord. For that, He had to move me to Birmingham, Alabama in 2006; two thousand miles away from all of my family, friends, and everything I'd grown up knowing, for me to fully surrender my life to Him. From that first Sunday in December 2006 the Lord has been growing me up exponentially.