

But God Knew

During my childhood our family lived on a farm in Corinth, Mississippi. One day while I was working in the cotton field, a truck driven by a good-looking boy came along, and although I did not know him, I made the remark: "Do you see that boy? I'm going to marry him one day, and I will not be a farmer's wife but a doctor's wife."

Three years later, Howard Thomas and I were married. Eventually he decided to become a medical doctor and started attending college. We went to church regularly but were not born again.

We began drinking and frequenting medical fraternity parties. I felt guilty but did not stop.

Howard finished fifth in his medical school class, and we moved first to Atlanta, Georgia, then to a small town in west Tennessee, where he began his practice. We bought a 10-bed clinic and almost immediately became very busy.

Howard began taking stimulants to keep going through the busy days and nights. This led to using downers and sleeping pills.

We became involved with a wild social crowd, many of whom were workers in our church. One night after a party, I asked Howard to give me something to help with severe anxiety and guilt. The shot of Demerol made me feel so good that soon I was giving myself regular injections.

During this time, our third son was born with a serious addiction and other problems I knew I had caused. I carried such guilt that I tried to commit suicide. Even electric shock treatments didn't help.

Howard was battling addictions himself and had been committed on separate occasions to a prison ward and an institution for

the insane. After we had moved around the country for years, attempting to run from our problems, I was sent to an institution at the point of death.

My unsaved mother went to a Pentecostal church where the women were in a prayer meeting and asked them to pray for her daughter, who was in a hospital in Memphis, Tennessee.

That same hour I was set free, never to use drugs again. Howard continued his addictive behavior for six more years. Finally, I left him and sued for divorce.

After we had been apart for about three months, Howard came by and said he had been to a Christian men's retreat and had received Jesus Christ.

Three weeks later he came back and said he was going to share his testimony at church and asked me to go. I knew he had stage fright and couldn't speak well. He didn't look any different, so I decided to go and see if he had really changed.

For the first time I heard about being born again. Howard hadn't finished the altar call when I ran forward and accepted Christ.

We started a new life. Soon our three boys began wanting to know this Jesus who had become so dear and precious to us, and they were all saved.

For many years we have shared Christ all over the United States and in other countries. Our desire is to help others who are searching for a life that is worth living.