

God Meant it for Good

In the 1800s, my great-grandmother, who was white, became very ill. Her doctor prescribed morphine for her pain and, unfortunately, she became addicted to it. She eventually became involved with and conceived a child by a black man who was able to get the drug for her.

Their child, my grandmother, was born in 1900. Because her skin was brown, my grandmother was not allowed to attend the local public school. Neither were her daughter (my mother) nor I.

My mother and I have white skin; nevertheless, we were denied the privilege of going to school because of our racial heritage. We were rejected, laughed at, talked about, ridiculed and put down.

Take God at His Word

One day I was working at my desk when one of my co-workers mentioned that Charles and Frances Hunter, the “Happy Hunters,” were holding their last healing crusade. She had read in Charisma about Frances Hunter’s bout with breast cancer.

Hearing about this, I felt as if someone had just flattened me. I thought, Frances Hunter, this wonderful instrument of God, how could this be? I have known the Hunters and been ministered to by them since 1988, when they came to my church and taught on healing.

Within minutes, I was crying, and my friend was praying for

me. My co-worker asked me if the cancer I'd battled a few years before had returned. I confessed that I did not know because there were so many sensations and feelings that I was dealing with in my body and mind.

Turning Pain into Power

I remember vividly the day my entire world changed. It was January 24, 1997, the day my husband, James R. "Jamie" Peebles Jr., died in a car accident.

We were going to my mother-in-law's house, and Jamie was driving. Suddenly, he laid his head on my shoulder and said, "Pam, I don't feel well."

With the car still in motion, I threw the gearshift into park, jumped from the car and began screaming for help. The next sounds I heard were tires squealing and cars crashing against one another.

God Bailed Me Out

I walked out of the Forsyth County jail on February 17, 1994. The judge released me and told me I was free to go. It seemed he did it against his better judgment because he spoke rather harshly to me as he signed my release orders.

"Young lady, you've done a fine job of wasting and ruining

your life. Go ahead and finish the job.”

I was jubilant to be free but afraid that maybe the judge was right—that I would die in the streets. I had been a prostitute for more than 13 years, and I was afraid I was doomed to the same destruction as the other women I’d known. Yet I continued working the streets.

From Dope to Hope

God has been good to me throughout my life, even though there were years when the enemy had me convinced that I was a worthless nobody. I’ve been a drug addict, a drug dealer and a “gang banger.”

For 34 years, I was addicted to all kinds of drugs, including cocaine, but God delivered me. He also delivered me from cigarettes and sexual sin.

Nine-and-one-half years of my life were spent in and out of prison. But more than four years ago I was paroled, and I’ve never looked back.

God’s Supernatural Love

I was organizing my things before departing on the final day of a writers conference when a thought came to me, Go home now!

Where did that come from? I wondered. I paused for a moment, then decided I was imagining things, so I got back to work. But the strange feeling I had persisted.

After arguing with myself, I finally prayed, “God, are you trying to tell me something?”

All Things are Possible

My mother was unable to care for me when I was born. As a result, I became a ward of the court and was placed in the foster care system in Washington, D.C., where I remained until I was 20.

I grew up in an emotionally and physically abusive home. At 13, with only the clothes on my back, I ran away. I spent my first night as a runaway in the cold, sleeping under a car and later, under a house.

Before running away, I had been living in Aiken, South Carolina, but the court relocated me to Washington, D.C. There I was moved around from a foster home to a group home and then to another group home.

Endless Mercy

In October of 1999, I was diagnosed with breast cancer. Following a lumpectomy, I learned that I needed a mastectomy

because the cancer had spread to my lymph nodes.

The next seven months were filled with chemotherapy, radiation and testing. My mom, who is also my personal prayer warrior, prayed continually for me.

My family and church blessed me in so many ways. I knew people were praying for me all the time.

Soul Food

It was Saturday morning, and I really wanted one of those flaky biscuit sandwiches from a local fast-food restaurant. Nobody makes 'em better than this place!

My husband and I had a busy day planned. We'd just swing by the restaurant, pick up our order, which we'd called in, and get on with the numerous tasks at hand.

We weren't expecting to be delayed by a hit-and-run accident. A car had entered an intersection on a red light. An oncoming vehicle swerved to avoid a crash and was forced up onto the median where it leveled a street sign.

Nothing is Impossible

On July 28, 1997, I was diagnosed with Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma. The disease had already gone into my bone marrow.

As a believer, I knew that God could heal today just as He had healed people in Bible times. So along with my church family, I began seeking Him for healing. Many people were praying for me.