

The Story Behind the Mr. Right Series



Barbara Precourt

As the author of the **Mr. Right Series**, I have a passion to mentor teen girls and single women. You may be wondering why a grandmother of eight, all ages ten and under, would feel that way. What fuels that passion? The answer is simple: a vivid memory. My years as a teen were filled with confusion, anxiety, and many wrong decisions. I really needed someone to mentor me, but I ignored the advice of my parents and other adults who were trying to protect me and listened to my peers instead. I can remember as a teen sitting in anguish, my head in my hands, crying bitterly—feeling alone, forgotten, and having little hope for the future. I didn't like my body—too skinny. My nose was crooked. My hair was wavy. The other girls were prettier and more popular than I was. At least that was how I felt. Why did I feel like that? They all had a boyfriend and I didn't! I desperately wanted a guy to prove I was special and wanted, too.

Like millions of other girls and single women, my self-worth was rooted in the belief that I was inferior unless I had a boyfriend. Because I believed that lie, I was driven to make decisions that led to more pain and heartache than I had experienced by being alone.

When I was in high school, my friends weren't having any trouble getting a good-looking guy to date them; they were all going steady. Yet it wasn't happening for me. If I liked a guy, he wasn't interested in me. I felt like something *had* to be wrong with me. The pressure of not having a boyfriend was becoming unbearable.

Dances at school were always big events. Having a date could either make or break your self-esteem. Feeling sorry for me, my friend helped me get a date for a winter *ladies' choice* dance with a guy I liked. She found out through her brother beforehand that he was willing to go with me, or I would never have had the courage to ask.

That date started an ongoing relationship that was doomed to fail from the beginning. Sadly, I wasn't mature enough then to see disaster heading my way. When you're infatuated with a guy, your feelings can cloud your ability to make good choices.

This guy was a senior; I was only a freshman. He was leaving after graduation to join the Marines, so I would rarely see him. I also knew his family had many serious, unresolved issues. These were all good reasons to walk away, but I was attracted to him, and that's all I cared about.

For the next three and a half years, we wrote letters and saw each other when he was home on leave. We broke up several times, only to get back together when he was home again.

When I was a senior, he gave me an engagement ring for Christmas. I wanted a nice wedding, but he was in a hurry to get married. He talked me into eloping with him in January as soon as I turned eighteen. I was afraid I would lose him if I refused. So, when he was home on leave the week after my birthday, I skipped school to get the required blood test and marriage license.

That Saturday night, he picked me up for what my parents thought was a routine date, and we were off to find a Justice of the Peace. Driving down several country roads, I spotted a sign for one; we were married twenty minutes later.

Afterwards, we headed for the nearest budget motel to spend a couple of hours together. All my dreams of a beautiful wedding were

shattered due to my fears and poor judgment. The ceremony had been so brief and cold, I didn't even feel married. I knew I'd made a mistake, but there was no turning back. I had to live out the consequences of my foolish decision.

I was back home by my designated midnight curfew. Lying alone in my bed, I felt empty, certainly nothing like a bride. Tears of regret slipped down my cheeks.

The next morning, my new husband was on his way back to his base. I was left behind to deal with fears that had already begun to haunt me. In my day, students couldn't graduate with their class if they were married or pregnant. Instead, they would have to finish their degree at night school.

In addition to coping with the fear of discovery at school, I knew I had to eventually tell my parents what I'd done. *Why hadn't I thought this all through before doing such an irresponsible thing?*

A month later, I did tell my parents. My dad couldn't believe it; my mother cried for days. Their daughter had repaid their many years of love and sacrifice with disappointment and betrayal. Knowing that I could lose my chance to graduate, they supported me and kept my secret until I had received my diploma.

In June my mother gave me a bridal shower. Soon after, my husband scheduled a leave, rented a car, packed me up, and we left for Virginia to live in an apartment he'd found a few miles off base.

Unable to make the trip in one day, we stopped at a dingy motel to get some rest. After my husband made love to me that night, he told me that sex was his only reason for marrying me.

My heart nearly broke when he said that. In the months that followed, it proved to be true. All he wanted to do was drink, smoke, and gamble away what little money we had. I wasn't the object of his love—just his sex object. He had fun boosting his confidence by tearing mine down.

When he was due to get out of the Marines, he sent me back to my parents to get a job and wait for him. When he joined me, I tried to make our marriage work, but my life was filled with so much insecurity and emotional abuse, I couldn't take it. So, the bride of eighteen became a divorcée at twenty.

I felt like a total failure, and my hope of finding someone better in the future was at an all-time low. After messing up so badly in the past, I didn't want to make the same mistake again.

That's when I prayed a prayer that changed the direction of my life. I asked **GOD** to find the *right* husband for me. This time I wanted more than a handsome guy and romantic thrills. I wanted a man who would sincerely love me, one who would be a faithful husband and father.

God answered my prayer and divinely scheduled our meeting. Roger and I were married a year and a half later.

We both believed in God, but

neither of us had ever trusted Jesus as our personal Savior. Both of us received His free offer of salvation when our first child, Lisa, was a baby. From that day forward, we were dedicated to living for Christ. Three years later, our son, Jeff, was born to complete our family.

I had all but forgotten my unhappy past until our daughter was in junior high and high school. She was experiencing some of the same frustrations about dating that I had at her age. Naturally, she wanted to have a boyfriend like the other girls in her class. However, she had made a covenant with God at age fourteen to wait for the man He wanted for her. Although it wasn't easy, and at times she was tempted to compromise, she did wait for her Mr. Right and was happily married at age twenty-five.

During the years, Lisa and I have both counseled with many young women. Some needed encouragement to wait for the right man; others wanted advice on current relationships. Our biggest frustration in counseling has always been the time element—too many needs, not enough personal time to devote to mentoring.

Thus, the idea for the **Mr. Right Series** was birthed. I was inspired to write a 3-novel series designed to do more than entertain the reader. It is a mentoring tool to help young women see their worth and value through God's eyes.

As teens and singles follow the main character, Julia, through her college years, they relate to her struggles and see how honestly she shares her heart. They are able to learn about both right and wrong relationships and how to make better choices in life.

Each character in the novels has an important story to share. Some give great lessons to apply; others

show costly mistakes to avoid.

These stories were written from the heart of God to the heart of young women. He wants each of you to know that you are not alone. He sees, He understands, and He has a plan to get you where you need to be. All He asks for is your cooperation. If you have already made mistakes and are looking for forgiveness and a new start, His arms are open wide.

My daughter, Lisa Raftery, now in full-time ministry with her husband, caught the vision for this series and has worked tirelessly with me as editor and collaborator on all three novels. She has recently written a workbook to accompany novel one: *Waiting for Mr. Right—The Journal*.

I could have greatly benefited from the **Mr. Right Series** when I was a confused teen, but nothing like it was in print at the time. Our mission is to make it available to teens and single women everywhere!

SERIES TITLES:

Waiting for Mr. Right
Meeting Mr. Right
Marrying Mr. Right

Waiting for Mr. Right
The Journal

For more information about our series, please visit our website. We would love to hear from you!

www.MrRightSeries.com

Barbara Precourt has been happily married to her husband, Roger, for more than forty-one years. They teach relationship classes in their local church and work together in his insurance agency.