

CHOSEN

Chosen is a true story. I have tried to recreate events and conversations as I remember them. However, the names and identifying details of some individuals and locations have been changed to protect their privacy.

I dedicate this book to Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior. Without Him, I would not have a story to tell the world. And to my dear husband, I can never forget all your help around the house and with the kids to give me extra time to write this book. I am so blessed to have a supportive husband like you.

Chosen.
by Hannah Komedja

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Afterword

FROM

WOMANHOOD

TO

MOTHERHOOD

CHAPTER 1:

THE DREAM

I walked down the dormitory hallway, opened the door of my room, and found myself in an unfamiliar living room. It was as if I had stepped into a different building, a lavish modern suburban house. The room was beautiful, and it was filled with bright natural light.

What am I doing here?

I wandered around the room looking for signs of who the home belonged to. There were some pictures on the wall, but when I looked more closely, the people within the frames were blurry.

“Mom,” someone called from the kitchen.

Somehow, I knew she meant me. But—

What? I’m a mom?

I turned towards the kitchen and saw a teenage girl leaning on the door frame. My mind stumbled into slow motion as I looked at her face. She resembled Joe, my fiancé. The girl didn’t register my stunned expression; she was too busy telling on her little sister.

“It’s okay, leave your little sister alone,” I responded, to my surprise.

“You guys are spoiling her too much,” the girl said and walked away.

Automatically I walked into the kitchen, opened one of the kitchen cabinets to grab a bowl, and sat at the center island. While I served myself breakfast, a little girl approached with her own bowl and sat at the island next to me. I poured some milk and cereal into her bowl and stopped to watch her eat. Time shuddered to a crawl again. Warmth filled my heart and I smiled.

This little girl looked just like me. Then, for no obvious reason, I heard myself say, “She is a fragile child.”

Rinnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnng!

The alarm clock jolted me awake. With my eyes still closed, I extended my right arm, patted the nightstand until I found the alarm clock, and turned it off. For a moment, I remained in bed and tried to make sense of the dream I’d just had.

God, am I going to have two daughters in the future or was it only a dream? Why did I feel so moved when I saw the younger girl? Why did I say that she was fragile even though I didn’t see anything wrong with her?

I looked at the clock and realized I needed to get up soon or I was going to be late to school. “Okay, Sara, get up now,” I urged myself before getting out of bed and kneeling down to pray. “Thank you, Jesus, for a good night’s sleep. If the dream I just had is a revelation of my future, I pray that you go before me and clear the way for my future life, my future kids, and my future husband. Help me to have a good day at school. Amen.”

I hoped the prayer would set my mind more at ease, but throughout the day, I found myself thinking about the dream and what it meant. Part of me wondered if it came from spending too much time on MakeMeBabies.com. I was in nursing school and a few days beforehand, all the girls in my class had started playing around on that website, just for fun. They would upload a photo of a female classmate alongside a guy from campus or a celebrity that they knew the classmate didn’t like. The website combined the photos to generate the face of their potential baby. There were times where the combination resulted in ugly babies, which of course led to a lot of laughter and jokes. I couldn’t help but be drawn into the game. In my free time, I would also upload different pictures of me and Joe to see what our future babies might look like.

When I was five years old, I lived with my family in a country called Ichu¹, somewhere in Africa. A few months after we settled into our neighborhood, Joseph Paul, who went by Joe, and his family moved into the house next door. Besides being neighbors, we attended the same church, played at the same playground, and sometimes carpooled together to the same school.

I was a timid and solitary child. All of the families living close by had only boys. So, I would play alone with my dolls and toy cookware, or just sit with the babysitters to watch the boys play. Contrarily, the boys spent their days running because all of their games involved chasing each other. While I sat quietly, they would be laughing, screaming, crying, and sweating, and by the end of each day their clothes would be torn or dirty.

Two years later, the Paul family left Ichu to move to another African country, Ukara². Shortly afterward, my family moved to another city within Ichu. My father was a missionary pastor, so we always had to move to different places once his missions were completed. That's how we found ourselves six years later in Ukara, having a happy reunion with the Paul family at our new church.

By that time, Joe and I were both teenagers, and to my surprise, he was no longer the wild boy I had known from a distance. He had become very composed—and very tall. I admired him; he was not spending his time running after all the girls, like his peers were. He was on the honor roll at school, he loved God, and he was very involved in the church. I immediately saw

¹ Ichu is the name of a fictional country in Africa.

² So is Ukara.

Joe for what he was: a serious man who would become successful in life if he continued in his way.

I had changed, too. I was no longer the shy little girl who sat and watched others in silence. I had become a social person, amiable, and active. I had a best friend named Patricia who belonged to my new church and lived a couple of houses down the street from me. We were always together, but I had other friends too and even played soccer with my brothers and their male friends. I was also very involved in the church and I did well in school.

Three years later, my family had to move again. It was difficult for me and my siblings to leave our friends. All of us cried, but Patricia and I were the most dramatic. We hugged and sobbed so intensely that my parents had to step in, to comfort both of us. I didn't see Patricia for many years after that, but we kept in touch by writing to each other. This is one letter I wrote to her after a few years apart:

Hi Patricia,

I hope you're doing well. I saw you, Joe, and myself in a dream. The place looked like we were in Europe or America. We were dressed like rich people, and we were standing by the pool out on the terrace of a beautiful house. Joe was standing between you and me. Patricia, if this dream becomes true, I think the three of us might see each other in the future somewhere abroad. If not, well, it was a nice dream while it lasted.

Take care, my friend.

PS: I can't wait to hear from you about the neighborhood drama!

Sara

As it turned out, Patricia was so excited about the dream that she didn't care about the cost of an international phone call.

Rinnnnng!

"Hello?"

"Hi Sara, it's Patricia."

"Patricia, what a surprise!"

"Sara, let's get straight to the point. I only have three minutes."

We both laughed.

"I got your letter, and you have to tell me more about this dream of yours. Did you see my husband and my kids? What was my career? I'm so excited!"

"No, Patricia, I didn't see all that, only what I said in the letter. But the place was so, so beautiful. From the pool, we could see inside the house. The entire wall was made of glass, and there were tall ceilings and gorgeous furniture inside."

"Wow... So, was Joe your husband?"

"What are you talking about? I never said that Joe and I were married in the dream."

"I still remember the way he used to look at you when you weren't paying attention. You'll never convince me otherwise—if Joe's path crosses ours somewhere in the future, I bet he'll marry you."

"C'mon, Patricia. You know very well that there's nothing more between Joe and I than being childhood friends. Yes, we've seen each other at some international church conferences, and we've written to each other a few times, but in all these years, he's never told me he loves me. So let's stop talking about him."

“Alright, girl, but you need to ask God to show you part two of that dream. I need to know who *my* future husband is.”

We both laughed again as we hung up.

Eight years after that dream, Patricia, Joe, and I were independent young adults, all living in the United States within five hours’ driving distance of each other. The first time the three of us reconnected in the States, Patricia immediately asked me:

“Are you in a relationship with Joe?”

“C’mon,” I said in disbelief. “You’re still going to ask me that question after all these years?”

“Yes, Sara, I am still going to ask you that question because after all these years, Joe still has that look.”

“What look?”

“Like he still loves you.”

“Joe and I are just good friends. Nothing more and nothing less.”

It was the last time she asked me that question. After all, Joe never made a move all those years. I guess she finally accepted that Joe wasn’t as interested in me as she had believed.

Patricia and I remained close friends. We spoke a lot about our childhood and never forgot the dream I had when we were teenagers. We felt like the dream had become half true because we were all in the United States, though none of us were rich and living in a house made of glass.

Some time later, Patricia got a boyfriend named Timothy. He was a nice man and became good friends with Joe and me. Timothy and Patricia's relationship became very serious, and one day he proposed. When Patricia called to tell me the news, I jumped and screamed into the phone.

"Patricia, I'm so happy for both of you!"

"And you already know you have to be in the wedding."

"Of course, girl! Anything you need."

"So... who is going to be your plus one?"

"Nobody, Patricia. I'm not convinced that I should be in a relationship with any of the guys who are courting me now."

"Okay, well, don't worry. God will make a way at my wedding, and you'll find your husband there."

"Okay, Prophetess Patricia."

We both laughed.

Ten months later, and three days before the wedding, I went to Patricia's house to help out with last-minute preparations. Joe arrived the next day to help, too. When I saw him this time, my heart beat faster. Suddenly, things became awkward.

What's happening? I can't have feelings for Joe. He is like a brother to me.

I tried to shut down the feelings, but they resurfaced again and again as he and I hung out together over the next few days. At the wedding rehearsal, Patricia asked Joe and me to show to the wedding party the procession march she had practiced with us at her home. As I watched Joe walk down the aisle towards me, my heart beat faster and my hands began to sweat. His eyes were fixed on me, and I wanted to look somewhere else, anywhere else, but I couldn't. We were

setting the example for the wedding party. The only thing I could do was take some deep breaths to help myself through the intensity. *What a relief*, I said to myself when the demonstration was over.

On the wedding day, I could tell Joe wanted to talk to me. As old friends, it wasn't unusual for the two of us to be all ears for each other when one needed to talk, but I was busy making sure Patricia's wedding went well. It did, and about two hours after the reception was over, everybody parted for their respective homes. But during the drive back, I couldn't stop thinking about him. I wondered at my sudden feelings for him. I remembered his eyes as he walked toward me during the wedding rehearsal. It felt good to fantasize about him. But soon enough my thoughts turned to sadness; I was wasting my feelings on a man who might not have any feelings for me. So, I stopped all the daydreaming. As soon as I arrived home, I called Joe.

"Hi Joe, I just wanted to tell you that I got home safely. Are you home too?"

"Yeah. Thank God Patricia had a great wedding, and everybody had safe travels."

"Yeah."

After a few seconds of silence, I chickened out.

"Okay Joe, I have to go now. Have a good night."

"Actually, I've been wanting to talk to you about something."

"Okay."

"Sara... I love you. I've loved you for a long time."

"What?" Despite my own feelings, I did not see this coming. My heart quickened.

"I don't even know where to start, but here it is. I never forgot you after we left Ichu, because you were the only little girl in the neighborhood. But then when your family came to Ukara, I was amazed at how cute little Sara became beautiful outgoing Sara. I couldn't help it, I

started to look at you a lot, but discreetly. I can't say that I was in love with you at that time... I just thought you were very interesting. It wasn't until your family left again that I realized my feelings for you. I missed you so much. I thought I would never see you again, but then I did—just briefly, here and there. Each time, I told myself that God was giving me a new chance to ask you out. But the fact that we grew up together and you were sort of like a sister to me made me uncomfortable to do so. I went on with my life and dated other people, but no matter what I do or the number of years we spend apart, my feelings for you are just as strong. The reality is that we are not related, and you are not my sister. I don't want to fight my feelings anymore... I want to be with you for the rest of my life. I came on purpose a few days before the wedding, so I could talk to you and ask you out. But I didn't get a chance until now.”

I was speechless. Joe had to ask a few times whether I was still on the phone. It was surreal to hear such words from his mouth; he had never given me the impression that he was interested in me, despite Patricia's insistence that she saw the signs. Nevertheless, Joe went on describing his years-old feelings and reprising moments from our past. I was surprised to realize he knew everything about me. He could even tell me about a certain hairstyle or dress I wore on certain occasions years prior. I had so much fun talking to him that night that hours passed like minutes. Surprisingly, he made me laugh a lot. Joe was a calm person by nature, and I didn't know that he had a hidden sense of humor underneath it all. We talked until the sun came up.

“Joe, I love our talk, but I need to pray about this first before I can tell you yes or no.”

“Okay, no problem. Take as long as you need. God's will is always best.”

The next day, I called Patricia to tell her that her prophecy had come true. She was happy for me, but she was not surprised. She kept on repeating, “I *told* you Joe had a crush on you and

you never believed me!” Jokingly, she added, “So, were you also having feelings for Joe and just pretending not to like him?”

“Stop,” I laughed.

As excited as I was, I asked God for a sign to confirm that Joe was the man for me. I had read in the Bible in Genesis 24:12-14 that Abraham’s servant had asked God for a sign when he went to find a wife for his master’s son Isaac. So I decided to do the same. I would talk to my parents about Joe. If my parents were happy, that would be an affirmative sign, and if they said something negative, that would mean I should refuse Joe. The answer came. It was a yes. I became his girlfriend.