

NANCY FITZGERALD | ANCHORSAWAY

(UNANSWERED)
SMOKE, MIRRORS, AND GOD





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Nancy Fitzgerald

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Dedication

I am dedicating this book to my children – Scott, Mark, Andrew and Kelly and to my grandchildren – Kaitlyn, Sydney, Anabella, Jack, Edward, Austin, Lilly and Blake. The way you live and love one another, including your Lord, brings joy to my soul.

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Foreword

If this were just another book about someone's personal religious agenda or ideas about God, this project would never have been written. Why? Because those books are a dime a dozen and the plot is usually disinteresting and always the same. What began as a life experience set in motion by a deeply personal tragedy for Nancy Fitzgerald, eventually morphed into a life long journey to objectively look into the notion of whether there is any type of God, religion or spiritual truth that can be verified and if so, why should anyone care. This has not been an easy undertaking when you consider the world's religions are vast, not in unison, and often at war with each other. Sadly, our research revealed that most of the people we interviewed typically go through the actions of fulfilling their list of religious obligations without knowing if or what they believe is true. Most just pointed to family tradition as their reasoning for their beliefs.

Why is there so much tension and hatred between conflicting beliefs both within and outside religious structures? None of them are exempt to strands of hatred, corruption, control, and abuse. Is there any wonder why atheism is a reasonable option to man's ridiculous and scandalous presentation of their God? Is there a true God who can be verified and through Him, can give us hope and courage to live in this broken world?

The statement that "we are all a product of our environment" is an overused idea to both justify and excuse ourselves from portions of our life that we would prefer to remain hidden or status quo. However, when it comes to the subject matter that we are digging into in this study, we found that the highest percentage of why people believe what they believe was inherited or borrowed from someone else. Whether it be parents, other family members or a geographic predisposition from birth, it is true that we most often align what we "say" we believe with what has been expected of us. But the question is: Do we really believe what we are saying?

According to our research, millions of people view religion and God as best summed up by “smoke and mirrors”.

I am a product of my own religious environment and performance based routines that were as mandatory as my other chores. By the time I was in high school, my religion had formed a stage of clarity shaped from those early childhood years. It was clear to me that, yes, God was indeed angry with me for the mistakes I had made, but if I would ask Jesus into my heart, all would be well. Hopefully, it just might be enough to get me into heaven but as I learned through many Sunday school lessons - that was no “slam dunk”. It was clear that Jesus was the only way to save me from God. That was my belief system for most of my life.

This study is not about me, however, my story is one that is replicated by thousands of people who have experienced the very same early thoughts about God or some higher power. There was absolutely no assurance that I mattered or that I had a higher purpose other than being a good person and living a moral life that was responsible. I had no proof of any hope beyond my own effort and futile attempts to live a perfect life.

As Nancy and I talked about this project, got into the research, and studied the Scriptures, I found that my own questions about God and life were being answered. Up until that point, I dared not ask tough questions for fear of judgment. I found out that there are real answers to my doubts and sufferings and that, with them, I can live fully even as a broken person in a messed up world. As a husband and father, I found and shared the material in this study with my wife and children. They too had many questions answered that had previously gone unanswered.

As a parent, we did not know much about what we believed to be true, so how could we teach our children with any real basis for believing in any type of God? This is why I am thrilled to be a part of this series. This study takes aim at the

ideas, claims, testimony, scientific applications, archeological discoveries and other validated forms of unbiased investigation that have been used to shape the world's religions and their most important claims. As we tested this project with parents, most said that they wished that they had learned this material much earlier in life as they too had walked away from believing in any type of verifiable truth.

I am hopeful that the countless hours and years of study that have been applied to this project will afford each of you the necessary information and tools to resolve many of your questions that have gone UNANSWERED!

Doug Martinez
Chairman
Temporary Holdings, LLC

Acknowledgements

Because I have come from a life lived solely dependent on my own wits coupled with a worldview of which I was the center, any good that will come from my efforts, including this project, is a result of the grace extended by my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. He was faithful to love and forgive me and call me His child when I put my trust in Him. He gave me an appetite for learning truth and then showed me the way to teach it to others. Fulfilling any call from God is far from easy, but to know that He has used someone like me to inspire others, who have questions and want honest answers about life, purpose, forgiveness, hope, suffering and death, is overwhelming. Thank you, Lord!

I am eternally grateful to my board and to my Christian friends and supporters. You have been faithful to pray, to help out whenever needed, and have given me wonderful advise, encouragement and resources. Thank you for sharing your wisdom as to how to run and develop an effective ministry as well as how to raise the bar in producing a life changing Christian Worldview curriculum.

To my husband Ed, my number one encourager, thank you for being willing to read and edit all of our material many times over! To Ashley Houston, for your patience and diligence in working alongside me in editing and making suggestions that made this project readable, I am grateful beyond words.

A final thank you goes to all those who are searching for answers to questions about God, life and how to better understand, communicate and love others the way God intended us to love. Thank you for choosing this curriculum. We hope and pray that this project will help you on your spiritual journey.

“Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, and the one who seeks finds, and to the one who knocks it will be opened” Matthew 7:7-8.



CHAPTER ONE

THE LAKE

Chapter 1: The Lake

My earliest recollection of God was at Sunday school, where we played house, drank lukewarm milk, ate graham crackers, sang songs and listened to stories. At age 5, God was a conception that we sang about once a week. Outside of that, I had no thoughts about Him that affected how I lived or what I believed. All that, however, was about to change.

The moment the bell rang signifying the end of the school year, I, along with my two brothers and sister, were in our car on our way to our island home at “the lake.” Otherwise known as Gull Lake in southwestern Michigan, it is a beautiful, crystal-clear, spring-fed lake with sandy shores and sunny skies. Life at the lake was good, very good. One day would flow into the next and soon it was time to move back into town and prepare to go to school once again.

There was, however, one day I will never forget. I was 5 years old and my older sister, Carole, was 7. We were in our yard engaged in a game of croquet while our two-year-old brother, Stephen, was in the house with our babysitter. My mother had gone into town, as she did every week, to do the laundry. My father was at work and my older brother, Joel, was at camp. Our playing was interrupted by a shout from our babysitter, “Where is Stephen?” “We don’t know,” we replied. “Carole, you go into the woods and look for him. Nancy, you look for him on the dock. I’ll check in the house once again.”

I went running out on the dock shouting his name, “Stephen, where are you? Steeeephen!” It was nothing new for Stephen to run off. He had done this several times before, and I kept thinking that any moment his blond, curly head would pop around the corner of the boathouse, flashing his big, toothy grin. I looked all over, but Stephen was nowhere to be found. Assured that he was not out there, I began to walk back down the dock toward the house. Something caught my eye by the shoreline. It was Stephen. He was floating face down in the water. I shouted to the babysitter and then jumped in, trying desperately to rescue him. I struggled to pick him up but being small myself; I couldn’t budge him.

Within seconds, the babysitter leapt into the water and lifted him up in her arms. Water was streaming off his face and down his hair. His once active little body was still. “What’s wrong with Stephen?” I asked. “He’s dead, and it’s your fault,” she screamed. With that, she ran with Stephen in her arms, out of the water and to the neighbor’s house. Carole and I were left alone to ponder what had just happened. It was the last time we saw him.

The next thing I can remember was our yard filling with many friends and neighbors. Some were crying loudly, while others stood and hugged each other. Friends surrounded my mother while my father sat in a chair with his head buried in his hands. I sat with my sister on the front steps, numb, empty and scared; there was no lap to sit in or arms to fall into. Alone, I retreated into the house to my parents’ bedroom.

Like so many of us, my understanding of God was limited. We said grace before our dinner meal. At night, before bed, my father would come up stairs and we would always pray, “Now I lay me down to sleep. Pray the Lord my soul to keep and if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take. Amen.” The prayer always bothered me but I knew that God loved me, because the Bible told me so, at least that’s what the Sunday school teacher said. I believed that God was probably good and could do anything. With that kind of childlike faith, I pleaded with Him.

“God, I know you can make Stephen better. Please fix him.” There was nothing else to say. I knew God must be big and could help people. Stephen was just a baby, so of course He would fix him. Why not? Isn’t that what God does?

With that, I went to be with my sister. After what seemed like an eternity, my father came and informed us that Stephen had died and was now in heaven with God.

“Why would he want to live with God, He didn’t make Steven better?” I thought.

Alone and afraid, I retreated back into my parents’ bedroom, and once again addressed God. “Why didn’t you make Stephen live? I don’t want to happen to me what happened to him. Maybe you’re not good. You scare me. Stay away from

me.” At that moment, I walked out of the bedroom and away from God for the next 27 years.

A part of me died that day, as I think it did for many of us. For me, it was the end of the innocence of youth. Nothing was for certain any longer, not even God. I felt alone and scared of life and of death. “Why would my father be happy that Stephen was in heaven with God?” I reasoned, “He let him die!”

Life went on, as it does when tragedy happens, but my encounter with death and the guilt attached to it lingered for years to come. In those days, people generally weren’t very good about processing traumatic events, and my parents were no exception. Very little was ever mentioned from that day on about Stephen, or about how we children were dealing with such a horrific tragedy. For whatever reason, Joel, Carole and I did not attend the funeral. We spent the rest of the week with our grandparents and then went back to the lake and were expected to live as if nothing had happened. For me, however, there were constant reminders of that dreadful day at the lake: my own guilt and Stephen’s empty crib that remained in my bedroom for the rest of that summer. However, the emptiness of the crib did not begin to compare to the barrenness of my soul.

Several years later, I was sitting in my eighth grade science class. This particular day we were talking about the properties of water. I remember my teacher explaining to our class that although water was made up of hydrogen and oxygen, you still couldn’t breathe while underwater. The next thing I remember was getting extremely lightheaded, and then I passed out. I was taken to the hospital and given a multitude of tests, but no one could figure out what was wrong with me. The next day, a friend of my parents, who was a child psychologist, came to visit me in the hospital. We chatted for a little while and then he asked me a question, “Do you ever think about Stephen?” I was shocked because no one had talked about him since the day he died. I had never been asked about how I felt about it. “Yes, I do,” I responded, and then said very matter-of-factly, “You know, I killed him.” I

will never forget the look on Dr. C's face. "You what?" he said. "Nancy, look at me, you did not kill him. You were five years old, for God's sake. You were not the babysitter. You did not kill him! Hear me, you did not kill him!" More than his words of exoneration, the look of horror on his face gave me a huge sense of relief for the first time. At that very moment, I felt freed from the guilt over my brother's death. It was amazing, but the greater issue remained: "Who are you really, God? Are you real? Are you good or evil? Why would you kill a child?" I had no one to talk to, no one who could answer my questions. I did what so many of us do—I buried them in the deepest part of my soul and continued to live life as a "normal" teen, pretending that all was well.

I ended up attending and graduating from Indiana University with three degrees. I loved every minute of it, and would not have traded those experiences or friendships for anything in the world. However, toward the end of my college experience, I would often wonder, "What is my purpose in life? Is there a God?" In searching for answers, I would engage in conversations with all kinds of people from different backgrounds and with different beliefs about their purpose in life. From Christians to atheists, most of them said that their purpose was to make a lot of money, get a good job and enjoy life.

Through those times of questioning others, it was the group that called themselves "Christians" that I found to be both interesting and troubling. They all would acknowledge that they believed in God, but when I pressed them for the reason why they believed, or how they knew Christianity wasn't a hoax, not one of them could give me a reason that made sense. The answers were unbelievably shallow and pretty much the same: "I grew up that way." "It makes me feel good." "My parents told me so." I would ask over and over again for them to tell me the difference God had made in their life. Not one single person could do it. Not a single one!

I was frustrated and disgusted that highly educated people would identify themselves with Christianity, but have absolutely no idea if what they believed was true. In my soul I knew I needed God, but my mind was totally turned off. I

became very cynical toward Christianity and toward Christians in general. My natural inclination was to conclude that this whole Christian thing was either a hoax or an extremely restrictive way of living for the weak minded. I came to the conclusion that my purpose in life was to have fun and take from life as much as I possibly could.

To my surprise, I met a guy who was one of the few people I had met during my college experience who thought about something other than the next weekend's party. Ed wanted to go to medical school and fulfill his dream of being a thoracic surgeon. He wanted his life to count. We continued to spend lots of time together through the next few years. We got to know each other's families and he and my dad became best friends. They went fishing and bird hunting together. That was a big deal for me because my dad and I were extremely close, and his approval of Ed was extremely important to me. After I finished my graduate studies and Ed completed his second year of medical school, we decided that we would get married, someday buy a house, have kids, play golf and live the "good life." Our plan seemed great, so we got married.

When Ed completed medical school, we moved to Hershey, Pennsylvania, where he began his surgical residency at the Hershey Medical Center. At that point, our dream of a perfect life began to take an unhealthy turn as we saw less and less of each other. He was on call almost every night at the hospital, so I decided I would play lots of tournaments and consider becoming a professional golfer. I traveled all over the country that year, playing in amateur and professional events, but soon decided that it was not the life for me. It was too difficult traveling in a car, staying in motels and constantly being with people with whom I had very little in common outside of golf. The game I loved became a chore, so I returned home with the desire of having kids and playing golf as an amateur. Our first son, Scott, was born, and 15 months later, our son, Mark, joined the family. Being a mom brought more joy and more anxiety to me, than I could ever have imagined. I loved the boys beyond words, and the thought of one of them dying was often at the forefront of

my mind. I got up in the middle of every night to make sure they were breathing.

Finally, the residency was over and it was time to say goodbye to beautiful Hershey, and hello to a new life in Indianapolis. Now it was time for our dream lives to begin; we moved into a real home in a great neighborhood filled with kids! We had waited for this moment for the last eight years. I was going to raise the kids, play golf, get involved in the community, while Ed would join a medical group and perform heart and lung surgeries. He would be home at five every night, and we could begin to live out the American dream—a wonderful family and a happy marriage. At least, that was my plan.

My life and Ed's life became extremely busy: he, with his practice, and mine with raising our children. Within the next year and a half, I had given birth to our third son, Andrew, and then to our daughter, Kelly. I absolutely loved our kids and would do whatever it took to make sure that they were happy and healthy. I still continued my night vigil of checking to make sure that all four kids were breathing. My fear of them dying was overwhelming.

In spite of all the family and material blessings, in my heart there was no peace, purpose or joy. I felt empty inside. There was something very wrong. "Was this all there was to life?" I had tried to do everything right, but I still had no feeling of fulfillment. On the outside, we were living out the American dream, but to what avail? The one thing I did know was that happiness and peace and joy were not found in the material world, not in our jobs, our houses, our children, spouses or friends. Could it possibly be connected in any way to God? Was there a God? Might there be a God who could give me a little peace of mind and purpose? I began my search to find if there just might be a God who was different from the one that I had imagined Him to be as a young girl. I was desperate—I needed to find out for myself if there truly was a God who loved and cared for me.

What did the different religions have to say about God and about this person called Jesus Christ? Despite my bias against Christians, it was time for me to take a very serious

look at Christianity and their holy book, the Bible, to see what it had to say about Jesus Christ.

Not long after my search for truth began, I made plans to go to Florida with some friends of mine to play in a golf tournament. I needed the rest and wanted to take some time to look into the Bible for the first time to see if it had anything to say about life and this person, Jesus. I packed a very skinny Bible because I figured that it was easier to read than a thick one. I arrived early and anxiously began reading the Bible from page one. Now was my chance to see what all this Christian stuff was about. My enthusiasm quickly waned; it didn't take me long to see that this book was confusing. I read through Genesis, glanced through some pages Exodus and slogged my way through the beginning of the book Leviticus. Frustrated, I came to the conclusion that there was no Jesus Christ in the Bible and God drowned people—once again those fears about God surfaced. Frankly, I found it all to be confusing and of little value in giving me the key to purpose, joy and hope in this life and the next, if there was one. I became discouraged as I realized that if there is no God, then there is no hope, and things for me were only going to get worse. “Who and where are you, God?”

“Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives; he who seeks finds; and to him who knocks, the door will be opened” (Matthew 7:7-8).

I stayed with a friend of mine, Cookie, who was one of those “born again Christians.” I gathered up my courage and confided in her that I was searching for God or this Jesus, but could find nothing in the Bible that had made any sense to me. She lovingly told me that the Bible was made up of 66 books, and a good place to start was in the book of John. Not knowing what the book of John was, with love, encouragement and a lot of patience, she turned about three quarters through the Bible and showed it to me. I read it myself and by the end of the third chapter of John, God had begun to open my eyes and answer the questions I had been pondering since the day Stephen died. *“In the beginning was the Word,*

and the Word was with God, and the Word was God” (John 1:1). Who is the Word? Whoever He was, I knew He was eternal and I knew He was God. Then I read on down, “But to all who did receive him, who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God, who were born, not of blood nor of the will of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we have seen his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father, full of grace and truth” (John 1:12-14). Then I landed on the third chapter, “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but in order that the world might be saved through him. Whoever believes in him is not condemned, but whoever does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only Son of God” (John 3:16-18). “That is it! This Jesus is the answer to life and He is the answer to death. Is it true?” I thought.

That evening, when everyone else had gone to bed, I once again began to pray to God. I simply told Him that I had no clue about who He really was, that I was lost and in great need of peace and joy. I told Him that if He were truly the God of the Bible, author of life and giver of peace, to invade my inner being, change my heart and give me peace and joy and love, which I so desperately needed. I informed Him that under no circumstance was I going to go to Africa, nor would I be any kind of the missionary type person, nor would I ever tell anyone what I just did. I was fearful that if He was really God, He might change me into one of those “weird Christians” for whom I had developed a pretty strong dislike. Giving up control did not sit well with me either, but I asked Him to show Himself to be real, and if He would do that, I would become an ardent follower of Him forever. I had no idea of what it meant to follow Jesus, but I was about to find out!

There are no words to explain what had happened to me, but I can tell you that my interest in playing in that particular golf tournament was gone; I could not wait to get home to my kids and to my husband. I came back on a major spiritual

high. For the first time that I could remember, I was filled with a peace that I could not explain. I resumed my role as a mom and a wife, but with new excitement and energy. Ed began to notice a change. He said he thought I had gone on vacation to play some golf and hang out with the girls, but that I had come back a different person. He told me I left uptight and anxious, and now there was a peace about me that he had never seen. Whatever it was, he said that he desperately needed it himself. At that very moment, I knew that God was faithful to show Himself to me. He was who He said He was; He was God and He was alive in me!

I shared with Ed what I had found to be true about God, but that my journey had just begun. I told him that I knew very little about God, but that if he read the book of John that is about three quarters of the way through the Bible, he might begin to figure it out. Ed found a Bible and read the book of John, and he took the step of faith to trust Jesus as his Savior. Our new, but far from perfect, lives with Christ in the center of it all had begun. We both knew that we lived in a broken world that was filled with broken people. We were and continue to be those people. But as imperfect as we are, as rocky as our relationship can still be, God has proven over and over that He alone is faithful to show Himself to us and give us that peace and joy and life purpose for which we both yearned.

What amazed me the most was that, although our circumstances did not change, no matter how difficult life was and will continue to be, God has been true to His word: He is the giver of peace and wisdom in the midst of very difficult times. Becoming a Christ follower does not mean that our lives will be perfect with no worries. In a broken world we all suffer, but God assures us that even in suffering He is with us and will help us persevere so that we might become more mature in our relationship with Him. God does not consult with me about the struggles coming in my life. He is God and I am not! This much I do know: we all suffer no matter who we are. We are all called to press on during hard times, no matter what. It isn't easy, but it builds character. There are many times that I have and still do feel like walking away

from ministry, projects, and difficult friendships because it is just too hard. At those times, God, sometimes not so gently, reminds me that He never promised an easy life, that life is not about me or my comfort, that there is a reason for all things and that I need to trust Him in this. I am so grateful that God sustains me through these tough times because it makes me love and lean on Him all the more!

Soon after accepting Christ as my Savior, the first person that I thought of who really needed to know she is loved by God and that I have forgiven her completely for what was said to me the day Stephen died, was the babysitter. I prayed for her even though I didn't know her name. As God became more real to me through the Scriptures, I began to realize that my anger and unhealthy fear toward God had been replaced with a love and hunger to know Him more. Within weeks, I realized that I had slept through my nightly routine of checking to see if the children were breathing.

Believing that Jesus Christ died for me and rose again so that I and others who believe, could have life and have it to the full, signified just the beginning of my search to deepen my understanding of who this God is. I had questions that had been on my heart for years: Who is God? How can I know Him for sure? From where did I come and when I die, where am I going? Why is the world such a mess and, in the midst of that, what is my purpose in life? How can I be sure that the Bible stands alone and apart from all other books and is truly God's Word? Can I learn such things? My journey was one of looking for answers beyond emotions and opinions of others. I had to find out for myself what was true and separate from religion and man's imaginations and presuppositions. I was going to study the findings from other writers of antiquity, students of the Scriptures, archaeology, as well as the best thinkers of our time. Not only did I need to find answers for myself, but for my family, as well. They needed to know the truth about God so that they could live their lives with an assurance and hope—not the fear and anxiety that I carried around for all those years. God gave me a voracious appetite for knowing truth and for teaching it to

anyone who would listen. Strangely enough, those feelings remain as strong today as they were then.

As our children grew up, I took great joy in praying for them and sharing with them some of what I was learning about this great God we worship. Ed and I tried to live out the Christian worldview on a daily basis as best we could. It was not so much what we did, but the attitude that God gave us to become better listeners, lovers of others and much more compassionate, still with much room for growth. We would get up early in the morning on weekdays and have a short Bible study with the kids, spending time praying for each other and giving thanks. Although none of us liked getting up so early in the morning, it became a special thing for our busy family to do. It drew us closer together to God and to each other.

When our oldest son, Scott, was preparing for college, I realized that even though we had tried our hardest to love him, pray with him, and read the Scriptures with him, he was far from ready, on a spiritual level, to go out on his own. He knew God and loved his family, but was clearly not ready to contend with the conflicting worldviews that he was about to encounter as he walked onto the college campus of his choice. That was when God began to birth in me the idea of taking the research that I had accumulated over the years from the questions I had about God and Christianity and write a curriculum. It was to be specifically designed for seniors in high school and college students, preparing them not only to defend what they knew to be true about God and the Bible, but to be a light of hope in a dark and broken world.

That was more than 20 years ago. Today, the curriculum, Anchorsaway, is being taught around the country and beyond. *“Unanswered: Smoke, Mirrors, and God”* is a version of the Anchorsaway curriculum that is designed for small groups from teens to grandparents, who would like to better understand the Christian faith, including what it means to be a Christian and how to love God and others in all of life. As a result, I hope and pray that you will enjoy this study and share it with others! ✈️



Appendix

Your Turn

Thank you for traveling on this journey with us. Our deepest desire is that you will start or continue living a culture changing life with a Christian worldview as your compass. Our hope is that your life will reflect what Christ has done, and is doing in you each and every day. We challenge you to always be ready to share the truth of Christ and the life that He offers, to anyone who asks.

Now that you have gone through the *Unanswered: Smoke, Mirrors, and God* study, you are in a great position to take what you have learned and teach juniors and seniors in high school with the Anchorsaway Christian worldview curriculum. This curriculum is designed to be taught by adults as a community study in a home setting. It is for anyone who is either questioning their faith or wants to deepen their faith with solid answers from history, science, the Bible and scholars who are experts in their respective fields. Not only will Anchorsaway students learn with clarity about the hope they have, but they will also be armed to answer questions about their faith with confidence in an unbelieving world!

The curriculum covers 21 major questions that are listed below. It can be taught by a trained teacher or through videos. If you are interested, please go to our website for more information. On our site, you can learn more about who we are and even sign up for an online teacher training class. Our website is anchorsaway.org.

Chapters offered in the Anchorsaway Curriculum:

1. What is the Christian Worldview?
2. What are the Five Major Worldviews?
3. Who is God?
4. Is the Bible Reliable?
5. Was Jesus Christ Resurrected? Why Does it Matter?
6. Is Jesus Christ God? What is the Trinity?
7. What is a Christian? Am I One?
8. Did Life Just Happen or Were We Created?
9. Who is the god of Islam?
10. What is the Big Picture of God's Redemption of Man?
11. Who is Satan and How Does He Work?
12. What is a Cult?
13. Why Don't the Jews Believe in Jesus?
14. How Does God View the Homosexual?
15. What are the Moral Implications of Bioethics?
16. What is the Christian Role in Cultural Reconciliation?
17. What are the Biblical Principles to Wise Financial Planning?
18. How can I become a Leader Who Influences Culture for Christ?
19. Why Does God allow Suffering?
20. How Do I Make Good Life choices?
21. What are the Keys to Building Healthy Relationships?



It's tragic that so many young people are leaving the church as they move into their college and young adult years! I wish this was a few people's opinion and not validated by third party independent research. Fortunately, *Unanswered* is one of the most unique and honest approaches to understanding this phenomena and offering us tools and resources to address this pandemic.

—*Doug Fields, Best selling author & speaker*

Through honestly sharing her own personal story and real-life stories of others, Nancy Fitzgerald engagingly and articulately lays out the tenets of a Christian worldview, and demonstrates through those stories how a life lived in accordance with truth differs from conflicting worldviews competing for the hearts and minds of this generation. This provides teens and their parents with a manual for understanding their faith and for winsomely and wisely sharing the hope that is within them with others.

—*Chuck Colson, Author and Founder Prison Fellowship*

Absolutely powerful stuff! Nancy speaks relevant truth in a manner that is easily comprehensible. In its simplicity is a strength of argument that can only be contradicted by those who choose to be willfully deceived.

—*Troy Goodman, Father and Businessman*

Anchorsaway provides an education in what it means to live out our faith powerfully every day. I learned so many things I had never known or heard before, even though I have been a Christian and church attendee for many years. I came to understand grace what it means to truly view the world through the lens of Christ with unconditional love. I am a better parent, friend and business woman because of this. Thank you.

—*Shelly Aristizabal, CEO Business Women Connect*

Our questions define our lives. Pursuing answers to those questions will ultimately shape our character and life vision. Fitzgerald introduces questions worthy of our devotion and leads us on a journey to discover the truth behind those question's—truth leading to an abundant and flourishing life.

—*Dr. Bruce Main, Founder & CEO of Urban Promise Ministries*



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