

Windows
OF FAITH

Pam Rhodes

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OF FAITH

Inspiring personal
stories of *God's amazing grace*

Pam Rhodes



Pacific Press®
Publishing Association

Nampa, Idaho | Oshawa, Ontario, Canada
www.pacificpress.com

Cover and Inside Layout and Design: Chrystique Neibauer | cqgraphicdesign.com
Editor: Brenda Walsh
Copy Editor: Mellisa Hoffman
Cover Images: shutterstock.com
Cover Image: Robert Copeland

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ISBN 13: 978-0-8163-4458-1
ISBN 10: 0-8163-4458-2

13 14 15 16 17 • 5 4 3 2 1

Dedication

I lovingly dedicate this book to my heavenly Father, the Monarch of the universe, who still bends down to be my dearest, most precious Friend! He has walked with me all my life, and as some of these stories portray, He has protected me and guided my every step. It is my heart's desire that His name be glorified! As you read this book, I hope you'll be convinced that He is loving, gentle, and full of mercy. He is my Savior and He is yours too, if you will accept Him for what He's done for you.

I also dedicate this book to my loving husband, Jimmy. I would have never written a word without his unending encouragement! He is my best friend and a loving companion. He is also one of the most talented musicians I know. The music ministry that we've shared has kept us very close to each other and to Christ. God truly blessed me when He gave me Jimmy!

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Foreword

The hand of God is mighty. In the little situations of daily life, as well as the events that overwhelm, He is there, ready to reach out and save. So often, we are unaware of the protection, guidance, and help that angels provide until we look back and realize that it could never have happened without the hand of God. In this book, you will see how God has stepped in and touched the lives of a family. At times, when it looked impossible, He was there. When life itself was endangered, He was there. When they just needed to be encouraged, He was there. These stories will increase your faith as you see how, in the ordinary trials of everyday life, God met their needs and let them know He loved and cared for them.

I have known Pam Rhodes and her family since she was a teenager in my church in Albuquerque, New Mexico. I was impressed with her desire and willingness to help, as well as her devotion to God, which has continued to this day. As teachers and musicians, she and her husband, Jimmy, have ministered to thousands of people in word and song, sharing the wonderful hope and assurance we have in Christ Jesus. Your heart will rejoice as you read how God opened the *Windows of Faith* and let in the blessings of heaven.

—Kenneth Cox

With Special Thanks

To my editor, Brenda Walsh, for your suggestions, guidance, and for seeing this project through. You are so gifted and I admire how tirelessly you work for the Lord. I am amazed that you would take the time out of your incredibly busy schedule to help me! You've become a dear and treasured friend, and I cherish the times when we just sit and giggle!

Thanks, also, to your staff, Mellisa Hoffman and Chrystique Neibauer, who helped edit and format this book. They are two talented ladies that I've enjoyed getting to know! You've all been such an incredible blessing!

Overalls on Fire

*The assembly of the wicked have inclosed me:
they pierced my hands and feet. Psalm 22:16, KJV*

Now children, what are you supposed to do if your clothes catch on fire?” the fireman asked the children in my classroom.

“STOP, DROP, AND ROLL!” the first- and second-graders responded enthusiastically.

Stop, drop, and roll, I thought to myself. If only someone had taught my mother to do that. It might have saved her from being burned so badly!

My mother, June, was the third eldest of seven children. She loved all her siblings, but she especially adored her two older brothers, Clyde and Scott, and tried hard to keep up with them. If one of them climbed a tree, skipped rocks, or took a swim in the pond, she would do it right along with them. I’m sure, to her brothers, she was an annoying little tag-a-long, but June considered herself “one of the guys”!

On one particular Sunday afternoon, Scott was given the task of raking the leaves in the front yard into big piles and then burning them.

“This will take all day,” he muttered under his breath. Scott was not at all happy about the job he had been given, since he had already made his own plans for the weekend, and it didn’t include raking leaves! Of course, my mother, who was about six years old, was excited to help her big brother.

Scott handed June a rake and put her to work. He showed her how to rake the leaves into big piles.

“Call me when your piles are large enough, and I’ll burn them,” he instructed.

It wasn't long before several fires were started, and little June continued to rake. It was a beautiful fall day with a hint of a breeze blowing gently through the trees. She was enjoying every minute *helping* her big brother.

Then suddenly, without warning, one of her pant legs burst into flames! She screamed for Scott and quickly started to remove her overalls. Scott looked across the yard and, sensing what she was about to do, yelled, "Don't take your clothes off, someone might see you!"

Terrified and not knowing what else to do, June began running toward the house as fast as she could, screaming at the top of her lungs! Of course, by running, she was doing the opposite of what she should have done! In those days, no one was teaching fire safety and the importance of *Stop, drop, and roll!*

She made a beeline for the front porch. She was almost ready to open the door when she suddenly remembered her mother's rule. She and her brothers were not allowed to use the front door. They must enter and exit from the back door only. Mother had established this rule in hopes of keeping the parlor clean.



June in her protective knee socks.

Screaming and crying, she ran to the back door where Hattie, their housekeeper, quickly put out the fire. Hattie then rubbed butter all over her leg, which made it hurt even more. At that time, it was considered the best remedy, and they didn't know it was the worst treatment for a burn!

It took a long time for my mother's leg to heal, and during this time she wore knee socks to protect the new tender skin. Long after her wounds had healed, she continued to wear those long socks to hide the awful scar.

I was just a child when I asked her about the scar, which covered the entire front of her right leg. I felt so sad for her because she was such a beautiful woman and didn't deserve to have such an ugly, scarred leg. I also felt anger toward Uncle Scott for not doing more to help her, although I'm sure he just didn't know what to do.

I will say this for my mother: she never made a big deal about it or

harbored any resentment toward Scott. She just took the whole thing in stride. In fact, she got a job as a lifeguard at a local swimming pool in her town when she was eighteen. She did, however, get really upset with me when I burned MY leg on the manifold of a motorcycle! I'll never forget her remark, "I guess you and I weren't meant to have pretty legs!"

As I write this story, I'm reminded of the Harry Anderson painting of the little girl sitting on Jesus' lap. She's pointing to the Savior's hands, as if to ask how He got the scars. Jesus knows about pain and suffering. He knew what He was getting Himself into when He came to die for our sins. His pain was much more than anything we will ever be asked to bear, because He felt that He was forever separated from His Father. He couldn't see life beyond the tomb and yet, He was willing to die so that we could live! But the Bible tells us that God was there and knew what His Son was going through. The Bible tells us in Psalm 22:24, "For He has not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; nor has He hidden His face from Him; but when He cried to Him, He heard" (NKJV). What a marvelous Savior! The King of the universe wants to lead and guide us. He wants us to live with Him forever!



Friend, are you suffering with physical or emotional pain that is more than you can bear? Are you longing for someone to care and someone to help? Jesus knows and understands your situation, and He has the scars to prove it. Tell Him all about it, and ask Him to carry your burdens and to give you His peace that passes all understanding.

