

W  
O  
R  
T  
H  
the  
W  
A  
I  
T



Lisa and Eric Raftery

Have you ever thought about whom you might marry someday? I did as a teen, and when I was about fourteen years old, I wrote a letter to God in my journal, promising to wait for His choice for me. I'd always wanted a husband who would be my best friend, someone to laugh and have fun with in life. I didn't write down what I wanted him to look like per se, just how I hoped he would be: extremely handsome, of course, as well as funny, smart, and wholly committed to God with Jesus as His Savior and Lord. (That last part was the most important to me.)

I wanted him to really love me—enough to wait for the honeymoon and then build a life with me over the next fifty plus years, beautiful children included. (Oh, and if he liked to play tennis, that would be over-the-top awesome!) I was flying high with anticipation, seriously expecting to meet my Mr. Right

in the near future. I felt so ready to begin this journey, even at fourteen. Little did I know, I had many years of waiting still ahead of me!

High school passed relatively smoothly: a few interested boys and several crushes that went nowhere, but nothing traumatic, no scars. College was a different story. Male attention hit me full force, and it took me a bit by surprise. Still, I was determined to wait for God's best for me.

I went on many a first date, hoping *maybe he's a committed Christian with similar life goals...* Most were not (or at least not my type), and so a second date never happened, despite some of them being quite good-looking guys! But that wasn't the only thing I'd written on my list, so I continually found myself back to square one, trusting God to bring me together with *the one*. After believing since age fourteen, it seemed to be taking forever!

My second semester of college,

I had become friends with a non-Christian student I'd met on campus. Because he was the last kind of guy I would ever date, I figured it was no big deal hanging out with him and his friends, getting to know him better. Yet feelings develop when you spend a lot of time together, and before I knew it, I was ready to compromise my dating standards—but just for the rest of the semester. He said he was transferring then, and tired of waiting for my first boyfriend, I agreed to date him for those last few months.

Yet the whole time I was dating him, my heart was troubled; I knew I wasn't making the right choices. (That's why I didn't share them with any of my Christian friends.) I had been so committed to my relationship with God, and now I had pushed Him to second position in my impatience to experience romance. I was still a virgin and this dating relationship was quite innocent by today's standards, but this certainly was

not the man I wanted to marry or have as the father of my children. He wasn't part of God's plan for me!

So when I left for the summer, I ended it as I'd told him I would, relieved it was all over. Yet when I returned in the fall, I found he hadn't transferred after all! I spent the next three years trying to stay strong and resist his continual attempts to date me.

That experience caused me a lot of unnecessary tears, but I was thankful that it had made me wiser and even more determined to wait for God's choice for me. I knew God had a plan for my life and that being with the *right* man someday was a big part of it!

So the rest of my college experience was spent waiting. *And waiting.* I went on dates occasionally, but as always, nothing came of them. I did meet someone at one point who seemed to be much of what I wanted on my list, yet I still felt God was keeping my heart closed, that he wasn't the man I was supposed to marry for some reason. Once again, back to square one!

Long story short, I began to fear that my time would never come. Was my man even out there? If I couldn't find him at college with thousands of eligible men, how would I meet him once I was back in my smaller hometown, teaching high school? But God was faithful. As I continued to trust, even through periodic fears and tears about God's timing (which

often seemed to be taking too long), I met Eric my first year of teaching. We got to know each other at church, and after a summer of hanging out as friends, he won my heart. Completely! We began officially dating and were engaged eight months later.

Shortly afterwards, I found that journal entry from so many years before; Eric was every single thing I had requested! (Yep, he even likes to play tennis with me.) And we saved sex for our honeymoon just as I had dreamed all those years. (Let me tell you, it is so worth the wait!)

So be encouraged that God loves you, too! He has an amazing plan for you that is bigger than you can see right now. Have you made mistakes? ***We all do*** as we grow and mature. Some mistakes seem too big to get over, but God will help you if you let Him. It's not too late to live your dream if you ask for forgiveness, pursue God as your *first* love, and follow His directions from this point on.

To help young women do this, my mom and I have collaborated on three novels called the **Mr. Right Series**. The novels are: *Waiting for Mr. Right*, *Meeting Mr. Right*, and *Marrying Mr. Right* and follow Julia Duncan through one unexpected predicament after another as she goes to college and tries to find *the one*.

Whether you're watching Julia date Mr. Wrong, meet Mr. Right, or desperately try to get to her wedding, you'll appreciate her honesty about what's going on in

her own heart. You might even learn a little about your own!

Don't worry—Julia's story is NOT simply a repeat of mine, so you haven't already heard it! Teens & singles all over the U.S. and as far as London, Sweden, and the Virgin Islands are loving this series, and I'm pretty sure you will, too! (Whether or not you consider yourself a great reader.) Check out our website for more information.

[www.MrRightSeries.com](http://www.MrRightSeries.com)

Always remember that God has amazing life adventures for ***you!*** *He wants to give you His very best!*