

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.

Other children would walk by me in town and not speak to me. The school bus driver said that if I were permitted to go to school, he would not stop to pick me up.

But God turned all these things around. My grandmother went to be with the Lord in 1985. My mother is saved and is still with me.

I have been in ministry for 35 years. I am ordained, and I have served as a pastor for 16 years. I've also written and recorded a number of gospel songs.

In spite of all that happened in my family, God has used me. He has sent people into my life to help me, but most of all, the Lord Himself has been my teacher.

Today, at 61 years old, I travel around the country preaching, singing and seeing people receive Jesus in their hearts. I just praise God for the miracles He has worked in my life. What man meant for evil, God meant for good.