

“I DID NOT MARRY A CHRISTIAN”

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No one told me of the unhappiness I was due in marrying a non-Christian. At the time I married, my parents were not faithful and consequently neither was I. I cannot put the responsibility for my actions on them. I was eighteen years old and knew what the Bible taught on marriage.

Now after having lived with a non-Christian for almost ten years, I have been made aware of how important it is for our young people to marry Christians. These ten years have not made me an expert on the subject, but they have made me realize that I should try to teach and/or discourage others from making the same mistake.

When I fell in love with my husband, I could not think about those things that could lay ahead. The only thing I knew was that I loved him with all my heart and that no one knew or had experienced this kind of love. Ours was different as I felt there was nothing that could ever come between us that we could not overcome.

After we were married, I was soon to realize how our attitudes and thinking varied. We rented a small apartment and were soon entertaining other non-Christians in our home. The drinking and dancing were all part of the things I had been taught to abhor. And yet right here in my own home I was consenting to, and becoming a part of, things that a Christian has no business doing. I was getting further and further away from the church. I knew what I should be doing as a Christian and yet I was doing nothing to change. We were happy by most people's standards, but I was miserable. I knew my husband did not share my love for the truth and he was not serious minded about things like that. I love him so much and I was learning a hard, cold fact—that love was not enough. I wanted to return to my “first love.” We talked about my return to the church and I realized another fact—he had no intention of going with me in spite of his promises (before marriage) that he would.

I decided to wait about returning and try to work things out as best I could. In the meantime, we found out we were expecting our first child. I was elated! I also was made aware of the creation of God within me. I was soon to become a mother and have a life truly influenced by me. I was going to get my heart right with God again.

I repented of my sins and started trying to live the life I so wanted to live. It was hard. First, because I had no encouragement from my husband. Second, we still had all our non-Christian friends in and out. My Christian friends from church came by, but not too often because my husband openly did not like them. I loved them and wanted them in my home. I needed them. Somewhere about this time was when the hostility began. I was seeing and hearing a different guy from that wonderful guy I married. There was a wall building between us. Out of love for my husband, I again stopped attending church. I did not attend for months. I was miserable inside again. After the birth of our daughter, I wanted to get started back to church. My husband's answer was “No.” He wanted me to start going to church with him where he went as a child—a denominational church that did not follow God's Word. We really had problems there. I knew the error they taught and I could not worship there. He insisted; I resisted.

Three and a half years ago I repented again and started to live the Christian life. I thank God that He spared my life and let me live long enough to get back. There is no turning back for me now. We have three children now and I want more than anything to have a

Christian home for them. This presents another problem. My husband and I do not agree on how to bring up the children. We are both pulling in different directions. I believe in teaching them to put God first in their life and to be faithful. He still can see no reason to attend every service and openly overrides me when I insist the children go.

Our marriage has deteriorated greatly over the last few years. The “church problem,” as my husband puts it, has moved into every aspect of our marriage. We both keep things bottled up inside and find that we can’t talk things out anymore. I am ill with the children much too often. I know it’s because things are not right between my husband and myself.

My marriage has reached a disastrous point. My husband has given an ultimatum—I have to make a choice—him or the church. Those of you who are Christians know what a rough decision I had. I, of course, have chosen the Lord. I still love my husband with all my heart and have prayed that God would open his heart to understand the truth. I know I have to remain faithful and do what God has commanded me to do. It looks so dark sometimes and yet I have to “press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus” (Phi. 3:14). I’m so weary from being torn between my husband and the Lord.

To our young people, I’d like to say that God frowns on mixed marriages. In 2 Corinthians 6:14-15 we are taught not to become unequally yoked together. The damage done is not just to yourself, but to your husband or wife and then to your children.

My prayer is that this article may in some way make our young people, or anyone planning to marry, to marry a Christian. I can’t do mine over again, but I can teach my children and others how important it is to marry a Christian and to make that home the kind the Lord intended for it to be.~