

Ann Gibson

Daybreak Client Advocate

In the early morning of August 6, 2001, my life changed forever. It was on that morning that my husband of 25 years, Phonse, suffered a fatal asthma attack. Phonse was a very loving and supporting husband, a good father to our 3 children, a handyman extraordinaire, and now.... he was gone. My heart was shattered. The fears crept in.

I had always believed there was a God, and I knew about Jesus dying on the cross, but I never understood that He died for me. I had made a profession of faith in the fall of 2000, sitting in a classroom in a Catholic school, surrounded by my 5th graders. I was teaching Religion that year, and decided to show a movie on the life of Jesus. When the invitation to receive Jesus came at the end of the movie, I made the decision and prayed the sinner's prayer. I fell in love with Jesus that day. However, nothing really changed in my life.

Fast forward to a year after I made the decision to trust Christ, and I am faced with a life without my husband. I have to admit that this was the most painful time I have ever endured. I would literally fall down on my knees at night and cry out to God to help me. He felt so far away, yet, by His grace, I would get into bed and be able to get restful sleep. God sent good friends to help me on those particularly dark days. He led me to look for the little Bible containing Psalms and the New Testament that I had received from the Gideons. I found it tucked away in my dresser drawer and started reading it. The words spoke such comfort to my aching heart, and I continued to read daily. One day, when I was overwhelmed with grief, the words of Psalm 118:24 came to my mind: "This is the day the Lord has made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." I felt that this was from God to uplift and encourage me.

Over the months that followed, I began to depend more and more on the Lord and to know Him more personally. Looking back, I can clearly see how God used such a painful time in my life to draw me to Himself. Scriptures like Psalm 139:7-10 and Jeremiah 29:13 taught me that God was actually seeking after me, and how encouraging it was to know that if I sought Him with all my heart, I would find Him!

I consistently prayed and asked God to fill me with His love and His peace, and to fill me with hope. I have to admit that I was feeling more than a little hopeless at the time. I, also, prayed that God would send me someone to love, when the time was right.

About two years after my husband died, I decided to go on a Christian website to look for someone, locally, to go to dinner with or go see a movie. A man from South Carolina, Keith Gibson, went on that same website at the same time. We began emailing each other and eventually talked on the phone, and then he came for a visit.

Even before we met in person, God used this man to help me with my 18-year-old son, who was verbally and sometimes physically abusive. He helped me toughen up and put boundaries in place. My son told me one day, "Mom, you've changed."

On one of his visits to Newfoundland, Keith was in the bank and one of the clerks said, "You sound just like that preacher at the Baptist church." When Keith told me that, I asked if he would take me to that church the next Sunday. I can't tell you what was preached that day, but I can tell you that hearing the preacher pray from his heart made an impression on me. I continued to attend that Baptist church every Sunday, while attending the Catholic church on Saturday night. Eventually, I joined the Baptist church and I got baptized. I was disciplined by a wonderful, young lady, who happened to be from South Carolina. We became good friends and served the Lord together for several years. My spiritual journey had begun in earnest. Thanks be to God!

After 7 years of long-distance dating, Keith and I got married in 2009, and I moved to South Carolina in 2010. We have been happily married for 15 years. I became an American citizen in 2017. The Lord has blessed me abundantly, and more than I deserve. "My cup runneth over." (Psalm 23:5) I am so thankful for my wonderful husband, my Christian friends and the many opportunities the Lord has given me to serve Him.



Looking back, I can see God's hand on my life. Even when I thought He was far off, He was always with me. Through the pain of losing my first husband, I gained a personal relationship with my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. God was working behind the scenes orchestrating my every move. One day at a time, one step at a time, I surrender all to Him, so thankful for all He has done and continues to do in my life.