

"GOD, WHY DO YOU KEEP SAVING ME?"

OPENING PRAYER: Dear Lord, we humble ourselves before You, knowing that You are all-powerful. Take our lives and guide us onto the path that you would have us go. Amen.

I feel so unclean and unworthy of God's love - Why does He love me? I certainly don't deserve it!

I found rest in this Scripture from The Message, Luke 8:47 tells us, "When the woman realized that she couldn't remain hidden, she knelt trembling before Jesus. In front of all the people, she blurted out her story - why she touched Him and how at that same moment she was healed. And Jesus said, "Daughter, you took a risk trusting me, and now you are healed and whole. Live well, live blessed."

God loves us in spite of and because of who we are ! The person that He made us to be. God's greatest desire is that we seek His will and to fellowship with Him.

I feel that God's will for me is to share my stories - My story of childhood abuse - My story of depression and an attempt of suicide - My story of being saved from a tragic death. I do not share these stories so that you will feel a need to comfort me - But I share these stories so that God can speak to you and open your eyes to a deeper understanding of what so many other people are suffering through each and every day.

The abusive patches of my childhood memories are held together with tiny, thin threads -- small snatches of childhood dreams of innocence and reinforced with the quilt backing support of my Christian Faith. There are many patches representing a five-year old little girl living the horror of abuse, seeing and experiencing things a little girl should never even know about. There are patches of fear, loneliness, confusion, feelings of unlove, pain, mistrust, running (always running, but never getting anywhere), hiding, and darkness ... However, nestled in between the pain and fears there are dreams of wonder and hope. A little girl robbed of her childhood -- forced to grow up at the age of five -- hiding in a cornfield playing with a cornhusk doll ... yet still dreaming of a better and safer life.

A small girl standing on a chair in front of a large black cast iron sink blankly staring at the wall as she methodically washes her hands being sure to cover each finger and both palms and wrists completely with soap suds. Silently crying. As she rinses her hands several times to be sure they are very, very clean. She whispers, "I wish I had been hiding in the wood pile, so he couldn't find me." You see, she has a sanctuary -- the wood shed has a few places where a small girl can hide behind the stacks of firewood. "It's really dark in there but if you know where the spaces are, you can walk around without making any noise at all." Nobody else likes it in there, there are spiders, mice and snakes, -- but it's quiet and it's safe. Maybe that's why this little girl feels so comfortable with all the critters of nature and the dark of night.

God, Why Do Some People Hurt Small Children?

Please, Comfort Our Aching Soul.

My life became a stage on which I was playing the role of a person who could handle anything -- Happily married, dutiful wife, two beautiful boys, efficient mother, strong Christian woman, in control of myself and those around me - Everything was in order -- But this was only on the outside -- inside I was screaming and tearing my hair out. I felt like I was going crazy. I was having the same nightmare every single night -- running away, running faster and faster, always running down the same path over and over again, but never quite reaching safety. I would wake up in a cold sweat, screaming, feeling physically exhausted. I didn't want to go to sleep for fear that I would have that horrible dream again.

God, Why Do The Birds Still Sing? Fill Us With Your Peace.

I couldn't understand what was happening to me, my mind was spinning like a tornado picking up and discarding memories and feelings indiscriminately, I had no control over my thoughts or feelings anymore. I just wanted to give up - and die - and I couldn't figure out why -- Maybe I could have an 'accident' - I could simply drive off the cliff, crash, blow up and be killed instantly - I didn't want to hurt anyone else - BUT I did want to end my constant pain. People could say what a good wife and mother I was. I actually started out one day to do just that - drive off the cliff to get rid of the pain - However, just as I began to turn the wheel to do that very thing, I heard the voice of God saying, "NO! I still have work to do, Diane." God actually spoke to me - - Diane - by name !

God, Why Did You Save Me? Please, Heal My Broken Spirit.

The first two weeks of September 2001 I was on deputation in New Hampshire and had ticketed my return flight for Tuesday, Sept. 11th - from Boston to Los Angeles - On United Flight #175, the plane that was hi-jacked and crashed into the World Trade Center Tower #2. I woke up Tuesday morning to the phone ringing and the re-runs of the planes hitting the World Trade Center Towers - it didn't make sense - people were calling Dennis asking if he had heard from me - I was right there, in our apartment. I began walking around in a fog wondering what in the world was going on.

God, Why Is There So Much Hate ?

The week before my trip, I decided that I wanted to spend an extra day at home between deputation assignments, so I changed my flight from Tuesday, Sept. 11th to Monday, Sept. 10th. I now know it was God's leading. While in New Hampshire, I felt that I wouldn't have enough time to get everything done and would need an extra weekday. I tried to change my flight back to the original day of Sept. 11th in order to finish some legal business. However, God would not allow me to change anything. The phone became disconnected several times while talking to reservations - I had to wait literally over an hour and a half to just get through - There were no seats available and I did not want to try standby.

I have no doubt that God had His hand and plan of protection over me in changing my flight plans from the 11th to the 10th and then preventing me from reverting the ticket back to the 11th.

Okay, God, Why Do You Keep Saving Me?

I should have been thankful and grateful for my second chance at life - But do you know what? I was feeling guilty — You know - Survivor's Guilt. I didn't want anyone to know I was almost on that plane. I was feeling guilty about being alive, while so many others died - people who were more important than I am - I'm just not anyone very special. Certainly not worth going to all the trouble of keeping me off that disastrous flight!

God, Why Do You Still Love Us?

On Thursday morning, Sept. 13th, I was completely overcome with pain, I didn't want to feel any more. Between 10 & 11 AM, as I was drinking a cup of tea - I felt myself sinking into a dark depression and all of a sudden a tidal wave of tremendous heaviness and deep remorse came over me, around and through me - I felt suffocated and almost passed out. However, immediately following, an absolute wonderful sense of warmth and comfort lifted me up and a gentle peace settled over my head and passed completely through my body. I felt the arms of God holding me and I sat there to absorb it all. The self-guilt was lifted from me, and I felt gratitude to Christ for His blessings.

God, Surround Us With Your Grace!

That Thursday afternoon, I was visiting one of the other missionaries in our apartment complex and she shared with me that her church prayer group had met that morning, for intercessory prayer on behalf of all the survivors of the horrible tragedy, so that they would no longer feel any sense of guilt or questions of why they were still alive, while so many others had died.

This wonderful Christian friend was not even aware that I was one of those survivors because I had told no-one. She did not know that I had been struggling with feelings of "Why was I still alive?" And, "Why does God keep saving me?". I asked her what time they had been praying, she said between 10 and 11 am. Needless to say, they were praying at the exact time God's peace settled over my being - the time I became aware that God protected me for a purpose -- A purpose that only He knows. I need to continue to trust His promises to always be there and believe that He is in charge of whatever I do with my life.

God, Teach Us To Be Truly Thankful !
