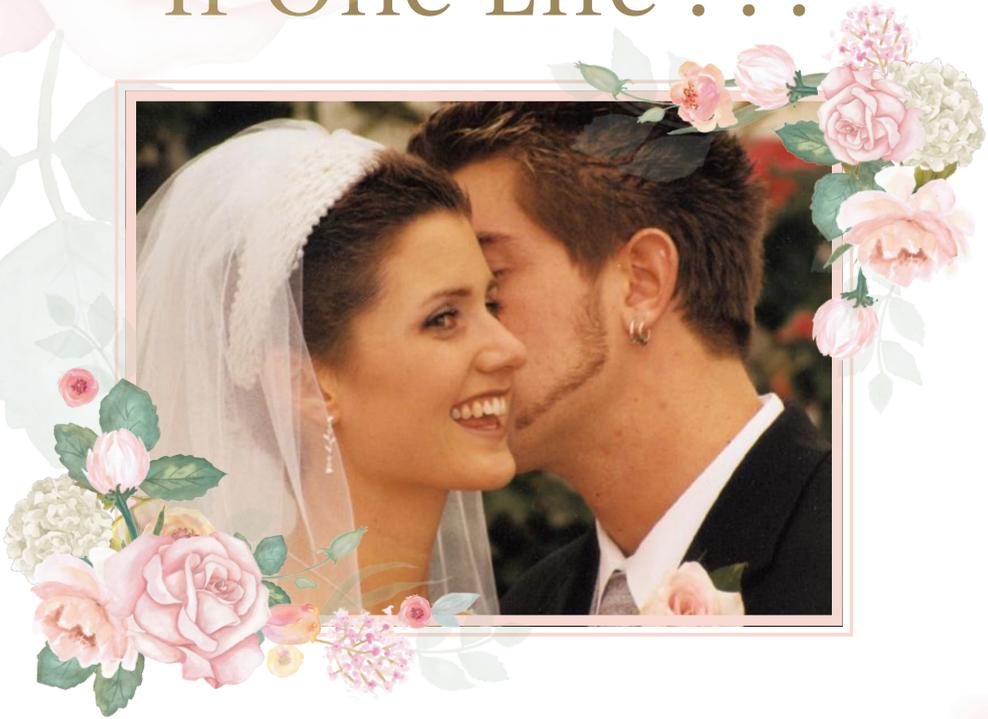


Melissa

If One Life . . .



One Love can change your Life
One Life can change the World

JANETTE HENNING & MELISSA CAMP

FOREWORD BY JEREMY CAMP

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Melissa

If One Life . . .

MELISSA LYNN CAMP
SHARES HER LIFE-CHANGING LOVE STORY



*"Big or small, I'm willing for it all.
This journey is ours—let's go!"*



Melissa

If One Life . . .

One Love can change your Life
One Life can change the World

JANETTE HENNING & MELISSA CAMP



*“Only be careful and
watch yourselves closely
so that you do not forget
the things your eyes have
seen or let them fade
from your heart as long
as you live. Teach them to
your children and to their
children after them.”*

DEUTERONOMY 4:9 NIV

Dedication

First this book is dedicated to my children, Heather, Ryan and Megan and to Jeremy; the four people Melissa loved the most – besides me of course! She loved you with a fervent, unconditional love that exemplified the love of Jesus. Her greatest desire was for you to love Jesus with all your heart, mind and soul and for you to love one another fervently from your heart. You are blessed to be Melissa's family. Walk worthy of the honor. May you never forget the things your eyes have seen or let them fade from your heart as long as you live. May you teach them to your children and to their children after them.

To my grandchildren, Gracie, Maci, Kenzie, Harper, Tanner, Daphne, Kirra and Kili, and to Jeremy and Adie's children, Isabella, Arianne and Egan. This is your heritage, your legacy, your inheritance, a precious gift for you to treasure and pass on to others. Live extraordinary lives dear ones. Love like Jesus, risk loving others with your whole heart, don't hold back. Strive for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. The abundant life is yours to seize.

Lastly to my husband, Mark. You have traveled up this broken road with me never letting go of my hand. It has been a steep climb with many obstacles and perils, but we kept climbing up together pressing towards the goal, the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus. Thank you for never giving up and thank you for praying, encouraging me and always believing in Melissa's book. We are truly blessed to be her parents.

I love you all!



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A Word from Jeremy

For almost twenty years, I've had the incredible opportunity of playing music and sharing my testimony all over the world. By God's grace, I've seen countless lives impacted and truly seen the truth of the Scripture in Revelation 12:11, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony, and they did not love their lives to the death."

I am thrilled that Melissa's mom, Janette, has put this book together so you can be a witness of a heart that was truly in love with Jesus. There is something so inspiring about a life that has been fully surrendered to Christ, and as you page through this book and read Melissa's journals, you'll see just that—a young girl whose heart was fully set on serving and loving her heavenly King. Her love for God deeply impacted me, and I loved being her husband, even though it was for such a short time.



I know you will be ministered to as you read the prayers and thoughts she poured her heart into. And I pray you will be inspired to live a life like hers—wholly abandoned to the Lord and His will for your life. He is fully trustworthy, and even in the hardest of trials He can give us peace we cannot find anywhere else. As you read through these pages, you will see Melissa knew this absolutely, and I pray you will, too.



In Christ,
Jeremy

Introduction

If one life comes to know
Jesus Christ as their Savior
through what I go through,
it will all be worth it.

♡ Melissa

I am Melissa's mom, Janette. It is an honor to share Melissa's life and her journals with you.

I am a mother first and foremost. Even as a little girl, I would dream of my children, imagine them, name them, and create them in my mind. As I grew, I yearned for them. I am convinced this came from God as He was preparing me to guardian the precious gifts He would one day give me.

All my imagining paled in comparison to the reality of motherhood. Love for my child, from the moment of conception, was far different from any love I had experienced. The word *love* does not adequately describe the depth of emotion I felt; there should be another word. I knew love. I loved my mother, I loved my friends, I loved my husband. But this was an emotion so different than any of those. Just as my love for my husband was different than the love

for my family or friends, so the love for my child was different than my love for my husband. This was a beautiful, consuming devotion. My thoughts never ceased thinking, praying, and planning for this child. It was amazing, four times over.

God had an even more amazing love in mind when He created my third-born child, Melissa. Her life was to challenge me to know the love of God in a way I had never envisioned this side of heaven. I am forever changed by her love for me, her love for her family, and her love for her husband, Jeremy. But most of all I am forever changed because of her love for her Savior Jesus Christ and His great love for her. I was privileged to see the fullness of God in my child and to experience the love of Christ that surpasses knowledge. He has done exceedingly abundantly beyond what I imagined, and I am trusting that He will continue to use my daughter's life to bring Himself glory in every generation.

“To know the love of Christ which passes knowledge; that you may be filled with all the fullness of God. Now to Him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that works in us, to Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus to all generations, forever and ever. Amen”

(EPHESIANS 3:19-21)

When I first met Jeremy and knew Melissa cared for him, I began to pray he would become a mighty man of faith. I did not know then why the Lord had me praying that for Jeremy Camp. I had no idea that I would need the strong faith of this young man of God to strengthen me and carry me through my darkest valley. I had no way of knowing that this “mighty faith” that I prayed for would unite with my daughters to carry them to the heights of intimacy with God and would sustain them through the valley of the shadow of death and beyond.

Jeremy has said that God answered his “Why?” question. He said it was so he could tell everyone to “walk by faith and not by sight.” Those words are precious to me as I think about my prayers for this now-mighty man of faith. I remember with tears the day Jeremy and Melissa came home from their honeymoon and I heard the completed song “Walk by Faith” for the first time.

*I will walk by faith even when
I cannot see, because this broken
road prepares Your will for me.*

♡ *Melissa*

“Mom,” Melissa whispered, “I thought of those words.”

Yes, this “broken road” was prepared by God’s will for Melissa, Jeremy, me, and my precious family, but also for the people and generations to follow who will

come to know the love of Jesus through her life, her journals, Jeremy's songs, and the testimonies of those who have been forever changed.

Melissa had a great desire to share her life—her struggles and successes—so others would learn to walk in God's ways. I can easily picture her in a small group, teaching teenage girls about relationships, self-image, eating disorders, depression, or loneliness. I can see her around a campfire, or in a dorm room, or with a car full of kids—always focusing them on Jesus and the Word of God as the only answer to their problems. I see her singing “My Father's Eyes” with her face pressed nose-to-nose with her little sister, Megan. I hear her laughing with her older sister Heather and see her being swallowed up in the hugs of her big brother Ryan, and always focusing all of us on Jesus.

As you read Melissa's prayers and journals and follow her journey, you can see and hear the mind of God at work in her, preparing her for His eternal plans and purposes. Prayers are eternal. They are mustard seeds, planted by faith and grown in the very heart of our eternal God and Father. God is continually giving Melissa the desires of her heart by answering these prayers according to His will and perfect timing.

I look at this diary and wonder what its use is. Do you yearn for me to share it with strangers, loved ones, or just You and I? If someone were ever to read this, I would be so thrilled, thrilled to know that God has used me to share of His wonderful promises.

I believe Melissa wrote her journals for God, her loved ones, and also for you. My prayer is that through them, you will enter into an intimacy with God that you have never experienced before. Prepare to be transformed as the living Lord Jesus Christ is revealed to you through Melissa's conversations with Him. Glean from her, glean from Jesus, and you will never be the same again.

Melissa's journals begin in February 1997. They chronicle Melissa's four-year journey with God through high school, her first year of college, falling in love, cancer, and her engagement to Jeremy. Her journal entries are interspersed throughout the book so you can share in her life by reading her own words.

As I read my daughter's journals, God is using them to comfort me and teach me. I pray they will do the same for you.



Eternity has no troubles.

Eternity of blessings!

*So even though now you're
having the wind against you,
know God knows and sees
what you're going through.*

*Pray. Walk away, amazed
and full of worship.*

♡ *Melissa*



CHAPTER

1

YOUR GLORY IS WHAT I SEEK

“You want to know what I think? I think I know why we go through trials, or at least why I do. I think the Lord is constantly allowing trials to show me where my home is: heaven. So many times, I forget to look at things with an eternal perspective and then a trial will come. That’s when I’m reminded that no matter what we go through or endure, succeed at or fail at, this is not our home. So, with that I want to go through these trials standing, knowing soon and very soon we’re gonna see the King. Amen.”

*J*esus, this life I live belongs to You. How wonderful. So, because it belongs to You, I ask You to use it. Your glory is what I seek to please. I want to be a woman of prayer, hidden and even discrete. I want meekness and fruit. I only want You for now. I feel the call to enjoy this servant time alone, single and free for ministry. Protect me from deception and help me to know you more. I’m interested and so willing to seek You. My lover of my soul—You make me whole. I’m in love with You. I can’t wait to be with You, but I also can’t wait to allow You to reign in me again, in your power.



Your will be done in my life.
Big or small, I'm willing for it all.
This journey is ours—let's go.
I love You so much!

♡ *Melissa*

Open my eyes and keep me from sin. I ask You'd speak to me over and over again so I will learn to know You consistently. Here's the beginning of forever! Amen.

“Hey, Mom, look at this.” Trying not to show the terror I was feeling, I gently said to my beautiful nineteen-year-old daughter, “We’ll see the doctor in the morning.” Her response was, “No, not tomorrow, I have Bible Study.” God came first with Melissa.

Fear gripped me. I went into the bathroom and cried as I projected ahead, imagining the worst. I had just seen a huge abdominal mass in my child. As I lay on the floor muffling my cries, my spirit groaned to my God. At that moment, I heard a voice say to me, “Here we go!” I knew this would be the greatest trial of my life, and I knew God was with me. I continued to pray for wisdom, especially in choosing the right doctor.

Mark and I were married January 31, 1976. We were blessed to have four children, and God began to fashion a family after His own heart. Each child He gave us was so unique and needed. It was like a beautiful puzzle to me. Each piece made our family more beautiful, and with each piece God was revealing more and more of the picture He was creating. Melissa was our third born. There was something extra special about this child. Her birth was natural and easy. I was able to leave the hospital twelve hours later—she had never left my sight. I used to tease all the kids that Melissa was really the only child I knew for certain was mine because she was never taken away by those hospital nurses to be mixed up with all the other babies!

I love all my children with an indescribable love. You know, the love that needs a different word because it is so unlike any other love you have ever known. But then, there was Melissa. She was the child that always wanted to be with me. She reached out for me, cared for me, comforted me, counseled me, defended me, served me, nurtured me, ministered to me, *knew* me. She loved me. She was the child of my heart, and she became my best friend.

Now this child of my heart, my best friend, was in danger. Melissa loved God more than any person I have ever encountered. She was a young woman who walked with God. She loved Him, He loved her, and He would not allow any harm to come to her. I knew God would take care of her; I knew He would lead us to the right doctor. I left the bathroom that night facing all my fears. *Cancer*. My worst fear—Melissa dying. I projected ahead to the thought of it, and I could not breathe. No! God would not do that to Melissa—He would not do that to me.

As a family, we had been through many trials—tough trials. We had gone through the fire; our faith was tested many times. We remained faithful to our God and had grown through them. I felt we were like gold, purified, with the dross burned off. God knew that we didn't need another trial of major proportions! He had already given us trials that should have been enough for our lifetime. Now He said, "Here we go." Those trials were just preparation for the one to come. Slowly, I gave all my fears to my Savior. I knew Him. I loved Him. I trusted Him.

The next morning, I called our family practitioner. I believed He was the best person to direct us to the proper doctor or specialist. We went to see him the next day. Melissa's lower abdomen obviously had a mass of some sort. One of his first questions to her was, "Could you be pregnant?" She told him that was

impossible because she was a virgin. He did not believe her and told her he had heard that many times before. He gave her a pregnancy test.

Melissa believed in purity before marriage. She lived it and taught it to other young women. At the time she was wearing her purity ring, which symbolized her commitment to sexual purity and was a gift that one day she planned on giving to her husband on their wedding night. When she left the room for her pregnancy test, the doctor told me he thought she was pregnant and that he hears girls say it is impossible all the time, only to find out they are. I told him he was wrong. After her pelvic exam confirmed it was impossible and her test was negative, a very embarrassed doctor apologized and ordered a sonogram to determine what and where that mass was.

The doctor entered the exam room looking ashen. It scared me. Melissa was sitting on the exam table and I was in a chair. I was not close enough to touch her, and I couldn't see her face as he talked to her. The night on the bathroom floor, I had prepared myself for the trial, the biggest trial—*cancer*. But I had not prepared my child. Why? I think I just figured it was a mother's worst fear and that it couldn't possibly happen to Melissa. I didn't want to scare her. I didn't want my child to feel this fear I was experiencing. But here it was.

“It looks like a mass stemming from outside your abdominal wall, probably coming from your belly button. It is too big to actually tell. The radiologist says it could be cancer, but they will need a CT scan to clarify that.” I was stunned but okay—I had armed myself for the battle. God had given me the strength to hear the C word and not panic or fall apart. I kept listening to what he was saying, but just wanted to reach out and hold my daughter. The sweetest face in the world turned to me with huge tears quietly streaming down her face. God could not have created a more beautiful person. Her outward beauty was breathtaking; her inward beauty was glorious. She had long, gorgeous, chestnut-brown hair and the most beautiful, big hazel eyes. Even as she was hearing the most terrifying news, her countenance was peaceful and beautiful. Her God was in control.

We walked to the car and prayed. The doctor had already called Mark with the news. Melissa was the one comforting everyone. She held her brother and sisters while they cried. She comforted all of us with her unwavering faith in her mighty God. There was never a sense of panic or dismay. There was never a time she questioned God. She trusted in the same way a little child trusts their parents. She did not doubt His love for her or that He would take care of

her. Our church began to pray, our college Bible Study prayed, and as the word began to spread, God's people prayed.

The technicians were gracious and allowed me to view the CT scan as they were doing it. As the pictures came up on the screen, they showed me this huge volleyball-sized mass that occupied my daughter's abdomen. My only thought was, "Get that out of there!" As we left the testing to meet Mark in the waiting room, our pastor Bob Botsford was there. He prayed for Melissa with obvious love and affection. He put his arm around her and said, "God won't let anything bad happen to you." That is how every person felt. It was so clear to everyone that Melissa walked with God. She was a friend of His. She seemed to have a special touch from God. Of course, He would never let anything bad happen to her. He loved her. This was just a trial we were all going through. Melissa would be fine.

We walked over to the doctor's office and waited for the report from the radiologist. It was a very long wait. Then our doctor bounced in the room with a smile. Whoa—what was this? He was happy! He told us that the CT scan contradicted the sonogram. The new report said that it was a cyst filled with fluid, not cancer! Oh, my goodness—what JOY! Of course, Lis would have to have an operation to remove it. Then he asked us if we knew of any surgeons we would like to use. No, we did not know of any surgeons and thought our doctor was the best person to choose a good one. We trusted him. I specifically asked him to please send Melissa to the best, and he assured us he would. We all prayed and asked for wisdom from God to send us to the best doctor, the right doctor when we first discovered the mass. Our primary care doctor was our answer, and now we prayed for him to have wisdom from God to choose the right surgeon for the next step. What joy we had—it was only a cyst! God is so good to us.

Mark, Lis, and I went to meet the surgeon. We were confident that our doctor chose the best because he told us he would. The three of us were so confident that when the surgeon was late and the receptionist offered us another surgeon in the office, we said no, we would wait. We were waiting for the "best" surgeon, after all. He was very nice. He reviewed the sonogram and the CT scan in our presence. It was the first time he had seen them, and he was totally unaware that the sonogram report was different than the CT scan. Contrary reports. We of course thought the CT scan was the accurate one, because that is what we had been told. He explained that he could remove the cyst laparoscopically through a couple of small incisions. Opening up her abdomen would be dangerous, he said, and he went on to explain all the risks.

He assured us that laparoscopic surgery was the safest and best way to remove it. She would have only a tiny scar, which seemed to be his biggest concern. The only way he would open up her abdomen is if it was too big or appeared to be something other than a cyst. He told us his specialty was in laparoscopic surgery. He also said that he would have a gynecologist present at the surgery just in case the cyst was attached to a female reproductive organ—he was not allowed to do surgeries of that type. All the bases were covered. We had the best surgeon, and he knew what he was doing. *Thank You, Lord.* All three of us felt great.



God, my prayer is to be used by You for Your will. You meant this tumor to be in me so that my friends may come to You. Use me again, use my life. I want to change!

The process of obeying God is to do something. Pray in Jesus' name and obey. All of your life God has been doing miracles, Melissa. If you had the proof of the milk and honey, would you go in?

Psalm 34—I believe one day I may hear someone say, “Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.”

Oh precious Lord, Great is Your name. How I know that now more than ever. Jesus, thank You for obeying Your Father and going to the cross, even though You asked if there might be any other way. Lord God, You set the example for me to follow, in different situations, of course. My Lord, when I found out I had a tumor, You had already done a mighty work in preparing me, and I thank You. How wonderful and peaceful it was to know that You had already known and allowed this to happen. But not only that—You waited to tell me until the perfect time, the moment I became willing. O precious Jesus, if I am worthy to be used it's only through You. You make me a vessel worthy of use. I thank You, heavenly Father, for giving me this gift, a rather large cyst.

“ I thank You for allowing this trial in my life because I realize how much You love me through this. I also learned something I thought I already knew. I learned that during this time of weakness in my life, You will be strong for me. And You have been so strong. You have known my weaknesses, failures, hopeless times, and faults, and through all that You have remained strong. How amazing and awesome You are! ”

Lord I just thought of the Scripture where it says that if you were to write of all the things the Lord has done, the world could not contain the books. I just realized in my own life, the things I write to You and say of You on paper are not as beautiful as the quiet moments You and I spend alone. When I am meditating on You and Your Word in my heart and using my lips instead of my hand to cry out to You in every way, those are the times we share our deepest love. So, if that's between just little Melissa, I can't imagine all the unwritten things You spoke of and cried out. Jesus, how special to allow me to picture that! Your lovingkindness is greater than life, and my lips shall praise you and bless You. I will lift up my voice unto Your name.

While waiting for the surgery, we prayed and were convinced everything would be fine. Melissa and I had some sweet times together. The day before Melissa's surgery she told me she wanted to be strong for Jesus, but she was feeling so weak and afraid. I held her and said, "Oh honey, Jesus doesn't want you to be strong for Him, He wants to be strong for you. He will hold you and carry you through." I reminded Melissa of 2 Corinthians 12:9 (KJV):

“And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”

We held each other and prayed. It is a cherished moment for me. Melissa was a fulfillment of this verse. She most gladly had glory in her infirmity and the power of Christ did rest upon her!

Fifteen minutes into her surgery on September 28, 1999, the phone rang in the waiting room. Mark took the call. The anesthesiologist told Mark it was good news: it was just an ovarian cyst. We all rejoiced. Even though we expected good news, it is still so refreshing when it comes, and I thought how good God was to me to have me wait only fifteen minutes for it. Then our family doctor came in to tell us he had checked on her and that it was “just an ovarian cyst.”



They removed a couple of liters of fluid.

The surgeon came in after the surgery. He was so excited, boasting Polaroid pictures of the volleyball-sized ovarian cyst. He explained how great everything went, and that he drained and pulled that thing out of her belly button, and that a gynecologist snipped it off of the ovary before he removed it. He seemed so proud of himself, and Melissa was doing fine.

Heather stayed the night in the hospital with Lis. Heather loved her little sister so much. She was like a mercy angel, massaging her feet and scratching her legs for her. She soothed her with lotion and moistened her lips with cool lemon swabs. Heather would do anything for Melissa. They adored each other and would try and outdo one another in showing their love. This was Heather's time to shine and minister to Melissa. What a special gift she was to Lis.

The next morning, they both were so excited to tell me about the nurse that came to them in the night. This nurse knelt next to Melissa's bed, wept, and prayed for her. Later Heather went out into the hall to find her. She wasn't there, and no one knew who she was. They really believed it was an angel coming to them in the middle of the night. I pondered why this "angel" was weeping. Months later, I would remember this weeping angel and know her sorrow. But this night brought a sweet presence from God showing Melissa that He was with her every step of this journey. He showed up strong and was carrying her through.

The next morning, a very dark cloud entered the room. To me, it was like evil seeping in and stealing away our joy. It wasn't the man, even though his bedside manner was lacking in sensitivity. It was his words and his countenance when he spoke. He introduced himself as the gynecologist who removed the cyst. I was confused; I thought the surgeon we saw removed the cyst. While shaking Melissa's hand he said, "You sure went to the wrong doctor. I would have cut you open (he then motioned with his hand a vertical cutting motion straight down her torso) and pulled that thing out whole." Melissa looked terrified. I thought, "Whoa—we did not go to the wrong doctor!" This doctor then told us it was "just an ovarian cyst" and that if it grew back, he would remove her ovary. Then he said she should have a sonogram in about three months to see how things were going. When he left, Melissa was adamant that she would never go and see him! He was a scary person. We all tried to put that doctor out of our minds. Melissa came home and we got to spoil her, which we all loved to do.

A few days later the surgeon called to tell us the results of the pathology report. I had totally forgotten about it. All the doctors were so convinced that it was “just an ovarian cyst” that I didn’t give it a second thought. “It’s benign, just an ovarian cyst!” Great, of course, we already knew that, didn’t we?

What was that all about, Lord? I thought it was just a little blip in our lives, a little interruption, another test just to keep refining the gold, another opportunity for us to experience the loving hand of our God, to know Him and the fellowship of His suffering. Yes, that is what that was.

Through it all, Melissa grew more and more in love with her Lord Jesus Christ.

Dear Heavenly Father,

I’m sitting here on the beautiful grass in Del Mar, looking at all the waves rippling to Your desire and tree branches waving in Your wind. I’m watching people walk by with their dogs, sit with their spouses, and fly kites with their kids. I’m seeing all this, and I’m sitting here on the cliff alone. Jesus, I’m hurting because lately I’ve chosen to go the rough life alone. I don’t want to be alone anymore! I want to ask You to be with me. Jesus, I know that I’m even more amazing than this mighty ocean in front of me. I know that because it cannot walk with You, and I can. Lord, may I feel You and know You now like I did when I was sick! May I please call crying out to You today like I so needed to then. How my heart aches and starves for the tender love and intimate affection I felt from You then.

Lord, I’ve told people how awesome that time was, but I don’t think I ever told You. When I look back or think back to the time in late September/early October when I had to go through all the doctor’s visits and then finally surgery and recovery, I don’t remember any of the physical pain. Lord, do You know what I remember most of all? I remember feeling You. I remember being drawn to my knees just to talk to You; to cry to You; to get my strength from You. I remember how real You were, and how I had never known You like that. I remember what peace You gave me. Gosh, Lord, I need that now. I need You now! My tears ache for Your hand to wipe them away. Lord, I know that who I want, and what I want, is You!

Christ, I want to put You first in my heart. I want to allow You to direct my steps. But above direction, protection, provision, and so on, I want Your love. I want my heart to be sold out, head over heels in love with You! You know, I feel like my love has been waiting for me—that's You. I feel You've called and written, even sent messengers to tell me You're waiting and that Your love will endure forever for me. Yet, I told You to wait. I sent messages back to let You know my heart wasn't ready to commit. My days weren't ready to be joined with Yours.

*Well, today I realize this world offers me one thing.
It offers me my intense need for You.*

I want to send You a new message, long overdue, but finally sincere.

Jesus Christ, my precious Lord and gracious Savior, thank You. Thank You for pursuing me. Thank You for winning my love by Your true love for me. I know You to be so in love with me, and it's because of that love that I am now so in love with You. Heavenly Father, thank You that You give me the perfect love I've been looking for. Dear God, thank You for loving me so much that You'd continue to forgive and forget all the sins I'd commit that would pull me farther from You. Thank You for throwing them into the sea. I know why the sea is so big!



Jesus, what I'm going to say is the most important vow I will ever say in all my life. Christ Jesus, my Lord and Father and Holy Spirit that live within me, I vow to love and honor You. I vow to forsake all others as long as I shall live. I vow to love You in my sickness and in my health, when rich and when poor, until death do we meet.

I promise to flee from the sins that separate me from You and Your unfailing love. I promise that choosing to love You and living this life to love You will be the best thing I ever will do. Christ, I know I will sin and struggle with understanding how it happened again, but I pray that my sins would reveal themselves. Show my family my sins, so I may not continue in them. Holy Spirit, be alive and well within me, sensitive to a pinprick. I want Thy will and not my will anymore.

Heavenly Father, God above me and in me, please have Your way in me. I want to see people as brothers and sisters, and I don't even want to give a second thought to men for me. Lord, my husband is in Your hands. Have your way and perfect will for Him and me in Your time. I'm in no hurry to know him. I want to know You! Please purify Your bride! I love You and ask that You'd radically change

me. Change my heart to be soft, my will to be Yours, my thoughts to be pure, my love to be committed to You and from You, my actions to be just, and my life to be Yours. Holy Spirit, I know many things that are in me need to be changed, so I ask that as I seek Christ my God, You'd purify, change, and do mighty miracles. Help me to look to Christ and have Him judge me, and help me not to judge anyone. Give me love for my family. I love You and pray for patience to see You work in my life and heart. May I tell no one and just allow them to see I love You, Lord. Help me hear You as I read Your Word. I pray Your perfect pleasing and good will, not my will. All praise, glory, and honor to Your name, Almighty God. Amen.







*"Big or small, I'm willing for it all.
This journey is ours. Let's Go!"*

Melissa, If One Life ... is the real-life love story of Melissa Camp, first wife of recording artist Jeremy Camp. Her heartrending story is told through her journals and reveals her intimate conversations with God, her extraordinary love story with Jeremy, her walk through cancer and her supernatural responses to life's hardest trials.

The film, *I Still Believe*, is based on Melissa's fun and emotional love story with Jeremy Camp. It is more than inspiring! It is transformational! It restores faith that great love does exist and is worth sacrificing everything for. This book expands the dialogue, shows Melissa's reactions and fills in the details of her remarkable life. It also reveals the mystery of living a courageous life filled with love, joy and hope no matter what the circumstances are.

Melissa, If One Life ... is a powerful, intimate look at one life that was fully surrendered to God's will above her own and the amazing journey they took together. "Big or small, I'm willing for it all. The journey is ours. Let's Go!!"



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