



## Forward

This personal allegory is unlike any other book. It is not commercial or predictable by book publishing standards, but neither is God (also known as Yahweh in the Hebrew language). A price cannot be placed on His commercial viability and His unconventional ways. It is a testimony, a *reality book*, telling the story of a personal journey over a specific period of time. Yet each chapter stands alone, containing a message that is relevant to the bigger picture and overarching theme.

*And looking at them Jesus said to them, "With people this is impossible, but with God all things are possible."*

Matthew 19:26

## CHAPTER 1

### Introduction

After graduating from the University of Arizona in Tucson in 1982, I moved to Dallas without a job and only a temporary place to live. It was my first faith walk, though I didn't know it at the time. While living in Dallas, I was led to the Lord by my formerly gay roommate in 1985. God raised me up quickly and my walk began at a nondenominational Bible church. Within six weeks, I moved to a Messianic congregation and ultimately landed at a Spirit-filled church. Having lost my job shortly after being saved, I remained at the Spirit-filled church until I moved to San Francisco in 1986. Before the move, I spent the next five months seeking God's face all day long. I lived by Matthew 6:33:

*But seek first His kingdom and His righteousness, and all these things will be added to you.*

In San Francisco, I attended an Assembly of God church until God moved me to Hawaii in 1989. While in Hawaii, I visited a few churches, but none of them felt right: the Holy Spirit was missing for me. Returning to Tucson in 1990, I sought God's face, read the Word and prayed, but never attended church. Each city to which God sent me had a specific purpose, and I was in His will, with the exception of being married. Between the time I left Hawaii until I was invited to visit a church in Phoenix, twenty-two years passed; it was my wilderness.

Now living in Phoenix, it wasn't until I attended a going away party for a colleague and friend that I met Mama. My friend introduced her to

me, and she gave me a business card for a church. In that moment, the Holy Spirit spoke to me. I knew this would be my new church home. I remember Mama telling me that her son was the pastor, and then asking me if I would like to attend that evening's service with her. I graciously declined, but told her I would visit the following Tuesday.

The presence of the Lord filled the church during the service; it was like the church I had attended in Dallas. I knew this was the church that God wanted me to attend. After service, Mama introduced me to her son, the Pastor. Looking into his eyes, I thought to myself, "Oh no," as something stirred within. In his eyes I saw, *Not another woman my mom is introducing me to!* It was early March and I spent the next five years attending the church faithfully, until God released me.

During the first few years, I went to church on Saturday night and occasionally on Tuesday, but never on Sunday. I loved worshipping the Lord, hearing the Word, and being united with others in God's presence (corporately). I went to church, kept to myself, and left just as quietly. Very rarely did I even shake the pastor's hand; in fact, I generally steered clear of him. But one Sunday morning, the chaplain spoke one prophetic word that changed my whole life and the direction God would take me. It had to do with a future husband. Having had the wrong husband once, I sure didn't want to repeat that mistake again.

This is my testimony of the processes, instructions, lessons, revelations and confirmations that God used to bring me to my destiny.

## CHAPTER 2

### **My First Marriage**

In the early 1990s I met a man, a Mexican national from Nogales, Sonora, through mutual acquaintances, a husband and wife, who were believers in Christ. The woman shared a word about me marrying the man, and after three months of testing what she said, I told the Lord, "I want to marry him." God answered my request. It wasn't a prayer, as in asking in the name of Jesus; it was a statement that turned out to be a bad idea, but one that God answered nonetheless. Was the comment my free will? Did I put my will ahead of God's? Was it God's plan for me? Not one to ask questions of Him, I don't have the answer to this day, except to know that it was part of the bigger picture and my destiny.

This was my first lesson about doing things God's way, as opposed to my way. It was a difficult lesson that took twelve years to learn. Instead of trusting God and listening to the guidance He offered through others, I forged ahead and married a man who was never supposed to be my husband.

Three months after meeting him, he wanted to sleep with me. I said, "No. You must marry me if you want to sleep with me." He had been aware that I was a Christian from our first meeting. He would ask about sex, but he never pressured me. He eventually said yes to marriage. I suppose that in my response to him, I had proposed, but in his mind he was only marrying me so he could sleep with me, as no more than a joke, really. Little did I know what I would learn and experience over the next twelve years of marriage. Trusting God in all situations! This was part of my wilderness time.