



Message from Betty Jean Robinson

THE OLD CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

As I grow older, memories seem to flow across my mind, and I have wondered, Lord, why do I know you when so many are lost? Oh, wonderful salvation!

I remember a dream I had when I was 12 years old, in our little 3 room home in Kentucky, down by the creek. In my dream, there was a road before me and in a short distance it separated. One side went to the left and the other went to the right. A voice spoke to my heart and said, "Which road will you take?" One road led into the darkness, and the other led to a golden light, so warm and beautiful. And, I answered, "I will take the road to the golden light."

When I was 13 years old, I walked the railroad track, barefoot, alone, to Sister Rice's house where the power of God was moving. I never knew the plan God had for my life. When the altar call was given, it seemed like a bright light covered over me, and in tears, I fell down at that old cane-bottomed chair that was the altar. I arose praising God. I went down the railroad tracks a poor, mountain girl, but I came back up the railroad tracks a child of the MOST HIGH GOD, poor no more and riches untold! Glory!

There was no telephone and no set time when the saints, with their freshly ironed aprons on, would meet at Brother and Sister Lankford's little house to pray and testify. We sang, "He is mine, joy in my soul, peace in my mind, Jesus I know He is mine." We sang, "He sanctified my soul" (whatever happened to that beautiful word – "sanctified"? "He gave me the Holy Ghost, Jesus I know He is mine." When we got to the verse, "I can feel Him now, Jesus I know He is mine," everyone was shouting and praising God.

Before we would depart until the next day, we would sing, "Jesus I'm going through. I'll pay the price whatever others do; I'll take the way with the Lord's despised few." (I have heard it sung in this modern time, with the Lord's "happy few" because the "despised few" was negative.) Did Jesus not say in Luke 21:17, "And ye shall be hated of all men for My Name's sake"?

Oh the influence of those old, sanctified saints lives on in my life. During our prayer time in the ministry, as we gather to pray for others, we will often recall our childhood years. Oh how the old saints loved us, and it seemed they were so near. Were they looking over the balconies of heaven? Are we fruits of their labors?



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Friends, Jesus is coming, and we will be gathered together again in that beautiful city.

"I'd rather walk with Jesus alone,
And have for my pillow like Jacob a stone,
Living each moment with His face in view,
Than to shrink from my pathway and fail to go through.

Jesus I'm going through,
I'll pay the price whatever others do;
I'll take the way of the Lord's despised few;
I started in Jesus and I'm going through."

May the Lord bless you is my prayer ... Betty Jean