

Pat (Carter) Baxter

When I was seven, my dad was diagnosed with lung cancer and was in the Veterans Administration Hospital in Little Rock for six months. During his long illness, he accepted Christ and was baptized in a large hospital tub used for therapy. Dad died at age thirty-four when I was almost eight years old. Mother drew close to God during that difficult time and often talked of spiritual things with my sister Lynda and me. When I was about nine, I accepted Christ as my Savior while kneeling beside my bed one night, and I was baptized in a creek near Brinkley in the summer of 1956.

Mother, Lynda, and I frequently attended church and singing conventions. Lynda and I also attended Vacation Bible School at Lutheran, Baptist, and Assembly of God churches. I was very close to the Lord and tried to live in a way that would be pleasing to Him. But when I went to college, I didn't have a car and it was easy to stay in the dorm on Sunday mornings and to let social activities and my studies take God's place in my life.

Carter and I met in college and after dating for almost two years, we married in January 1966. We began teaching in House Springs, Missouri, that fall. Soon afterwards, I felt God pulling me back to a closer relationship with Him. Carter and I started attending a small Methodist church nearby. We both grew spiritually with that dedicated group of believers, not only attending church on Sundays but going to each others' homes for Bible study and worship. One Sunday morning in 1971, I went to the altar to re-dedicate my life to Christ.

I am so thankful that Jesus died on the cross for my sins. Even though there are times when I have failed Him, He has never failed me. Jesus comforts and guides me daily and because of His sacrifice I will spend eternity with Him.