

Simply Faith? or My Miracle!

Attempted Robbery FAILED at the Name of Jesus!

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Simply Faith or My Miracle?

Chapter One – Attempted Robbery

WRITTEN BY:

MARIAN C. CHADWICK, IN THE NAME OF JESUS

(EDITED BY BRFW)

I suppose I have always believed in faith and the scriptures in the *Bible* talking about faith, without action, is dead (*James 2:17*) and so forth. Having the faith of a mustard seed (*Matthew 17:20*) all seemed very fairytale-ish to me, but it was something I was taught and believed because it was in the *Bible*. I can remember throughout my lifetime calling on Jesus in various situations, without any hesitation, knowing He would take care of me. Almost certain – NO! – taking it for granted, that He would rescue me if I got into a tight spot.

Back to that faith and action stuff, when I would get into a difficult situation something inside me would always call on Jesus audibly, or in my mind, for HELP! My parents used faith as often as needed to keep us healthy, both mentally and physically. If we were sick, they would pray for God's healing by laying hands on us (*Luke 4:40*). Although they never hesitated to take us to the doctor or give us medication, as needed, they would always first ask God to heal our bodies. When we were sad or bad, as their first line of defense, my parents would pray over us for God to help them bring us back in line.

Now, I look back and understand the verse in the *Bible* about bringing up a child in the ways of the Lord (*Proverbs 22:6*) and, when they grow old, they will not depart from Him. We had a strong foundation in the *Bible*, our church, and our family. Were we perfect? Probably not! I think we thought we were too perfect and that everybody else was having all the fun. We found ways to create trouble so we could have some fun too. If our friends were sick, we wanted to be sick. My Daddy knew when we were not really sick and gave us Castor Oil....yuck, just in case. Of course, it tasted awful and cured any illness we claimed to have . . . very clever!

You noticed I went from “me” to “we.” Yes, I have an older sister. We were four and a-half years apart and definitely had our own agendas in life. I think we fed off of each other's strengths and weaknesses to our own advantages. I was strong-willed and loved to play with Daddy and Sister hung out with Mom. As I look back on life, it's interesting how children acquire traits from their parents, both good

and bad. I must say how very thankful I am for all of the wisdom and life experiences they poured into us as we grew up.

I could go into great detail with various stories and events of our lives from day one; however, on January 11, 2010, one of the most important events in my life happened when the power I have known my entire life became completely real to me. At 6:15 that evening, I called on the “Name of Jesus” (*Mark 16:17*), both in my mind and audibly, with absolutely no doubt He would be there to protect.

The words still ring in my ears, “In The Name of Jesus, I bind you Satan by the Holy Spirit, get out of my store!” There is not another script that could be written to hold so much power over our spiritual enemy – Satan – appearing in the form of a man and influencing a man, wanting to rob me in my store at the hand of a gun. It all began around 5:30 that evening while I was visiting with Kathy, my last customer of the day. My husband, Chuck, and I had discussed what to have for dinner and had decided on spaghetti. Since Kathy and I were talking and designing her new bracelet, Chuck said he would stop by the grocery store and pick up the items needed to prepare dinner. He and our dog, Jaxx, headed out. When Kathy and I finished up at the store, I would meet them at home.

As Kathy and I continued to visit, I realized it was after 6 p.m. (closing time). I went to the front door of the store and turned the CLOSED sign around, not thinking to lock the door as I normally would, and walked back to the counter. Kathy and I had been talking about the retirement of the Sparrow bead and how she may need that one on her garden-theme bracelet. Kathy asked, “Isn’t there a scripture (*Matthew 10:29*) about the Sparrow in the Bible?” I replied, “Yes. He watches over me, He knows every hair on my head” and then I began singing the old hymn to her. The two of us had just entered into a time of worship – we both got chill bumps – the decision to have the Sparrow on her bracelet was done.

We were finalizing Kathy’s purchase when a dark figure walked through the front door of the store. Not too surprising since we had a lot of last minute shoppers recently for birthday gifts and anniversary gifts – no internal alarms yet. As the figure came closer, my mind started analyzing the situation. Was it that cold outside? Is this a prank? Is this a friend of my husband’s? What does he have in his hand? Kathy and I were looking at him when he starting shouting “Give me all of your money!” With disbelief, and in jest, I told him “We don’t have any money it’s all gone.” He said “This is a robbery; give me all of your money!” I said “No. There is no money.” Again he said “This is serious. Give me all of your money!” At that point, I went from kidding and thinking this is a joke to “Here we go Jesus – HELP!”

Staring straight into the robber's eyes trying to see through to his soul, even though he was wearing dark glasses, a dark windbreaker, and a baseball cap in an effort to disguise his identity, I shook my finger in his face and said "In The Name of Jesus, I bind you Satan by the Holy Spirit, get out of my store!"

After tapping his gun on the glass counter, which angered me to no end and embarrassed me in front of my customer, he stepped back, turned his weapon on Kathy and told her to get down on the floor. She took a step back and I said, "NO, she is not going to get on the floor! In The Name of Jesus, get out of my store!" As he began backing out of the store, screaming profanities (by Kathy's account), I am still rebuking him to get out of the store, telling him that he was on camera and that he would be arrested within five seconds.

My focus was so concentrated on the power of the Holy Spirit pushing him back and out of the store; I did not hear anything he said. I felt like a wall of power had come down between us and was pushing him away with every word spoken. He said "I'll be back, _ _ _ _!" and he turned and ran out of the store with a hop in his step. I came around the counter and headed for the front door to see whether he was walking, running or driving away. In those last few seconds all I could see was light blue or grey, small to mid-size car, driving away in the dark without using its headlights.

At this point, Kathy had dialed 911 and handed the phone to me to provide details to the emergency dispatch operator. I was barking information as to what the gunman was driving, which direction he was headed and straining to remember every detail about the past 45 seconds of our lives when the Frisco police arrived. Kathy and I attempted to describe the entire event, still with awe in our minds as to what had just happened, still with no fear, simply with relief and disbelief.

The police were completely baffled when we relayed the information telling us that the gunman had just attempted another robbery of a business just a short distance away. Due to the adrenalin rush, Kathy and I were talking a mile a minute – kidding around with the police officers saying that, if they haven't been trained to use the Name of Jesus when they have no other weapon for protection, I was living proof of the power of the Holy Spirit. They, of course, did their obligatory duty as police officers saying "Lady you should have complied with the robber's wishes." "Oops . . . during those 45 seconds, being complacent never occurred to me." I justified my actions to the officers saying "If I had complied and given him what he asked for, there was no guarantee that he would leave without doing something terrible anyway."

As I see it, here is the reality of this type of situation. First, you have no control. Second, you have no control. What you do have are your instincts and your faith in the power of Jesus and the Holy Spirit from a lifetime of teachings, training and studying the *Bible*. My training was to call on the Name of Jesus without hesitation knowing He would protect us. The *Bible* says “No weapon formed against you will prosper (*Isaiah 54:17*).” I believe this includes Satan when he is accusing us in the face of God, we don’t have the faith to withstand his attacks.

That fateful evening Kathy and I felt a powerful energy, spiritual really, and calmness in the store because we both knew Jesus was there in our midst (*Matthew 18:20*). Before the robber came into the store, the Holy Spirit had arrived as we were talking about the Sparrow and giving Glory to God in that moment.

I am thankful God protected us; and NO, I don’t ever want to be put into this type of situation again during my lifetime. If something remotely similar happens again, I pray for continued faith and courage to react the same way without dire consequences. If it turns out differently then I know, without reservation, where I will spend eternity (*1 John 2:17*). And that, my friend, is the most important message in this story – knowing Jesus as your Lord and Savior.

If your Savior is not ALIVE (death, burial and resurrection for our sins – *John 3:16*), sitting on the right hand of God the Father (*Colossians 3:1*) in Heaven, and standing as an advocate (*1 John 2:1*) for you to God the Father, you should rethink your salvation instantly! You can only know that kind of assurance by asking Jesus Christ to forgive you for your sins and invite Him to come into your heart and to change anything in your life that is not pleasing to HIM – NOT Man!

As God has watched over me during my lifetime with all of the twists and turns to prepare me for that one opportunity to declare His Name, I’m so very thankful. By invoking the Name of Jesus and the power of the Holy Spirit, a little, obscure, boutique owner has confounded the wise, awed the doubtful, energized the faithful, and brought renewed faith to her and hundreds of friends and acquaintances she has had the privilege to come into contact with providing support and encouragement over her lifetime.

To God be the Glory – who is really the HERO in this story? I reaped the benefits of recognition for having FAITH in HIM! It still amazes me how much God loves us and how effortless it is to trust in Him. Never get too busy to thank God for everything in your life, good and bad. **He is listening!**

May I also say faith is truly found in the word of God? My sister and I were always taught from HEART-to-HEAD that you really do have to come to Jesus Christ as a child not mentally challenging everything you read, but asking God to bring life from His words into your heart. Church is for people to come together and celebrate what God has done in our lives. If church is the only place you get feed and you are not feeding the spiritually sick and poor people in your life, how do you expect them to be physically well and rich?

Metaphorically, we can be totally rich with health, family, friends, business and so forth. It seems we have so much emphasis on money and building big buildings, we abort our newborn Christians with so much rhetoric, before they have a chance to mature into adult Christians, so they can continue to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ. Simply said, John 3:16 – that would be my little footnote.

I am SO not perfect and neither are you, but you are more precious to Him than the Sparrows He created, feeds and watches over daily.

His eye is on the Sparrow.....He watches over me! (*Matthew 10:29*)

CHAPTER TWO – Where I came from

I was born and raised in Texas. Mom and Dad came to Dallas when I was 6 months old, so Dallas, Texas is home. We moved to Busby, Arizona for a couple of years where Mom and Dad worked for an Evangelist on a college campus called “Miracle Valley”. I remember dorm life with the college students, mostly people of color. There were lots of sawdust and tent revivals, nightly, loud, shouting sermons, people speaking in tongues, women and men running up and down the aisles kicking up sawdust and praising Jesus by uplifted hands. I loved watching the women with their skirts flapping as they jumped raising their hand praising the Lord, shouting and I would get right there with them until Dad would grab me and put me back in my seat. I loved sitting on the end seat where all the action was. There were people being healed after being anointing with oil and the laying on of hands by the preacher, casting out of demons in the Holy Name of Jesus, you name it we saw it all. We would hold our bible close to our chest because you never knew if one of those demons was going to try and get in you if according to the Evangelist; you weren’t cover by the Blood of Jesus.

Sounds horrible to some, but let me tell you, when you’ve seen the power of God in action the fakes don’t seem to shake your faith in today’s Christianity. Knowledge is power and I’m very thankful for all the experiences, real or fake we were exposed to. Sure did help growing up knowing the difference between some of the charlatans in society we see today claiming to have this or that word from God. I learned to know my God and His voice and believe I know him well. Does that mean I can quote every scripture or give you advice about your every circumstance as it pertains to the Bible or your Christian walk? NO....I just know who God is in my life and always asked my friends to watch me get up and dust myself off if I fall and tell me if you learned anything good or bad about my circumstances. I’m pretty hard headed, so I fell a lot before I learned most of the lessons in my life. Still NOT perfect, Thank God!

Anyway.....we came back to Texas and I grew up attending an Assembly of God church in South Dallas where my Dad was the Head Usher and Head Deacon for something like eighteen years. Almost like being the daughter of a preacher. They signed membership papers saying we would not wear makeup, short skirts, pants, cut our hair short, wear jewelry; watch TV....basically we could breathe in and out, STRICT. I remember watching my first TV show at a Catholic neighbor’s home, “The Wizard of OZ”. Boy did I get a spanking and grounded, first of all for disobeying my parents and secondly for going to a Catholic’s home....off limits. Eventually Mom and Dad lightened up bought us a TV and as I remember, we watched TV for a couple of nights and the tube blew out, so all we could hear was the sound. My first recollection was “Lost in Space” and boy did my imagination see things. Can I tell you how cool it was to get to see the re-runs? Amazing!

Mom and Dad worked so hard to afford the best of everything we wanted as they lived paycheck to paycheck to pay the bills and sometimes they would work second jobs so we could have a little extra. Mom was an incredible seamstress and made most of our clothes from Vogue, Butterick and McCall patterns. Dad and I hung out together. I was his little tomboy and loved to be outdoors with him, play in the yard, watering the plants; not to well I might add; digging in the dirt and animals, we loved all kinds of animals from rabbits to Chihuahua dogs, chickens to Cockatiels. We had the best life I could imagine. I mentioned our religion, but not our faith. Our faith and beliefs were carved out of the bible and poured into our spirits hourly, daily, weekly. Dad and Mom were always sure that what went in came out the right way. Mom was a voracious reader and her retention and interruption was exceptional by any scholar. I can't say I received that talent, but it did stick in my heart and mind. Dad would have devotionals on Saturday mornings on the living room couch, so if you spent the night with me, you got to sit in on devotionals, no questions ask. Yes, my friends made fun of me, but to this day they still remember the sweet spirit in our home. We of course were typical kids and thought we weren't paying any attention to what was being said or prayed, but now I know we really did.

We moved to Desoto, Texas my senior year which could have been very traumatic to move schools, but successfully I graduated high school at the Dallas school I had attended since a sophomore, barely. I worked part-time for a dentist and wanted to work full-time right away so I could be on my own and find my own place in society. As you can imagine, I searched to belong, find love, marriages, and no kids for me. I was a career women and on a fast track to nowhere. Yes, I finally settled down when I turned 24. Long story short, Dad asked me and my sister on Mother's Day in 1977,

"Won't you try one more time to give your life to Jesus Christ and live a Christian life?" First time I could remember seeing my Dad cry over me and it broke my heart in my high or hung-over state from the night before. I said "Yes". It was PERSONAL now, not on Mom and Dad's coattail, but ME! You and me Jesus! Here we go.....

I could fill in all the twist and turns during the past 33 years, but it's not so different than many people's lives of marriage, divorce, struggles, hopes, career up and downs, etc. I call it, the Sex, Drugs, Rock and Roll of life. The main point is, God was with me all the way and He loves me. I sought the Lord with all my heart and wanted to please Him with my life. Living in the world with little thought of serving Jesus made it hard. I made more bad decisions with consequences that stung than spiritually healthy ones. The best part is I came out the other side, have turned the pages over and over to live in the here and now and not the past. I've cried, prayed, forgave, isolated my emotions to keep from getting hurt and to not be bitter towards people. I want to see what God sees in people, and sometimes it hard because of past personal recordings of life. All good lessons to learn and I am

today the person of twist and turns in many life experiences I can share with those who have questions and need a kindred soul.

I just celebrated 20 years with my husband Chuck. He is my rock of love, unconditional and forever. Perfect? NO? God puts people in our lives that can help us reach our potential in HIM. We are like two rocks rubbing together to make the perfect diamonds. We are best friends, don't always agree, but agree to disagree when necessary. We both came from similar backgrounds, yet different. Together we make music in our hearts and minds and that's all that matters. We have grown stronger in the Lord over the years and taught each other many lessons about ourselves when we look into each other's faces. I thank God daily for my love for Chuck. You will have to ask him about his love for me.

I pray the love story with Jesus and my sweet husband continues for eternity as God has promised. He said we would rein as Priest and Kings depending on how we live our lives here on earth. I imagine I would be happy in any state as long as I have please my Lord Jesus Christ since the day of my rededication of Salvation in 1977. My spiritual birthday is as real to me as the day I was told I was born in 1953. I have a Dake's Annotated Bible my mother gave to me with my spiritual birthday written in it. Spiritual birth certificate so to speak, but don't be fooled. The bible says our names will be written in the Lambs Book of Life (*Revelation 13:8*) once we accept Jesus Christ as our personal Savior. Back to that death, burial and resurrection stuff. There is no compromise when it comes to it. Jesus was born of a Virgin, Mary by the Holy Spirit. He lived and walked on this earth for 33 years, was crucified on the cross for your sins, buried for 3 days, then resurrected to Heaven. Sitting at the right hand of our Father God and is our advocate. Satan is the accuser of you and me. We were saved by grace and not by works. You cannot work hard enough to go to Heaven; you are born into it through the blood of Jesus and by faith! You cannot get ready to be saved when you're good enough because you can't be good enough. Only Jesus is! You can take baby steps or giant leaps of faith depending on who you are in Christ. Milk or steak? At some point we all must graduate to wanting more of Christ and less of self. I'm not talking about being so Heavenly minded that you're no Earthly good. Pride starts to take over and you're right back where you started.

CHAPTER THREE - Timeline

I guess I should get back to what happened after the attempted robbery on **January 11, 2010** at the boutique. The robber was arrested four days later in West Virginia after robbing a convenience store on **January 14, 2010**. Then he was extradited to Dallas County Jail on **February 15, 2010**, thus I named him “My Special Someone” because it was close to Valentine’s Day! He apparently stayed in jail a few months, made bail and started a string of armed robberies over a six-month period of time in the Houston area, BUT this time he had graduated from convenience, ice cream, salons and boutique stores to banks. After confessing to robbing seven banks at gun point, sometimes with two guns as the George Bush Masked Robber, he was arrested again on **February 12, 2011** in Houston, Texas. I read one of his news interviews where he said now that he’s sober and drug free, (jail will do that to you), he wants to get his licenses to counsel youth for substance abuse since he had been a drug user since his teens. He felt that getting arrested and put in jail again must have been part of God’s plan.....you figure? I personally think God spoke to him that day in January and our customers began praying for him and his family to do HIS will in his life. I believe God had allowed him to stay alive through several robberies and attempted robberies without any mortalities for a reason.

On **January 11, 2012**, he was sentenced to 25 years in Federal Prison. Was it a coincidence he was sentenced **exactly two years** later from our encounter? I don’t think so! God is a very exacting. We all have a season, but when we pray, God listens. Yes, you are correct; I did not use this man’s name for a purpose. He has the chance to change, be saved and do good things for people on this earth as restitution for his crimes and I and believe many will continue to pray for him and lift his family up through these tough times. You never know, I may meet him in heaven and we will celebrate how much God loves us and watches over us, just as the song says*, even in our sinful ways. I believe he was still alive on that day because God moved in so many people’s lives so we could all tell our stories.

You see my husband’s business is “Protecting God’s People” in churches across the nation. He has been teaching, training and instructing men and women to guard against the evil ones, who would come into our churches to steal, kill and destroy HIS children in any way. There have been Gatekeepers in the church since the Old Testament where in Chronicles 9:21 it talks about the 212 gatekeepers that were appointed to guard the gates and people. It was their ministry to God. Nothing new, but now we have more knowledge how the evil one tries to get into our churches and hide to do their dastardly deeds. Not anymore if we can help it.

See....it just tells you if you know your Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior and have HIS word hidden in your HEART, not just your MIND you can do ALL things through Christ who gives you strength. I believe you can teach anything to anybody, but without the power of Jesus Christ flowing in your life; you are

powerless to do the things God can call on you to do through the power of the Holy Spirit! I have spent the last two years believing it was FAITH that was operating in my life that day, but it was truly a MIRACLE in action God chose to do for ALL to see. No other Name but Jesus!

*HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW.... written by Civilla D. Martin, 1905

Lyrics

Why should I feel discouraged, why should the shadows come, why should my heart be lonely, and long for heaven and home, When Jesus is my portion? My constant friend is He: His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Chorus:

I sing because I'm happy,

I sing because I'm free, For His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.

"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,

And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;

Though by the path He leadeth, but one step I may see;

His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;

His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Chorus

Whenever I am tempted, whenever clouds arise,
When songs give place to sighing, when hope within me dies,

I draw the closer to Him, from care He sets me free;

His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me; His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

Chorus

CHAPTER FOUR – Inside my head

Okay, back to the story! I get side tracked when writing since God has done so much for us and I don't want to leave anything out.

Let me say, I find this all very entertaining, well, AFTER THE FACT, since I know God has a GREAT sense of humor and He knew exactly what would happen next when the police arrived and the intense days to come. I believe HE wanted to see how I was going to handle the MIRACLE that had just happened in our lives. Who was going to get the glory?

The police requested a copy of the store surveillance video and so Chuck said, "No problem", since it could aide in tracking down the robber. Well the comedy of errors began. A simple play back would have been nice, but NO, he had some technical difficulties which were normally unusual for him. So he and I worked on it for a long time, seemed like hour that Monday night. Finally giving up after all the stress started setting in of what had just happened, we went to dinner to calm ourselves down, knowing sleep was probably not going to be an option that night.....adrenaline high as you might imagine. We headed home quietly processing all that had happened the previous hours and WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?

The next morning, we go back to the store and it ALL began. Chuck gets the video to the police and decides it would be a good idea to send it to a local news lady who had interviewed him previously for one of his church conference, with a comment, WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS? Within a few minutes, she calls.... "HAVE YOU GIVEN THIS STORY TO ANYONE ELSE?" Which he replies "No!" Stephanie says, "We'll be right there with a news team" and the race was off. We had CBS, NBC, ABC television stations, radio stations, newspapers, all coming at us a once. We had put the video on YouTube for some of the news stations to download and of course it went viral right away. Then people started hearing the story on Tuesday night's news programs and the calls came flooding in, people starting bringing gifts, flowers and even sent money! The store had turned into a camera studio and news people, people wanting to come meet the JESUS lady who ran the ROBBER out IN THE NAME OF JESUS! Are you real, is it real, were you scared, you must be crazy, why would you do such a thing and risk your life and your customers? People who know me would say, of course that is how Marian would handle such a situation, head on. It was a very wide range of comments, emotions, encouragements, and faith builders for everyone we talked to. Can I tell you my soul; mind and body became exhausted quickly. I still had a business to run and market to attend, it was January, and life had to go on.

I replayed the scenario over and over in my mind, night after night, day after day. Was that Faith, was I crazy, what just happened, WHY? I kept telling people it wasn't about me. God had a word to say

to the world and used a little shop owner bold enough, Texan enough, strong enough in her spirit to run Satan off without fear or doubt, just the PEACE that passes ALL understanding from the Holy Spirit. It's hard to describe when the Holy Spirit swells over you like that. It feels like a warm oil bath of peace and safety. You can see clearly what is happening and everything moved in slow motion but with such focus on the words coming out of my mouth, the gestures I was making, the stance I took. I couldn't hear anything else, not even what the robber was saying back to me. The Holy Spirit was there in the midst with me and Cathy during the whole 60 seconds, if that long, before the robber came and left.

There wasn't really anything else I could have said to the robber that day or to anyone else about those few moments. I always remembered the story about how some Jews in the bible went around trying to cast our demons in the Name of Jesus when a demon posed man approached them and said Jesus I know and Paul I know, but who are you? They got beat up basically. (Act 19:13-16) I believe the evil one or demon in the robber saw Jesus in me and he had no power to overcome or harm me. I was asked many times, Is it real? My response was and is always the same, if it's not real in your heart; it's not going to be real in the world. You can have all kinds of head knowledge, but if it doesn't live in your heart you are going into battle without any armor to protect you. Does it mean I'm perfect or received special attention for the Most High? NO! It means, God can and will use anyone, anything to Glorify HIS Name at any time! I didn't need to be good enough that day for God to use me, just willing and obedient. I am His child. Would I ever want to go there again? No? I don't want to test God and His powers for a senseless act. If I only have ONE miracle in my life, that's enough to give God all the glory and know with confidence He is always there to take care of me and YOU if you ask Him too. That's called inviting Jesus into your heart to be your Lord and Savior, right?

That reminds me.... the instant the Holy Spirit brought to my mind these words, "Jesus, here we go", I think that was my faith knowing where I would spend eternity and my finger was in the robber's face. No hesitation, just out and out righteous indignation was all over me. My thoughts were, how dare you come into my house, how dare you threaten me or my customer, how dare you embarrass me in front of my customer, you have to bow your knee to the Name of Jesus, you are bound by the Holy Spirit, you have to leave! My whole being was in accord with everything I had ever been taught about the power of the Holy Spirit. It is truly just giving your will over to God in that moment. Just as you would when you jumped in the swimming pool when your Daddy says, Jump, I catch you! Your loving Father will keep His word and CATCH YOU.

So many stories to tell, but I think my favorite one is when a mother brought her young son to the store after him asked her repeatedly to let him come meet me. Nice young man, dressed neatly and all mannerly. She said, can he ask you a question? Of course you can, I replied. Ask me anything. He said, is it real? Absolutely it's real, I said, but if it's not real in your heart, it's not going to be real out

there in the world. I could see the Holy Spirit come over him with such warmth and sweetness as he sat in a chair. His mom said he was really trying to live a Christian life in front of his friends at school and just needed to know the answer about using The Name of Jesus. TRUTH! My friend's mother came in the store and said "Thank you." She said, "I haven't been a very good example to my daughter, but after seeing what happened, they both rededicated their lives to Christ and began attending a bible study together." HEALING! Another man came in the store with one of his children, but had warned them both not to go in that store, that Holy Spirit might still be in there and get you, so one of the children was afraid and the other child came in. I asked him if he was scared. He said, no, but was that real? I told him YES and again it better be real in your heart if you want it to be real in the world. SEED OF FAITH! I say, shame on that father for putting doubt in either of his children's hearts when it concerns the things of God. Whether you understand them or not, respect and trust in your Heavenly Father.

Somewhere during all of this, the National Enquirer magazine called wanting to interview me. REALLY, why? This isn't much of a tabloid story, I said, but the interviewer said, oh no it's perfect. I asked him if he was a Christian and he said yes and that's why he wanted this interview. My strong nature came out and told him he could not change my story at all. This was not a spoof and I didn't want it portrayed as such. They did the interview, took pictures and poof, February there was a two-page story about the robber being thwarted in The Name of Jesus. See? God's sense of humor announced to the world, He is still God and He will use any media, any person, place or thing to preach about His loving kindness and faithfulness to us! Poor John Edwards was being raked over the coals for his affair in the same issue. Thank you; British guy for a great write up. I will probably never hear from you again, but I've prayed God's blessings over you since that day!

We also had another interview with a producer, long distance, wanting to hear the story. In the middle of the interview she was telling the interviewer over the phone she didn't want anything religious in the story. I guess she thought I would cow down and let her make fun of that night and what God had done, so I told her she should do the interview since she knew so much about the story and leave me out of it. I took the microphone off and was ready to send them on their way when the cameraman handed me a scripture about not being ashamed of the gospel of Christ and standing my ground. I can't remember it exactly, but so encouraging and the next thing I heard was, you tell it your way, we will keep it exactly in your words not leaving out the Name of Jesus. Did they make it a little corny? Yes, but it has been a great teaching tool to everyone who has seen it to the Glory of God, even the skeptics. Interestingly another producer did the same interview long distance and sent us a copy which was completely chopped up and made fun of the experience, but at the end a known celebrity in the video said she really does believe in the power of God or something to that affect. Still, I would never entertain playing it for anyone or any reason. Made them look so stupid. Yes, I said STUPID!

We've had a great experience telling people about our story even Chuck's side of it is interesting, but I will have to leave that up to him to write at some point. He gets jabs from his guys how I didn't need him as my security person with the size of my finger caliber, yuck, yuck, yuck. We've cried together, laughed together and know we are very fortunate and blessed to serve Jesus.

I always said the store was my ministry to touch people's lives. Since the store was designed to be a training ground for vendors and me, there were some good and some not so good experiences from both perspectives. But God was always faithful to those who heard from God through our actions, words or deeds. Many people were healed, comforted and encouraged. I believe I received most of the blessings by just letting God use me at the right time or place. We closed the store in August of 2011 after nine years. Once again, God had another direction for us and now I'm semi-retired and working with Chuck in his business. I am enjoying learning something new and using the skills and knowledge to build our ministry together in "Protecting God's People." We have had our businesses intertwined together most of our married lives which was 20 years this year. We have experienced so much together, I could write a whole book on just that, but I won't. It's more fun to give bits and pieces to those God brings into our lives as examples of what happens in a Christian life. I promise I don't candy coat anything. It is what it is, skeletons and all.

We continue, after two years from the attempted robbery to receive four to five phone interviews from people who have just seen our story. We get lots of AMENS to our YouTube and a few crazy people who just don't get it or maybe they do, but still have to say mean and crazy stuff. I just leave them to their own devices and really don't respond since I know God has a handle on each and every response and I have no desire to defend His mighty works in my lives or anyone else's lives. God is!

I'm still excited to see what God is going to do in our lives as we continue our journey. We've seen God's hand move in our lives in so many ways. It's the looking back before you can see where you've come from to where we are today that makes it so exciting. We know if God had told us what, where and when, we would have been so afraid to trust him. Glad He just works in our lives and we get to see all His benefits as we obey and grow.

CHAPTER FIVE – Strikes!

Recently I was asked to tell how I became a Christian or when did I rededicate my life to Christ. I'll spare you the whole journey leading up to that day with a few highlights.

I had a failed first marriage at the age of 22 after attempting to correct a mistake with a mistake. We were raised if you had relations with a man, in God's eyes you were now married to them, so at 20, I got married to the wrong person, trying to make it right with God. BIG mistake, but the intent was sincere to the best of my ability. During that 2 years of struggling marital bliss, I had a medical situation with no diagnosis. My husband called my family and said, "Come get her, I'm done with her." They drove to Kansas from Dallas, packed me up and drove me to my new home with my sister and her new husband. **STRIKE ONE!!!**

After a couple of weeks, they took me to the hospital to find out what was going on with my body. I was losing weight, drinking gallons of liquids, anything in site would do. After being admitted to the hospital and flying every specialist in the country in to look at me, they made a diagnosis and gave me meds that stabilized me and life went back to as normal as a person can be with 100% dependency on modern medicine. I will say, I am very thankful that God uses doctors and medicine to heal and mend our bodies when broken.

Time goes on and I settle with my new way of life and another man enters into my life. NOT GOOD! I remember asking him, "How married are you?" on our first date. He just wasn't adding up. His reply, "Not very!" I was horrified and said, "No way." I wish that had been the end of that battle, but NO, it went on for 13 years from beginning to end. I always said, when a man gets that taste of blood of adultery, it is impossible for them to give it up. It's the thrill of the hunt and capture and they will go to every extreme to land their prey. I was the naïve 22-year-old with a broken life seeking something, but not sure where to look. I wanted to be loved, but this didn't look or feel right on any level. This man continued to pursue me and after a year or so the beginning of end was coming.

It was on Mother's Day in 1977, my sister and I were roommates and it was Sunday. Time to go to church and lunch with Mom and Dad. Neither of us were in good shape to be going to church, but off we went. First church, I'm sure our parents were quite embarrassed with us walking in the door. We were hung over, smelled like a chimney stack and just pure rebellious and disrespectful. Then it was time to head home and have family time and celebrate Mom. FAILURE to say the least. After lunch, Dad was sitting in his recliner and with tears running down his face, he asked us, "Won't you try one more time to serve the Lord?" That's all it took, we both said yes, reluctantly, and hit our knees beside

the black ottoman we all had pray together on in the past. We cried, repented and rededicated our lives in that moment.

Now for the drive home and WHAT'S NEXT? We went to our apartment, cleaned up the filth that had invaded our lives. But wait, that's not all! I had a date scheduled with that man in my life. We had planned to go to the lake and I was to pick him up with cooler in tow. Off we went and all the while, I'm telling him I had rededicated my life to the Lord, so no more sinning. His response "Drop me off at the top of the hill (at the lake) and call me when you get over it!" I was crushed and cried all the way back home.

Next day we started planning the rest of our newly rededicated lives. My aunt had told us about a church she had been attending and driving from McKinney to Dallas and just loved the pastor who preached on the Holy Spirit. Also, found out my Uncle went their too. We both agreed, we were going to Lakewood Assembly of God Church.

Can I tell you, this was a pretty funny adventure from God's point of view, because we were coming from the world standards and had forgotten how to be Christian! That may sound strange, but when you come from the world and attempt to use those standards in a Christian environment, the square peg in a round whole idea is pretty funny. We were just TOO cool, dressed cool, walked cool, spoke cool. As we attended our first singles gathering, everyone was dressed in short, tennis shoes and such to play basketball or something like that in the parking lot behind the church. It just wasn't a fit, but we both agreed, "We can do this." We dove in.

Meanwhile, the old boyfriend is wondering who I had met at church wooing me away from him? As the weeks went by, he started spying on me at church by sitting in the balcony then to the back of the church and after 6 weeks, he was sitting on the second row with me and my sister. Gave his heart to the Lord, brought his teenaged kids to church and wanted to change the way he was living. By then, he had gotten a divorce and had eyes on marrying me. Another bad idea!!!

Yes, we married, but it was short lived. Remember that conquest thing? He was soon after someone else and we divorced. Lessoned learned, God's ways are not our ways. **STRIKE TWO!!!!** When will I learn???

Nevertheless, what a great 7 ½ years under the teaching of Pastor Everitt Fjordbak and we forged great friendships. I say it was the cement of our salvation to be at Lakewood because the storms over our souls were raging. Satan didn't like losing his talented ones (really good sinners) to God and he was fighting fiercely.

No sooner did I think I had been spared a treacherous life with the wrong man, AGAIN! Satan sent me a PROPHET, A MAN OF GOD. God had told him, I surely needed to believe God had a better plan for

me and I was tired of fighting. I needed something to be real. Get on with my life and do something good. Number three had me convinced he was the one to rescue me from myself and set me on a new path with him. Oh, that included him taking over my business as President, but that is a whole other story.

STRIKE THREE!!!! As I watched the tow company take my car away, bankrupt, my business closed due to many reasons.

I sat in my house, alone and prayed. "Okay Lord, here I am with you again, so teach me your ways and not my own. They don't work!" I became humbled before the Lord and prayed for guidance and direction for my life. I thought I was living a Christian life. What could he possibly do with a three-time loser, broke, alone and out of work?

I'll tell you what he did. He taught me how to fight and claw my way back. I wasn't defeated, just getting started with the battle at hand. I went to work for a previous employer from years back. God gave me favor at every turn, blessed my job as a consultant on straight commission. God pay! Found a Christian counseling couple to help break the recordings in my spirit I had picked up living the worlds ways. Replaced them with scriptures of life and a hope for my future to prosper my spirit and life. Yes, I still had some raging struggles coming at me from all directions, but this time it was different. I wasn't alone trying to fight without the Holy Spirit at each turn. Five years later as a whole and healthy overcoming Christian women, I was happy knowing God loved me and I didn't need second best. I had him to lean on, to love on, to listen to, to guide me in all my ways. I was HAPPY! I had a great church home and family and life was good.

THEN, after a series of events, God brought a man into my life. I was running scared because he loved me first and I didn't know what to do with him. He wanted what I wanted. To live a Christian life without compromise. God knew he was perfect for me, but I had to be convinced. No it didn't take much because he was perfect. I just had to get over the fear from my previous recordings. I was a three-time loser, didn't do marriage. Funny, I had a friend tell me I had the spirit of marriage. Meaning, I knew how to be married, but she meant it in a good way, the way God sees marriage was always in my heart.

Had I not gone through all I had gone through and with God's help. I would have never met the man of my dreams who knew how to love unconditionally. He had stick-to-it-ive-ness needed to hold on to me when I wanted to run. We held on to each other when times were hard. The rocky roads of marriage can be overcome with Jesus in the center when both have the same goal to live for Christ no matter what. We definitely had to JOB moments in our marriage and we grew stronger and more in love at the top of each hill we climbed. This month is our 24th wedding anniversary. The love story will take another chapter to cover. Stay tuned!

CHAPTER SIX – The Love Story

If you can imagine, I was struggling to get back to the girl who was raised as a Christian, but had strayed since the age of 13. Rebellious, adventures, independent and seeking answers to my life's purpose or just plain having fun from the world view point. Another chapter.

As I pursued counseling with this wonderful Christian couple who had previously been pastors at their church and found most of their counseling centered around relationships and marriage, as they described it, more so than preaching the gospel. I was determined to get it right this time. I was referred to this couple by a friend, unbeknownst by me, he was interested in me and wanted me to see him. I believe he saw my brokenness and cared deeply for me as a friend. I was blind to anything at the time, so I agreed to go visit Jack and his wife.

WOW.... was this an eye opener as to how far away I'd strayed from God's will for my life. Jack straight out asked me, "Do you want me to counsel you with or without the bible?" I said, "With the bible of course." That was something I knew I could trust. Was it easy? Not at all, in fact I grew angry at times, defiant and "I'll show you attitude", all recording of my past 10 years without Christ. Nevertheless, I had laid it all out there for Jack to see. I committed one year of my life to him, four season to be honest, good or bad and the journey began. I always told him the truth about my actions, who, what, where and when. Slowly Jack pulled me in to see me as God saw/sees me and how He loved me unconditionally. You see I thought something was really wrong with me because I grew up in a Christian home, with no fighting, cussing, drinking, smoking or sickness. Just a happy God fearing family, a bit legalistic from religious doctrine, but pure and honest as a family could be.

I wanted adventure not rules, FUN, not church three times or more a week. What was I missing out there in the world? As an adult now, those questions were getting answered and it wasn't pretty the mess I had gotten myself into. My Dad called it STICKIN THINKIN!

Jack saw the little girl and the woman I had become. Strong in business, successful by some standards. Wanting to do what was right, but turning into Elizabeth Taylor by getting married every time I made a mistake or wanting to be asked, over and over? The desire was there to do what was right, the method needed a whole lot of work or I was going to have to move to another state soon. Makes me laugh how silly my thoughts were.

As time went by, three times a week counseling, then two times a week, then once a week. I was learning to fly again. I started liking me again, the spiritual me. I had been a personnel consultant/recruiter for around 15 years at the time and had made a name for myself, but making money was my outward persona and Jack wanted me to work on my inward heart. He suggested I

volunteer and get out of myself. Who me???? Can't I just give them money? Doesn't that count? That was a BIG FAT NO! So, after his suggestions, I started looking around my neighborhood for places I could reach out to. The hospital was close, so I started there. I went into the volunteer's office and said "I'm here to volunteer." The receptionist asked, "Are you with the Junior League?" My reply was, "No, I'm just here for me." She was a little puzzled at my answer. I guess individuals without a cause didn't walk in often, maybe never! She handed me a list of areas they used volunteers and the time slots required. I studied them for a while and saw something that required a few hours per week. Seemed simple enough. I asked, "What is the Twice Blessed House?" She replied, "Well that's where our transplant patients live while waiting for a transplant. They are typically confined to their apartments with short notice if a transplant arrives, i.e., heart, lungs, kidney, etc. and they have a meeting room where people can deliver food and/or just sit and visit." Hummmm....I thought, that's seems simple enough. What I didn't know was that most of the people I met during my time with them was they didn't speak English, so there was a bit of a communication barrier. No problem, I would just talk as if they knew what I was saying. After a few weeks, people found out I went to church regularly and by now was attending Hillcrest Church in Dallas. I sang in the choir there, and had developed a lot of friends and grown under Pastor Sheats' teachings. They mentioned they had a van and would I be interested in taking some of the patients in hold to church with me with the requirements that I could have them back to the hospital within 30 – 45 minutes if their pagers went off. Timing was critical. I agreed and would drive the van to the apartments, honk my horn in the parking lot and people would start filing out of their apartments and into the van. To them, it was an outing and a break from the intense waiting. I don't think they really cared where I would have taken them, as long as I took them somewhere.

Now comes the **LOVE STORY**. God had a plan all along, He just needed me to be in the right place at the right time to do His thing.

I had met a couple at church around 1990 and knew them from Sunday School since I still went to the couple's classes. I just wasn't ready to be single and I had several married couples as friends. It was safe and I felt protected. This couple I had met moved away to California and months had gone by, maybe even a year when I received a phone call from this lady asking me if I would meet her for lunch. She explained her mother was dying of terminal brain cancer, she was in town and thought of me. Really? Believing my heart was in the right place, I said yes, cancelled all my afternoon appointments and met her across the street from the hospital. We had a lovely lunch discussing all kinds of things when at the end of the luncheon she said, "I would just love it if you were my sister-in-law." I gasped and laughed. "No, I'm not the one, remember? Three-time loser and you would have to have a brother...ha, ha, ha." She replied, "I do have a brother and you two would be perfect for one another." OH NO, I thought, not another blind date. God help me!

We left and went to the hospital to visit her mom and she insisted I meet her brother at church on Sunday, she would arrange it and we would all go to lunch. I agreed, but told her I had to drive the van from the hospital with my patients and it would be a good hour after church before I could get back to meet them. She said, “No problem, they would wait”.

Sunday comes around, I’m standing in choir looking around the church to see if I saw any new faces. Now my fear was this is going to be a mercy date, be calm, everything is going to be just fine. I never saw him and had to scoot out after church and take my people back to the hospital. I can’t even remember if we had cellphones back then, probably not. I hurried, hugged my people and turned around and drove back to meet Cathy and Chuck at the Black Eyed Pea restaurant. The love story begins, November 17, 1991 at 1:15 p.m. Most all had already had lunch and left, except for the pastor and his wife, Cathy, Chuck and now me. Awkward to say the least. Lunch wound up being quite pleasant and good conversation. We passed all the pleasantries between us and left.

Monday, I get a phone call from Cathy saying Chuck wanted to take us all to lunch to his favorite Italian restaurant (no longer around, sadly) the next day. He picked us up in a fancy company car, impressive. We all had a wonderful lunch and he took us back to the office, us being me and my friend/assistant. I was feeling a bit curious about him, but still thought, no he’s not the one. I’M NOT LOOKING, remember? But he did give me a peck on the lips after lunch, that was bold.

Wednesday comes and Chuck calls asking me to have dinner. Okay, but I had choir practice and Wednesday night service, so it would have to be after that. He agreed and came and sat through it all. Patient man!

Friday, I had some tickets to the symphony and I asked if he would be interested. YES, but I have my son. “Bring him, he’ll enjoy it”. Did I really say that? I’m the non-kid person. I was told much later that he really wanted his son to come and begged him to be nice since it was important to him. All went well, we had a lovely evening.

Time was flying by already. Thanksgiving was around the corner. Cathy and Chuck’s mom was out of the hospital to go home and try to do as best as they could expect to recover. We planned Thanksgiving at my house with his family and mine, which included my parents and Grandmother, sister, Chuck’s sister, their Mom and her husband. We weren’t sure how long his mom would be alive and Chuck wanted us to all spend as much time together as possible. Do you see how God is orchestrating this? He was weaving what takes most couples years to accomplish in just a few weeks. There were gift exchanges, dinners, courting, the works. It was going very fast and I was on the verge of panic.

One evening we were headed out to a Christmas party to one of Chuck's employees and I asked Chuck just exactly did he think was going on with us. His comment floored me. He wanted to marry me! My heart started beating very fast and I couldn't hear a conversation from or with anyone at the party since all I could hear in my head was, "I want to Marry You!"

I had a trip planned to Chicago and New York before we met and thought that maybe it would cool things down. Give me a chance to think and gather my thoughts, talk to my friends and of course they agreed it was going too fast and I should not string this man along. It is probably the mom being sick thing and it would all pass. Give it time. They had seen me in other relationships and typically I would run out of town to back things off.

Chuck calls me while in Chicago and New York, which was very sweet and attentive saying, I miss you and oh yeah, I love you. I'm thinking, OH NO, THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! I have to end this when I get back. I don't do marriage. I'm not good at it. I don't want to get divorced again. God help me. I don't want to hurt this kind man.

I arrived back in Dallas and Chuck insisted he would pick me up at the airport. I wasn't getting away that fast. I got off the plane and there he was. PERFECT! As my sister would say, when he knocked on the door, he always looked laser focused right past her and straight at me. Same thing happened to both of us that night. He whisked me off to the restaurant, gifts in tow for Christmas and we were back on, well in my mind. He never left.

He proposed shortly thereafter, right before Christmas, but really, he will say I asked him. I seem to remember him asking me several times and would say I would think about it. Either way, a wedding was on.

Chuck had been married for 13 years prior to us meeting and had just divorced for a couple of year prior. We both wanted a formal type wedding, not too big, but with my counseling in tacked, I had conditions. One condition was he had to come to counseling with me and meet Jack. That would surely be a NO from Chuck. Second, we had to go through marital counseling with our pastor. Nothing else would do. I was firm that I would not be Jesus to another person, go to church and sit in a pew by myself. I could do that being single. I didn't want to ask if you wanted to go to church, it was just understood we were going to church and walking in the same direction. No questions asked. I WAS SCARED AS A MOUSE, but loud as a LION. **He agreed!** That was even scarier. **He agreed.** This could be the real thing. He loved me first, I didn't have to compromise anything. He wanted what I wanted till death do us part, in sickness and in health, for richer or poorer. Could it be?

We completed all the counseling sessions, all was a go from both Jack and Pastor Sheats. Now time to pick a date. More of God's crazy sense of humor! No dates available until February 29, 1992, Leap

Day! Of course no one wanted to get married on Leap Day and celebrate every four years. What were we thinking? We'll take it! Date set.

The clock was ticking and the party planning was a foot, music, singers, musicians, flowers, wedding party, reception, food, preacher, honeymoon, money....ALL CHECKED! I had the best friends of my life gathering around us planning out perfect day together. One friend offered to have the reception at her house, which was beautiful and she was an amazing hostess. Another gave me her cherished song she wanted sang at her own wedding when it happened, but felt it was perfect for us. Another friend's daughter, Victoria, whom I cherished was my flower girl at around 2 or 3 years of age, oh my goodness, she was so cute and her Dad helped her walk down the aisle with the flower basket. It was so much fun and I think we both remembered everything about it. We had a photographer to record every moment and Chuck had his own video camera running through the whole procession. I wanted to look like Ivana Trump, hair and all. I have pictures to prove it...funny. Chuck looked more like Tom Selleck.

CHAPTER SEVEN – The Journey

The journey began with lots of love, family and friends. What more could a couple need? Well, GOD! We instantly became what some refer to as a blended family. Me and my dog, Chuck and his son every other weekend. He had moved me from my home in Dallas to Mesquite, where? Mesquite, where the rodeo is? I'm a Dallas girl, suburbs were not for me. So I thought.

Chuck had a lovely home that was missing a lot of furniture after his divorce and I was able to fill it up with mine. We began making a house our home. It wasn't long after we married we spent some challenging months gaining full custody of his son by the age of 12. So now I was a new bride, full-time step-mom and had to close my business, again. Another interesting story. I wasn't a good multi tasker with a human to be responsible for. Chuck worked long hours and William and I had to come to terms with our new relationship. He didn't like me and I wasn't sure what I had gotten myself in to. Trust me, God knew!

I remember William telling me I would never be his mother and he hated me for breaking his mom and dad up. I was all my fault. REALLY? All I could say was, "I pray you find a place in your heart for me, because I'm going to be here for a very long time." That was my inner vow! I'm going to be here for a very long time. Thank you William for bringing that out in me. God knew I loved a good challenge and who else could draw the line in the sand but a 12-year-old boy who actually loved my Rottweiler more than me. As he and I worked out the time line of my relationship with his father, he could see we had never met, but that was still so painful for a young boy to know his parents were apart and I was in the way of it ever mending.

I knew immediately we had to come together and learn how to be a blended family since I had no idea what to do with a 12-year-old boy who loved his mom and dad and I was a third wheel in the relationship. Chuck and I decided to enroll in a Sunday School class at church called "Growing Kids God's Way". All about hearing and understanding the difficulties of raising children, single parents, blended family and families who had just lost their way with their kids. We both did our best to help each other and hear one another's fears and cries for help. Can I tell you, it hurts so much and understand why God hates divorce. It's not just because of the adults as much as it is for the children. They sweet hearts just love and cannot grasp the idea of falling out of love and that frightens them to the core. God knew how it all played out, so now the journey to help heal the broken hearted.

We did our best to go to church weekly, keep all of us involved in church activities. I continued singing in the choir, Chuck volunteered as an Usher and we kept William in Sunday School and other activities.

During the first two years, God had yet another plan. You see, I really loved my wardrobe I had built over the past 15 years. If you could get it at Neiman Marcus, you didn't need it was my motto. One morning, Chuck's dad had spent the night and I was fixing breakfast when I heard, "Get the fire extinguisher". I ran down the hall to his voice in the bedroom where I saw smoke coming out of the closet. Chuck was frantically throwing boxes away from the back door of our bedroom and tossing my clothes and shoes into the pool. He sprayed down the closet with the fire retardant, and by this time the fire department had come and set up a huge fan in the living room, pulling the smoke all the way through the house. As we set on the porch, coughing our lungs out, we just looked at each other. How in the world did that just happen? Electric plug in the closet had collected dust and caught on fire, which burned all the right leg and sleeves of all my clothes. Now that's funny! I now had no clothes to wear. My identity, stripped bare of my worldly good. Yes of course insurance paid to replace it all, but now my heart was in a new place. It was time to be the woman God had planned for me. Nothing to hide behind, just be me.

This made it so easy to be the wife and step-mom to Chuck and William He had planned for me. It was easy to close my business. I jumped into getting William enrolled in a private school for special needs since he had gone from a "A" student to "F". His world was spinning and I was going to do everything in my power to give him a chance to succeed and overcome what had happened in his life. In two years with lots of counseling, love and support, he was back to the happy go lucky child he was meant to be. He was able to go back to his previous private school where his friends were, but it wasn't going to be perfect.

TO BE CONTINUED....