

My Road to Redemption

Last week's story has always been my go to story to share my testimony. Life's journey is interesting and not always perfect. It has many bends in the road, bumps and uphill battles. There becomes a point where the rubber hits the road. My parents divorced somewhere around my Junior year of high school. It was a very messy divorce. To some people this might be a tragedy, but to me and my siblings this was the best thing that could ever happen. Witnessing my parents tumultuous relationship made life very hard. I was settling into a new life and a new lifestyle. I grew up on a farm and I was now living in a townhouse in Arvada. My new school had thousands of students, whereas my old school had about 200. Life was exciting! My passion was dancing. I spent as many hours as possible at the ballet studio teaching and training. My goal was to try out for Colorado state ballet my senior year. I had decided that after dating a boy for two years it was time to move on and find new interest.

The first thing that happened in a series of life changing events, was my first driving experience in a snowstorm. I left the dance studio with snow falling fast. I made a phone call to see if someone can get could come get me. Sadly, I had the car that performed the best in the snow and my mom needed to be picked up from work. I headed down the road, but I didn't make it very far. Before I knew it my car went into a full spin. I hit a concrete barrier, bounced off of it, spun around the other direction and hit that barrier on the passenger side of the car. My head went through the front window and the side window. Remarkably, I was barely unscathed. I had a few flesh wounds, glass stuck in my face, and a minor skull fracture. Nothing was bad enough to keep me at the hospital overnight.

The second thing in my series of unfortunate events, was that my family had to pack up and move overnight. We moved to a very small town. There was no dance studio, no large school and no new friends. I know this doesn't sound too horrible, but to a 16-year-old girl it is devastating. On top of it all, there wasn't even a Taco Bell in town! So, we were in the most miserable small town you have ever seen. Every other weekend we would take a small prop plane, fly over the mountains to Denver, so we could visit my father grandparents. Desperate to escape this small town, I found myself executing a plan of lies and deception. I thought if only I could get pregnant, I would have to return to Denver for care. Fast forward to eight months later, when I found myself driving on I-70 at 1 am. (in a very fast car) Eyes filled with tears over the mess that I was in, I could hardly make out the lanes in the road let alone focus in on the speedometer. Rejected by the baby's father, I realized my dreams of being a professional ballet dancer were over. I knew that life was going to be hard, raising a child alone. I was delivered from my place of self-pity by the sound of sirens and flashing lights. Glancing down at the speedometer I was going over 100 mph, wreck-less and out of control. Pulling over to the side of the road, the officer approached my car. He was ready to throw the book at a young crazy driver. I do not remember the question he asked me, but I remember the look of compassion he had for me. He realized I was completely broken. Or maybe he was just afraid that my very large pregnant belly would burst open! The officer simply said, "do you know how dangerous driving that fast is? Just now go home and be safe." The journey home brought me to a place in my life that I confessed my sin and asked Jesus to save me. Grace had been given to me, and I never again felt alone or unloved. God gave me a healthy daughter, and two years later I had a husband and father. We have grown stronger together over our 32 years of marriage, with Jesus being our solid foundation. We still have bumps and bends in the road, but our GPS is set, and the destination is heaven. Find joy in the journey.

