

## Missing Pieces

Many people have what I call a 'missing piece' in their lives; holes in their past, as if something has been punched out. I understand what that is like.

I was born and raised in Philadelphia's inner city feeling hopeless and unwanted. Both my mother and father were alcoholics. The police showed up regularly in response to domestic violence calls.

### A terrible crime

**God seemed like an absentee owner to me.** As a teenager, I went to a religious meeting advertised in the newspaper. The preacher was Billy Graham. I asked Him into my heart. The God who was always 'out there somewhere' became real.

I graduated from high school and moved to San Francisco. I had not worked there very long when a salesman I met at work cornered me and brutally raped me.

I made a poor decision to not call the police or tell anybody what happened. I thought, 'It is all over. I just need to toughen up.'

### A Surprise Message

I was emotionally and physically ill for weeks. When I finally went to the doctor he said, 'You don't have the flu, you are pregnant.'

It took me three days to summon the courage to tell my mother. 'You'll have to take care of this thing,' she said. 'I can't handle it. Come back when it's over.' I got in my car and drove towards Los Angeles. **I didn't know where I would wind up.**

As I flipped through a Gideon Bible in a dirty motel room, I came across Psalm 139. King David was speaking to God, saying, 'You made all the delicate, inner parts of my body, and knit them together in my mother's womb . . . You were there while I was being formed in utter seclusion! You saw me before I was born and scheduled each day of my life before I began to breathe.'

### The missing piece

**That truth helped me decide what to do.** So I signed up at the Los Angeles County Adoptions Court to relinquish my child at birth. I gave birth to a baby girl, whom I never got to see or hold. She became the biggest missing piece of my life.

A few years later, I got a phone call. The voice on the other end said, 'Hello. My name is Julie. You've never met me, but you're my mother.' She had called to tell me that I was a grandmother and to lead me to Christ.

She knew about the rape. She was depressed, confused and angry about it until she visited her minister. He showed her Psalm 139. She decided that if it was true, **God wanted her to be born.**

Julie is living proof that God is faithful. He does not forget. He is able to make something beautiful out of the things that are not. The challenge for us is to place the missing pieces in His capable hands and let Him fill up the holes in our lives.

**Credit** – Power To Change