

I, Norma Whitcomb, was born into a Christian home in New York State. I accepted Christ as my Savior when I was a child, and from then on had a burning desire to serve Him. Attending a church with a strong missionary emphasis exposed me to the needs of lost souls in other lands. "Only one life, 'twill soon be past. Only what's done for Christ will last."

I went to college with only one goal – preparation to be a missionary. In my senior year I met a war veteran, Robert Pritchett, who had the same goal. After graduation and marriage and further preparation, we set sail for the Philippines, spending eleven years in church planting and seminary teaching.

We came to the States for further education and to return to the field. But God had other plans. My husband suddenly died of a heart attack while jogging. That, and other experiences, taught me who God really is, so that I could know what He would do for me – "the exceedingly abundant."

My marriage to Dr. John Whitcomb gave me a new mission field right in my home – my two sons and his three sons and daughter – six hurting children aged 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, and 16. They are now the parents of our seventeen grandchildren.

We are past retirement age, but why should we retire? God has given us good health, gifts, and opportunities. Should we do less than give Him our best after all He has done for us? We want to continue to be "heirs together of the grace of life" until He calls us to meet Him in the air.