

DORIS DELOACH

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I was the youngest of six in a conservative Southern Baptist Christian family. When I was born to older parents in 1945, my oldest sister was already 25 and married (her husband was in the Army in England), my twin brothers were in the Army in the Phillipines and in California, another brother was in the Navy in Guam and my youngest brother, who was 15 when I was born, was still at home in high school. In essence, I had six fathers, including my brother-in-law, and two mothers, because my siblings were so much older than I. I was the apple of their eyes, so I have always been told. I went to church every time the doors opened because my mother was active in every aspect of the church. We always walked to church because she did not drive. After I was old enough to be able to play hymns on the piano, I often played in church and became the church pianist when I was 12.



My decision to follow Christ as a teenager just seemed right after lots of training in church and at home. I became a Christian when God spoke to me in a dream. I can still remember it vividly, though it is difficult to describe. It is powerful to feel the love of Christ, even though I am not deserving. I daily am thankful and try to show His love to others around me.

There was a period of time in my life after I became a Christian that I was not close to God. During the college years when I was so focused on practicing and studying, I was not active in church attendance, Bible study or prayer. Completing my total college education of three degrees in a period of 9 years, including playing in the Nashville Symphony for 3 of those and teaching 1 year in public schools, kept my nose to the grindstone. When I was appointed to the faculty at Baylor University in 1972, I returned to active participation with Christians in the church fellowship and prayer and Bible reading.

God has been so good to me. I have had wonderful role models with my mother, my sister who is now 83 and a remarkable woman, and my fabulous mother-in-law whom I met in 1974 when I married my husband, David. My brothers returned uninjured from World War II and all of my siblings are still living. God continues to be faithful in helping me to meet the challenges I have faced in relationships and in the area of physical injuries.

The advice I would give to someone searching after God would be to read the Bible, pray, forgive yourself and join a body of Christians for fellowship. Ask God every day to help you to make the best choices possible; he will not fail you.

