

wild child *waiting mom*

FINDING *hope* IN THE MIDST OF HEARTACHE

KARILEE HAYDEN
WENDI HAYDEN ENGLISH



Wild Child, Waiting Mom

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Preface

Karilee:

THE AGONY A PARENT experiences while watching a beloved child spiral downward is all-consuming. When our daughter's wayward behavior stretched into months and then years, my husband and I faced a wide range of challenges and deep trials.

Emotions became raw, feelings intense. One day we would feel hope—the next day, despair. Fears and frustrations interwove with the joys of birthdays, weddings, newborn babies, and answered prayers. In an instant, months of Wendi's progress could be reversed by a single foolish action or choice.

For my husband, Dan, and me, learning to trust the Lord when things deteriorated, or sensing His direction in parenting, or practicing the discipline of earnest, effectual, fervent prayer—these were hard and painful lessons.

In this story, as we move step by step through our prodigal's journey, I will describe as openly and honestly as I can the many heartaches and constant soul-searching we experienced. Guilt, questioning our parenting abilities, and second-guessing were uninvited companions on our journey. In retrospect, our failures and inabilities were many. But I can honestly say we did the best we could at the time—prayerfully seeking God's path for each of our two children.

One child stumbled and fell, one did not.

My side of the story—the mother's side—offers great hope for the parent of a much-loved wayward child. Dan and I can affirm that God hears the prayers of the broken-hearted—the middle-of-the-night pleas of mothers and fathers. *He heard ours.*

Our Lord knows the deep-felt anguish of parents, and He answers the cries of helplessness. *He answered ours.*

God gave us strength when ours was gone. When our faith wavered, His faithfulness was unwavering. When I complained or whined or accused Him of not caring, God tenderly bore my grief-filled accusations, readily forgave my confessed inadequacies and sins, and patiently restored my soul through His love and sweet fellowship.

“And lo, I am with you always” (Matthew 28:20).

Wendi:

It is with deep thankfulness and a humble spirit that I share my side of this story—the story of my rebellion—for it is filled with God's grace amidst much darkness. You'll see how Satan reigned in my life for many years. You'll see alcoholism and drug addiction from the view of a user. It's a story of parties, rock 'n' roll, life on the edge, and

relationships built around physical abuse.

I am not proud of my poor choices during those 20 years of wild living. I wasted so much of my life by my selfishness and recklessness. I can only express great sorrow and regret to all those I've hurt—especially my family.

But throughout my prodigal years as I wallowed in the pigpen of waywardness, God pursued me with His love. Though I consciously closed my heart to Him year after year, I saw glimpses of His grace here and there as He touched my life through the love of His people around me.

I am convinced that the prayers of my parents kept me from ultimate disaster. For that I am filled with gratitude and thanksgiving.

I pray that my story will shout a strong warning to the preadolescent who “innocently” seeks the wilder side of life. And I hope that in spite of the darkness of the story, a bright ray of forgiveness will shine to those angry or despairing teens who feel they have gone too far to be restored.

May this story also bring hope to despairing parents, who have lost all hope for their prodigal child.

Parents—do not give up on your rebellious child. Love them in spite of their actions. Pray daily for them, and *don't lose hope*, for God is in the business of restoring broken lives.

The righteous cry, and the LORD hears
And delivers them out of all their troubles.
The LORD is near to the brokenhearted
And saves those who are crushed in spirit. . . .
And none of those who take refuge in Him will
be condemned. (Psalm 34:17-18, 22)

PART ONE

Rebellion

*The heart is deceitful above all things,
and desperately wicked:
Who can know it?*

—JEREMIAH 17:9 (KJV)

Life Unravels

Karilee:

LITTLE SNAGS. LOOSE THREADS. They don't seem like much until something (or someone) grabs hold with a hard yank. Then a garment can unravel in a moment.

A snag in our family garment began unraveling quickly one November afternoon in 1985 as I was clattering dishes at the kitchen sink. I gazed out the window in front of me—caught up in the ever-changing scene of the Wisconsin River gurgling past our front yard. How I loved it here!

Often on our five-acre lot we could spot deer, raccoon, fox, and rabbits foraging in plain view, seemingly unafraid as they chomped on various tidbits. Otters and beavers cavorted right outside our front door. Eagles, hawks, and ospreys swooped gracefully overhead while songbirds trilled, twitted, and warbled a soothing symphony.

My husband, Dan, and I had lived four years on this

restful property with our two children—Rob, who had recently left home for his first year in college, and Wendi, now a senior in high school. We had come to the north woods when Dan joined the staff as pastor and teacher at Fort Wilderness, a nearby Christian camp, set in 80 wooded acres and surrounded on three sides by another forty thousand acres of state forest. Situated on a sparkling lake, the camp offered a full gamut of summer and winter programs.

Today, just a week and a half away from Thanksgiving, beams of sunlight warmed my face as I reflected on last month's fall-leaf splendor. The colors had been spectacular: bold splashes of crimson, gold, and fiery oranges lit up the riverbanks. Today held a beauty all its own—brilliant deep blue skies lightly dusted with delicate wisps of clouds. Crystal-clear air.

A ringing phone broke into my tranquil reverie.

Dan, who was engrossed in studies at the kitchen table, glanced at me, saw my hands immersed in soapy water, and reached for the phone. I listened absently at first.

As the call lengthened, I sighed. Most likely a school official or teacher was expressing concern about Wendi's falling grades—a follow-up to our parent-teacher conferences. A deepening concern had been growing in us, too, as we noticed her losing interest in school and extracurricular activities. She had detached herself from many things she previously enjoyed, including our family.

I dried my hands, pulling a chair next to Dan as his face clouded. His tone changed, his voice growing stronger as he grabbed a pen and scribbled on a yellow pad. "What was that? . . . She's *where*? . . . No, I can't believe that's right. . . . What is your name again? . . . May I speak to the supervisor? . . . Oh. . . . All right. . . . We'll be there as soon as we can."

My husband hung up the phone and stood, shoulders stooped, gathering himself. When he turned around, his face was pale and expressionless.

“Was that about Wendi?” I asked, knowing full well it was.

“Yes, honey.” Reaching across the table, he grabbed both my hands. “Something incredible has happened,” he said, choosing his words carefully, “and I’m not sure just what to make of it.”

“What’s wrong? Was that the school? . . . Is Wendi hurt?”

“No, that wasn’t the school—it was the county Social Services. Karilee, she’s been put into a foster home! We can’t contact her unless she requests it.” Dan shook his head in disbelief. “Just like that! She’s been taken from us. . . . How can this be? Why would Social Services feel such an action is warranted? Can this be legal? She’s *our* child!”

I felt as if someone had taken a baseball bat and walloped me in the chest. I couldn’t breathe. This couldn’t be happening to *us*. We were a loving, well-balanced family! Yes, we knew Wendi was having teenage difficulties, but weren’t we handling them as well as most other parents facing similar challenges? Rob had breezed through his high school years—one out of two teens was bound to be difficult—right? Rebellious teens were as common as weeds in a garden.

“How can they take her away without consulting us first?” I squeaked.

Dan shook his head again. “I don’t know . . .”

FLASHBACKS

They say that when you’re drowning, your life flashes through your mind. Right then I felt as if I were going under. Instantly, snapshots of Wendi’s life flashed through my mind:

as a toddler—bubbly, outgoing, fun-loving, rosy-faced smiles. Grammar school—inventive, creative, artistic, always laughing, pigtail-wagging cheerleader. Junior high—lithe gymnast, gifted vocalist, imaginative, fun . . . Bam! Like a cannon shot, darker pictures invaded my thoughts: High school—smooth start but with increasingly difficult struggles, then detachment, irritability, self-absorption, moodiness. What had happened?

One incident from Wendi's sophomore year pushed into my thoughts. That dismaying time had also begun with a phone call informing us that Wendi and a girlfriend had started on a weekend hitchhiking "adventure" from Wisconsin to Iowa. Seven hours into their escapade, they were picked up by a sheriff and held until all parents arrived. Two 14-year-old girls hitchhiking alone on the road—it had given us the shivers! But this horrifying episode had faded somewhat when Wendi finished her sophomore year without further incident.

At the beginning of Wendi's junior year, however, not-so-subtle changes emerged. She dropped all extracurricular activities: no music, no sports, no other outside interests. She began to withdraw from us, and try as we might, we couldn't draw her out. Our loving concern was interpreted as nosiness. She wanted to be left alone.

Our approaches toward communication usually turned into arguments—generally centering on five basic issues: a messy room, her shabby attire, our suspicion of a smoking habit, her demeanor, and falling grades.

Issue number one—a messy room—had been a struggle since childhood. When she was young, Wendi's initial high enthusiasm for star charts and rewards fell flat after the newness wore off. In her junior high years, we removed privileges if

her room was messy, but that hadn't worked either. Our last approach was to let Wendi live in her pigpen, hoping that she would tire of climbing over the debris. But the clutter didn't bother her at all.

Issue number two—grungy attire—triggered constant arguments. Before high school, Wendi had dressed neatly in coordinated, clean, nice-looking clothes. Midway into her freshman year, however, things changed. Dressing down became cool. Dirty jeans with knees torn out, camouflage pants and army jackets, baggy T-shirts, and filthy shoes were first-choice picks. It was a constant sore spot with me especially.

Issue number three—our suspicion that she smoked—started in Wendi's freshman year, and she was extremely clever at hiding this habit. I often found myself questioning her like a district attorney. "Mom," she'd answer, "you know a lot of my friends smoke, and the smell just gets into my clothes." The confrontations were regular. I would search her room and ask pointed questions; she would volley them with lies.

Issue number four—personality change—was a slippery and subtle problem. Who can say whether or not a daughter's mood changes are hormonal? Or a result of fatigue? Or just due to the normal stresses of school? When Dan or I felt it necessary to approach Wendi about her demeanor, a full-fledged outburst of anger often erupted: "Just leave me alone!" We never knew what to expect from day to day—would she be settled, moody, or volatile?

Issue number five—falling grades—showed up on Wendi's report card her sophomore year when *all* her grades began to slip. I extended my help, tried to encourage and cajole, and sometimes offered rewards for good grades. Mostly Wendi listened quietly and then did nothing. She didn't care about her grades. Or her academic future.

But I cared!

I cared that she was disintegrating before my very eyes and I could do nothing about it. I cared because she had so much promise—so much going for her, and she was wasting it all. Wendi was pretty, intelligent, and gifted. I ached for her—feared for her—and prayed that she wouldn't get sucked up into a situation with consequences like addiction to hard drugs.

Many times I found myself looking at her, wondering, *Who is this child? Can this be my child . . . the one I once held in my arms while weaving lofty dreams for her?* The care-free, happy little girl I used to know had changed so much! I hardly knew her now, and the pain was almost unbearable. I wrote this poem to express my feelings.

THIS "STRANGER" CHILD

Who is this child?

—This troubled, angry silent teen
who cringes when she's seen with me—
Is this the same my heart yearned for,
(with lofty dreams and hopes galore),
when newly wed so long ago?

I do not know . . .

I do not know.

• • •

Who is this child?

—Part child, part woman—sullen still!
She lives in secrets, filled with angst—
Is this my soft-cheeked toddler who
with outstretched arms would run to you,

a chatterbox with face aglow?

Where did *she* go?

Where did *she* go?

• • •

Who is this child?

—Withdrawn from family, drawn by peers,
she knows no boundaries seeking thrills—

This cannot be mine, once so sweet,

now drawn to darkness and deceit!

What happened? What has changed her so?

I want to know!

I want to know!

• • •

Who is this child?

—I know naught of this “stranger-girl,”
yet stranger still, I know her well—

Now trembling for her future years,

with aching heart, I pray through tears.

Releasing her, to God I go.

He loves her so . . .

He loves her so!

DEEP TROUBLES

By her senior year Wendi had a new set of friends, many of whom used drugs. Dan and I talked with her so many times that we sounded like a broken record, even to ourselves. The conversations were mostly one-way. As we tried to root out the problems, we sensed and feared that she was using drugs. We also realized that she was lying to and manipulating us.

The more we tightened the rules at home, the surlier Wendi became.

Daily I found myself nagging Wendi about her poor grades, grungy clothes, disrespectful attitude, or the dangers of cigarettes and drugs and her association with kids using drugs. *She* had changed, but so had *I*. And I didn't like what I was becoming—a worrying, critical, nagging mother. So I made a conscious effort to pull back and asked Dan to take on some of these “confrontational” times. He readily agreed and helped smooth over some of the rough edges of home-life.

In fact, the morning of our phone call from Social Services we had experienced an explosive confrontation with Wendi, who was increasingly hard to wake up on school mornings.

This morning when she hadn't climbed out of bed after several calls and knocks on the door, I had gone into her room, sat on the edge of her bed, and pulled her into a sitting position.

Arms flailing, she screamed at me, “Leave me alone! I'm not going to school today!” As I tried to sit her up, she lashed out at me, rudely yelling harsh, insolent words.

Shaken, I left the room and asked Dan to intervene. Entering her room, he reached down to the bed and strong-armed her to her feet. “Do not *ever* speak to your mother like that again!” he growled. “You *are* going to school. Now get dressed, and I'll drive you.” He left the room, staying in the hallway until he heard her thumping around the room and slamming drawers.

“I'll drive myself,” she raged, thundering down the stairs, long hair flying, while buttoning her shirt. She strode out the door without eating, climbed into her dark blue Pinto, and slammed the car door. We watched out the kitchen window as she floored the car, scattering a dust cloud down the driveway.

Could that early morning wrestling match have been the trigger that caused Wendi to seek Social Services? we now wondered. Had she falsely reported Dan had physically hurt her? (He hadn't, of course.) Recently she had told us that several of her friends were in foster homes. It was common knowledge, she informed us, that it was easy to get out of your home if you didn't like your parents. *Had she been planning something like this all along?* We recalled her statement that "all my friends had to do was to tell Social Services that they were thinking of running away or contemplating suicide. Then they are taken out of their homes and put into foster care."

Did Wendi hate us that much? Was she that desperate to get out of our home? How had we miscalculated this, if it was so?

I wept. We prayed. I wept some more. *Are we unfit parents?* The thought was humbling and horrifying.

Numbly we gathered up some of her belongings as requested by the faceless voice on the phone. Wendi would need a week's worth of clothing. "Please bring the clothes and toiletries by as soon as you can today," the social worker had requested.

STEPPING INTO THE UNKNOWN

The ride into town, usually an enjoyable 20-minute scenic drive, seemed to take forever. Each of us lost in private thoughts, Dan and I spoke few words. As we drove out of our driveway it felt as if we were being pulled by an unknown force to an unknown place. Soon we found ourselves in a parking lot in front of a bleak, gray cement building. We fumbled for the worn duffel bag and walked like zombies into this strange territory.

A matronly woman at the front desk led us into a small

room sparsely furnished with a gray metal desk and several metal-armed office chairs. Another stranger, a petite, dark-haired woman with half-glasses balancing midway down her nose, sat behind the metal desk. My eyes, darting hopefully around the room for Wendi, landed on an empty, colorless, overstuffed chair.

“Wendi has been put in a foster home because she needs some time away from the home situation,” the counselor informed us passionlessly. Just another day at the office for her. “Please don’t try to contact her during this period. This is for your benefit as well as hers.” Her eyes glanced down to an open file as she continued in a monotone, “We’ll be working together through some problems Wendi feels have developed.”

Problems? What home problems had Wendi shared with this woman? What in the world were we doing here with a stranger mediating between us and our daughter? I closed my eyes, wondering what she had said to Social Services that had landed her here. *Had she threatened to run away? . . . or God forbid, to commit suicide?*

All our questions were put on hold. “We cannot,” the counselor emphatically announced, “discuss anything further until our next meeting.” There. There at last was *some* emotion from this woman. But it wasn’t compassion. It was firmness—a warning in her eyes as she lifted them above her glasses. She was in full control here.

“Some time is needed,” she continued. “Try to be patient. This is only a temporary arrangement, and we will do all we can to evaluate and help you both during these next few weeks. We are not creating a case file on Wendi; we’re not putting her in the system because we expect this separation to be temporary.”

A plastic smile tugged at her lips, not making it to her eyes. “Please give this a bit of time. We’ll call you soon—in a week or so.” She stood up, hand extended. The meeting was done.

We handed over the battered duffel. It felt as if we were symbolically transferring our parenting rights along with the bag, that we were being coerced into relinquishing our responsibilities. *We are not giving her to strangers!* my heart screamed. I stumbled out of the room with Dan’s supportive arms around me.

An endless week dragged by, hour after hour, minute after minute. Our empty nest cried out the fact that it was not a “natural” empty nest. One child had left for college; the other had been snatched from us like a bird of prey plucking an unsuspecting rabbit from its burrow. We had heard nothing from Social Services. Perhaps there was a misunderstanding. Had they forgotten to set up our meeting? I called the office inquiring, *Could we be given any word about our daughter? Was she all right?*

No, they had not forgotten. They will call soon. Please be patient.

We felt so helpless. In our helplessness, we brought the situation to a respected Christian counselor in the area. He made a few calls and advised us to hang tight. Since Social Services was not creating a file for Wendi’s case, he felt it was indeed a temporary situation, and that we should wait until we had our face-to-face meeting with the authorities.

Thanksgiving came and went. For many years we had joined our extended family of 30-some people for traditional Thanksgiving dinner. We always rotated homes and had hosted it ourselves in years past. This year, although we could have made the four-hour trip to Madison for the festivities, somehow we just didn’t feel festive. We encouraged Rob to

attend, but we ate our Thanksgiving dinner—just the two of us—at a Holiday Inn buffet.

I wasn't hungry. The food seemed to stick in my throat. *What is Wendi doing now? It's Thanksgiving—is she missing us? Is she glad to be away from us?*

A third week began, and finally—a meeting was scheduled. But the day before the meeting, Dan came home from an errand in town and announced, “Karilee, I’ve had a chance to talk with Wendi.” I turned off the iron and threw the blouse over the ironing board, holding my breath.

Dan explained that she had called him, with Social Service’s permission, at his camp work number. Dan was asked to come alone to talk with Wendi at a local restaurant.

Sadly I realized her need to exclude me, the confrontational parent. Dan would be the buffer. This realization stung like a scorpion, and a deep sadness washed over me as I listened in anticipation mingled with dread. Would I now find out what was happening?

“She wants to come home now,” he explained, looking at me tenderly. He put his arm around me and walked me into the living room. “Social Services is releasing her, and it’s up to us not to condemn her. We need to give her all the love possible.” Putting a hand under my chin, he raised my face to look directly into his. “Wendi really needs to know that we love her and will accept her—*and* her baby.”

Wendi:

“SWEET” SIXTEEN

The plan had been set. My best friend, Cassie, and I walked into the cluttered dime store in need of only one item to

confirm my suspicion that I was pregnant. Heading down the main aisle, then off to the left and around the corner—there it was. I picked it up as Cassie kept a trained eye open. A second later we headed for the front door and out to the parking lot. Tucked safely inside my jacket was the test I needed to confirm the blatant facts.

“Now, promise me you’ll wait till school tomorrow,” reminded Cassie, effervescent as usual.

“I will, don’t worry,” I replied with mounting anxiety.

The next morning came with a heavy nausea. I blundered my way down to our little farmhouse bathroom with my stolen pregnancy test in tow. I had all but memorized the instructions but reread them again just to be sure. Carefully I administered the test and shook the test tube. Then I gave it one last look and tucked it safely into the front pocket of my flannel shirt.

The results would be complete by the time I got to school. Fearful thoughts swirled inside my head and jumbled my emotions into near hysteria.

Tired, scared, nauseated, and with thudding heart, I headed to the student smoking area at the back of the school. Cassie’s eyes caught mine, and off we went. We wound down the back hallway toward the shop wing, then along the long stretch past the swimming pool, arriving at the end of the corridor by the back door.

I reached for the little vial in my pocket. This was it—I held the tube in my hand and we looked. Pink. Positive. I was pregnant.

Cassie jumped and squealed with delight. “Oh, we’re going to take such good care of this baby. I’ll help you, you know that.”

My mind spun out of control. There I was—a 16-year-old

senior in high school. Summer had just ended, and now my life as well, or so it seemed. One thing was for sure, I was not about to tell my parents. If they had a hard time with the other things I had done, this one would be the worst of all.

My compulsions, my need to live life on the edge even though I knew my actions were wrong, had slammed me full force into a brick wall. Wanting freedom, I had purposely chosen friends who had no parental restraints on their actions, adapted their lifestyle, and ended up in a huge mess. What would I do now?

I spent the next few days trying to come up with a game plan. I had broken up with my boyfriend, so my only confidants were my friends. I did get an offer from a friend's mother to help me get an abortion. What should I do—what *could* I do?

The morning sickness persisted with a vengeance. Each day it became harder and harder to get out of bed. I couldn't think! So I turned my frustrations about my predicament into anger toward my parents.

One morning Mom was going through the exasperating routine of trying to get me up for school and I lunged at her, calling her some names. I saw the shock in her eyes as she left my room. I had gone way over the line.

Within seconds my father was in my room, and was he angry! The words flew as I ranted from exhaustion and he protected my mother.

That day I drove to school and went straight to my guidance counselor. Storming into the office, I slammed the door and lit up a cigarette. "If I'm not placed in a foster home by the end of the school day," I threatened coldly to Mr. B, "I'm gone! Nobody will ever see me again!"

What an attitude! Scared inside, I was playing the tough

girl, as I shot out my demands one after another. Mr. B promised to get the results I wanted, so off to class I went.

By the end of the school day, I had been placed in a local foster home. I soon discovered that there were no restrictions on me, other than a curfew at night. I now had the freedoms I so desperately wanted. I was out in the world and away from all restrictions—and all religion—and I was completely out of control.

The following days were filled with cigarettes, marijuana, and shoplifting. I was doing what I wanted, when, where, and however I pleased. But the feeling of loneliness was overwhelming.

Yes, I was free—but still in a loveless vacuum.

Free?

I was pregnant . . . how was I ever going to take care of a baby? Who was I kidding?

After a couple of weeks, I realized that this total freedom did not bring any satisfaction. In fact, after my little rampage of self-absorption, I felt even worse. I dreaded going home. I could just hear Mom saying, “I told you so,” but I also knew both parents would be so disappointed with me. What a mess!

I called my dad, who asked me to lunch. I knew Dad loved me and would listen to me even though I had broken his heart. So I went. I sat there at Hardee’s an angry, sullen, and guilt-ridden kid whose body was bearing adult responsibility. I was in way over my head. That much I knew. We talked, and he asked probing questions to help me decide my future. Weighing the options before me, I chose to go back home to think them over.

Notes

CHAPTER 6

1. *New American Standard Bible*, 1973.

CHAPTER 10

1. Charles Spurgeon, quoted by Daniel Partner, ed., in *Heroes of the Faith* (Uhrichsville, Ohio: Barbour Publishing, 1998), p. 75.
2. Bill Bright, *Four Spiritual Laws* (Orlando: Campus Crusade for Christ, Inc., 1965).

CHAPTER 12

1. Katrina von Schlegel (p.d.), *Inspiring Hymns* (Grand Rapids, Mich.: Zondervan, 1951), p. 415.

CHAPTER 14

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FOCUS ON THE FAMILY WEBSITES AND PHONE NUMBER

<http://troubledwith.com>

<http://www.family.org>

For referrals to Christian counselors in your area or to speak with a Focus on the Family counselor, call weekdays (719) 531-3400, extension 2700.

BOOK RESOURCES FOR PARENTS

- A Woman's Guide to Getting Through Tough Times*, Quin Sherrer and Ruthanne Garlock (Vine Books).
- Angry Men and the Women Who Love Them: Breaking the Cycle of Physical and Emotional Abuse*, Paul Hegstrom (Beacon Hill Press).
- Blue Genes*, Paul Meier (Tyndale).
- Boundaries with Kids*, Henry Cloud and John Townsend (Zondervan).
- Caring for Sexually Abused Children: A Handbook for Families and Churches*, R. Timothy Kearney (InterVarsity).
- Fresh Wind, Fresh Fire*, Jim Cymbala and Dean Merrill (Zondervan).
- Mood Swings: Understanding Your Emotional Highs and Lows*, Paul Meier (Nelson).
- Parent's Guide to Top 10 Dangers Teens Face*, Stephen Arterburn and Jim Burns (Focus on the Family).
- Parenting the Wild Child: Hope for Those with an Out of Control Teenager*, Miles McPherson (Bethany House).
- Parents in Pain: Overcoming the Pain and Frustration of Problem Children*, John White (InterVarsity).
- Shattered Dreams: God's Unexpected Path to Joy*, Larry Crabb (WaterBrook).
- Stomping Out the Darkness*, Neil T. Anderson and Dave Park (Regal).
- Surviving the Prodigal Years: How to Love Your Wayward Child Without Ruining Your own Life*, Marcia Mitchell (YWAM).
- The Angry Child: Regaining Control When Your Child Is Out of Control*, Timothy Murphy and Loriann Hoff Oberlin (Crown).

wild child, waiting mom

The New Strong-Willed Child: Birth Through Adolescence, James C. Dobson (Tyndale).

When God Doesn't Make Sense, James C. Dobson (Tyndale).

Why A.D.H.D. Doesn't Mean Disaster, Walt Larimore, Diane Passno, and Dennis Swanberg (Tyndale).

Why Christian Kids Rebel: Trading Heartache for Hope, Tim Kimmel (W Publishing Group).

BOOKLETS BY FOCUS ON THE FAMILY (1-800-AFAMILY)

Help for Hurting Parents: Dealing with the Pain of Teen Pregnancy, Luther McIntyre (BD106).

How to Really Love Your Pregnant Teen (LK013).

BOOK RESOURCES FOR TEENS AND YOUNG ADULTS

Adolescence Isn't Terminal: It Just Feels Like It!, Kevin Leman and Steve Sever (Tyndale).

Boundaries in Dating, John Townsend and Henry Cloud (Zondervan).

He's HOT, She's HOT: What to Look for in the Opposite Sex, Jeramy and Jerusha Clark (WaterBrook).

I Have to Be Perfect: And Other Parsonage Heresies, Timothy L. Sanford (Llama Press).

Refuge: A Pathway Out of Domestic Violence and Abuse, Donald Stewart (Woman's Missionary Union).

The Search for Significance: Seeing Your True Worth Through God's Eyes, teen edition, Robert S. McGee (W Publishing Group).

BOOKLETS FOR TEENS AND YOUNG ADULTS FROM FOCUS ON THE FAMILY (1-800-AFAMILY)

Alcohol and Drug Abuse: Resisting the Epidemic (LF236).

Dare2Dig Deeper/Friends: Developing Relationships that Last, Cheryl DeWitt (YC077).

Dare2Dig Deeper/Lethal Haze: The Vicious Truth About Drugs and Alcohol (YC028).

Five Reasons You Need the Piece of Paper (LF232).