

# God Specializes in the Restoration of Dead **Marriages**

I divorced my husband after 30 years of marriage, but God resurrected me and my marriage. I was 19 years old, and my husband was 32 years old when we got married in 1979. Although my husband and I both had abusive fathers, we were Christians who chose to be led by the flesh, not the Holy Spirit. Therefore, we looked holy in church while selfishness, strife and every evil thing made our home a living hell.

I blamed my husband for all our problems and asked God to change him. As the perfect victim, I also thought that since my husband was the head of household, the marriage could survive only if he changed.

Church counseling failed and conditions worsened. One October night in 2006, my counselor told me I was suicidal, evidenced by the chest pains I had endured for a week without seeking medical help. Although I denied the counselor's claim, I knew he was right. I really wanted to die. However, I rushed to the hospital because my shameful intention was now exposed.

On the hospital bed, bitter at man and disappointed in God, I decided to back-slide. At that moment of decision, the lighted room became dark. But God reached down through that darkness; and in a gentle voice asked, "If you backslide, who will pray for your children?"

I did not care if I went to hell, but my children were not going. Helpless and broken, I cried out to God. At home, God led me to read the entire Bible, beginning with Genesis. To my amazement, I discovered that the God whom I previously thought was angry and punitive is a patient, loving Father who is continuously pleading with His wayward children to repent; and He would bless them. Hence, my hard heart opened to God's tender love, and my healing started. But because my husband was not changing, I reluctantly filed for divorce in December 2007. In 2009, after 30 years of marriage, the divorce was finalized.

Afterward, I bounced from one relative's house to another, ill-used my marital money, which I called, "blood money" for selling out my family, and became penniless and tired. Finally, I cried

to God for direction. In 2010, He sent me back to my husband's home. On Father's Day in 2011, God told me to ask my husband to remarry me. I was scared and told God, "No," but then obeyed. My husband told me, "No" many times, out of fear and the negative influence of others. During the 10 months I waited for him to say "yes," God taught me how to serve my husband by teaching me how to honor him continually, apologize to him quickly, and love him unconditionally.

The elders at my husband's church also did it right this time. They recommended counseling at Pastoral Counseling Center. It helped a lot because, among other things, my counselor emphasized the importance of developing a triad relationship with God as the center, doing things together, romancing each other, and discovering new things about each other. She was impartial, echoing our interests and concerns back to us. I felt "heard" for the first time in that journey and left our last meeting feeling healed.

*"We had a beautiful wedding at our home on August 4, 2012."*

What I have and continue to learn is that the quality of my relationship with God decides the quality of my relationship with my husband. Because of that, I was not afraid for my marriage. God can transform and restore any dead marriage if one person, husband or wife, is willing to let God change him or her first. The journey is not easy and can be messy, but God will complete what he has started.

To God be the glory for the great things He has done.

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