

more  
**beautiful**  
than you  
**know**

jennifer  
strickland



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## MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN YOU KNOW

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*For Caris and April,  
who have held these hands high.*

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*The world's mirrors are ever changing,  
but there is One who always tells the truth.*

# 1

## The First Lie:

### You Are What Man Thinks of You

*I used to think a prince was the answer to everything,  
but now I see even a prince needs a king.*

#### In Search of a Prince

**E**ach young woman is priceless in her unique way, whether she knows it or not. But right now they all look awkward: their dresses are too tight, too revealing, or too impractical; their makeup comes on too strong, their hair is too fancy and it makes me wish I could see them as they truly are. But at the moment they stand stiffly in rows, lined up as if in a pageant. They all wear their bravest faces. After all, they did choose to play this game. It's a game, strangely, that opens up their many hearts to one man, and to the millions who are watching.

As the Bachelor steps up to the plate, the women catch their breath in unison. The prince has arrived, and with him is a silver tray lined with red roses. Those to whom a rose is offered can stay and play the game to win his heart; those who do not receive a rose are out. As he presents the roses one by one to his selected contenders, the women begin to squirm. *Who's next? Will he pick me? Will I be last? Does he see my heart? Does he like her more? Does he adore me the way I adore him?*

When a woman receives a rose, she lights up: She is hereby declared beautiful. She is called lovable and accepted, and receives the applause. When a woman does not receive a rose, far more often than not, she

departs in tears. She usually asks, *What is wrong with me? Why couldn't he see the beauty I have within?*

When I see these young women filled with potential, so hungry for that one man's affirmation, longing to receive the red rose that symbolizes their value, I can't help but see their humanity. Maybe I should laugh at them, at how silly this all is. But I know something that makes me care too much: Inside, we are the same.

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Man is not your mirror, and if you make him one,  
you may see a twisted version of yourself.

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None of us need to stand in line to be told we are beautiful or lovable. Men are just men, not mirrors.

Maybe I'm wrecked for shows like this because they too closely resemble my experience as a model. One man (a photographer or client) and a roomful of girls, all vying for his nod—this was the entire setup of my career.

I want to jump through the TV screen and shake these young women and tell them, *His approval or disapproval says nothing about you! His desire for you, or lack thereof, doesn't make you worthy of love, or beautiful, or not! Your value is not wrapped up in him!*

But I can't jump through the TV screen. Instead, I'll tell you this truth: Man is not your mirror, and if you make him one, you may see a twisted vision of yourself.



What is it about the fairy tales that makes them such a beautiful lie?

Before the princess meets the prince, she is just a common girl. Desperate, lonely, lost, and poor, she has little chance of escaping the ruthless world. But once the prince on the white horse gallops onto the scene, the view shifts.

In the prince, there is safety from the sorrow of her upbringing. In him, all her broken places are healed. He is the dawn of her dark night. He slays the enemy who hungered to rob her of her rightful place in the kingdom. Willing to face death for her, the prince becomes her salvation. When he descends on bended knee to ask her hand, she is rescued from a life of lonely torment. The moment she agrees to marriage, she transforms from a lowly girl dressed in rags to a beloved princess, gowned and crowned and destined for a wonderful life.

As a young woman, I believed the fairy tales. I wanted the whole story—the gown, the castle, the crown, the prince. But the few boys in my story kept taking my heart and wrenching it. One after another either abandoned and rejected me or failed me in some significant way. I could not heal the issues boys had with drugs, alcohol, school, money, or themselves. Although I tried to throw a rope even in the name of friendship, they had neither the hope nor the faith to grab it, and I certainly had no power to raise them.

My heart bore the mark of loss. Without realizing it, by my early twenties, I was disenchanted with the lies of the fairy tales and began to wander the world in hopes of finding something else to fill me. Like you, I craved unfailing love, but I decided I would conquer the world on my own. I would slay my own dragons. I would build my own castle. I would craft my own dreams.

For me, these wishes were potential realities, or so I thought. Because I had a professional modeling career at 17, I always seemed to have a plane ticket that would sweep me away to another world. It was an escape route the average princess might appreciate.



My journey as a fashion model began when I was eight. I was an awkward, clumsy kid with long limbs. No matter how hard I tried, I wasn't any good at sports. I tried jazz, tap, gymnastics, and ballet, but disliked all of it. So in a hopeful attempt to help me with my coordination, my mother enrolled me in a charm class at a local modeling

school. To both of our surprise, I liked it. That little school became a place where I could fit in. They even put me on their brochure. When I won “Miss Photogenic” in a pageant and was awarded “Most Potential Model” by my modeling teacher, I began to wonder if there was a future in it for me.

Throughout high school, my mother and I heard that if we really wanted to know if I could make it in the business, I needed to interview with Nina Blanchard, the queen of modeling agents on the West Coast.

So, at six feet tall and seventeen years old, long blonde locks falling to the middle of my back, I walked into Nina’s office, wondering if I would be accepted or rejected. Her assistants decided I needed to meet the queen herself, and set me up with a Hollywood photo shoot and an appointment with Nina afterwards.

The photographer told me to bring a short tight black dress, black stockings, and black high heels. My mother and I bought the dress, and I went to the photographer’s apartment for the photo shoot. Mom wanted to accompany me, but I was very headstrong and overruled her. My first Hollywood photo shoot took place alone—as did all of my future ones.

Something wretched happened to me on that first photo shoot; his opinion of me mattered too much. I had a deep need for approval and validation, and I looked to the guy on the other side of the camera to give that to me.

That evening, Mom and I went to Nina’s office.

“Let me see her pictures,” she said, wanting to view the proofs from the day’s shoot. She looked up from her spectacles, her judicious eyes scanning me from top to bottom. This fiery red-haired woman possessed the power to either catapult my dreams to the moon or dash them against the rocks. Leaning forward, Nina spoke to my mother: “She has potential. We want her.” With her veined hands and long red nails, she slid a contract across the desk.

Nina was part of my first beautiful lie: If a man or a woman thinks I’m worthy, I am. If he or she thinks I have potential, I do. If they want me, I’m wanted.

Nina sent me to the offices of the biggest companies. She got me

in *Glamour*, *Seventeen*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *Vogue*. She introduced me to some of the biggest producers, photographers, and designers in the world. After I graduated from high school, Nina sent me to Europe. I lived in Hamburg, Germany, with a handful of other girls who were promised a future in modeling. Day by day, we would go from interview to interview, showing the clients our portfolios in hopes of getting bookings. I began working regularly, filling my portfolio with tear sheets (pages torn from magazines) which were proof to the American clients that I could handle the European market.

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Humans can be become poisonous prisms for us,  
distorting lenses that misshape our value.

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At the end of the summer, I didn't want to return home; I wanted to go on to Milan, Paris, and New York for the runway season with the other girls. But I had a scholarship to college in the fall, so I chose to return to Los Angeles, knowing I could work in Hollywood while attending school. For the next four years, I maintained my scholarship and majored in broadcast journalism; deep down, I knew I could speak and write.

While in school, I appeared in music videos, catalogues, TV commercials, and clothing campaigns, but as soon as classes ended for summer I flew back to Europe. My friends all went home to rest with their families and do odd jobs, and I went to foreign nations where I fought for my place in the world of modeling.

Although I lived with other models, I spent most days alone. I'd go from streets to subway stations to buses to trams to hotels to office buildings to sets, touching up my makeup in between interviews, checking in with the agency, while stylists made me look like a different person every day.

At first the lifestyle seemed harmless. My parents, who knew very little about the sordid side of the business, were in great support of my modeling career. Everyone from home cheered me on. They all saw

modeling as an opportunity to see the world and make money doing it. No one raised any red flags, questioning if it was wise for a young woman like me to travel the world alone. And no one seemed to be wary of the impact the men who ran the agencies might have on me.

The modeling industry sets young women up to be alone with men, all the time. Interviews are often in photographer's studios or apartments; and even on the set, sometimes a photographer will take a model to a place separate from the crew. Sometimes the men were respectful; other times, they were not at all. Sometimes they complimented the models; other times, insults spewed from their mouths.

I also hurt myself during those years. I opened myself up to drugs, alcohol, the partying lifestyle, and relationships that hurt me deeply in the end.

After college I went to Italy, convinced that the runway would open the door to success. Prior to arriving I did everything I could to measure up to the standards of the European designers while losing the extra pounds of college weight: I tanned, fasted, sweat, dieted, ran, did yoga, ran some more, fasted some more, took vitamins and fat burners galore, straightened my hair, bought new clothes, worked out some more, packed my bags, and practiced my Italian.

But no matter how much you make over your outside, the heart is still scarred beneath the surface.

## The Kings of Me

In Milan, I had almost immediate success. While the other models in my apartment were trudging along trying to get small jobs, the agents esteemed me from the beginning. Magazine moguls and the fashion elite were telling me I could become a "top model."

After the photo shoots, the men in the business often invited me out for dinner or dancing, which was customary for models. These men were typically twice my age or older, and I foolishly thought that because of their age, they would not take an interest in me romantically. Certainly that was the last thing on my mind. I simply wanted to

experience the “beautiful life” promised me in Italy, and hoped these men would advance my career.

How stupid I was to believe that these older men would expect nothing in return. On several occasions I found myself either politely or forcefully having to let them know I was not interested in them physically.

One man in particular presented himself as a father figure to me, promising to “protect” and “watch over” me as my manager in Milan. He fed me fine Italian food and wine, offered to buy me pretty things, and began to promote my career. He appeared to only want what was best for me, so I quickly allowed him that fatherly role in my career. But of course the night came when he revealed that he wanted more.

When he came after me, I refused him. It was a miracle that I got away from him. But he still held the reigns of my career and had a huge influence on my self-image. This experience left me feeling dirty, worthless, and sad. Never before I had I felt so far away from home, from my values and upbringing, and from the young, hopeful girl who started out with stars in her eyes. I became lost and dejected, lonely and afraid. Physically I no longer looked like the happy, bright girl in my pictures.

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You are worthy of love. You are a daughter of the  
King, and no human being can dispose of  
that truth within you.

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Over time I realized I was just a *thing* to all these men—a thing in a world of things, as disposable as a Barbie doll. To them, I was no one’s daughter, no one’s sister, no one’s friend, and certainly no one’s future wife. The word for model in French is *le mannequin*, and that’s what we were to most of the men—mannequins upon which they could hang the clothes; mannequins they could position however they wanted; mannequins they could take apart and discard when a new model

came to town. Plastic things to be bought, sold, traded, and disposed of when they were done with us.

When they lavished me with compliments I felt beautiful, but when they cursed me with insults I felt disposable. The men in the business began saying I was ugly and sad-looking. At one time, I was their little “discovery,” their prized possession; and the next moment I was yesterday’s news crumpled up in the trash.

I had been doing the runway for the king of fashion, Giorgio Armani, which was the pinnacle of my life as a model. But I starved myself for him; I had to be anorexic to succeed on the runway. When I became sick from not eating, my skin broke out in cystic pimples. Dark circles clouded my eyes and bruises marred my legs. I no longer looked like the porcelain-skinned girl in my portfolio.

Do you think the men invited me out for dinner and dancing then? Surely not! My “fatherly” manager shamed me for the flaws on my face and body. He dumped me as if I were just a plastic mannequin and not a human being in pain.

Soon afterward, I began to have wicked headaches and blurred eyesight. The acne began to take over my face—a death sentence for a model’s career. As I tried to please Armani, my body withered to a dangerously skeletal state. There wasn’t anything pretty about it.

Since everyone was telling me I was too thin, I tried to eat heartily for a week or two, even stuffing my face to gain weight. But when I showed up for the spring runway shows, Armani could feel the extra half inch around my waist. With a flick of his hand he immediately sent me off the stage. The stylist removed my clothes and left me standing in my underwear in the massive dressing room, wondering what had happened, until someone finally told me they were “finished” with me.

I went back to the agency, and the men there were clearly upset with me. My job was to make them money by looking perfect, so this didn’t sit well. Armani cancelled me for the shows, and the rest of my jobs that month were cancelled too—one photographer even refused to pay me for a five-day job because he said I was anorexic, had acne, was insecure, and was so ugly he couldn’t stand to take pictures of me.

My booker was infuriated. “You look sick!” he hollered at me. “You are as pale as mozzarella! You need to get some sun!” Then he turned toward a new, fresh-faced girl who had just come to town and started fawning her with the same attention he’d given me when I first arrived.

I had allowed these men to be my mirror, and in the reflection of that mirror all I saw was a twisted view of my value: I was only as good as they said I was. Only as worthy as their opinion of me. I was likable if they liked me, beautiful if they said so, ugly if they so declared.



The sickness of making men my mirrors started young for me. As a teen, boys were my mirror. In high school and college, I handed a couple of boys my heart like magazine paper, and I walked away with a handful of shreds.

But something worse happened in my twenties, when I was looking for a father figure without even realizing it. I had a father at home—a good man—but he never knew about my fears, failures, and insecurities because we just didn’t talk about them. Neither did my mother: She didn’t ask; I didn’t tell. So when those parental figures in the modeling industry approved of me, I felt secure. When they disapproved, I felt insecure. I looked to them for my value, so when they rejected me, saying I was no longer good enough, perfect enough, pretty enough, I began to see only what was wrong with me. The way they saw me became the way I saw myself.

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We are messy miracles looking to a King.

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Humans can become poisonous prisms for us, distorting lenses that misshape our value. When we give them power, they can completely change the way we see ourselves and the way we see the world.

## Dumped

Ten years after I left the modeling business I began to speak publicly about my experience. At one particular event, there was a long line of girls waiting to talk to me afterward. I saw one girl in line who reminded me of myself at seventeen: tall with long, blonde curly hair and opalescent skin. She had big, bright Bambi eyes, a wiry frame, and an eager, almost hungry look on her face.

She was with her mother, and I was immediately concerned the girl was going to tell me she wanted to get into modeling. Although I am regularly confronted with modeling questions, I don't enjoy having this conversation. I always have to tell the girl and sometimes the mother something they don't want to hear.

On one hand, I either gingerly hint that the girl doesn't have the right bone structure or body or height to be a model and should pursue education and sports, which build healthy self-esteem. Or else I carefully tell them, "Yes, you do have the body and the look, but you are too precious to be treated like a piece of flesh. You should discover your gifts and talents and pursue them instead, because one day you won't be so pretty anymore and you'd better have something else to rely on! Plus, if you go into modeling, you will receive so much criticism or approval based on your outward appearance that you are going to become majorly messed up in the head." (I personally didn't live with any models who weren't.)

When the girl got to the front of the line and stood before me, she clasped her hands in front of her body as if to protect herself. She thanked me for my talk, and then her body began to tremble as she told me what she really waited in line to say: Just a few weeks ago her father told her she was worthless, ugly, and stupid and threw her in a dumpster.

I asked her to clarify: "Your father literally, physically picked you up and threw you into a dumpster?" Her big eyes filled with stinging tears and she shuddered as the tears began to spill. I could see her shattered heart, her wanting soul, her broken mind.

"Yes, he wrestled me down and I couldn't get away. He threw me

into the dumpster... I was smothered in trash and I was trapped and I couldn't get out..."

Her body gave way and she quaked with heaving sobs; she could no longer speak. So I held her. I could feel my heart pressing against hers, speaking through her cries. "He was wrong about you, baby girl," I whispered in her ear. "He is sick and you can't believe him. You are precious and wonderful and God has dreams for you..."

And then, the inevitable: The mother said the daughter had had some opportunities to get into modeling, and what did I think of that? They could really use the money...

*Now there's an idea!* I thought. Let's take this little wounded deer and send her into the field to meet a bunch of wolves. Maybe we'll make some money! Let's take this desperate-for-daddy's-love girl and put her in front of a bunch of men her father's age, day after day, hour after hour, for them to evaluate her, accept her, reject her, try to have sex with her, try to get her topless or even naked in front of the camera! Yes, this is brilliant! This girl has a huge hole in her soul. Her father has not only told her she is ugly and worthless, but he has even hurled her into piles of rotting trash, where she has landed soiled and sobbing and beaten and bruised from the inside out. So maybe the men in the modeling industry can rebuild her self-esteem by taking pictures of her in bathing suits or fur coats and paying her thousands of dollars a day to smile and look pretty and act like she's not in pain at all. Maybe teaching her to wear a perfect mask is all the hope we have. Can someone please paint up her face and tell her she's pretty so she'll feel better?

Inwardly I weep for this. Inwardly, I rage.

How about some counseling? A good pastor? A youth group? An art class? Or best of all, long walks with a healthy, whole mother who can replace her father's lies with truth. Ideally, Mom can help her stand up straight again while Jesus brushes off all that debris. How about teaching her, *In God's eyes, that was a sin and no man will ever have the opportunity to trash you again, sweetheart. I'm going to make sure of it!*

Instead, the mother thinks the modeling industry could help.

I excused myself from the daughter, took the mother into a corner,

and held her kindly yet firmly by the shoulders. I looked into her eyes and unequivocally said, “NO.”

“There’s such good money in it...I just thought it would give her opportunities...”

Mm-hmm, and there’s great money in prostitution too. And that will give you plenty of opportunities.

What this girl needs—and what every daughter needs to know—is that she is worthy of love. She is a precious jewel. She is *not* worthless, and she is not defined by what man thinks of her. She is defined by God: a daughter of the King, and no human being can dispose of that truth within her.

## Rescued

I hit my own personal rock bottom before I discovered this truth. After things went south for my modeling career in Milan, I moved to Munich, Germany. Everyone advised me to make as much money as I possibly could in the business before leaving it. Girls can make lots of money modeling for German catalogues, so off to Germany I went.

My roommate in Munich was a lingerie model who was as cold as the icy sidewalks I trudged up and down every day looking for work. She wouldn’t share a blanket with me; a cup; a bowl; and certainly wouldn’t sit at the table to eat with me, so night after night I sat at the dinner table alone. I oscillated from starving myself to binging, sometimes drinking myself to sleep, and would stay in my bed for long hours while voices ripped at my self-worth. Demonic forces blasted lie after lie through my mind: *I am ugly; I am worthless; no one wants me; no one loves me; there is no way out.* These thoughts whipped my mind into circles like a merry-go-round.

One night it got to be too much for me. In a moment of quiet, calculated desperation, I thought I wanted to die. But in my darkest hour I remembered my mother and those who loved me. I chose life in hopes that I could turn a corner in my soul.

The next morning, I was lying in bed when I heard a voice, clear as day, coming from the window.

“Jennifer, get up,” it beckoned. I sat straight up and looked around but saw no one, so I lay back down. I didn’t want to get up. It was so warm under the covers.

“Jennifer, get up,” it said again.

This time I sat straight up; I stood up.

That day, I decided not to go to my auditions. Instead, I went to the park and stayed there all day. The Danube River runs through the English gardens in Munich like an ice blue ribbon weaving through an emerald landscape. There is a giant stone gazebo perched on a hilltop where people gather in the evenings to watch the sunset, play music, or have a picnic. I felt jealous of the friends. I envied the food they ate so freely. I envied their companionship and especially their laughter.

I chose a seat at the base of one of the pillars in the gazebo so I could hear the music. A man behind me was singing and strumming his guitar, his voice high and sweet. I turned to look at him and he reached down into an old cardboard box of books and handed me a New Testament.

The cover of it was sapphire blue and the words were engraved in gold. I took it in my hands. It was written in German.

He and his friends hardly spoke any English. There was a girl named Miriam who played the tambourine, a funny guy named Stephen, and the guitar player, Michael. They were so kind that when they realized I was alone in the park, they offered to walk me out.

Right when we were nearing the edge of the darkened wood, these strangers stopped to pray for me. It was the oddest thing. They asked if I would like to go to church with them that Friday night. I didn’t feel that anyone on the continent cared about what happened to me, so I went.

In that church, people looked me in the eye. They didn’t look at my body or measurements or skin or pictures. They saw who I was on the inside. I didn’t understand a word of the German they spoke, but it didn’t matter. They saw my heart and fed my soul’s hunger. The third time I went to the church, a teenage girl named Naomi came bounding out from the back pews with a little book in her hands, barely able to contain her excitement.

“Jenny-fair! Jenny-fair! I have found you an English Bible!” she exclaimed, her face radiant.

The worn, thin pages felt good in my hands. I shoved it in my back pocket and took it home.

Back in my apartment at night, I grew curious about that little book. Somehow it wooed me only to itself. I began to thirst for its life-giving words; eventually I flushed my drugs down the toilet so I could focus only on it.

As I read, I fell in love with the way Jesus touched those our world doesn't want to touch. I loved the way he loved the weak, the broken, the confused. I felt like I'd been waiting my whole life to meet him. I kept that little book in my back pocket and read it on trains, waiting for interviews, and at home at night. Instead of drugs and alcohol, the Word became food to me. But it doesn't light you up and burn you out like drugs do; it lights you up and *keeps* lighting you up.

By candlelight I read most of the book of Matthew and packed my backpack for a weekend away from cameras and people. I took a train to Mount Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany, and stayed at a little bed and breakfast to finish reading the Gospels. In my rented room, I sat at a tiny desk and looked out the window at the falling snow. Snuggled in a blanket wrapped from my shoulders to my toes, I read the story of the end of Jesus's life.

In the pages of that little book, I discovered a man who loves me despite the ways I fall short of others' expectations. I discovered a man who accepts me as I am. A man who offers me freedom from the slavery of people's opinions. I discovered a prince on a white horse and a king who will never leave me.

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Only God's love can raise a dead girl to life.

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High on the mountain, on a pure white blanket of snow, I lay down on the ground and opened up my heart to him. I knew nothing about

Scripture or theology or denominations or church. I just knew I'd found the one my soul loves, and he was my only hope. There in the snow, I opened up the window of my heart and asked him to come in and make me new.

After fifteen years in the modeling industry, I packed my bags and left. I didn't need to explain to anyone why I was leaving. I walked away from an entire world that says: *You are what I say you are. You do what I say you do. And I am done with you when I'm done with you.*

It was my turn to speak, and by leaving, I said: *This is not beautiful to me, and I am going in search of what is.*

## Prince Charming

I took the money I made modeling and went back to school to get my Master's degree in writing. I had always loved to write, and I was determined to use that gift to help girls see the illusion of beauty created by the media and point them toward a beauty and value that really lasts. For almost four years, I studied the Scriptures, wrote, and taught English. Then, I met my prince.

Crazy as it sounds, I realized it was him when we were riding horses on the sandy beaches of Mexico. My brother was bringing his girlfriend on a weekend getaway and asked if there was anyone I wanted to invite. I had been on one date with Shane, and scared to death, I told my brother to invite him.

Shane ran out to get new tires on his truck to make sure we would be safe. Driving all the way down to Mexico, he played DJ, and by the time we arrived I had been laughing and smiling for a few hours so I knew I made the right choice. Except for one thing: When we got there, he pitched a tent and I realized I was in a very awkward position—there was no way a good Christian girl like me was going to get in a tent with that boy! So instead, we walked on the beach and talked clear till sunrise, made breakfast at camp without a wink of sleep, and spent the next day riding four-wheelers. Later that afternoon, we went horseback riding.

On this particular beach, the horses for rent were tired, slow, and worn. Their speckled and spotted coats were heaving and sweating, carrying unsatisfied tourists on their backs. As Shane and I sat on the beach watching this pathetic display, we leaned in and whispered to each other, "I wonder if we could get those horses to run."

When it was our turn, we mounted and kicked them into action. Like lightning, they bolted.

When the crowd on the beach saw those mangy horses coming at them in full gallop, they ducked for cover. With a smile and a nod, Shane pointed to the islands and we took off for the horizon. Water sprayed from descending hooves in crystal beads and the wind lifted us under its wings. Riding on a speckled white stallion, Shane was thinking, *I'm a cowboy. I know how to ride a horse, and there is no way this California girl is going to keep up with me.* But when he turned his head to see how far he'd left me in the dust, I was right there beside him.

The sun flashed its golden light on his cheek. I saw the reflection on his face and my heart skipped. I knew I'd found my prince.

I e-mailed my best friend when I got back. "I met a guy named Shane. We rode horses on the beach and I'm going to marry him!"

"Simmer down," she wrote back. "We're not living on a soap opera!"

"Oh yes we are!" I responded. I had no intention of simmering down and neither did he. When we got back from Mexico, he asked when he could see me again. I suggested the following Friday. He responded, "I mean, when can I see you *tomorrow*?" We saw each other every day thereafter.

Fourteen years later, he still calls me his bride.

None of this would be possible without Christ, who reached into the darkest corner of my heart and offered me a whole new life. He did an even greater work redeeming Shane. We are just two messy miracles, looking to a King.

When we try to make a guy our rock, foundation, or anchor, we find ourselves blown and tossed by the storms. As wonderful as a prince can be, he needs a rock too. Men are made in the image of God but they

are as hard-pressed for answers as we are sometimes. No human is without flaw; no human is a mirror reflection of us. This job is God's alone.

We must remember that God came as a man, and only his love can raise a dead girl to life.