



Message from Betty Jean Robinson

WHEN THE WIND BLOWS

Many times my heart ponders the blessed simplicity of my Native-American and Kentucky mountain heritage. My heart yearns for the fullness of my holiness heritage. I want to be described by that old mountain saying, "I'm a woman who chose the good way," and, at the end of my journey folks could say, "You couldn't spot her life."

My Grandpa Gray was a Pentecostal Holiness preacher. He played a guitar and sang. My mammy Rhodes received the Holy Ghost when the wind of the Holy Ghost and fire blew across the mountains of Eastern Kentucky in the early 1900's.

There is not enough room for me to share it all. But, as a 13 year old mountain child, I walked the railroad track to Sister Rice's house, and as they sang and prayed, Jesus saved me, and I was baptized in the cold, Straight Creek water.

The outstanding virtue of these simple people, I remember so well – oh how they loved Jesus and wanted to please Him. We had no desire for material things. We were poor, but rich in Jesus.

When the Holy Ghost wind blows, men lay down their plows and shovels and run to the house of God with a hunger to be in His presence. You could hear men praying in the mountains, singing as they plowed the land; women sang His praises as they washed clothes and worked in the fields, looking forward to the next meeting to be in His presence and see Him perform miracles.

Persecution seemed to follow the Pentecostal baptism, but they loved their enemies through it all.

I remember when old Brother Lankford lifted a little sick baby up to Jesus and said, "Here it is Jesus, heal it" and the little baby would be healed.

Please don't misunderstand me, but there will always be something missing until I see that again.

I came from an obscure place deep in the Kentucky Mountains, and from little known people. But God knew my name even in my mother's womb, and He called me. And, as my Sister Martha testifies, "I have failed Him, but He has never failed me." Praise the Lord!

It has been requested that I share more of my childhood, and I plan to do so. I have written my life story in book form, "Up On Melody Mountain," and you may order it on my web site at www.bettyjeanrobinson.org.

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

