

Dolph and Sylvia Pegg

My parents belonged to the Methodist Church, and I grew up going to church. During one service when I was fourteen, I had a peculiar feeling and realized that I was under conviction. I went forward and was sprinkled.

I married when I was twenty-one, and my husband, Dolph Pegg, and I lived in Oil Trough in the early 1940's. He was not a Christian but he had made the remark that if he ever joined a church, he probably would join a Baptist church. That gave me something to think about.

One day the evangelist, a former childhood friend who was leading the services at the Baptist church, asked me to play the piano for the revival. Dolph went to all the services this time, which was unusual, because for the previous eleven years he attended only a couple of times during any revival. While I was playing the piano Saturday night, Dolph put a ten-dollar bill in the offering plate. Ten dollars was a lot of money in the days after the Depression. Why, I didn't even know that we had ten dollars!

That evening the the evangelist realized that it was Dolph who had given the money. The next morning before the service began he said, "Dolph, a ten-dollar bill won't do the job."

Dolph sat there a moment then said, "I guess noe."

The invitation that morning went on and on.

Finally the evangelist said, "I don't care if you're leading the singing or playing the piano, if there's a person here today that you want to see saved, go and stand by him and don't say a word."

Even though I was playing the piano, I wanted to go stand by Dolph, but when I looked at the pew where he had been sitting, I saw that it was empty. I thought that he had gone home, but when I quit playing, I turned around to see him standing there behind me.

That morning he talked to the evangelist a long time. When they came up to me, the evangelist said, "Sylvia, can you find Dolph a pair of pants to be baptized in?"

I said, "I can find him a pair of pants better than I can find me a dress." Even though I knew that I had been saved for a long time, I wanted to be baptized also. That afternoon, August 22, 1943, we were both baptized in White River. Soon after that, we moved to Batesville and in March 1944 joined First Baptist Church, where I am still a member.