

BONNIE PRESTEL

Inspirational Author & Speaker

BIO

The past 24 years Bonnie has written inspirational articles and stories for various publications. She was an editor at David C Cook for four years. Bonnie wrote devotions for The Quiet Hour published by David C. Cook for several years. She also wrote and published adult lesson Bible commentary for David C. Cook Lesson Commentary. In addition to print material, she created, wrote and edited Real Life Downloaded, Bible lessons for David C. Cook's Internet site.

Bonnie also wrote articles and edited books for Andrew Wommack Ministries Inc., a worldwide ministry based in Colorado Springs. Bonnie edited several books with authors Mike Fehlur, Bob Yandian and Andrew Wommack, published through Andrew Wommack Ministries.

Furthermore, upon graduating from Colorado State University with a Bachelor's of Arts degree with a journalism concentration, Bonnie worked for WOMAN magazine at Conde Nast publications in New York, NY. She has written on a freelance basis for newspapers and magazines including The Manitou Marque, Be Positive, The Catholic Herald, The Colorado Christian News, The Colorado Springs Business Journal, The Denver Post, The Rocky Mountain News and Single Parent Family magazine.

Bonnie lives in Colorado Springs with her husband, Tim. After being a single mother for 24 years God blessed her with a husband at the age of 52. She is a newlywed and Tim and Bonnie have four grown daughters. When not writing or tending to her garden, Bonnie enjoys cycling along the trails with her husband, Tim.



BLURB

Could you stop a beating heart?

Twenty-five-year-old Gracie Mills did not plan on getting pregnant. She was living in the city of her dreams working at a prestigious ad agency. But when her boyfriend, Lee, abandons her, Gracie contemplates raising her child alone. Terrified and confused, she determines to abort her baby.

But things do not go as Gracie planned.

Just when she was ready to end a life, a mysterious cab driver picks her up and thus begins a perilous journey. A force more powerful than a freight train intervenes taking Gracie to unknown places where she is forced to make dangerous decisions..



ISBN

12-3456789102

PRICE

\$14.95

PAGES

230

"Sometimes single moms need to make dangerous decisions. You'll be stunned at the process Gracie goes through to make sense of all the hard options in front of her. Come along with her on this perilous journey—and see God at work in ways you may have never imagined."

DOUG SCHMIDT - "The Prayer of Revenge: Forgiveness in the Face of Injustice"

F A Q ' S

Why did you write *Nine ½ Months*?

*I wrote *Nine ½ Months* to inspire and encourage women facing an unplanned pregnancy. Many are afraid, alone and confused. I want to give them hope.*

How did you come up with the idea for the book?

I wrote the first chapter of this story in a writing workshop. The teacher said to remember a time in my life when I was young and in crisis. What would my older self say to my young scared self in the story?

How are you qualified to write this book?

I have experienced two unplanned pregnancies in my life. I was on the verge of having an abortion with both babies. But through a sonogram, I heard the pulse and could not stop a beating heart. I raised my two daughters alone as a single mom. It was not easy, but I found courage and strength from a loving God, and my girls grew into strong, successful, compassionate women.

Is this story based on your life experience?

Yes, I have experienced an unplanned pregnancy and was alone and afraid. I was lost and in a dark place.

What do you hope to accomplish by sharing this story?

I want to inspire women to choose life for themselves and for their unborn babies. I want to give them hope and the courage to bring this new life into the world. I also want them to know they have a loving God who desires to know them and will walk them on their journey, every step of the way.

Why is this story important today?

Abortion is still a common choice today for women facing an unplanned pregnancy. According to the World Health Organization (WHO) every year in the world there are an estimated 40-50 million abortions. This equals approximately 125,000 abortions performed per day. I want to give a voice to those unborn babies and save their lives. I want to educate and empower women to make a life and death decision based on truth not fear.

Do you have more books being published?

*Yes, my second book, *Single Servings* will be coming out in 2020. It is inspiring true stories of God's provision to give hope to single moms. A fun cookbook will accompany the book.*

CONTACT

(719) 434-2113

info@bonnieprestel.com

www.bonnieprestel.com

FOLLOW



Chapter 1: *Nine 1/2 Months*



The metal table was cold. Stubby hairs stood up on my bare legs. My thighs, moist with sweat, stuck to the transparent paper. I waited, dangling my legs over the side, hoping the doctor would enter soon.

I just wanted to get this over with and get back to my life—if I could find a life. Eight weeks earlier, I had been lounging on the beach, letting the waves rock me to sleep. Lee snuck up behind me, waking me with a salty kiss. He just got in from the surf. His face was flushed as he described the huge waves that day. His passion for surfing and zest for life is what attracted me to him.

But now he was gone.

Eight-foot waves didn't scare him, but an eight-pound baby sent him running.

The heavy footsteps coming down the hall reeled my thoughts back to reality. He's here, I thought. Finally. I adjusted my position on the table, ripping the soaked paper as my legs shifted. He entered in silence. It took him a few moments to acknowledge me. I searched his face with my eyes trying to find some comfort. In a soft voice he told me to lie down and I silently obeyed.

I felt a cold substance plop on my belly. The doctor moved a scope around my tummy like he was searching for coins on an abandoned beach. Suddenly, he stopped. "There it is," he said, "That's your baby's heartbeat."

I lay there paralyzed, staring at the ceiling. I couldn't look at the screen. The sounds reminded me of the waves hitting the shore. I wondered if Lee was surfing today.

"Do you want to see your baby?" the doctor asked.

"O-Okay," I stammered.

It sure didn't look like a baby, just a messy inkblot. Kind of like my life. I just wanted it removed. Gone.

The doctor turned in his swivel chair and then left the room. Thirty seconds later he was back with a silky square of paper. "Here's a picture of your baby," he said, handing me the inkblot image. I stared at it through a haze of tears.

"Do you still want to go through with it?" he asked.

I couldn't speak.

"You know," he said, "I'd much rather bring babies into the world . . . but if you still want to . . ."

"No, no," I cried. "I don't. I can't. I need to go."

Smiling, he said, "Alright. Get dressed, and we'll talk. I'll need to see you again in two weeks."

I don't remember getting dressed and leaving the office. The next thing I knew, I was on the corner of 82nd and Park trying to hail a cab. "Taxi!" I shouted. "Taxi!" There were many yellow cabs, but not one of them had their Available light lit. Just my luck, I thought. I ran up a block and tried again. "Taxi!" A yellow cab swerved over two lanes to pick me up. I flung open the door and slid in the backseat.

"Where to?" the raspy voice asked.
"The Bronx, 205th and Mosholu Parkway."
"That's quite a journey; want me to take East River Drive?"
"I don't care. Just get me home."
I sat in the backseat, still holding my slippery photo.
"What ya got?" the driver asked.
Oh great, I thought. A chatty cabby.
"A picture," I said, glaring at her.
"Of what?" she pressed.
I wanted her to shut up, but she persisted, "Of what?"
"A baby!" I shouted.
Ignoring my disdain she yelled, "Congratulations! You're gonna be a mommy."
"Oh yeah, yippy," I said sarcastically.
"When's your due date?"
"May 10th," I said.
"Hey, maybe she'll be born on Mother's Day."
"Great."
"Is it your first?"
"Yep."
"Is daddy excited?"
"Nope. Daddy's gone."
That last answer finally shut her up.
I closed my eyes, trying to escape my world. Fifteen minutes later, her voice broke the silence. "You know, you're going to be a great mom. Once you hold that baby in your arms you'll be hooked. I envy you. This is the best gift you could ever receive. You sure are blessed."
My eyes opened to the words gift and blessed. Was she high? I thought. A young single girl having a baby alone in New York City. Yeah, I'm blessed all right. More like cursed.
"Trust me. You don't believe it now, but this baby will be the best thing that ever happened to you." The cabby smiled a knowing grin.
I leaned forward, peering into the front seat. Next to her ID photo plastered to the dash was a larger photograph of a girl in her late teens, maybe early 20s. Above the photo hung a cross-stitched purple cross. "Who's that? I asked.
Beaming, she said, "That's my baby, Brie. She's the love of my life. She just graduated and got a scholarship to Vanguard. God is good."
I glanced at her left hand gripping the wheel. No ring I noticed. Did I dare ask? I told myself, be creative. "So how long have you been married?"
"Oh, I'm not," she answered without emotion.
I just stared at her. Finally I asked, "Why not?"
She glanced back. "I told you already," her head tilting toward the photo and the cross. "They're my family. The loves of my life. I have all that I need."
I sat back and slumped down in the plastic seat. Her words echoed in my head. All that I need, all that I need. Those words had the same power as the waves, lulling me to slumber. I closed my eyes, surrendering, in that moment of peace.