

The Kid Nobody Loved

by Doris Van Stone

Doris Van Stone shares her powerful story of how God transformed her life from one of rejection and hardship to one of love and acceptance.

Duration: 52:23

Scripture: Psalm 37:4, Isaiah 61:3, Matthew 16:24, Romans 8:28, Galatians 2:20, Hebrews 13:5, 1 John 4:4

Topics: "Love"

Description

In this sermon, the preacher tells the story of a girl who felt unloved and unwanted. Despite her difficult circumstances, she found hope and transformation through the power of the gospel. The preacher emphasizes the importance of expressing love to our parents and children, as it can have a profound impact on their lives. The story also highlights the idea that God is greater than our past and can bring beauty and purpose to even the most broken lives. The preacher encourages listeners to open their hearts to God's work in their lives and to experience the transforming power of Jesus Christ.

Transcript

This is an account of how God transforms a life. In a marvelous way, God is able to take a life which seems to be destroyed in many, many ways through the harsh and difficult experiences of childhood and through circumstances which seemingly make it impossible for a person to grow up to be a balanced and mature individual. And somehow God is able to take that kind of a life and do work in it and bring about a result which is absolutely unique and marvelous.

And in this story, Doris Van Stone gives an account of how though her life was anything but happy in his childhood, God somehow came to her and as she received Jesus Christ and began to realize the transforming power of Christ in her life as the Holy Spirit worked in her heart, all those emotional scars and those results of the experiences of the past somehow are healed and slowly God makes the reality of the new life in Christ flourish and come forth. Truly we are new creatures in Christ as we realize in our beings the work of God in that great plan of redemption which he has wrought. And as you listen to this story, open your hearts and allow God to speak to you through it.

It's a marvelous story of God's working in seemingly adverse circumstances that would in the natural destroy a life altogether. May God bless you as you listen. I want to tell you a story this afternoon and it's the story of the girl that nobody loved and I hope that all of the children will be listening.

And if you have moms and dads and I know you do you wouldn't be here that love you. I want you to find the time today before it's over to look at mom and dad right in the face and just say, mother, daddy, I love you. And then I want the parents to do something before the day is over.

Find your child. I don't care if they're big or little or fat or thin. Grab ahold of them today and say to them, I love you.

It'll do something for you and it'll do something for them. I was left off like a package that nobody wanted. It just kind of left you.

And I thought surely, you know, as you do with packages that are left off, no one wants to come back and remember they left it. But they didn't. And so I was left in an orphanage in Oakland, California, many years ago.

I say as of the past year, I'm an antique and I'm not going to tell you how old an antique, but I am one. And in that orphanage, I want to tell you just a little bit about what the orphanage is like so boys and girls can go home and say, thank you, Lord, for the home I have. The first time that I walked into the orphanage, it was at lunchtime and they took me to the table.

And the first thing they said to me was, now Dori, remember, you don't talk at the table and you eat exactly what's put before you. And they had beets and I didn't like beets. And I tried to tell the matron, I didn't like them.

And she said, you don't say that you eat them. And I thought, I'm not going to eat them. And I didn't.

And so they dismissed all the children and they left me there with the plate of beets. And dinnertime came in the evening and all the kids came in and I still had the beets and I didn't have any other dinner. And I thought, I'm not going to eat them.

I won. Well, they dismissed them all for the evening meal and the beets were still there and so was I. And they took the chair away from me. They came about nine o'clock that night and I still hadn't eaten them.

And I thought, I fooled them. But I tell you something, the matron gave me my first of many spankings and that's why I can sit so long and it doesn't bother me. I'm very well conditioned.

I think they thought too, when I first went to the orphanage, I just had a fat face. You know, we had cereal. There are three things I don't like.

Mush, that means any kind of a cooked cereal, parsnips and buttermilk, even turnips because I think they're related. And I think they just thought I was just a fat faced little girl. I'd raise my hand and every morning the matron would excuse us, you know, to leave the room.

And I'd go and I'd spit out the mush. I put it all here in my mouth. And one morning, I did it every morning, the matron got suspicious and before I knew it, she said, Dory.

And I said, Yes, ma'am. And I came out and she pulled me out of the washroom, took me over to a sink. And I never did take any of this kind of soap to the mission field with me.

Wouldn't buy it today, but the company's going great. She took me over to the sink and got a bar of fell's nap of soap, old gray soap, made me stick out my tongue and just washed it down. You know, I blew

bubbles for a week.

There's times when I think I'm still blowing them. Every Tuesday and Thursday night was buttermilk night in the orphanage. Every Tuesday and Thursday night.

And I lived in the home so long, a few years later, they just made me the head of a round table. And you smart ones are going to say, how can you be the head of a round table? I don't know. I was the boss.

Oh, I was so mean to those little kids. But I began to rotate them. And when they'd fill those mugs full of buttermilk, I'd wait till some little kid buy me a drink it.

And then I'd get a hold of their empty cup and put it in front of mine. And I'd give them my full cup and they'd say, Dory. I'd say, shut up or I'll get you out in the yard.

And I would have. I think if you'd looked the children over in the orphanage, there had been one that would have stood out. The homeliest, ugliest little girl in the world.

And that was me. My head was too big for my body. I was a fat little thing, hadn't changed as far as that's concerned.

It seemed, oh, and I had curly hair. You know, one of the things when they let you walk to school and we were allowed to go into the public schools, when we'd walk in a long line to go to the schools, everybody knew you were a kid from the home. And you know how they could tell? By your haircut.

Oh, little girls, I'm glad you don't have to have your haircut like mine. They'd make a big production of it. The matron would get a chair and you'd have to climb on that chair and then climb on the table and sit in the chair there and the matron would stand right by you.

And they'd take a big soup bowl and put it right up on top of your head and about two inches below that, they'd cut it. Well, my hair was curly. Well, not too curly in the beginning, but the longer I lived there, I'm convinced people with natural curly hair were just kind of meanies.

Because the longer I lived there, the curlier it got. By the time they'd lift that bowl up, it looked like an umbrella. You could kind of go underneath me for shade.

You'd walk there and they'd, oh, those are the kids from the home. Look at their haircut. They could tell it by the dress you wore.

If you had ruffles or pleats, forget about it. Once it went to the laundry, it was flatter than a flitter. There's the kids from the home.

I used to see the cars kind of slow down. I'd see mother and dad talking to the kids and then kind of pointing. Now, I had no proof of it, but I was sure they were saying, if you don't straighten up and fly right, we're going to put you in that orphanage.

You're going to end up looking like that. And that's enough to make any kid straighten up. I was telling this story in Wisconsin last year during Thanksgiving time.

And a woman came up to me and she said, Dori, was that orphanage in Oakland, California? And I said, yes. She said, was it between Telegraph and Broadway? And I said, yes. She said, I grew up three blocks

from that orphanage and my parents used to threaten me with exactly what you said.

See, I knew I was right all along. Every night when I went to bed in the orphanage, and I lived there for a little over six years, every night when I went to bed, I'd cry myself to sleep. Why? Because nobody wanted me.

And the months and the years went on and still nobody wanted me. I'd pull a sheet up, you know, and I put the pillow over my face and I'd bawl. Miss Gable would come along and every night, oh Dori, there's some nights when she forgot to nod her.

Every night the blanket had come down and she'd say, oh Dori, not again. And then she'd whip me. Can I tell you what Miss Gable was like? I like to wait, you know, because I look over you good-looking women and I want to be sure there's no one here that resembles her and I won't offend you.

She was a tall woman and she wore her hair all up in a big bun like this. It was cold black. And then she had another bun on top of that and she had a very prominent nose.

That's a nice way of saying pointed. And she had cold black eyes. And she used to say to the kids, all of us, I can see clean through you.

One time when she wasn't looking, I ran around the back because I thought maybe she had some eyes here, but she didn't. And then if you had the cold or the sniffles, she'd say, girls, that's God punishing you. She was the girl's matron.

And one time, at least this is what they told us, one time Miss Gable came down with the mumps. You know, we thought, hmm, there's justice if you wait long enough. We didn't ask what she'd done.

Oh, I wanted somebody to love me. We had a little ceremony in the orphanage. On the average of once a month, we'd come into a great big parlor.

And men and women who for some reason wanted a child in their home would come to the orphanage and look the children over. We'd all be in a line, spit and polished clean. And I know that they didn't mean in any way to offend us.

I realize this. And yet they always said it where we could hear it. As they go through the line of the children, they'd say, oh, what a cute little girl.

Honey, isn't that a nice little boy? Look at that cute little girl over there. Let's try her. And I could always hear it.

Never once in all of the years that I lived in the orphanage did anyone ever stop in front of me. Now, I know why I looked at myself in the mirror every single day. Sometimes at night when I thought Miss Gable was asleep, I'd slip out of the bed.

I'd go into the room where the little girls hung our metal combs and our towels. And I'd turn on the faucet and I'd wet my hair down every way I could conceivably think of to change the appearance and nothing helped. And I thought nobody will choose me.

I admit that there were times when they would go by that I would like to have grabbed ahold of them and said, would you give me a chance and not look at what I look like? Because in the inside, I'll love you if

you'll just let me try. I didn't think of this until I was talking to Kay Oliver, who was Irwin Lutzer's writing the story. But Kay said to me, Dory, do you suppose when they were looking you over that maybe you just looked a little on rear? I'm sure now as I think about it that I did.

For as the months and the years went on and I was never chosen, I'm sure that when those men and women came by, I looked mean and my head was down and I'm sure I had a look of stubbornness about me because I'd think, what's the use? They'll not take me anyway. And they didn't. And then something happened and my whole life was changed.

They were going to expose all of us kids to a little bit of religion. And they invited the young people from the University of California to come. And when they came, we were all sitting in the parlor again.

They told us something I had never heard before in all my life. Now, I didn't grow up overseas. It was right in America.

And when the young people marched in, they looked so lovely, clean, nice looking, well cared for. And the first one that stood up looked at all the children and she said to us, boys and girls, do you know something? God loves you. And do you know what I wanted to do? I didn't, but I wanted to.

I wanted to scream out and say, it's a lie. Nobody loves me. For six years, people have been coming here and looking the children over.

Nobody ever chose me. It's a lie. God doesn't love me.

Every boy and girl that got up there said more or less the same thing, something about the love of God. When it was all over, they gave what was called an invitation. I had no idea what an invitation was, but they wanted the boys and girls to raise up, raise their hand, let them know what it was, and then step forward.

And I thought, no, if I do that, I'm such a mean kid. If I do that, all these kids I've been so mean to would stick their foot out and I'd fall flat in my face when I went forward. So I won't do it.

And then they said, we're going to sing a song. I didn't know what the song was. I'd never heard it before in my life.

Just as I am without one plea, but that thy blood was shed for me, that thou bidst me come to thee, Lamb of God, I come. I thought I'd like to, but I don't dare. And then they turned, it was over.

And all of the young people started leaving. One young woman hesitated at the door. And she came by, back to the front, and she looked at all the boys and girls, but we were still seated.

And she said, kids, listen to me. If you forget everything else I've said, would you remember this one thing? God loves you. And you know, I was 13 years of age then.

And it was like an arrow just pierced my heart. I bowed my head, and for the first time in my life, I dared to talk to God. And when something like this, I said, Lord, those kids said you love me.

Nobody loves me. You know it. I know it.

But if you do love me, and you want me, you can have me. And you know the secret, some of you, don't you? When I went to bed that night, I knew, I knew God loved me. How'd you know, Dori? One of the best ways I can explain it is this.

When our daughter was married, she called home when she came home from the honeymoon. And she said, Mother, why didn't you tell me it was so wonderful to be married? One of the few times in my life I was without words. I said, oh, Darlene, I couldn't.

Why, Mother? Honey, it was something that you had to experience. And you know, it's that way with the love of God. Once you have experienced His love, then you will know what I'm talking about.

I went to bed that night, and I did what I'd done every night in the orphanage. I cried myself to sleep. Miss Gable came by and said, oh, Dori, again.

And down came the covers. I think I got the hardest spanking I'd ever had. But it didn't matter.

I knew God loved me. You know, it's the same today. Typical of women and girls, we cry when we can least explain it.

Just ask my husband. If I cry now, he'll come around and say, honey, now what's the matter? And I'll say, oh, never mind. He wouldn't understand, and he wouldn't.

But I learned something, too. I learned if you've done something, you don't want to tell them, girls. You won't even have to explain it.

I knew He loved me. I knew it. Can I just insert this, you know? The phone rang one night.

My daughter called, and she said, hi, Grandma. Oh, I started to cry again. Oh, about 13 months ago, the phone rang.

She said, mother, you've got another one. Oh, I was so excited. I regret it for the second time.

And she said, but mother, I said, darling, what is it? Oh, it sounded like it was such a tragedy. Mother, I think the second one, she looks like a van stone. And I thought, oh, great, maybe like her granddaddy or her brother or herself.

No, mother. And I said, darling, what is it? Mom, I think she looks like you. And I said, oh, no, the Lord wouldn't do that to you.

But I saw her, and I think He did. I'm just going to pray for her. Have any of you ever lived in your home so long they just kicked you out? That's what happened to me.

Just after the age of 13, I had to leave the orphanage. And they didn't know where to put me. And I went from place to place.

And finally, I ended up in a home in San Francisco. And the first time that I walked into that home, they said to me, come into the living room, Doris. And I walked into the living room, and they said, listen, we want you to know you're going to live here.

But there's one thing that will be taboo. You just can't do it. You will never be permitted to sit at a table and eat with us.

And I thought, oh, boy, I've got leprosy, or here we go again. Well, but they said, wait a minute. You'll be able to have the scraps if there's anything left over.

And if not, there'll be some water you can boil. There'll be some powdered milk you can put it together. And because we live in San Francisco, there'll always be some fish available.

You can take the fish and cut off the head and the tail. If we're going to ask what you did to the body, they said, well, you wrap that up and put it in the refrigerator. That's for us.

But you can have the head and the tail. And if I tell you this afternoon, it was a long time before I could swallow fish chowder. You'll know what I mean, won't you? Because every time I looked at those beady, fishy eyes, you know, I thought of Miss Gable, and it was almost more than I could swallow.

But I learned a lot of things in that home. Just before I left the orphanage, a Christian matron arrived, and she gave to me a little New Testament. She said to me, Doris, this will probably become one of your most precious possessions.

I still have it today. Little did she know it would become my most precious possession. I would go into this home where I lived.

I had my testament in my binder that I took to school, because if they'd seen it, they would have taken it away from me. And I'd go into the bathroom every morning, and I'd lock the door. I'd unzip the little binder, take out my New Testament, and I'd kneel down by the bathtub.

Do you know that any place can be an altar? An old-fashioned kind of a bathtub with the little feet and the rolled edges. And there I'd open up my testament, kneeling there by the bathtub, I memorized this book. You see, they became love letters, and they were written to me.

And I love the author. I learned there, kneeling by the bathtub edge, I will never leave you nor forsake you. I will be with you until the ends of the earth.

I learned there, greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world. I'd ask the Lord to help me, and after I'd memorized a verse, I'd put my testament away, I'd unlock the door, and every single morning it was so, with no exaggeration whatsoever. They'd be knocking on the door, they'd be hollering for me to get out, and I'd open the door and lock it and open.

When I walked out, I'd get hit, I'd get scuffed, I'd get kicked, I'd get beaten. Oh, Doris, is it that bad? More than I can ever tell you. A lot of times I'd go to school with a black eye or a bloody nose or a torn blouse.

But you know, I learned something. I learned when you learn this word, it becomes armor. And you know what happens when darts are thrown to armor? They just hit that armor and they fall off and they can never penetrate.

Young people, learn the word of God. It's the most important provision you can make for yourself. I learned it.

I can remember so many times of walking down the streets of San Francisco. I would look at the mannequins in these gorgeous stores. If you've been there, you know where I mean.

I. Magnin's, the Emporium, the City Affairs, beautiful stores, the mannequins dressed in such gorgeous clothes. I can never remember as a little girl anyone ever buying me anything. Never.

As I got older, I would stand in line in the WPA, that was at the time of the Depression in America, and they would give out clothes and food to people who didn't have anything. And I can remember my shoes. I found out that cardboard lasted longer than paper.

And I found out if the shoes were too big, you just take a big rubber band and put them around the whole foot. And you might have to slide a little bit, but they'll stay on. And I'd walk by those windows, you know, and I'd look at those store windows and I'd think, oh Lord, if just one time I could be dressed nice.

I looked so ragged. The clothes would be too big. They were feed sacks for skirts.

I learned the value of pins. You just gaphosis, you know, and you pin it over. And then I found out if you get a blouse a couple of sizes too big, nobody knows it doesn't fit.

They just think you're fat. Oh, Lord, if I could just look nice one time. And then he would whisper to me, Dory, you look beautiful.

You have on the most beautiful garment. I think, Lord, there's something, you know, we don't have it right here. I got holes in my shoes and raggy.

No, you have on a garment called a garment of righteousness and it can't be seen with the naked eye. I know what it is to be physically hungry, so hungry it hurts. And I'd look at the pastry windows and I'd go by the restaurants and I'd see the menu and I'd think, oh Lord, I am so hungry.

If there was a hole, I'd be tempted to reach in and take some. And then he'd whisper to my heart, Dory, man doesn't live by bread alone. And will you believe me this afternoon when I tell you the hunger pains would go away because they did? To avoid some of the beatings, though I got many, but to avoid some of them, I'd slip out at night and sleep in the alleyways.

You know what the alleyways in San Francisco are? The houses are real close together and rather than walk all around the block, you have these dark alleyways and it's cold and there's rats and there's bugs, but I'd sleep there. Yeah, there's some drunks too. Why did you do it? To avoid the beatings.

And as I'd pillow my head against a stone and pull up my sweater around me, I learned just a little bit of what it meant in the scripture when it said he didn't have any place to lie his head. Neither did I, but I found that his arms are exceedingly strong and comfortable and I pillowed my head on him. Somebody asked as we were writing the book in Chicago, they said, Dory, why was it at your age that you didn't run away from all of this? My only answer was, oh, you've never been where I've been or you wouldn't have asked the question.

Where would I have run? There was no place to go. A bad home is better than no home at all. A little food is better than no food at all.

That's why I didn't run away. One day coming out of the public school, there was a teacher that took an interest and she had reported me to the juvenile authorities, though I didn't know it. And coming out of the schoolyard one day, the juvenile authorities approached me and they had a summons and they said, is your name Doris? And the last name Duckworth? And I said, yes.

And they said, Doris, you're to appear before the juvenile authorities in San Francisco. They're going to make an investigation of the house in which you're living. And they said, don't have to be afraid because we've given this also to the people that you're living with.

And it literally scared me to death. I didn't want to go back, but I knew that I had to. And so I went back to the house where I was living.

And when I got in there, they said, Doris, come in here. And oh, my heart. Oh, I was so scared.

They said, come on into the dining room. And I went into the dining room and the man said to me, get down on your knees. And I got down on my knees and he began to unbuckle his belt and he took it off.

And with the buckle end of that belt, he beat me and he beat me and he beat me. And I thought, Lord, I'm going to die right here. I looked in the doorway.

I thought I'd run if I could, but the wife was standing in the doorway and she was rather a large woman and her arms were folded and her feet away. And I knew if I tried to get away, I'd knock her down. I didn't know what had happened.

But I looked and I saw there was a great big plate glass window in the dining room all the way to the floor. And I said, Lord, I can't do it by myself, but if you will help me, I'll try. And before he could come down one more time, I went right through that plate glass window.

Weren't you terribly injured? No, I had a long sleeve blouse and it was torn and I was cut a little bit, but not that bad. And I ran away for a little while. About three hours later, San Francisco, you know, the city hills, I ended up at Fisherman's Wharf and there sitting out on the dock with my feet hanging out over the Blue Pacific.

I wiped my eyes and I got to feeling sorry for myself. You know, when I stopped long enough, I looked up and I saw the sun was shining and as the sun hit the silhouette there of the Golden Gate Bridge, it looked like a pearl necklace against an emerald green dress. And I thought, oh, that's so beautiful.

And I looked underneath there and I saw a little old boat just going right underneath way, way out into the Pacific somewhere. And I thought, Lord, I wish I could get on it because if I could, I'd go and I'd never, never come back. Let me tell you about some of the surprises God has for you.

I never knew then at that moment that years later I would be on a vessel just like that, going underneath that same Golden Gate Bridge halfway around the world to tell some other ugly nobodies what the love of Jesus Christ could mean. But I didn't know it then. I appeared before the juvenile authorities.

There was a woman judge who was presiding. They had another woman that was in the court and they had her stand by me and they called me forward and I stood before the judge. And when the woman came and stood beside me, the judge looked at her and said, is this your daughter? And the woman refused to answer.

And the judge said, I ask you again, is this your daughter? And reluctantly, she looked at me and I at her. Yes, judge, I suppose so. But I'll tell you something.

If I could have gotten rid of her before she was born, I'd have done it. Aren't I glad that today's laws aren't in effect, weren't in effect then because if they were, I'd be a figment of someone's imagination. They took

me away from her and I never saw her again except for one moment.

And I won't tell you about that now, but it's in the book. I saw her one more time at a distance and they took me away. Then I was put into another home and in another home.

But we all have to have roots and my roots belonged in the orphanage. And every time I could get enough dimes and nickels together, I used to cross the ferry from San Francisco to Oakland and go back to the orphanage and visit those kids I loved. You see, when I was in the orphanage, I found out that God had given me an ability that I could draw.

And I used to think that one of these days, if I would be so fortunate as ever to be able to leave the home, I would someday become a very famous artist. I used to look at the Saturday Evening Post on Saturdays. They'd let us take a walk and there was this magazine and I thought, I know what, someday I will become a famous artist and I'll just put Norman Rockwell out of business and my pictures will be on the cover of Saturday Evening Post.

Never happened. I was telling this story in South Dakota a Christmas ago and a young lady came up to me, well, I'll say young, a little touch of gray in her hair and she looked at me and she said, Dori, I'm so glad that you never put Norman Rockwell out of business. And I said, how come? She said, because he's my cousin.

I said, hmm, I'm glad too. I wanted to be an artist and I wanted to make money and I thought, that's what I can do. And when I'd go and visit the orphanage, I did love the children and I would talk with them and be with them.

And one time while I was there, I became very ill and they called the doctor and he found out how ill I was and then he talked to the matrons and I guess eventually they talked to the courts. But the doctor said to me after he had taken care of me for a few days, he said, Dori, how would you like to come and live with us? I thought, oh, that'd be great. He said, it'd be a beautiful home.

You'll have your own room. We'll buy you new clothes. And I was so thrilled.

The legal procedures were taken care of and I went to live with a doctor and his wife in Piedmont, California and it was a beautiful home. But again, they had to get things straightened out with me. The doctor and his wife said, now Dori, we're delighted that you're here, but we want you to know there's never anything that we'll do for you in a monetary way.

Isn't that nice to have that understanding? But then the wife said to me, but Dori, if there's any advice that I can ever give you, I'll always be glad to do it. Side two. I said to me, but Dori, if there's any advice that I can ever give you, I'll always be glad to do it.

Well, I've been there some months and finally she called me in and sitting there at the edge of the bed, she said, you know, Dori, I've been thinking about you and I've decided that the best thing I could possibly say to you is this, always strive to be a lady. Now I'm sure that my jaw must have dropped because she looked at me and she said, Dori, are you wondering what a lady is? And I said, yes. She said, a lady is someone that never gets excited.

That always has everything right together and keeps her voice very low. I'm working on it because I'm never going to make it. My daughter told me, she says, mother, forget it.

Let me tell you why I'd never make it. I was living with the doctor. I had the lovely room in the beautiful home.

Yes. And I had the new clothes, but I found out they were all black and white. They were uniforms.

I had actually been hired as a maid in the doctor's home. I was attending then the California College of Arts and Crafts. I had graduated from high school and I was working on becoming that famous artist.

The doctor called me into his study one day and he said, Dori, pot of the blue, where's your father? And I thought, my father, I forgot all about it. And then I just said a name right off the top of my head. And the doctor picked up the telephone.

It was before the days of direct dialing. You know, when he asked the operator, he said, I'm a physician and surgeon. I'm trying to locate a man by a certain name in a particular state in a certain city.

Could you help me? And the operator said, yes, doctor. And she looked it up and came back and she said, doctor, I've located a man by this name. Do you want me to put the call through? And he said, no, I just want to know if such a man existed.

And then he hung up. He looked at me and he said, now, Dori, let's write a letter. Oh, I tell you, it's good.

It happens when you're young because you do things you'd never do if you were older and in your right mind. I wrote a letter to a man I didn't know. And I asked him just point blank, are you my father? Now, the way I got the addresses, I went to the telephone company.

I looked up the out-of-state directories. I found the one I wanted. There was a name.

I put it on the envelope, mailed it, didn't think a thing about it. And I was serving dinner to the doctor and his wife two weeks to the day. I was serving dinner that evening at the, it was a long table.

I don't think they were that wild about each other because he sat out here and she sat way down here. That's why I'm so short. See, I ran my legs off waiting on them.

And I was waiting the dinner, I was serving the dinner and suddenly the doorbell rang. And when it did, I set the things on the table and I went into the foyer and opened the large heavy open door. There was a young man in a uniform.

He had a special delivery letter. I didn't think anything about it because I'd always signed for the doctor. So I signed and I got a hold of the letter and turned, you know, closed the door.

And I turned with that letter in my hand to go into the dining room. And as I did so, I was going to hand the doctor his letter. And I looked at it, but it wasn't for the doctor.

It was for me. It had my name on it. And I want you to know, I forgot all about the instructions of being a lady.

I let out a scream so loud, it shook the traffic on the Bay Bridge. I'm sure it did. Because the doctor and his wife got up and they hit the door, a little doorway, they hit the door at exactly the same moment.

And when they did, they got stuck. That's always in my mind, a vivid picture. And they got stuck.

Now they were both a little bit heavy, you know, and I didn't ask which one, but one of them breathed in and the other one got over to me. And he said, Dory, the doctor said to me, what in the world is the matter? And I said, oh, sir, I've got a letter. And he said, well, stupid, open it.

You know, and I opened it. I started to open it, that is. And then I got scared to death and he said, here, I'll take it.

And he opened it for me. And then he started to pull the letter out. And then I got panicky.

I said, doctor, please don't. And he looked at me like I was just crazy. What? I said, doctor, please don't read it.

It doesn't matter what it says. Just tell me how it's signed. And he pulled the letter out.

And when he did, I saw him kind of bite his lip for a moment. And without saying a word to me, he turned the letter to the back and he held it out for me to see. And there at the bottom of the letter was a name.

Three letters. D. A. D. Dad. I forgot about being a lady because I grabbed the letter and I ran up the stairs.

And oh, did I ever bawl. I memorized that letter word for word. I could tell it to you, but I won't.

Every word of it. Then I'd send him letters back and forth, you know, and he'd write. I never sent him a picture.

I was scared to death if he saw me, he wouldn't want me. And then I was scared to ask him for one because I thought I'd know who to blame my looks on. I didn't know which was worse.

Oh, maybe three weeks later, the phone rang in the evening and I answered and I said, doctor's residence. And this masculine voice came through and said, may I speak to Doris, please? I said, sir, this is she speaking in this masculine voice said, Doris, honey. And I'm telling you the truth.

I dropped the phone. I did. And my hand was shaking.

I heard this voice saying, are you there? Oh girls, I'd never had a date and I'd never had a man call me and then call me honey. See that and make you come unglued, wouldn't it? And I figured that was it, sir, I'm here. Doris, honey, this is your father.

And that is the sweetest voice I had ever heard in my life with one exception. Years ago in an orphan's home, a funny homely little girl sat amongst a score of others and said, God, if you want me, you can have me. And he said, come on, my beloved.

That was the sweetest, but earthwisest wasn't it? He shattered my world. He said, honey, I want to see you. And I said, dad, no.

And he said, why? And then I blew it. I know I did because he hesitated. I said, dad, if you see me, you won't want me.

He said, oh, don't be silly, but oh, he, he, I know I blew it. He said, oh, I want to see you. I'll tell you what, honey, I'll pay half your fare.

See, before I said that he's going to pay the whole thing. And then he thought, well, maybe what she said is true. I'll pay half of it.

I got permission from the doctor and his wife to go halfway around the world or halfway across America really to meet a man I didn't know. Now I want to insert something here. You know, as missionaries, we have a saying that when you come home from a mission field, you look mishy.

There's some missionaries here and they know what I'm talking about. You look mishy. Can I tell you what I looked like when I went to New Guinea for the first time? Puckered nylon was just coming into its own and they colored it, you know, and somebody made me a long red puckered nylon dress.

And I took it to the mission field with me and I put it away, everything in a 55 gallon drum. Time came when I became very ill and had to be flown home for emergency surgery. And I went into the 55 gallon drum, but it didn't get the lid down too well.

And I reached for the dress and it was in great shape, still long. And I reached for, get the colors, a dark green, a gabardine coat. And it was full of holes because some little mice had gotten in there and made a home and somebody mended it for me.

A lovely missionary lady mended it for me. And when she gave it back to me, I saw that the lining was still hanging. And I thought, oh, I don't dare give it back to her.

And you see, I have an awful confession to make. I don't sew, girls. I staple everything.

And I thought, oh boy, I'll have to staple it. And I did. I wondered why I was so uncomfortable flying across the Pacific.

Every time you hit an air pocket, when you don't get those ends down, you get the point, you know. But it worked. And then besides the red dress and the green coat, I didn't have a purse.

And so another missionary gave me a blue gabardine purse. By the time I got to the Philippines, the blue handle was off and it was white. I only had tennis shoes.

And so somebody gave me some shoes from Holland. I think they must have been double E width or triple E or something. And I had to use the rubber bands again.

I was standing there in the international airport in San Francisco and everybody was hugging and loving, you know, and hugging and loving. And they left and I'm there all alone. And I saw two women over in the corner and I didn't have any proof of it, but I know what they were saying, it's got to be her.

Nobody but a missionary would look like that because they finally came and claimed me. I must have looked that bad when I went to see my father for the first time. The doctor and his wife gave me the oldest suitcase they had, tied it up with a couple of belts and sent me on my way.

I took a bus trip. It took me two days and two nights. And when I got there, it was a huge city.

Oh, it just seemed like the bus station was full of people. When I got off, I thought, how in the world am I going to find my father? I didn't ask him to wear anything to identify because I was afraid whoever saw the other one first might turn and run. And I won't do that.

But I got off and I used to say I kind of elbowed my way through the crowd, but I didn't. I looked so bad they just opened it up and let me through. And I was looking over and I thought, how am I going to find him? Scores of people.

And leaning against the pole, I thought, you know what I'll do? I'll look for the best looking man I can find and I'll work. And if it isn't that one, I'll go to the next one and the next one. And leaning against the pole, I saw this very handsome man.

I thought I'm going to try it. So I picked up my suitcase and the crowd kind of parted. And the closer I got, the better looking he was.

And finally, when I got up to him, he was very handsome. And I set that old battered suitcase down and I stood there with my rags and my ugly face and my ugly self. And I looked into the handsome face of that man and I said, sir, excuse me, but are you my father? Aren't I original? But I was right.

I was right. And for the first time in my life that I can remember out of love, somebody put their arms around me and hugged me. Oh, Dory, you were hugged before that.

Uh-uh. No. I had pity pats all my life.

Do you know what those are? When they pat you on the shoulder and it's a pity you're this, it's a pity you're that. And I found out when somebody hugs you like that, he didn't say you're beautiful and darling, he just hugged me. I found out when somebody hugs you like that, it's just normal for your arms to hug them right back.

Well, I lived with him for a while. I went to my father one day sitting at his feet. I said, dad, I've got to tell you something.

I have to tell you about a father I had long before I found you. And his eye kind of went up. I said, dad, the Lord was my father before I found you, my earthly dad.

And he said, Doris, I don't want to talk about God. He's a taboo subject with me. Don't ever mention him again.

You know what happens when a Christian has to be quiet? They're miserable. I was miserable. I got a job as a production illustrator.

I charged by the square inch. I was going to get rich. My drawing board was so big you could walk on it.

That's true. And I never made anything little. It was huge.

But I was miserable. My father said to me, Doris, I'm going to make up for you. I'll try to for the years that I had left you.

I'll show you the things that you have to do in the world to be popular and loved and wanted. I saw what they were and it just made me miserable. I said, dad, I can't.

I've got to go back and make a decision. And when I've made it, I'll come back and tell you about it. Well, to make a long story short, I went on back to the West Coast.

And while we were there, the first missionaries were coming home. First of all, let me tell you this. Dr. Hyman Appleman was speaking and he was saying to the young people, great, great, great big meeting.

And I was invited to go and I went and Dr. Hyman Appleman was saying, what is it, young person, a fling in the world. And then you'll say now, God, here I am. You can use me.

In the back of my mind, I was thinking what my father had told me that you do to be popular. And I thought, what if I try it? No, I want you, Doris. I want your life.

I rescued you for a reason. And it was that at that moment that I promised the Lord I'd be anything he wanted me to be. I'd do anything he wanted me to do.

There's a couple of things one, you wouldn't do it unless you were absolutely desperate and that's marry a preacher. And the other one is to be a missionary because they're a bunch of dried up old prunes and they're no good here and they wear black and they're no good here. So that's why we send them over there.

I'm not the type. The war was over. The GIs were coming home.

Missionaries were coming home. They'd been led in captivity. They were having a huge, it was an alliance church in Oakland.

They were having a huge missionary convention. And I went, I didn't really particularly like missionaries, but I went. And this evening, the morning service was already starting and a bunch of missionaries had come in off the grips.

So when they were marching down the aisle of the church and I was sitting on the aisle and as they marched past me, I thought this so much so, so loud that I thought somebody could hear me. Have you ever done that? And as they marched down, they looked like they had feet sacks for skirts. They had tennis shoes on.

One woman had all of her front teeth out. Their hairstyle was anything but the latest. They looked terrible as they marched down the middle of the aisle and I was sitting on the end.

I thought, oh Lord, they look so bad. I'm so glad I'm not one of them. I couldn't even tell you what they were.

It was so hard to say the word. I'm so glad I'm not one of them. They marched up on the platform.

Each of them spoke for a couple of minutes and one young woman stood up. If you didn't look at what she had on, she was beautiful. And she said, young people, it cost me everything I had to follow Jesus.

For Jesus sake, I do it again. It cost her the life of her husband in a Japanese internment camp and every earthly belonging that she had. The evening service, Dr. Paul Rood was preaching and as the missionaries were speaking, I thought, oh Lord, it was like a hand was laid on my shoulder.

I thought, you're not going to goof up my life and ask me to become one of them. Yeah, he was. I got up out of my seat and I went downstairs and I said, Lord, would you let something be said so I'll know beyond a shadow of a doubt you're calling me.

You know why we don't put out fleeces anymore? We're scared to death the Lord will answer. And I put out a fleece. And when I came back upstairs, Dr. Paul Rood was closing the service.

And he said, I want to close the service by telling you the story of a girl who wouldn't go all the way with the Lord because she was afraid she'd lose the love of her earthly father. How do you know? I thought somebody went and told on me, but they hadn't. And I said then, Lord, all the way, all the way.

The young woman that I told you about came down from the platform later and she said, Doris, I understand you're an artist and I have a picture. Would you draw it for me? And I said, I would. She was going to live with her parents there in Oakland.

So I went a couple of weeks later to visit her. And when I walked into the house, she put a little piece of paper in my hand and folded it over. And she left me in the room all alone.

I had my art equipment with me and I laid it out on the table and I opened up the little, it wasn't any bigger than a postage stamp. As I opened it up, it was about the size of a postcard. And when I looked at it, it was a pencil sketch of a grave, a mound of dirt with a wooden cross on the top.

It had the name of her husband, Charles Russell Dybler. And underneath in Dutch, translated into English, it said, God takes the best. And I laid it on the side.

We didn't have Xerox in those days. And so as I looked at it, I thought, Lord, would you help me to make it exactly like the original, every line. And as I started to draw it, his voice spoke to me again in the stillness of that room.

Doris, would you be willing to go to the same place? And I thought, Lord, how could I? I couldn't fill the shoes of a man like that. He was a martyr. I didn't ask you to fill the shoes.

He said, I'm just asking, would you be willing to walk in the same way? And I said, yes, Lord, I'll walk in the same way. I had to go back and tell my father. I was a little richer now.

I could take a train and then a taxi. And I went up to the house and he was all alone sitting on the porch. I got out of the cab with my suitcase and I ran up the stairs and I said, Dad, I've got to tell you something.

And before I could get it out, he said, Doris, wait a minute, I'm dying. I said, yes, I heard, Dad, that you're very ill. He said, Doris, all my life I've had a philosophy to live by, but I don't have anything to die by.

And I said, Dad, you can't have, if you'll just ask Christ to come into your heart. And he said, no, I want nothing whatsoever to do with him. I said, but Dad, that's what I came to tell you.

I came to tell you that God's called me to be a missionary. And he straightened up as ill as he was. He got up and he straightened up.

He said, Doris, what did you say? I said, Dad, the Lord's called me to be a missionary. And he looked at me. He said, Doris, go into the hallway.

Don't take your suitcase. Go into the hallway and call a cab and tell it to come back. Because from this moment on, you are no longer my daughter.

And I wished I'd never found you. He had it backwards. He never found me.

I sought him. The cab came in about three minutes. I turned to say goodbye to my father and he refused to even look at me.

And he faced the porch. I walked on over to him and I put my arms around him. He just stood like a stiff poker.

And I put my arms around him. I said, Dad, but I loved you anyway. I got in the cab and I drove off.

Got into the train station. It was still there. I got a ticket to go back.

And when I did, it started to rain. I don't know if it was wet on the inside or out because as the train started to pull out, it was just like it was saying, you're all alone, you're all alone. And the rain pouring in pouring on the outside and me crying on the inside.

And then all of those promises came rushing back. I'll never leave you. I'll never forsake you.

When your father and mother forsake you, then will the Lord take you up. And I thought, Lord, I don't care what it costs. I'll go all the way with you.

You know, when I was a little girl walking in the streets of San Francisco, I would sometimes see mothers with their arms around children. I would sometimes see husband and wife arm in arm. And I used to cry out with my heart, Lord, would you just give me one friend? I never had any friends as a little girl.

No one could ever come to the house that I lived in. Give me one friend. He reminded me then and he reminded me on the train that day.

I will be your friend. I'll never, never leave you. And he never has.

You know, as that train pulled out of that station and I repeated all those promises, I found something else that happened. As I repeated those promises over and over again, the love of God filled every nook and corner and crevice of my heart. And from that moment to this very moment this afternoon, and it's been years and years, I have never been lonely.

I went then to St. Paul to attend college. The war was over and all the fellows were coming home. And some of the happiest days that I've ever lived were lived there.

I was in school with Charlie Pierce's sister, Shirley. I've known Charlie and Dagmar for many, many years. Wayne Eames is here from Alaska.

I knew him and his wife very well. Our engagement was announced in their apartment. The handsome GIs were all coming back and I heard the girls talking about him and I said, I don't want to hear about it.

I'm not going to date. I'm going to be one of those, you know what? Homemade missionaries. And the girls said, oh, but Dory, there's this one.

I said, I don't want to hear about it. All he'll do is ruin some girl's life. And that's exactly what he did.

He fell in love with me. Let me tell you something. My husband Lloyd never said to me, oh, Dory, you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen in the world.

I can't live without you. If he had said it, I'd have known he was lying. But listen to me.

He said to me what one other one said years ago at an orphanage home, and he said it so sincerely, I believed him. He said, Dory, I love you. And I believed him.

And not only did he ask me to marry him, he went through with the whole thing. I had a borrowed wedding dress and I started to walk down the aisle and halfway down, he winked at me and almost came apart and hurried back so fast that the organist and the pianist had to catch up with me. I was scared to death he was going to get away.

The Lord gave us a darling little boy. And then just before the birth of our daughter, I heard of the death of my father. You have been listening to a story of how the Lord became real and transformed the life of Doris Van Stone and how he worked out many things in her life for his glory as she became a missionary.

He did his call and God somehow turned ashes into beauty and showed himself to be real. The rest of the story tells us of how she raised her children and how they too became Christians. And in the passing of her father was tragic in that he never did accept Jesus Christ as his personal savior.

Friends, as you've been listening to this story, I'm sure you've been thrilled at the many human interest aspects of it. But the most thrilling part of it all is that God can make the difference. When Jesus Christ comes into our heart and life, there's the potential of transforming us so that all the past experiences need not hold us captives.

He can liberate us. The liberty of Christ and his transforming power is a marvelous message. It's something that is so profound that human wisdom cannot really understand it.

And in this story, you have heard how so-called human tragedies have been overcome and have been changed, transformed through the power of the gospel. And God can take a life which in the natural has no real opportunity to become beautiful and to become useful to God and to experience the good qualities of life. And if we were to listen only at the psychologists of modern day, we would normally think that such a life could not escape the effects of the past environment.

And friends, this story indicates that God is greater than our past. Though our past lives on perhaps to some extent in our memories and should in the natural leave many deep scars. And as many psychologists say, we are simply the product of our environment.

Yet this story has a profound message that when God works in our lives through Jesus Christ and the marvels of the gospel, the power of God works in our life. Then all of the past and the natural way of looking at the effects of our experiences upon life undergoes a dramatic change and the potential of realizing what redemption is all about is there. And that power of God, who is the Holy Spirit coming to us in the new birth, when Jesus Christ comes to indwell us by his spirit, that power provides all the potential for a beautiful and a rewarding, a rich and fulfilling life, even though we will not be spared difficult experiences.

And the question for all of us as Christians is this, is that power operational in our lives? Is God at work in our lives? Are we allowing God to do his will in us to transform us, to change us, to cause us to be channels of his in this world? There's only one way in which we can realize God's power. We must allow Jesus Christ to be the Lord of our life and commit everything in life to his Lordship, to give ourselves, our bodies, a living sacrifice, to allow God the Holy Spirit to have his ministry within us so that the fruits of the spirit can be produced in us and the beauty of the Lord Jesus can be seen in and through us. And friend, it

is possible that in your life, as it has been in many, that power can no longer operate because you are not in a place where God can minister to you in that way.

Sin in the life and unwillingness to surrender to the Lordship of Christ and unwillingness to acknowledge that in ourselves we are nothing, that we are wretched as it were in our fallen state and that only the cross can be the gateway of liberation and coming to that cross with all of our sin, with ourselves, and yielding ourselves totally and completely to God, to the Lordship of Jesus Christ, so that the power of the spirit can be released and we can know what it means to have him working in our life. Many a Christian in these days has had to return to Calvary and there to lay down all the rights to his life and simply say, Lord Jesus, have me, take me, own me, fill me, use me, I'm yours. Could it be that though your life perhaps has had its share of tragedy and difficulty, you need to come to the cross and say, Lord Jesus, today I come to make a total and complete surrender of my life to you.

Just have me and own me and use me. If God is speaking to you that way, do it. Further copies of this recording are available from the Canadian Revival Fellowship, Box 584, Regina, Saskatchewan in Canada.

Audio: <https://sermonindex1.b-cdn.net/19/SID19995.mp3>

Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/doris-van-stone/the-kid-nobody-loved/>

Grow in Your Walk with Christ

Listen and read messages that will stir your heart for Christ and point you to deeper repentance and devotion.

- 50,000+ Sermons from speakers past and present
- 3,900+ Classic Christian Books freely readable online
- 1,200+ Bible Translations and Commentaries
- Over 450k forum posts — Join our vibrant online Christian forum

www.sermonindex.net