

When I was a little girl, it was my dream to grow up, marry the man of my dreams, have beautiful children and live happily ever after, which I am sure is every little girl's dream. I had that longing in my heart for the perfect love that would make my life complete. When I realized that my daddy wasn't perfect and couldn't fill that longing, I started looking for love from other men. I went from one relationship to another, always looking for love and always giving a part of me away to each one through sex.

When I met my husband, I was sure that I had found my true love, my prince, my knight in shining armor. The one who would fill that longing in my heart with the perfect love I so craved. It didn't take long to realize that my husband wasn't perfect. I have struggled with perfectionism most of my life, and I expected us to be perfect together (which we all know is impossible).

The next step was to have children to fill that longing in my heart. We were not able to have children on our own, so we went to a fertility specialist for help. After four more years of trying to have a baby with no results, and no diagnosis of anything wrong, I had hit the lowest point of my life. I was not content in my marriage, not content in my job, not content living where we were living, I had no close friends or family, and now I was not able to have any children. I felt my life was not worth living anymore.

While I was driving alone down a two lane highway, I actually prayed for God to end my life. I knew that I couldn't commit suicide because my brother had killed himself when he was 22, and it devastated my mom and dad. I couldn't put them through that kind of pain again. But I wanted to die. I thought my husband would be better off without me. He could get married again and have a family.

I remember opening my Bible and asking God to speak to me. I had become a Christian as a child, had always attended church, and knew church doctrine really well. But I had never actually studied the Bible on my own. I had definitely lost my way from God. I had lived a life of sin and I didn't see how God could ever forgive me for the things I had done (especially since I was doing them as a Christian). When I opened my Bible, God gave me Proverbs 3:5-6 "Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding. In all your ways acknowledge Him and He will direct your path."

In my despair and hopelessness, I memorized that verse. I wrote it down every day for more than a year. I meditated on it and asked God to show me how to trust Him in all things. I claimed that promise for myself.

And then things started happening. My husband got a job promotion and we moved to a new state, which meant a new town and new job – a good thing. We finally got into another fertility clinic. Within 2 weeks we had a diagnosis for our fertility problem and one week later I had surgery to fix the problem. Our entire lives had changed course in one short month.

Because I had been focused on Proverbs 3, and trusting God's ways, I now saw God's hand in our lives and the direction He was taking us. He was giving me a fresh start in a new place. It didn't matter to me that it was farther away from family and friends. It didn't matter that I didn't know anyone where we were moving. God was in control and I had put my trust in Him for the outcome of my life. I had even come to accept the fact that we might not be able to have children.

The day we moved into our home I found out I was pregnant. We now have 2 children, both precious gifts from God. He has blessed me beyond anything I could ever ask for or imagine. He has filled that longing in my heart with Jesus. He has forgiven me for all my sins, even the ones I thought were unforgivable. He has given me a wonderful husband whom I love with all my heart, and he loves me in return. He has given us a family to cherish. God has also brought the most amazing Christian friends into our lives. I have contentment and peace that passes all understanding, which only God can provide.

I wish I could stop right here and tell you that we have lived happily ever after, but you know that real life doesn't happen that way.

When Jesus filled that longing in my heart, I completely surrendered my life to Him. He continues to work on me daily to be more like Him. I now know that God is the one who puts that longing in us so that we will seek Him. He loves us so much that He wants to have a relationship with us. My husband does not share my enthusiasm to live for Christ. He feels like He is married to a "Jesus Freak" and wants his old wife back. I have shared my testimony with him in hopes that he will also want to know Christ as I do. But he says he wants nothing to do with God or Jesus.

There are some days when I let discontent creep back in. I want so badly for my husband to come to Christ that it hurts. When those days of discontent come, I pray for God to soften my heart so I can see my husband through His eyes. And then I thank Him for all the blessings He has already given me.

There is one thing I know for sure: my life, my marriage, and my family are completely in God's hands and I can trust Him in every situation whether good or bad. God is so very faithful and takes care of His children!