

"It is my pleasure to tell you about the miraculous signs and wonders that the Most High God has performed for me.

How great are his signs, How mighty his wonders! His dominion is an eternal kingdom; His dominion endures from generation to generation."

-Daniel 4: 2-3

Prologue

A pensive ten-year-old sat in the back seat of the car as her mom drove her to swim practice. Lost in her thoughts and oblivious to the traffic, she blurted with a confidence bordering on absurdity, "Mom, if I make it to the Olympics, will you buy me a horse?"

Her mom smiled at the faith of her child who was so untainted by the world and its trials that she still believed the impossible to be hers for the taking. And yet, her daughter was the fastest swimmer in the country her age. The casual dream of almost all young athletes could be a reality for her child. She responded with equal confidence, "Sure, Sweetie."

"Wait. You mean I don't even have to *win*? I just have to *make* the team?" The little swimmer's eyes bulged with incredulity that her mother had agreed so easily to her request.

"Absolutely. You don't even have to get to the podium. If you just make it to the Olympics, I'll buy you any horse you want. Deal?"

A grin played at the corners of the girl's mouth as her eyes squinted in unparalleled determination.

"Deal." She paused. "I'm going to name her Freedom."

CHAPTER ONE

Born to Fight

*"First they ignore you, then they laugh at you, then they fight you, then you win." –
Mahatma Ghandi*

My body contorted in a twisted fetal position to escape the pain pulsing down my arm. Tears slid gently down my cheeks in silent agony as the words refused to come. I did not have the strength to pray on my knees; that was the position of a warrior. I had only the strength to crumple into the position of a baby. Tears began to cascade, and slowly, sobs began to wrack my body. Questions and doubts bombarded my mind with relentless fervor, and my receding faith could not muster the strength to fight them.

No logic, no wisdom, no truth seemed able to snatch me from the pit of despair that encompassed me on all sides. I sank deeper and deeper. There was no light, there was no hope, and there was no answer.

And then, amidst the suffocating anguish, a lone light, barely visible, shone through the darkness. Something from the recesses of my mind fought its way to consciousness: *"If you have the faith of a mustard seed, nothing will be impossible for you."* The beacon of hope abated the tears long enough for me to begin to catch my breath. Words caught in my throat as I uttered a desperately simple prayer. A prayer, I believe, that changed eternity:

"God, I have fought for years, and years, and years, and I can't fight anymore. I never thought this world could break me, but it has. And I'm finished. I know I said that your grace was sufficient for me, and I know that I said your strength was made perfect in my weakness, but I can't do this anymore. I can't live this way. Please don't make me live this way. I have been hanging on by a kernel of a mustard seed of faith for years, and I don't have it anymore. I have lost my life, because I did what you told me to do. Where are you? Please don't let me live this way."

I paused as one final surge of conviction overtook my mind. I looked up to heaven, tears gathering and threatening to spill over in another torrent. I clenched my jaw

with determination, and then I stressed each syllable as I made an audacious demand from an Almighty God:

“Heal me, or take me home, but don’t make me live this way.”

Curled up in a ball on my bed, begging for God to take me home, fighting thoughts of suicide, I had finally hit rock bottom. Maybe it took so long for me to get there because I had so far to fall...

TWENTY YEARS EARLIER

To read the rest of the book, preorder your copy now at terabradham.com!

Then make sure you’re subscribed to my newsletter and you’re following me on social media. I’ll continue to announce updates through these platforms.

Thanks so much for reading this and for your support!

God bless, Tera