

# **DOCTOR JESUS**

## **Still Performs MIRACLES**



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**G. WARREN SEARS**

**YAV PUBLICATIONS**  
**ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA**

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George Cupp. The idea for this book was born when he told me the amazing story of his son's miraculous recovery from a motorcycle accident. Wendy Agard, for her enthusiastic support and outstanding proofreading. To the experts at the Apple Store in Annapolis, and Wendy's friend, Margaret Whitlock — for their assistance with technical challenges. To Brenda Sears, my daughter-in-law, for her uncanny ability to fix my computer when it does something weird, thus saving me trips to Annapolis. To my son, Steve Sears, for helping me equip my in-house studio. To Lois Fitzpatrick for telling me about the Cardens' miracle baby. To Don Richardson, George Rossier, and Carl Jorgensen — beloved prayer partners. To Marlene Cleveland for introducing me to other prospects for stories. To Jim and Betty Priddy, for telling me about Ron Baule's unbelievable experience. To Amy Deardon, an enormous encourager and advisor who is the fearless leader of the Third-Saturday-of-the-Month Christian Writers Group, where I met Chris — Chris Yavelow, a dear friend, advisor, and the publisher of this book. Most of all, my special thanks to the sixteen trusting souls who graciously gave me permission to share their testimonies.

If there be any glory, may it all go to our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.



# Foreword

If you like inspiring, life-changing stories, then you have just picked up the right book. It's no coincidence that this riveting compilation of testimonies can be credited to one whose life story is full of inspiration and encouragement. Warren Sears, aided by God's amazing grace, has put together a fascinating book of modern-day miracles.

As you open this book, consider yourself indeed fortunate to be privy to situations and circumstances that have changed the course of these people's lives, forever. These accounts remind us that God has pulled out all the stops to capture our attention. You may have had miracles in your life as amazing as these, or even more so, but you never saw them as wake-up calls. This book is a sobering reminder that nothing in life happens without a reason, but all things have eternal consequences.

You will be especially intrigued by the stories of people snatched from the clutches of certain death and given a new perspective on life. These heart-warming true stories will make you sit up and pay attention. No longer will you take today or tomorrow for granted, but will enter each day looking for and recognizing the miracles in life.

I'm thankful to Warren for taking time to listen to and record these narratives so that others, like me, are able to share in the triumph of these special men and women.

*—Pastor Tyrone King*



# Introduction

People. Jesus loves people—all people! He is just as willing to heal us today as He was when He personally walked by the Sea of Galilee. Why should that surprise us? After all, the Bible tells us, “God is love,” and “Jesus is the same, yesterday, today and tomorrow.” So, get ready for a powerful boost of faith.

The people you’ll meet in these pages have high hopes that their stories will give readers a faith-lift. They want you to receive the kind of faith (peaceful trust) that will not only heal your body and soul, but will place you safely in that convoy to heaven when the Lord Jesus Christ comes again.

These stories demonstrate the awesome power of prayer. Many readers will identify with someone in these stories. For example, anyone who reads the story of George Cupp, Jr. will be inspired to read scripture aloud to a loved one even while he is in a coma. A pregnant woman will be greatly encouraged by the story of Tiny Tim who was born premature, weighing less than two pounds at birth! The story of Damon Journee will encourage mothers to pray for their children, even the ones who *seem* hopeless. That child—under satanic influence, with a body ripped-through by seventeen bullets—is not beyond God’s reach. Someone with multiple sclerosis will be encouraged by Dave Harman’s miracle! A woman with chronic pain will take heart when she reads the miraculous story of Bobby Mammen.

These stories include a variety of miracles. In a few cases, it was the Lord, “Doctor Jesus,” working alone, who pushed aside the enemy. In other cases, it was the teamwork of down-to-earth doctors and nurses used by Jesus to facilitate healing. Medical professionals did not always offer hope. In these real stories, some actually pronounced patients dead. However, the miracles had one thing in common: Someone was calling on Doctor Jesus.

Countless mysteries are associated with the subject of divine healing. No one understands why God heals some people, but not others; or why God allows some faithful Christians to suffer, yet He often seems to bless the lives of unbelievers. We just need to acknowledge that God's ways are higher than ours, and these mysteries are simply beyond our understanding. How can we possibly understand the One who created the whole universe; everything that lives; everything that breathes? One thing we know for sure: God loves us more than we can imagine, and He has a wonderful purpose for our lives when we put our lives in His hands.

As we study the examples of Jesus healing various people in the Bible, we learn that the key is *faith*. Some were healed because of their personal faith; some were healed by the faith of Jesus or His disciples; and some were healed by the faith of a loved one. These same principles hold true today.

A wonderful thing is, faith itself is a *spiritual gift* from God. So if we are weak in faith, we can ask God to increase our faith...and He will. For example: Consider the biblical story of Doubting Thomas, who was not with the other disciples when Jesus appeared to them (the first time) after His resurrection. Thomas said, "Unless I see in His hands, the print of the nails, I will not believe." When He appeared again to them in the upper room, the first one Jesus approached was Thomas. "Reach here with your finger," said the Lord, "and see My hands; and reach here your hand and put it into My side; and do not be unbelieving, but believing." (John 20:27)

I'm also thankful for the example of the Apostle Paul's "thorn in the flesh." By this we know that God may choose not to heal everyone in this life.

(II Corinthians 12:7-9). God's words to Paul were, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness." The ultimate healing will come when believers are given a new body in heaven.

### **A personal note**

I had given up the idea of ever writing another book. But when George Cupp, Sr. (a dear friend for some forty years) told me the details of his son's experience—WOW! It was so incredible. I said to myself, "This story needs to be told to everyone!" It had been reported originally

in a small country newspaper in Brandywine, Maryland, but that didn't reach enough people. The world needs to hear that Jesus Christ still performs miracles!

Shortly after that, God arranged for me to meet Wendy Agard. She was visiting my church one day. I told her George's story, and she agreed that it needed to be published. Not only that, Wendy wonderfully agreed to work with me as an assistant and proofreader. The amazing thing (I discovered later) is that Wendy is a trained nurse. So she was well qualified to advise on medical terminology. Only God could have arranged our meeting.

Naturally, when we began telling others about the book, more stories of miracles soon came our way. Most came from Christians; some from our church, and some from Christian friends from different denominations.

Although some expressions of the Holy Spirit in these stories may seem strange to some readers, I know that God can do anything He wants to. Therefore, I've simply told the stories just as they were told to us, with little attempt to analyze or explain. Nevertheless, in some cases (in order to achieve clarity) I obtained permission to make a few minor changes in grammar and sentence structure.

The stories are true, in so far as memories and medical records are reliable. They are all so unbelievable that I was careful to include documented, verifiable information—such as names of hospitals, places, dates, and other important details.

I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with everyone, either in person or through cyber-space. They are all happy to know that their stories may help others to receive more faith in God, and to show you that our wonderful Lord Jesus is alive and active in the world today! And always, only a prayer away.

## **My prayer for you**

I earnestly pray that every reader will fall in love with Jesus and, if they have never done so, will receive the greatest miracle of all—as Jesus said, "You must be born again." (ST. JOHN 3:3-8) How? Simply confess your sins to God, and ask Him to forgive you and fill you with the Holy Spirit, so that you may live a life that is pleasing to Him. You

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can talk to Him anytime, any place. He's on duty 24/7, and He is a good Listener.

Now, we have God's promise that whatever happens to His children in this world, the Lord will give us His peace that passes understanding, and we shall dwell in the house of the Lord, forever.

—*G. Warren Sears*

# The Story of George Cupp, Jr.

*As told by George Cupp, Sr.*



Dr. Patel cried. He cried the day we left.



It was a Friday afternoon. George, Jr. had bought a motorcycle some months before. I wasn't happy about it. I never did like motorcycles. Thankfully, he had met a man who was willing to trade his car for the bike, and they had made a 4 o'clock appointment to make the swap that very day. Shortly before 4 p.m., Danny Bottler, our neighbors' 20 year-old son, asked George to take him for one last ride.

We didn't have cell phones in those days. My boss was the one who answered the phone, and he called me to his desk. It was my oldest son, Wayne, on the line. "Dad!" he blurted out. "George and Danny have been in a very bad accident. YOU'D BETTER COME RIGHT AWAY. Dad, one of them is dead; cut in half! I think it's Danny."

As I headed home, my heart pounded with dread and fear. I fought that all-too-familiar feeling in the pit of my stomach. My gut was telling me that 21 year-old George, Jr., was either dead or dying.

Pulling up at the scene, I barely stepped out of the car before the facts starting flying at me in a whirlwind; bits and pieces of horrific information. Because of the nature of the accident, Danny had died instantly. His youthful body — catapulted through the air — had hit a taut, transverse wire (extending from a telephone pole). Paramedics said that George wasn't going to live, either.

I couldn't process this — the impending doom of losing another child. My knees felt like jelly. My mind, though numb, was processing

data at record speed. I remember falling to my knees and crying out to God. I pled with Him; begged Him, "God, don't let my son die! Please don't let my son die! God, do you see my son?"

And then something amazing happened. This was one of the few times that I literally heard God speak to me. I heard His voice, distinctly. He said, "Yes. Do you see My Son?"

Immediately, in my mind's eye, I saw Jesus — beaten beyond recognition; nailed to the cross; taking the punishment for our sins. At that moment, a strange peace came over me. Knowing that Jesus has the power over life and death, the calm I experienced was the peace of God that is beyond my understanding. I knew God was with me.

George had been airlifted to the Prince George's General Hospital, Shock Trauma in Cheverly, Maryland. I asked one of the nurses in the Emergency Department (ED) if she was a Christian. Indeed, she was. This was comforting, but I couldn't understand why all these nurses wouldn't look at me. Whenever their gaze bumped into mine, they would quickly look away. Finally, I approached this Christian nurse and asked her, "How is he, nurse? How's my son?" She looked at me with a professional blend of love, sympathy, and reservation. "It's all up to God," she said. That's all she was willing and able to say. Days later, some of the nurses explained to me that they couldn't bring themselves to look at me, that dreadful evening, because they were certain my son was not going to live.

Another Christian nurse described the experience of removing George's MAST trousers in the ED. The only way she could keep the doctors and nurses from slipping and sliding in all that blood was to spread blankets on the floor. Working on him relentlessly, they transfused him with nine pints of blood. Initially, he had no blood pressure, no pulse, and his pupils were dilated and non-reactive. My son had been clinically dead.

When the police asked one of the doctors about the status of the driver, the doctor, convinced that it was impossible for this patient to survive, reported that George Cupp, Jr. was dead. Consequently, the local newspaper printed that both boys had died in that fatal motorcycle accident, September 7, 1984.

My wife, Wayne, and I had been in the waiting room for about two hours — praying over and over again — when we saw them wheel him

by (about 30 feet away). But I didn't recognize him. The son I knew had been an amateur boxer, 6' 2" and 195 pounds. All three of us — Wayne, George, Jr. and I, have been inducted into the Washington, D.C. Boxing Hall of Fame. People were always predicting that George was going to be the heavyweight champion of the world. This young man appeared to weigh close to 300 pounds. They had shaved off his hair, and his head was all bloated up. He had sustained seventy-two bone fractures. He had broken both hips; both of his shoulders; his clavicle (collar bone); all of the ribs on his left side; at least a dozen bones in his back; his sternum (breast bone); and his pelvis. His thigh bones had been snapped in half. Reportedly, bits of grass from somebody's mangled lawn were clinging to the jagged stubs of his fractured femurs. There'd also been a compound fracture of his tibia; the bone jutting through his skin. His spleen was ruptured; one lung had collapsed at the scene (the other, later, in the hospital) his liver was lacerated; his pancreas was smashed; and there were four intracranial hemorrhages. Both his esophagus and bronchi were lacerated.

There were three shock trauma surgeons assigned to his case. Their immediate assessment had been, "No hope." But they operated, anyway. Another ten hours passed before they allowed me to visit him. This stranger, my son, was comatose with tubes in his mouth and nose, and rubber tubing exiting from between his ribs. Though on life support, he was "Stable at this moment," the doctor explained. That was all he could say.

He gave me the grave prognosis a little later: "George will die tonight. He cannot possibly live."

The next morning, September 8, 1984, down here in Brandywine, neighbors read the morning paper and came over to express their condolences. Though grateful for these expressions of love and concern, I clung to the Lord to sustain my faith and sanity, and quickly learned to reply, "If my son is dead, this is news to me."

The police came out and took measurements. They weighed everything, and calculated that George had been going about fifty-five miles per hour when the accident occurred. Danny had to have launched out of his seat by about eighteen inches, or so, in order to be severed the way he was. The officers were puzzled. "We don't know why or how that

same cable didn't hit your son," they said. I just listened. I listened and marveled. I don't understand, but I know some day I will. The main thing, in all of this, is to give God glory.

George hung on for hours. Hours grew into days. Then days became weeks. During week two, I was approached by a liaison nurse. "I've noticed, Mr. Cupp, that you've been kind of living at the hospital. You don't leave here till 2:00 or 3:00 in the morning. That's too long for you to be here."

"My boss is very gracious," I said. "He lets me off every day about 2 o'clock. Remember when I first came here?" I continued. "I said to you, 'With all due respect, do you have any children?' You said, 'No.' So I said, 'I don't expect you to comprehend this, but that's my son in there. The doctors said they have done all they can do...and they said the rest is up to God. That's what the nurses told me.' So I've said, 'I'm not leaving this hospital. I want to read God's word to him. In Psalm 107, verse 20, the Word says, 'He sent His Word and healed them and saved them from their destructions.' So every night the nurses have let me come in here and read the Bible to George, and talk to him; pat him; touch him." I appreciated the lady's concern, but she had to know that I was firmly resolved to stay the course.

I kept my Bible with me at all times. Over and over again, I just kept reading scripture to George; like Isaiah 41:10: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Fear not! And another favorite starts in Isaiah 40:28: "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the LORD shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

I knew the doctors had done all they could do. I knew that it was up to God. God says His Word heals! So I kept reading portions of God's Word to my son every night.

Amazed that he continued to live, the critical care team expertly cared for George, faithfully tending to my precious son's limp and shattered body. A high-tech rotating bed ensured that George was turned regularly. Every night, the staff allowed me to visit him. He was in a coma for about 30 days. On approximately day 29, his mother and I walked in, and the whole thing hit her like a ton of bricks. "He might as well be dead." Gathering the remaining fragile strings of her bleeding, broken heart, she turned on her heel and walked out.

George was septic; had developed an infection on his brain; had contracted pneumonia; and was lying on ice blankets to reduce a fever that wouldn't break. His temperature was 106 degrees, at times, but they couldn't find the source of the infection.

I saw George's doctor frequently. He gave me his honest assessment. "If your son lives," he said, "he will be vegetative." He took me to a ward in the hospital where there were about a dozen patients just lying there with their mouths hanging open. He was preparing me, I suppose, for a future with a loved one who would never wake up.

George's legs were huge and they kept bleeding through the bandages, so they changed the dressings repeatedly. But they didn't set the bones in his legs until the sixth week. The doctors explained to me about inflammation of the brain, and the hemorrhages. They didn't set his legs because the legs were low priority. "The brain injuries can kill him," they had said. "We can fix the legs later."

During our first two weeks, there was an Indian doctor on George's team. He wore a turban; he was Sikh. Two months later, I was in the lunchroom (with my Bible by my side) and the same Sikh doctor spotted me and came over to my table. "Oh Mr. Cupp. I heard your son lived! Oh, Mr. Cupp, your son could never live." I listened quietly, captivated by his passion; fascinated by the truth. He reached over, planted his index finger on my Bible, and declared, "*You reading that book to him made him live.*"

"Ohhh," he repeated while shaking his head, "He *could never live!*"

Life can be strange. Some of the most "righteous" Christians from my church never once came to the hospital to see us. Some others — who could easily be branded as non-Christian — came and brought me dinners. They sat with me and cried with me, bearing the burdens

of another. These folk demonstrated the Biblical definition of true religion. I had not always been a man of deep faith. I didn't always go to church. Church was mean to me when I was a little kid. So I hadn't gone back to church since I was about fourteen or fifteen. My faith developed in my twenties when I started reading the Word a lot. And even that didn't just *happen*.

You see, I had two boys, and my sister-in-law had two boys. (Incidentally, I now have two grandsons.) While my ex-wife and I were raising our family, I had hoped for a little girl. I had always wanted a little girl. I think it had something to do with my mother dying when I was a little kid. I longed for a daughter. Finally, we were blessed with my dream-come-true. Our baby daughter was beautiful! Words cannot describe...

One morning, shortly after we brought our newborn home from the hospital, I went over to peek at her in her crib. To my horror, she was dead. My precious princess was gone. Sudden Infant Death Syndrome! It just broke our hearts. In the midst of my pain, I fixed up her room. We didn't even know what to name her. We hadn't picked out a name because we'd been surprised with a daughter. (We didn't have sonograms back then.)

There had been recent thunderstorms, and the day of her funeral was gloomy, rainy, and muddy. At twenty-two years-old, I was burying my only daughter at Babyland, and listening to a preacher who wasn't saying anything of any good. They lowered that little casket (my treasure chest) into the ground. As the mourners headed back up the hill, I looked up at the sky. There were signs that it was going to rain again; big thick, dark clouds. Great! My thoughts drifted toward God, but everything in my heart was negative. Trudging up that hill, I almost slipped in the mud. And now we could expect even more rain and more mud!

At that stage of my life, I didn't know the Bible. But as I looked up, one more time, I saw a beam of light part through the clouds. Later, people would try to tell me that it was the sun, but I know the sun was hidden behind dark, August, thunderclouds. As I looked up at that light, the light came through me. I immediately felt weak. I remember thinking, "I'm going to fall down in front of all these

people, and they're all going to think that I'm weak! I can't fall down." I had just won my first championship boxing match. (110 guys competed.) I reached for the fender of a parked car to brace myself, and I looked around at the others and at my wife. Apparently, nobody had noticed anything. I was amazed! "Didn't anybody see that?" I wondered. "Didn't anybody see that light?" I'd just told God I didn't see Him; I didn't see anything good. "Everything is bad, God," I'd declared in my thoughts. So as I climbed into my car, I tried to pull myself together. "What was that??"

To reach the exit, drivers had to circle back, tracing the perimeter of the property. Halfway around (set-back from the street) was a statue of Jesus Christ with His arms raised. Beneath, a sign quoted John 8:12 – I AM THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. As I took it all in, I realized that this could be the answer to the mystery! "Was that God?" I wondered. "Was that strange light I saw from God? I think that was God!"

When I got home that night, I gathered some little pamphlets that my uncle had sent me. He was a Christian, living in Pennsylvania. I read them, and I thought, "I've been to church. I've been to Sunday School. I've been to catechism; to confirmation; baptized; but I don't know..."

I remembered I had said a prayer when I was six years old, on the balcony with my mother. I had asked Jesus to come into my heart; told Him that I believed in Him. "But I don't know if that was real. Was I serious?" Well, I knew I was gonna make it serious now. I got out of bed, got on my knees and asked Jesus to forgive me and come into my heart; to be my Savior.

I knew before I got up off my knees that something had happened. I felt like a weight had been lifted from me. "As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the Word, that they may grow thereby..." I didn't know any of those verses, at the time, but I remembered there was a Bible packed away in the attic. I hunted through boxes till I found it. I started reading it and I said, "God, I'm going to read this book. They say this is Your book. I've heard all kinds of stuff about it –it's true; it's mixed-up; it's this; it's that...I don't know. But they say it's Your book, and I'm going to read it. And You're going to have to show me it's Your book, God, or I'm going to throw it right in that trash can."

That's exactly what I said. I read it through, twice. I've never stopped reading it, since, because I know that it's God's Word. I knew, in my soul, that it was speaking to me. I was born again; saved!

I named my little girl Christine, without knowing what it meant. It sounded like a good name. Some days later, I wondered about it, so I looked it up. It means "God's Messenger."

I read God's word to George, night after night. Two months rolled into three. Three gave way to four. Finally, after about six months, George fully regained consciousness. At this point, he weighed about 135 pounds. He was infantile when he first woke up. He was a bit restless and child-like. He tried to talk to me, and he would tell me, "I saw them! I watched them. They were sewing up my legs" (pointing to his lower thighs). He kept trying to talk. He couldn't smile but he kept trying to talk. I would try to calm him; settle him down. "Try to relax, Son." None of us — his family — had yet seen George's bare legs, but he kept referring to them. I kept telling him, "Relax, George." But he insisted on communicating to me this consistent message, "I watched them working on my legs; putting stitches in my legs." I knew about staples, but I hadn't heard any of them talk about "stitches." He said this so often that it troubled me, so I finally asked the doctor.

A typical scientist, the doctor answered my question with a question, "Where does he say that we sewed him?"

"His legs," I said. "He keeps insisting that he watched you sew his legs."

The doctor looked me in the eye and nodded. "He's right. His legs are the only part of his body where we used sutures. The bones had so badly torn his skin that we couldn't use staples, so we stitched the superficial layers of his legs." For the millionth time that winter, my spirit was flooded with awe and wonder.

Many years later, this recollection of a mysterious awareness remained with George. While paramedics, doctors and nurses had been fighting for his life; while fluids and drugs surged through his veins; while his blood chemistry deteriorated to lethal levels of disequilibrium; while doctors barked orders, and anxious voices and alarms buzzed in his ears; while the odors of oxygen, blood, latex, plastic, antiseptics, and human beings toyed with the minutest hairs of his nostrils; while my son was clinically dead; George "saw himself" rising above the gurney,

and watched them labor to save his own legs. "I remember thinking, 'That's me! I'm looking at me!' And I saw the light. I didn't just see the light; I felt the light. The light permeated me," George explained as he openly wept over the beauty of the memory. "It was the most wonderful feeling, Dad. It was like a liquid force of love."

## Epilogue

When my son was leaving the hospital, Dr. Bakulesh Patel, the head surgeon, bid us farewell. "I can never forget your son," he remarked. "He could never survive."

My son was young and strong. People said (and still say) that youth and strength were in his favor and that's why he survived. But Dr. Patel spelled it out clearly, "That's like somebody taking a double-barreled shotgun and saying, 'You are young and strong — you can survive this,' and then shooting you in the chest. It would be impossible to live. Your son...it was impossible for him to live."

So I asked him the million-dollar question, as George was being discharged. "Doctor, why did you work on him for so long? You worked on him for about ten hours, without stopping, as I recall." Then Dr. Patel stood up and walked over, very close to me. He hovered over me with his arms encircling my head, forming a large horseshoe, but never touching me. "This is exactly what happened," he said. "Although I was dead-tired and ready to give up, I felt some kind of force that held me up and would not let me go!"

Soaking in his words, my soul welled up with songs of praise and gratitude to the Almighty God! It was clear to me that — whether or not he realized it — Dr. Patel was referring to the Holy Spirit of God, or an angel of God. That's right — "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Psalm 34:7)

Dropping his arms at his side, Dr. Patel turned to my son, broke down in tears and declared, "I will never forget your son for as long as I live. I have no explanation for him living, except it must be that his work on earth is not finished."



# The Story of Ron Rambo

*As told by Ron*



Ron Rambo preaches with a passion seldom heard these days. His message, one bright morning, was on the power of prayer, which he illustrated by sharing a personal story about a time when a two-second delay would've killed him! God has given him an experience and a testimony that simply has to be told! It is a pleasure to be able to fully retell it here.



My parents got married at age sixteen, and by the time they were twenty-two, they had five children. I was number four — born in the early 1960s. We lived in Riverdale, Maryland; started school at Riverdale Elementary for two years; moved to Landover Hills and went to the elementary school there; attended Glen Ridge Junior High; and finally graduated from Bladensburg High, in Bladensburg, Maryland.

My best childhood memories are from the days when I was ten years old. Several times that year, three kids from the neighborhood invited us to come to their church. I particularly remember Bill Wiseman and Bill Maggard. My mom was really impressed by their friendliness, their enthusiasm, and their offer to pick up us kids and bring us home. The church was Landover Hills Baptist. First we enjoyed Sunday School, and then stayed for the eleven o'clock service. In the summertime, we all piled into a station wagon and headed for a cabin in the mountains. Lots of fishing and hiking. Great fun!

My mom was so impressed by those Baptist kids, she started to attend their church. I was baptized when I was thirteen, along with