

Stories of Northside: Bobbie Lamb

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INTERVIEWEE: **BOBBY LAMB**



How often do you dwell with the author of your story? Most of us spend our entire day dwelling in the stories of others, sifting through movies, Netflix episodes, news articles, celebrity interviews, and social media posts, hardly realizing that each of us is a living, breathing, bipedal story penned into existence by the same God who created the stars in

the heavens and told Abraham his ancestors would outnumber them. It would be gift enough to exist as a fleeting sonnet in God's universe-sized anthology, but free will invites us, humanity, to be co-authors of our own stories—as if God created you with the first sentence of a brand-new chapter, handed you the pen, and said, “Here you go. Now, let’s see what we can write together.”

What a gift indeed! But how often have we squandered it? How often have we filled our pages with the envy of others, boasts of self-importance, or left them blank because we forgot to live? The late Bobbie Lamb chose to dwell with her co-author, and together they penned a story of humility, love, gratitude, and joy. Captured before her passing, this is Bobbie’s story.

“I grew up in Brunswick, GA. That’s where God lives. He goes there for vacation. Honest to goodness, you can sit on that beach, talk to him, and he’ll be listening. I bet God loves that. Don’t you know he looks at that beach, smiles, and says, ‘I did that. Isn’t it wonderful?’ I love the beach. My sister and I used to ride our bikes back and forth to St. Simon’s. Dad would let us ride the two-and-a-half-mile crossway stretch by ourselves. You’ve also got to consider, Daddy was the Juvenile Court judge, and people were scared of him. He had a reputation. Everybody knew him, and everybody knew us. The telephone operator would say, ‘Bobbie, your Dad’s down in the office right now. You’ll have to call him back at 2:45.’ That’s the kind of life you live in a small town.

“I say that because growing up with one parent certainly played a big part in my life. Mother died when I was eight, so I grew up with a father and a sister. Looking back, I was completely blessed having him, but it took a toll on his faith. We were big Baptists growing up. My father led the singing at Sunday school, but when mother died, he quit. He never went back to church. Even after remarrying four years later and seeing us go to church, Daddy would spend Sundays at the office. Hopefully he made up with God over the years, but he was mad at him for taking his wife.

“I worshipped my father. I never accepted the fact that mother was gone. Everyone is supposed to have a mother, but that’s alright because I was blessed with the father I had.

“Church has always been special and very important to me, especially Northside. The main pull is of course being close to God, and I feel him

more there than other places. I also enjoy the people. They’re just warm. They’re genuine and sincere. If you say, ‘My head hurts,’ it bothers them that my head hurts. They care. I wish everybody had that. I wish everybody could say that about their situation in life because it’s a treasure, and I do treasure it.

“I also enjoy the Canon Circle, my Bible lessons, the preaching, and things like that. They are a family. In fact, eight of us have been sitting in the same pew for 10 years, and we just know. The whole thing just seems so connected for me and to me. God is the central figure in the whole picture, and then these other things just fit nicely in the whole.

“I really believe the thing I enjoyed the most at Northside was teaching Kindergarten for 18 years. I had taught college and high school by this point, but there was something about teaching 4-year-olds. I loved it. The impact was far more for me than it was for them. Maybe that was my calling. Maybe that’s why he put me there, to be with the kids. I can understand them. I can laugh and chuckle with them—make them see life through a different lens than the one they had at home. I felt like that was my calling, as much as anything.

“I don’t have any talent. I can’t play the piano, I can’t sing, I can’t dance. I try, but nobody wants to see it. Nobody wants to hear it. They tell me to stop. But telling the kids, ‘Let’s give Ms. so-and-so a headache and scream as loud as you can’ was pure fun for me. I loved it, and the kids loved it. That’s what I mean. It brought joy like nothing else brought joy to me. It was the kids. Looking back, I believe that was what God said: ‘I want you down there with

the kids.’ I could have done more, you understand, but I did enjoy that phase. I really did. I’d go home and smile. Two o’clock in the morning, wide awake, I would smile.

“I wish I could claim a lot. I can’t. I would like to think that God smiles when he looks at me and says, ‘You’re doing good,’ but no. I know I could do more. I would like to think that all along the way I walked the path, the ordained path, so to speak, but looking back, I wish I had done more. Yes, I worked with kids, but I wish I had brought God into it, into my conversations. I think the life I led was okay, nothing to brag about. It was acceptable, and I think that’s probably the way he looks at it: acceptable.

“One thing I can say, though, is that he’s always been there for me. I often sit on my little back porch and talk to him. He listens to me there. If I walk down the street, he’s there too. I’m proud of my faith. The Bible behind me is probably 150–200 years old. It is the Lambs’ family Bible, and it is open to Isaiah 40:11: ‘He tends his flock like a shepherd: He gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them close to his heart.’ That’s me! I believe that. He’s carried me all my life. Even though there was so much I didn’t understand, I accepted it. I am blessed. I am so blessed.”

Bobbie’s passing hit many of us hard, and we miss her dearly. She was a woman who was unapologetic about who she was and who she was in Christ. May we all strive to dwell with our co-author as much as she did, because while she didn’t pen the story she wanted, we believe she penned the one God wanted, and that makes all the difference. ☺