**Testimony of a Wounded Heart**

*A Journey Through Loss, Love, and Divine Purpose*

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For reflection, discussion, or prayer: [You can add contact info if desired]

Testimony of a Wounded Heart and a Watching God

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When you're young, you don't always realize how different your life really is. But mine? Mine started

in heartbreak.

I was born into a teenage love story that turned sour. My mom was only sixteen when she had me.

My father died when I was four. I barely remember him, but that absence became part of my

foundation-an empty space I learned to live with.

There was one constant voice of hope in my life: my grandmother. She was always preaching the

Word. Always reminding me that God was real-even when the world didn't feel that way. And when I

was five years old, I sent up a simple, desperate prayer:

"Lord, if You're real... please send me undeniable proof."

Years passed. I forgot about that prayer.

But God didn't.

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The First Sign

I was a teenager when it happened. I was at a friend's house, just playing guitar like I usually did,

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when suddenly-out of nowhere-I was hit with a wave of anxiety. Not just nerves. One of the worst

panic attacks of my life. I dipped out fast, feeling something I couldn't explain.

I went home. And that's when it happened.

The Lord came to me.

Not in thunder. Not in fire. Not in a booming voice. But in a still, undeniable presence. He spoke to

me.

He told me I had hate in my heart. And that I needed to let it go. He said I needed to forgive,

because life is too short to carry that kind of weight.

Immediately, someone came to mind-my grandmother on my dad's side. She was one of the

hardest, coldest people I had ever known. But I listened. I reached out that same day to my sister's

mother and asked to speak with her.

She said, "She's doing well. I'll have her call you tomorrow."

But that call never came.

Instead, the next morning, I woke up to a message on Facebook.

My sister's mom told me my grandmother had passed away in her sleep-around 6:30 a.m. The exact

time the Lord had spoken to me the day before.

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That hit me deep.

That was the proof I asked for when I was five.

God had heard me-and He waited until the moment it mattered most to answer.

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The Second Sign

Years later, I was 21 and in Gainesville, waiting on my cousin to get off work. I was just minding my

business when I got jumped. Robbed. A fight broke out. It got bad-fast. Then the guy slammed me

into the concrete.

Bam.

I closed my eyes-and when I opened them, everything was gone.

No sounds. No people. No world.

Just me.

I don't know how I knew, but I knew: I wasn't in my body anymore. I was outside myself. Floating.

Watching. Everything and everyone had vanished.

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It was silent. Still.

But I wasn't afraid.

I felt peace. Bliss. Like something greater was pulling me forward-calling me home. I felt acceptance

rise up in me, and I thought:

"Well... it was a good life. No-it was a great life."

And then-just as I was ready to go-one last thought surfaced from deep inside me:

"I just wish I had found love..."

That thought-that longing for love-saved my life.

In an instant, I was slammed back into my body. Gasping. Breathing. Flooded with emotion-rage,

sorrow, love, confusion.

I was alive.

Not because I heard a voice.

Not because I saw a light.

But because love pulled me back from the edge.

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And that moment showed me something I'll never forget:

We have souls.

God sees us.

And sometimes, love is the very thing that anchors us to life.

That truth would return in the most painful moment of all.

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The Third and Hardest Sign

It was March of last year.

My girl and I had been fighting. Constantly. Both of us prayed for change. Begged for it.

And sometimes... God answers.

But not in the way you expect.

They say be careful what you wish for. And I learned why.

That day, my two older daughters were with my sister. I was home alone with my baby girl. We live

in an RV on my parents' property. I laid the baby down for a nap. My sister came by to use the

bathroom, and while she was inside, my oldest accidentally let my youngest outside to come find

me.

I heard her little footsteps at the door... but she turned around.

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Just as I was about to go after her, my baby girl grabbed my face and kissed me.

I smiled. Laughed. Played with her. We had this moment-just the two of us. Pure joy. Pure love.

A couple minutes passed. I was changing her diaper when I heard my name being called.

I ran outside.

And there was my sister-holding my daughter.

She had pulled her from the pool. She was on the phone with the cops. She was giving CPR. She

was yelling my name-desperate, fighting for her life.

I ran to them.

And when I got there... Dakota looked up at me.

Her eyes lit up. They locked with mine-one final time.

And I'll never forget that look.

It wasn't fear. It wasn't pain.

It was relief.

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Like she was saying, "Oh... good. Daddy's here. I can go now."

But I wasn't ready to let her go.

I took over and did everything I could. I kept trying. I gave her CPR. I fought for her with everything I

had in me.

I kept going until the cops and ambulance arrived.

And when I finally handed her off...

It was already too late.

She was gone.

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The Moment We Were Told to Remember

A week before the accident, something sacred had happened-though at the time, it felt like nothing

at all.

I was picking my girl up from work, and Dakota wasn't even supposed to be with me that day. Just

two days before, she'd been acting up-being a little menace-and I told her, "You're not going

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anywhere with me for a while."

That lasted two days. I gave in. She came with me.

We were with friends. I was dancing with Dakota-just a sweet, ordinary moment between a father

and daughter. Nothing special. Just love.

Then suddenly, my girl's friend spoke up-urgently.

She told her:

"Take this video. Record this moment. Right here, right now. You're going to want to remember this

forever."

But at the time? We didn't think anything of it.

It was just another day. Just another video. Just another moment.

Only later-after everything-we understood what it really was.

That was no coincidence. That was God, speaking through her friend.

Because in that video, you see Dakota dancing with me... then running off, smiling, laughing, calling

out:

"Bye bye!"

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And now?

We know exactly what that was.

It was her goodbye.

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Conclusion

So here it is.

My testimony isn't wrapped in a bow. It's not perfect. It's painful. Raw. Full of silence and struggle.

But it's real.

From the quiet prayer of a five-year-old...

To a whisper before death...

To floating above my own body...

To holding my baby girl in my arms as she passed...

God has been there through it all.

He doesn't always speak in words.

He doesn't always come when we want.

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But He shows up.

And when He does-you know it.

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