

Lynchburg, Virginia. Sunday Oct. 9, 1966. 9:05 P.M.

Dear Folks,

I am doing something with these letters which I do not like to do. This little typewriter simply will not take more than 8 copies and yet I need 10. The only thing I can do is to send two of the letters to ones who will in the enclosed envelopes send them on to others. I do not like to do this but I simply cannot write another running of them. So please help me.

Just there one of the elders of Amherst called me to tell me about the services at Amherst and Coolwell with Leminack, their new preacher. He tells me they had splendid congregations at both churches and splendid messages. His message was on prayer. I had used that privilege on their behalf. I was certainly glad to get the report. After 11 years of work with these churches I want them to go forward.

Now let me try to tell you something of my day. Young Brack stayed all night with me last night. We got up in time to go to breakfast this morning when I turned my key in the ignition the car would not budge. I had just had its 48,000 mile check. I hated to call Margaret because big Brack is just getting over the flu and she is having a hard time. But there was nothing to do but call her. She came right out and stepped to send a service man on the way. I had already gotten him over the phone. The first man could not start it but the boss man at the place did do so. The connections on top of the battery had to be cleaned. By the time Margaret had given me my breakfast the service man let me know the car would run so I drove Margaret's car out and left it here all day and I went on to Pisgah.

There were 36 in the congregation there, lots of young people, in fact there are 4 teen age girls who take turn in playing the piano. They had been having S.S. at 9:00 and preaching at 10. This was in order to enable the Seminary students who had been preaching to them to get back to another appointment. I found the people quite interested and ready to go forward. In racial standing they are between Amherst and Coolwell. Most of them promised to bring their Bibles to church next Sunday and study the 53 chapter of Isaiah with me. That will give me a splendid opportunity. I had a meeting of the officers and talked over some of the problems. At the door the young man who is Treas. handed me a check for \$20.00. He said "I pay every Sunday, and this is what we pay, is it satisfactory?" I assured him that it was and he seemed relieved. Margaret thought that it was quite small in view of the fact that I have to go so far. But it is all right. I can get along and my congregations have been very good to me.

After the officers meeting the Clerk of the Session said "If you will take me to Bedford in your car there is a man in the hospital up there that I want you to see. Then we will come back to my house and we can get dinner I agreed. The man had had lung cancer and was in pretty bad fix. I talked and prayed with him and he seemed to appreciate it. Then he said "one of those Seminary students came in here the other day. He walked over to my bed and shook hands with me and after only a few words he walked out. I was really mad. He did not seem to know what a preacher ought to do in a sick room" The more I hear of the present crop of preachers who are coming on the more disgusted I get. We came on back to the elders home and Mrs. Wherley, his wife had a nice dinner for us. Some of it I could not eat and had to let her know. Then we got in the elder's car and went over a good part of the community. I am going to do the same thing next Sunday and I hope it will help. I had a meeting at Pisgah in 1954. At that time Mother was with Beverley I think. I do not know why she went at that time. I went in one home this afternoon where we had taken dinner. That brought back tender memories and I could scarcely hold back the tears. Think I will stop for the night. Evidently Mother was in part of the meeting with me.

It is now Monday morning and I am trying to get some reading and studying done. I picked up two negro men this morning and had them help me move that bed back to the attic. Dr. Crowe's assistant is coming out to look over the situation and I want the room to be in good condition when he sees it.

I heard something interesting the other day. About three weeks ago I went over one night to call on Miss Mary Lou Tucker. A Mrs. Schewel, a Jewess, was also there. Of course I spoke in the most confident manner that I knew I would be with Mother in Heaven and that I would know her and rejoice in her companionship again. Courtney McGregor told me that this Jewess was astonished and some what upset by my confidence. I hope it will do her good. I wish I could have a talk with her. I took the negroes who moved the bed on to the Boonsboro Golf course. Of course I asked them about their relationship with the Lord. They both assure me that they were all right. They certainly did not smell like it. To tell the truth I was a little afraid of them and kept on my guard all of the time they were here. When they got out at Boonsboro they asked me to pray for them. I said, "We will do that right now William and Helen, Thom. and Betty, Margaret and I will see you at Peaks on Friday afternoon. Will certainly be glad to see you again. This letter is long enough. Will not inflict any more on you. Devotedly,