

A Window For Women

God's Word and Norma's Notes

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My Biography

Part 4

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Dr. Whitcomb had other serious matters to discuss while we drove along in his big blue station wagon, especially since he knew nothing about me or my plans after moving back to Kansas. He asked me nothing about my past, present or future, but went right to the point.

“Senie (his wife) was ill for so many years,” he said. “There were times when we thought the doctors had found a cure for her. When it was obvious that the Lord was going to take her home, she told me that she would like you to be the mother of our four children.”

No, I was not dreaming. It was all very real. We drove along and he continued to talk. On the outside I appeared calm, cool and collected. On the inside I was in shock. How do I know? Because my mouth went so dry that I could not talk, and when a woman can’t talk, she must be in shock. I had one piece of gum in my purse which I halved to share with him. He put his piece into his pocket. After chewing a bit I was able to talk. Not a word of our conversation do I remember except, “I’ll try,” meaning, “I’ll try to be the mother of your children!”

As we conversed for a couple of hours over a Chinese meal, it began to dawn on me that this man had proposed to me and that I had said, “Yes.” I was engaged! That really did not confuse or distress me. You see, several months earlier, God had spoken from His heart to mine. No visions, no voice, just a calm assurance from His Word that He would continue to guide me. My *JEHOVAH-SHALOM* gave me “the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding” (Phil. 4:7) – just as He has promised all through His precious Word. “This *is* the way, walk in it” (Isa. 30:21). On that assurance I said, “Yes.”

On Jan. 1, 1971, my 16-year-old son Dan walked down the aisle to give me as wife to Dr. John C. Whitcomb. When asked, “Who gives this woman to this man?”, my son replied, “My brother and I.” That night, our lonesome threesome became a bustling household of eight. I do mean bustling! The ages of those in our quiver were 10, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 – our own home mission field.

God has been gracious to each one in our blended family. All six children have a close relationship to their God. We are trusting Him to do His perfect work in every one of our 17 grandchildren.

**You can find hundreds of free resources from
Dr. John and Mrs. Norma Whitcomb at www.SermonAudio.com/Whitcomb.**

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