

# **“No Accident”**

## **Blessings in the Lessons**

Written

By

**Marnii Jones Peel**

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Address all correspondence to:

Marnii Jones Peel  
1825 Saint Anthony Lane  
Florissant, Missouri 63033  
573-380-3993: Cell  
marnii.peel@att.net email address or  
workn2it@gmail.com

## **Dedication**

This book is dedicated to the Glory of God, my 4 children, Clariecia, Nicole, Jerry Jr., Malcolm, and to the late Jerry Dale Peel, Sr., my ex-husband that taught me that people can change all the way around. I also dedicate this book to all of the people that helped, encouraged, and told me that I could do it.

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## **Introduction**

One day it came to me that everybody has a story. I believe you, the reader, have a story. I certainly know for sure that I have one and it is given for the strengthening of all people that read it. In this book you learn many lessons of appreciating the blessings that are bestowed upon us each and every day. We must approach all of our days with prayer and supplication and thanks giving. Expressing that we know it could have gone another way. We know we could have been dead sleeping in our grave; we know that we could have been in a bad situation. We know that there could have been more pain. We know that we could have lost our mind during a situation. We know we had a multitude of difficulties that had us afflicted, but God delivered us from them all. This is why we must put our trust in God.

**“Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not to your own understanding, but in everything, acknowledge Him, and He will direct your path.” Proverbs 3:5-6.**

We don't always know the reasons why something happens, nor do we always know the answers for all of our problems. But, when we follow the directions of God, we can't go wrong. Somebody asked how we know we are doing what God wants us to do? How

do we know we are following the Will of God (His directions)? Well, I'll say this much. Study the Word and there will be an extreme feeling of peace. Even with stumbling blocks that may hinder progress for a short while, or the need to rebuke Satan's fiery darts that fight against that progress, there will still be some inner peace in knowing you are doing God's will in your life. Keep on believing and trusting God no matter what you see and you will soon find that everything in that direction goes smoothly and prospers. It will be fruitful. You can go from distress, pain and agony to victory and joy divine.

Sometimes, we go through so many hills, valleys, and trials in our lives that we don't see the whole picture of God working and performing miracles right in front of us. We get so bogged down with the emotional despair of each situation that it is unclear to us where the rainbow comes into the picture, and how the dots are connected. Clearly, during the good times, we sometimes forget all about the bad times, the struggle, and how it wasn't ourselves, but God that took us from the storm to another sunny day. It was God who made sure there were blessings in our lessons. But, sometimes we just don't realize how blessed we really are.

If this is not you, it was surely me. I went through so much in life. Some of it was circumstances out of my control, while other things were self-imposed. There are times we take ourselves through

unnecessary problems and situations. I tried to see God in some situations and Praise Him, but failed in that many times. I was only doing an exterior praise, but we must feel praise on the inside. Through tears and frustration, I became depressed and forgot many times how God worked it out the last time and the time before. So, the day I began to write this book, I got an illumination that changed my life and the way I thought about my past, present, and my future. God's plan for my life was unfolding.

I used to hate it when somebody said to me that no matter what I was going through, remember somebody else has it worse. Who wants to think about what somebody else is going through when you're going through something? I would say, "It's me, me, me! I'm having trouble. I am the one that needs help at this moment. I am caught up in this pain and I am the one that needs help. Help me!" I came to realize many years later that there were too many I's and me's in my life. Re-thinking on things, I determined that the knowledge that others have gone through some of the things I have gone through and some much worse should have made me realize how blessed I was. Yet, I didn't totally come to realize God's miracles until I was sitting in the kitchen drinking coffee one morning and it hit me like a ton of bricks just how God had performed so many miracles in my life. Even in the past week, He had performed a miracle in my life. I began to look back over my

life seeing it in a different light. Wow! God had really done amazing things. How can I ever doubt Him?

I used to wonder about why I was where I was at that point in life. Then I realized one day that I was supposed to move on to this place here from there, because I couldn't come out of myself any further where I was. Take a look into my story. Read this book with your Bible near you and you will find out that there is a blessing in the lessons. There is no accident that you even have this book in your hands right now. The course my life took and the things that I began to speak about in churches and in homes, are no accident. I believe my life was carefully orchestrated by God, even up to the publishing of this book. After reading this book, take some thought into your own life. There was no accident. There were blessings in your lessons. You will understand what I mean when you have finished reading this book.

# My Story

## Chapter 1: In the Beginning

I spent much of my early adult life with a withdrawn, isolated, and very private demeanor. I was so closed in because of the way I was dealing with things that had happened to me and things I had done in the past.

As a child, I remember vividly that my mind would drift off into a dream world. I don't remember being a happy child, though my childhood wasn't so bad. I was forever distant from my family and other people. They were there, but mentally, I was far away. I don't know why I did a lot of things, but I do remember some of the dilemmas I got myself into. I was a very shy little girl with low self-esteem. I thought of myself as very ugly and I carried that thought with me into adulthood.

I ran away from home when I was thirteen years old. I didn't go anywhere in particular. I just walked for three days nonstop, until I fell out from hunger and lack of sleep. I was eventually taken to the police station and my parents were called. When they came to get me, I remember looking at them as if I had never met them. I

don't know why I was so lost and numb. It may have been because of hunger, or maybe...

I remember many times of great depression in my life. There was a time when I was torn down and felt like I was ripped to pieces. There seemed to be no return from my despair. I was caught up in a fillet of sorrow. The boundless rape of a young woman was done without a thought given for the after mass of the mental and emotional well-being of her poor soul. They didn't know that it would spiral into a domino effect in my life with a multitude of trials that would bring me to my knees.

It all began while attending high school. I met a boy that appeared to be interested in me. I was filled with dreaminess. I, the ugly duckling (to myself), was being asked to a dance by the most extraordinary guy (in my eyes). I was flattered beyond belief and overjoyed at the prospect of dancing, and maybe even kissing the guy of my dreams. We were at the dance as the music flared. I danced with purpose, throwing away all inhibitions. Laughing and smiling with a wide-eyed innocence that was soon to disappear. He asked me if I wanted to go for a ride with him. I was more than happy to go. I swirled around dreamily fantasizing about the amazing kiss I would receive. I just knew it would be the most awesome thing in the world to be kissed by the guy that lit my fire.

Yes, he was quite ready to give that kiss and more; just more than I was ready to give.

Another guy jumped into the vehicle right before he pulled off. Though I was curious as to why this other guy was in the backseat, I kept quiet. Later, we pulled up in front of a house on a neighborhood street. Many other guys were just standing around. The next thing I knew, the guy of my dreams had my seat back and was trying to unzip my pants and pull them down. “You know this is what you came for...open those legs! You know you wanted this”, he huffed out. Those words kept ringing through my ears. I felt numb and couldn’t move. I couldn’t scream. I couldn’t say a word. Another and another, one after the other came into the vehicle. I lay there as if just resting, my mind floating in and out, not feeling that I was really there. No, this isn’t happening! It can’t really be happening. It must be a nightmare that I will wake up from any minute. I don’t even know how my pants got back on. But, I do remember being pushed out of the car in front of my house. I lie on the ground crying my heart out. Finally, I got up and went to the door of my home. I knew it was home, but I felt as if I was drifting in an endless pit to no place. I was empty and alone. I opened the door into an angry mob of screaming anger. It was like a drill going off into a tantrum of horror. “Why are you coming in so late! I see your bummy friends took off rather

quickly. Nasty, dirty, stupid...Get in here!” Cutting deep within my heart and soul was the pain that I couldn’t speak of. I got a whooping of my life that night. I was late. I was late with no excuse.

That Monday, I went to school in a state of sheer shame. I carried myself into the school with my head hanging down, feeling so alone, sadness engulfing me with a fear of being around anybody. I walked down the hall to my class while a group of guys hung to the side chanting Chachoochoootrain! Chachachoochootrain! They were laughing, pointing, and chanting. I braved the day in total sadness which twisted and squeezed into the very tightness of my heart. I ran from the school with a degree of madness that could only be referred to as a heart wrenching escape. I had to get away from the place of destitute for my soul. It was now a place of torture in my very mind. I couldn’t go back. I didn’t go back. I didn’t even go back home. I was found again by someone who turned me in to the police and my parents picked me up.

Lesson: I guess you are wondering where the blessing in the lesson is at this point. There is much to be learned from this. I thought I learned what guys wanted. But later I found out that I, in fact, took in false mental information simply because it went much deeper than that. Later in life, I became very protective of my own children and learned to hear them out before I came to any rash

conclusions. I always wanted them to feel like it was okay to share with me. But, at this point, I still had much more learning to do.