

Chapter 6—New Life

When we reached Florida, we were driving with the kids— I felt God speak inside my heart:

That's the church. You take your children there.

We were passing a white brick building with the sign **New Life Fellowship**. So, I did what He said. That's how I found the church—because God told me.

Danny didn't go with us. Most days it was just me and the kids at home, playing on the floor. I was barely grown myself, still half a child, and I loved being down there with them in their world. I cooked every breakfast, lunch, dinner, and snacks—and tried to keep a warm house. Being a young mother was hard because people didn't take you seriously, but I knew I was a good mom. I'd babysat for years and knew how to love children.

That first Christmas with Brian, I waited until he fell asleep, unwrapped all his presents, played with them, and wrapped them back up again. It made me laugh. I loved playing with my

children.

When we began attending church, the kids loved it too. They had friends and laughter, and the church felt alive. During that season I became pregnant with **Matthew**. He was a big boy—ten pounds, one ounce. Strong from the start.

A Life Saved

Before Matthew was conceived, I had another pregnancy I didn't understand at first. I began bleeding and went to the doctor. They said, "You lost the baby," and sent me home. What they didn't know was that one baby was in my uterus and another in my fallopian tube.

At home I lay on the couch, weak and in pain, not knowing I was bleeding internally. Then there was a knock on the door. Danny opened it, and there stood his friend's wife—a woman who had *never* visited us before. She said, "I don't

know why I came, but now I do. Are you all, right?” looking at me.

I told her I wasn’t. She looked at me and said, “Danny, take her to the hospital right now.” That visit saved my life.

At the hospital they discovered the tubal pregnancy had ruptured. I needed emergency surgery and a blood transfusion. But in my spirit, I heard God speak firmly, *No. Do not take a transfusion*. It was the early 1980s, before blood screening was common, and AIDS was new. So, I said no. The doctors warned that recovery would be slower, but I trusted what I heard in my heart.

They operated and cleared the internal bleeding. On the ultrasound I had seen the baby still living in my uterus, but the surgery ended that life as well. I would have had twins—fraternal twins.

Yet even through the loss, God’s mercy held me. He spared my life and later blessed me with more children. He sent that woman to my door at the exact moment I needed her. I know it was God.

Healing and Growth

A few months later I became pregnant again—this time with Matthew. I didn't tell Danny at first because I was afraid something might go wrong again. When I began to show, he teased, "Are you pregnant? You're getting kind of fat." Finally, at five months, I told him the truth. He was thrilled.

We all went back to church together. I became the nursery coordinator and loved it. I sat under the Word of God, soaking up every sermon. I felt alive again.

When I was eight months pregnant, the church planned a mission trip to Jamaica to visit the missionaries we supported. I felt in my heart that God wanted me to go. My pastor said, "You don't need to go," but I knew otherwise. My grandmother paid my way, and I went.

In Jamaica the pastor's wife was also pregnant. She said, "Weren't you afraid to travel being so

big?”

I told her, “No, God wanted me to come.”

She smiled and said, “I believe He sent you for me. I was afraid to give birth here, but seeing your faith has given me peace.”

One night during that trip I woke suddenly and began to pray in the Spirit for **Sarah**. Back home, the couple watching Brian and Sarah had lost sight of her. Their teenage son found her wandering and put her on the back of his motorcycle to take her home. She was only two-and-a-half.

While I was thousands of miles away, **God woke me to pray at the exact moment she needed protection**. He spared her. That trip changed me forever. It taught me the importance of listening to His voice and obeying when He calls.

A Family Bound by Faith

After Matthew’s birth and the trip to Jamaica, Danny’s father came to visit us. When Matthew was five months old, his father passed away. It devastated Danny. God whispered to me again: *He’s lost his best friend. Now you must be his best*

friend. So, I tried to be. Danny started attending church with me, and though our marriage had ups and downs, we clung to God and to each other.

We had three children then—**Brian, Sarah, and Matthew**—and the same God who had protected us through every trial was teaching us what love, forgiveness, and faith really meant.

Even when I was scared, even when I didn't understand, God's voice led me step by step. He saved my life, guarded my children, and turned every loss into a promise of new life.

Chapters 4–6—A New Place, A Restless
Heart—Learning to Stand—New Life—
Questions

Focus: Young marriage, trust, hardship, and the beginnings of deeper spiritual practice. *Suggested Scripture: Proverbs 3:5–6; Isaiah 40:31.*

- How did moving, marriage at a young age, and motherhood test Ginny’s faith and identity?

- Reflect on Proverbs 3 themes appearing through this section. How is trusting God portrayed practically?

- What role did church community and specific leaders play in sustaining Ginny?

- Discuss episodes of fear (labor, miscarriage, parenting alone). How did these moments lead to reliance on God?

- Where do you see God's timing and mercy in the hard seasons described here?

May these reflections draw you closer to the heart of God as you revisit His faithfulness through every season.

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