

PROPHECY — The Birth of a Prophecy

By Jim Golden — Chapter One

The year was 1948 and America was still learning to relax after the "Big One" WW-II. We had finally defeated Hitler, and watched Mussolini perish in the street. We dropped "Fat Man and Little Boy" on an unsuspecting Japanese Nation, and the taste of revenge lingered bitter-sweet on the palette of American society. Shouts of victory still danced with songs of joy in the hearts of many Americans.

It was July in Washington D.C. Like most summers there, it was hot and muggy. People still put blocks of ice in roasting pans. Setting them on their window sills, they hoped to entice a fleeting summer breeze to cool itself, and share in the reward. I can still remember the 3-speed oscillating fan that would regularly substitute for the truant breezes of summer. Both reminded you of mother's old hair dryer, but some relief was better than none.

It was the 2nd and the first part of a prophecy was about to be fulfilled by a 19 year old farm girl from Beltsville, Maryland. Some time earlier Doris Elizabeth had met a sailor named Bill Smith. Bill was what most church people would call an unlikely source of prophecy. During their short but passionate relationship Bill told Doris that she was going to have a son. This child would be born with white hair and grow up to be a preacher. Much of these days remain sketchy because of the lack of a family historian, but Doris and Bill never married.

Doris Elizabeth's father had died when she was very young, leaving her mother Betty to raise her and two sons alone. Betty was little more than a child herself, being only 13 when she gave birth to Doris. These two women were the original "emancipated" ladies of their day. Together they tackled the "business" of living head on. Everyone thought of them more as sisters than mother and daughter.

The war had ushered in a "new" era of morality. Mr. Smith's name could be found on the hotel and motel registers in every town and port of call in the world. The next few decades renamed this new morality the "Free Love" movement. Within its loins were the seeds of disease, destruction and decay. By the early 1990's America would be engaged in a dreadful war to preserve family sanctity and Christian values, the nucleus of its society. A war, the outcome of which is still not known!

Whatever is known about Bill Smith today is vague but there is one thing certain, he was a very handsome and charismatic man. Some old photographs depict him as a blonde, curly-haired sailor with a whimsical smile that might capture the affections of any young woman. Love has conquered kingdoms and wars have raged in its name. Doris' meager and fleeting attempts to withstand the onslaught of Bill's affection surrendered to a moment of foolishness. They soon became what Hollywood might call an "item."

The problem with being an "item" is that you're too much like a fad. Remember bell bottoms? Fads come and go, and so did Bill, and just like bell-bottoms, he never came back. At least not yet.

Just how all these events would fit into the plan of God wasn't on Doris' mind that sultry day in July. She was learning for the first time how painful love can be. After a lengthy and difficult labor she saw the first part of the prophecy fulfilled. When the doctor's hand stung the bottom of her newborn, white-haired son, she listened to his first sounds of life.

Holding him close to her heart, she wondered if it were simply coincidence. "Doris, you're going to have a son who will be born with white hair. When he grows up he will become a preacher." As she

have a son who will be born with white hair. When he grows up he will become a preacher." As she lay on the hospital bed, the piercing words Bill had spoken moved through her thoughts like an ever-present, yet unseen specter.

The first two parts of the prophecy had already come true with little or no conscious effort on her part. As she looked into her son's eyes she thought proudly to herself, that no matter what the future might hold, this incredible moment would justify the cost. At that moment the future was all sunshine and roses.

The days ahead would watch sickness and calamity try to foil the fulfillment of the prophecy again and again. However, over the years Doris would come to realize that when God speaks it must come to pass. The vessel He uses is of little consequence. God's Word is a creative force, it is Spirit and life.