THE POWER OF UNSTOPPABLE FAITH

Your Keys to a Fulfilled Life



NICK VUJICIC International Best-Selling Author of Life Without Limits

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As the cover photograph on this booklet makes most obvious, you can see that I was born without arms or legs, or as my mom has said many times, I was missing a few "bits and pieces"! What you cannot see from the photo, though, is that my lack of limbs has not kept me from enjoying great adventures, a fulfilling and meaningful career, and loving relationships.

How have I been able to do that? Believe me, it's not because I'm some kind of superhero type of person. What I have received by God's grace, though, is faith. And this ability to live with faith is available to everyone.

In this booklet my goal is to share with you what I call the power of unstoppable faith, which has helped me create a ridiculously good life despite my disabilities.

Unstoppable faith is all about both *be-lieving* and *achieving*. It's about having faith in yourself, your talents, your purpose, and, most of all, in God's love and His divine plan for your life.

EARLY FAITH

My parents have always been there for me. They did not coddle me. They disciplined me when I needed it and gave me room to make my own mistakes. Most of all, they are wonderful role models.

I was their first child and definitely a surprise package. Despite doing all the usual maternity tests, my mother's doctor detected no indication that I would come into the world with neither arms nor legs. My mother was an experienced nurse who had assisted in hundreds of deliveries, so she took every precaution during her pregnancy.

Needless to say, she and my father were

quite stunned that I arrived without limbs. They are devout Christians. In fact, my father was a lay pastor. My parents prayed for guidance while I underwent many days of testing after my birth.

Like all babies, I did not come with an instruction book, but my parents sure would have welcomed a little guidance. They knew of no other parents who'd raised a child without limbs in a world designed for people with a complete set.

Mum and Dad were distraught at first, as any parents would be. Anger, guilt, fear, depression, despair—their emotions ran away with them for the first week or so. Many tears were shed. They grieved for the perfectly

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formed child they'd envisioned but did not receive. They grieved, too, because they feared that my life would be very difficult.

When my parents had exhausted all the medical resources in Australia, they sought help for me in Canada and the United States and anywhere else in the world that offered hope and information. They never did uncover a full medical explanation for my condition, though many theories were offered. My brother, Aaron, and sister, Michelle, were born a few years later with the standard package of limbs, so a genetic defect did not appear to be the problem.

My parents could not imagine what plan God had in mind for such a boy. Yet, once Nick Vujicic

they'd recovered from their initial shock, they decided to put their trust in God. They gave up their attempts to understand why God had given them such a child. Instead, they surrendered to His plan, whatever it might be, and then went about raising me as best they could, the only way they could: pouring into me all their love one day at a time.

They exhibited unstoppable faith.

CUSTOM MADE FOR A PURPOSE

After a while, the *why* of my creation became far less important to my parents than the *how*

of my survival. How would this boy learn to be mobile without legs? How would he care for himself? How would he go to school? How would he ever support himself as an adult? None of this concerned little baby me, of course. I had no idea that my body wasn't the standard issue. I thought people stared at me because I was so adorable. I also believed I was indestructible and unstoppable. My poor parents could hardly contain their fears as I routinely flung myself like a human beanbag off the couch and onto the floor, over car seats, and around the yard.

You can imagine their concern when they first caught me skateboarding down a steep hill. *Look, Mom, no hands!* Despite their loving efforts to provide me with wheelchairs and other apparatuses, I stubbornly developed my own approaches to mobility. The skin on my forehead grew as thick as the soles of most feet because I insisted on raising myself from a prone position by bracing it against walls, furniture, or any other stationary object and then slowly wriggling my way upright.

To the horror of many innocent bystanders, I also tended to plunge into swimming pools and lakes after I discovered I could swim and remain buoyant by keeping a bit of air in my lungs while paddling about with my little foot. That handy little appendage would prove to be invaluable after an oper-

ation was done to separate two fused toes, allowing me to manipulate them with surprising dexterity. With the arrival of cell phones and notebook computers, I could use my foot to type and text, which also proved to be a blessing.

As you might imagine, my greatest hurdles came in adolescence, the time in life when we are all trying to figure out who we are and how we fit in—or don't fit in.

Even though I had many friends and was popular in school, there were bullies who tormented me. More than once, cruel comments were thrown my way. Despite my naturally optimistic and determined spirit, I became increasingly aware that I would never look like everyone else, nor would I be able to do all of the things that normally configured people can do.

As much as I tried to make jokes about my lack of limbs, I was increasingly tormented by the thought that I would be a burden on those who loved me, because I wouldn't be able to support myself. My other great fear was that I would never be able to marry and have my own family, because no woman would want a husband who couldn't hug her, protect her, or hold their children.

I fretted constantly and my thoughts turned dark. I could not imagine why God would create me to suffer such deprivation and loneliness. I wondered if He was punish-

ing me or if He was even aware of me. *Was* I a mistake? How can a God who loves all of His children be so cruel?

Between the ages of eight and ten, those darkening thoughts triggered despair and destructive impulses. I began contemplating suicide. I'd find myself plotting to leap off a high ledge or to drown myself in the bathtub, where my parents had no fear of leaving me since I had learned to swim.

Finally, I did make an attempt at suicide in the bathtub when I was ten years old. I tried a couple of times to roll and hold my face under water, but I could not go through with it. I kept thinking of the grief and guilt that would burden my parents for the rest of

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their lives if I took my own life. I could not do that to them.

At that lowest point I couldn't see that my life had a purpose. If I couldn't support myself and wasn't worthy of love from a woman, what good was I? My fear was that I'd float through life, alone and a burden on my family. My youthful despair was rooted in a lack of faith in myself and in my purpose. I could not see my path, and so I did not believe it was possible for me to have a purposeful and fulfilling life. Because God had not granted my request for a miracle that would give me arms and legs, I lost faith in Him too.

You may have had a similar experience.



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