

Pam Frierhood's Spiritual Journey

Pam has served as an Elder since 2001. Originally from north central Indiana, Pam lives in Harrison with her husband Tom and has attended First Christian Church since moving to the area in 1978. They were friends of the Brogdens, who moved here about a year earlier and were invited by them to visit FCC. Pam and Tom have two married children, Amanda Uher (Columbus, OH) and Michael (Indianapolis). Pam is a former teacher with Southwest Local Schools. Her interests include reading and gardening. Pam has served in various ministries including Care Team, Servant Heart, Life Group coach, mentor, Upward, Capital Campaign Team, Vacation Bible School, and works on the ALPHA course as Coordinator/Director.

Favorite Scripture: Romans 12:2.



I was raised in a home where God was welcome, but I don't remember feeling that He was invited very often.

All that changed the autumn of my freshman year of college. A surgery my dad was having for a ruptured bowel went very wrong. The family was called in because the doctors didn't expect my dad to live. My dad held his own for the day, so I took my mom home for a little rest. That night, for the first time that I remember, I knelt beside my bed and asked the God I had only heard stories about, to save my dad's life. I made a deal: If God would save my dad, then I would go anywhere and do anything God wanted. I assure you, I truly believed I should be ready to go to Africa as a missionary! As my mom and I arrived back at the hospital very early the next morning, my aunt and uncle met us with the news that my dad had been healed in the night. Doctors couldn't explain it. Their word was MIRACLE! I was elated; in awe of a God I'd only had a heart to heart talk with the night before, and FULLY expecting to receive airline tickets to Africa the next day! The year was 1970. Well, the tickets never came, but a few things did happen: my parents started attending church regularly and my sisters and I were baptized.

I would like to tell you that after that miraculous experience with my dad I became a devoted follower of Christ-but I am ashamed to say that I did not. Although I was very thankful for what God had done, I returned to college without a solid church foundation to lean on and generally went back to my life at school: friends and studies. I met Tom during those college years, fell in love, and got married. The year was 1973. We each knew that the other believed in God but never discussed how God would fit into our lives. Having been married 31 years, I see that God handpicked us for each other.

It wasn't until our first child was born that we started attending church on a regular basis. I thank the Brogdens for inviting us to First Christian. The year was 1979.

As my children grew I became very busy with church work, thinking all the time that I was pleasing God but not understanding what He really wanted from me-a relationship. I thought things were going fine until one tragic Sunday afternoon when my best friend's seven year old son died. My family's world came to a sudden stop. How do you explain to your five and seven year old children that their best friend died playing baseball in his backyard? I wondered where God was. The year was 1986.

That incident single handedly sent my own life into a tailspin that I didn't recover from spiritually for almost ten years. I didn't know what to believe anymore. I fell away from church and read all the books about why bad things happen to good people. Nothing I did was helping. Church friends tried to be encouraging and were always steadfast in their friendship to me as I tried to be a friend to my dear friend Rhonda in the loss of her son. Slowly but surely I started to talk to God again, but my prayers were different now. They were general in nature and had nothing in them that would put God in a light to disappoint me.

As each year passed I started feeling better about God. I felt time was healing a deep wound. We started to attend church more regularly and that is when I met Bill McConnell. The year was 1991.

My ideas about God and what He wanted from me started to change. I began to look at things from a different perspective. I began to understand how God feels about me. I sensed my heart was healing and began to realize that throughout those years, God never left me. Then came the bad mammogram report. I had breast cancer. The year was now 1997. It was then I came face to face with my own mortality. There is a song that says that God will only let you fall as far as your knees. And once again, there I was kneeling before God and crying out to Him.

But this time, because God had already healed my heart, I was able to really give this problem to Him from the beginning. And that was my prayer-whatever be His will; that He would give me everything I needed to get through it. It was at that moment that I felt what the Bible describes as "the peace that passes all understanding." Over the next year through many doctor appointments, three surgeries, and a regimen of radiation, I felt God's presence in a big way; as if He was wooing me into a true relationship with Him.

During this time my daughter, Amanda, returned home for the summer from college and participation with Campus Crusade for Christ. She brought with her a new habit she called her Quiet Time. She encouraged me to start the habit of spending a quiet time with God reading the Bible. Although I had tried many times before, I never had developed the habit of Bible reading. For some reason, this time seemed different. I thought I could at least try, especially since it seemed to be something my daughter found so helpful and important. Little did I know what an impact spending Quiet Time with God, reading His love letter to me would have on my life. The year was 1998.

Since then I have learned to trust my Lord more and more. He led me to attend ALPHA which has become a ministry I love to be a part of. I stepped out to attend the Walk to Emmaus which was a life changing experience as well. Through it all I have developed a loving personal relationship with my Lord and Savior. I spend time with Him every day and trust Him to set my feet upon a path that is exciting, adventurous, and fulfilling!