

Sally Plaster: My Faith Story

God has had his hand on my life since I was in my mother's womb. I know it without a doubt. "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well, (Psalm 139:14)" speaks of my life.

I was adopted as an infant in Pueblo, CO and raised with an adopted brother 5 years older than I. From an early age, I knew that the church of Ascension was a holy place. I loved the "ritual" of the liturgy, have fond memories of Good Friday church services, mite boxes, wearing kid gloves and hats.

Summers were spent in the mountains at Rye, horseback riding and swimming to my heart's content, having weenie roasts by the creek coming off the Greenhorn. To this day, I prefer walking on dirt rather than asphalt.

What a comfortable life as a child and young teen. Life in the 1950s and 1960s was amazing. I suspect I never felt fear or unsafe.

My dad and mom died in 1964 and 1965 respectively of smoking related conditions. My brother began his Army service and was headed to Viet Nam and I moved to Washington to live with an aunt and uncle for my last two years of high school.

I met Gaylord during the last two weeks of my senior year. He had a summer deferment and soon thereafter he was headed to Viet Nam. I finished my first year of college, then went to Tarzana, CA to live with a different aunt and uncle while Gaylord was in the service. We were married upon his return and lived in Columbia, SC for a few months until his discharge. While there I had ulcerative colitis, inflamed joints and a lot of free time. I read all of the library books written by Pearl Buck. I was drawn to her quotes and the culture she wrote about.

As time went on, we parented two sons and were raising our young family. I continued with ulcerative colitis, inflamed joints, and "an issue of blood." Early one morning I was making a syrup for preserves, and the syrup turned to sugar. I felt that the cooking pan would be ruined, so I poured the burnt syrup down the disposal, turned on cold water, and the cold/heat reaction caused the hot syrup to "explode" out of the disposal, and immediately "stuck like glue" on my arm and corner of one eyelid.

As healing from the injury occurred over the next few weeks, I realized the colon and bleeding issue had stopped and I thought that my body was using all energies to heal from the burn, when the Lord said to me, "No Sally, I did it." During that recovery time I came across a book by my favorite author Pearl Buck entitled, "The Story Bible." Each Old Testament story that I read was alive and personal to me.

Shortly thereafter, I met George Nee, one of God's apostles I'm sure, and the Lord healed through him. My arm and eyelid had since healed but the colitis returned. I hadn't "left" the Episcopal church, but went to several home church meetings.

A short time later I was born again and baptized by the Holy Ghost. This was my personal born again experience and beginning of my walk with the Lord. What I had learned by rote in church became alive in the home meetings. I had read all of the healing scriptures in the Bible as listed in the research book entitled, "God's Plan for Man" by Finis Jennings Dake. I knew and believed every reason I would/could be healed. God had filled my teeth, lengthened a short leg, and removed a ganglion from my wrist. As it turned out, I did have successful ostomy surgery for the colitis and have walked God's path for me ever since. It no longer matters to me why I was not healed by Divine intervention.

God's golden thread runs through our lives. We have experienced losses and gains as other couples have, been back to zero (dollars) more than once, have 1 son with an auto-immune condition and another who took his own life. We have had people meet the Lord through us and we have broken bread with people of honor. Gaylord has survived war, heart attacks, and cancer. Our story goes on and we are not done yet.

Colorado opened adoption files for birth years 1949 (the year I was born) and prior in January 2016. I have recently received my original birth certificate, have my birth mother's name, been to her grave in Pueblo, and just yesterday, spoke with my half-brother in Montrose. I have no profound summarizing statement other than to say my God is a great God and he is personal to me.