



Pastor's Comments

In large print at:
www.NAOG.ws/pc
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“Precious Lord”

God gave this much-loved gospel song to Tommy Dorsey during the darkest days of his life. Here's his story:

“Back in 1932, my wife, Nettie, was in the last month of pregnancy with our first child. I was to be the featured soloist at a large revival meeting in St. Louis. I didn't want to go, but a lot of people were expecting me. I kissed Nettie goodbye and chugged out of Chicago on Route 66 in our Model A. Outside the city, I discovered I had forgotten my music case. I headed back and found Nettie sleeping peacefully. I hesitated by her bed... something was strongly telling me to stay. But I shrugged it off and quietly slipped out with my music.

“The next night, the crowd in St. Louis called on me to sing again and again. When I finally sat down a messenger boy ran up with a telegram: YOUR WIFE JUST DIED. I rushed to a phone and called home. All I heard was “Nettie is dead.” When I got back I learned that Nettie had given birth to a boy. I swung between grief and joy. Yet that night the baby died. I buried Nettie and our little boy together in the same casket. Then I fell apart. For days I closeted myself. I felt that God had done me an injustice. I didn't want to serve Him any more. I just wanted to go back to that jazz world I once knew so well. Hunched alone those first sad days, I thought of when something kept telling me to stay with Nettie. Was that God? Oh, if I had paid more attention to Him. I vowed to listen more closely to Him. But still I was lost in grief. Everyone was kind to me, especially a friend, Professor Fry, who seemed to know what I needed. He took me to a neighborhood music school. I sat down at the piano and my hands began to browse over the keys. Something happened to me then. I felt at peace. I felt as though I could reach out and touch God. I found myself playing a melody, the words just seemed to fall into place: **‘Precious Lord, take my hand, Lead me on, let me stand! I am tired, I am weak, I am worn, Through the storm, through the night, Lead me on to the light, Take my hand, precious Lord, Lead me home.’**

“The Lord gave me these words and melody. He also healed my spirit. I learned that when we are in our deepest grief, when we feel farthest from God, this is when He is closest and when we are most open to His restoring power.”

***Northampton
Assembly of God***

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