

Simple Faith

In the 1930s, a young couple moved to Port Arthur, Texas, to work in the oil refinery. At that time, church attendance was not on their agenda at all.

But every morning before 9, a little lady, with her Bible tucked under her arm, passed in front of the family's apartment. It soon became a part of the mother's morning routine to watch for the woman to pass by.

One morning the lady stopped and knocked on the family's door. When the mother answered, the woman invited her to an old-fashioned tent revival in the area. The written invitation seemed to speak to the young mother all day from its resting place on the dresser.

By 5:30 that afternoon, supper was on the table, and the children were dressed to go out. The hardworking husband was more than a little bewildered to find his wife all dressed up when he arrived home.

"We are going to church tonight," she explained. Willingly, he agreed, and off they all went.

The revival meeting was a strange experience for the family. But at the close of the service the young father said to his wife: "You go and pray. I'll stay with the children."

As she knelt at the altar, the wife was baptized in the Holy Spirit and totally transformed! Among those who were gathered around her was the little lady with the Bible under her arm.

The mother asked the woman, "Where do you go every morning?"

"We have a 9 a.m. prayer meeting every day."

"Could we come?" the mother asked.

Overhearing their conversation, the pastor interjected, "Well, we normally don't have prayer meeting on Saturday morning, but we will if you want to come."

On the following day, the 9 a.m. meeting found the man and his wife joining the faithful for prayer. Now it was the husband's turn, and he, too, was filled with the Holy Spirit and began speaking in tongues.

This young couple was my mother and father, E.W. and Johnnie Ruth Caughron. Because of their experience, I was raised in a Spirit-filled home.

My parents' dedication to ministry took them from Texas to Alaska, where they built churches and held soul-winning revivals. Dozens of preachers were called into the ministry, and hundreds of people were impacted by their lives.

I shudder at the thought, What if the little lady on the sidewalk with the Bible under her arm had not been faithful to prayer meeting? Perhaps I wouldn't be writing this today.

Thetus, at 2 years old, waits with her mother outside a church her father built.