

Document #1

Recently the Lord got my attention by John 15:7-8, which says, *“If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: and so, shall ye be my disciples.”*

For years, I was thinking that he was saying, that if I were abiding in Him, and His Word, abiding in me—His logos – the scriptures – the written word – then He made me aware that He says, “His words” = His rhema – His “now” words, His spoken words.

So, I began to remember a number of significant rhema words, that had been spoken to me by various servants of God, in different places at different times. So, I recount them now, believing that these are His words that are to abide in me -- so that I might be his disciple who bears much fruit to glorify the Father.

I. Sometime in the early 1980s a man, Gary Hess, who lived in Ohio, received a word from the Lord for a man in Nashville, Tennessee. But he did not know anyone in Nashville. He knew a godly woman in Western Kentucky whom he thought might know someone in Nashville. He called that sister and asked if she knew some dedicated Christians in Nashville. That sister gave the name of Sue Ellen Cole in Nashville and her phone number. Gary called her and told her that God has given him a word for a man in Nashville, whose name he didn't know. But he said that the word is for a man with white hair who lives in a fairly large house, in fairly large yard, and who has a piano in his house. Sue Ellen said, “that is Frank Gill” and gave Gary my phone number. He called me and said that he had a word of God for me and wanted to make an appointment to visit me. We agreed to meet at my house on a Friday morning at 10 o'clock (I think it was a Friday) because it was an unusual happening, a number of people came to our house for that time. I'm sure Sue Ellen was there, and Ron and Janet and Donald, and probably one or two more. Gary and his wife arrived and an older couple (serious Believers) from Northern Indiana who had driven through some night hours to be present.

Gary let us know that he was a man of God who got *words of knowledge* from the Lord. He said that the Lord had given him a word for me. It was that the Lord was going to give Nashville to me – every place that I put my foot down. He had us get a map of Nashville and lay it on the floor. He asked me to step on the map from end into another, and that the Lord's will give it to me. He and his wife prayed for me to receive what the Lord was offering to me. The sister who came from Indiana, with her husband, had a strong word of confirmation for me.

I humbly submitted to what was being ministered to me in the name of the Lord. I think that all of those present gathered to lay hands on me praying for the fulfillment of what had been shared.

II. Subsequently, on several other occasions, similar other words were spoken over me by a number of significant servants of God. Several of us from Nashville went to Baton Rouge, Louisiana for a conference about (small groups) at a church which had been moving in that mode

for some time. The special principal minister was from a church in Singapore, which was experiencing much growth by a small group. At the close of the session, probably on the last day, people were invited to come for a word of prayer. A significant number responded, responded and formed a group in a semicircle around the elevated platform. This pastor began to speak over or pray for various people. I was in the part of the group in front of the stage while the pastor was focused on those on his left side. I asked the Lord that if he had a word for me to have the pastor come over this way and speak to me. Right away that is what happened. The brother pointed me out and spoke a word which I cannot recall verbatim. But essentially it was a confirmation of what Gary Hess had spoken of me – that God – would give me my city period.

III. In Nashville, there was an invitation to a meeting of Christ Church Old Hickory Boulevard where Reinhard Bonnke lead intercessor (a strong woman of God) would be speaking. After her speech the invitation was given for people in ministry to come up for prayer. On that large stage a group of approximately 25 servants of God formed a semi-circle around the ministering sister. Viewing from the front the semicircle which began on the left side at about eight o'clock, with her in the middle and circled around 12 o'clock and around 4 o'clock positions. As I was standing at about 2 o'clock. This woman of God began ministering to us at eight o'clock at the eight o'clock position – moving from person to person clockwise. When she came to me, she whispered to me that she was not ignoring me, but that she would return to me. After completing the semicircle, she came back to me and spoke over essentially the same word I had received from Gary Hess, and the pastor from Singapore. I was surprised and humbled by what had happened, and through whom the Lord had done it.

IV: A few years later, I went in a group with Ted Bell to a conference in Buenos Aires, Argentina with Harvest International. During the time there I was in a group of about 100 people for a time of sharing and prayer. While I was standing at the rear of the group when Cindy Jacobs was ministering upfront, she pointed back at me and asked if I was from Nashville. She spoke that God's hand was on me and that he will use me in a significant way in Nashville, or give me the city or something similar.

V. Then, more recently, someone informed me that we that they were some meetings in a small room, at Christ's Church Old Hickory Boulevard by a woman of God whom I did not know and don't know her name. My wife and I attended that night. About 50 or 60 people were there – about three or four of them who knew me. During her time of sharing, she pointed to me (sitting about three or four rows back) and spoke confirming words about who I was as a man of God. And saying that the Lord would use me in a kingdom way in Nashville. So, one more time a word of the Lord -- through someone unknown to me, brought me to tears. These have been humbling experiences for me.

Recently, the Lord has reminded me of the scripture which says, *“If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, you will ask what you desire and it shall be done for you.” John 15:7.*

For years, I had thought that he was saying that if I would abide in Him and His scriptures abide in me that I would have a fruitful prayer life. Recently he got my attention and let me see and know that He says that if I abide in Him and His words (rhema) abide in me. The personal words (rhema) abide in me! So, I was called to recall these rhema words he had spoken to me and keep them on my heart, and He would answer the prayers that I have prayed.

Consequently, He reminded me that I have prayed all over Nashville for these many years – probably in more places and with more people than anyone else for more than 30 years.

These are the ways and times that I have set my feet down in the territories of Nashville. Times, places, and with people – praying for the power of God to move in Nashville – revival and harvest. Frank, Larry, Ron and Meredith for 10 years.

- Frank, Gerald, Charlie G, David, P. Hodges, W. Bratcher, L. Hite in my house. (3 years)
- Pastor's meetings – seven years at "Corner Room". Tuesday, every week at different churches (1 year)
- 1989 F. Fraugipanc – Weekly Prayer Groups:
 - Monday - Lakeview Baptist (3 years) Mt. Juliet.
 - Tuesday – Belmont (5 years) Music Row.
 - Wednesday - HOB (15 years) East Nashville.
 - Thursday - Bethal/St. (2 to 3 years) Brentwood.
- J. Freeman. (5 years) Nashville Baptist Association.
- "When we Pray". Ryman Auditorium and other places. Stouffer Hotel, top floor.
- Caleb Quarters "Cup" Reconciliation Prayer/Adebanjo. First floor.
- Women's Aglow (3 years)
- Sarah Lowe Prayer at Lifeway (1 year)
- Jack and Lea Brown. Capital, (1 year) War Memorial Legislation Plaza.
- Madison/Steve Farless (4 years)
- Woodcock (5 years)
- Lockland Baptist (1 year)
- "Brother Andrew" – different churches. American Baptist College.
- First Baptist Cape Hill (several months)
- Bi-Centennial Park
- Grace Community and Joelton.
- Davidson County Jails (12 years)
- Franklin Prayer On The Square (2 years) every Friday morning in Franklin Square

Not that it would ever be known publicly that God has "given me Nashville", but that, indeed, God has given "to me" what I have been asking Him to do in this city. To Jesus be the glory He deserves for His kingdom coming and His will being done in Nashville.

Document #2
Transitions to Louisville and Our Time There

After about two years of trying to serve the small, but one of the two oldest Churches of Christ in Abilene – where there was a Church of Christ College, and 50 other churches, none of which would fellowship with us – we were awaiting the Lord to grant us a change. The possibilities of moving to Louisville were welcomed by Pat, who, after ample exposure to West Texas, had now changed her attitude about living in the hometown of her childhood.

First, there was the invitation to speak at Jefferson St. C of C and consider accepting the ministry. So, I made a trip to test those waters. On the Sunday I spoke there, I had my first acquaintance with Herman Fox, Jr., who was a young man also under consideration for that position (you'll meet up with him again). The Lord gave no leading toward that possibility. However, another Louisville opportunity presented itself – that of serving as Assistant Minister at Pat's Home Church, Portland Avenue, C of C, and managing the Word and Work Bookstore. As we prayed, we felt enough confirmation to accept this offer, and we're making plans to move back to familiar surroundings by the beginning of 1957.

Pat was well into her second pregnancy – the first having terminated at six months, with our little Elam being taken from the womb to the arms of Jesus. She was finishing her 13 months of employment at Citizens National Bank – where she received three bonuses of an extra month salary during that time. (16 months' pay for 13 months isn't bad). "Aunt Addie" gave her a baby shower, inviting the ladies and girls from the church. Nice gifts for "the expected" were received. Neva Bonine gave her the nicest bassinet we had ever seen – a hand-me-down from her two boys.

As we prayed about the move, some of the places that emerged were the following. We would live in the upstairs apartment at 3826 Northwest Parkway which Laurie and Buddy had just vacated to move into the new house they had built. I would move our stuff in a rented trailer and Pat would make the trip by train for the safety of the baby since she had lost the first one. We would sell the gas range in the apartment to the church and get an electric one for our Louisville apartment. Pat saw that D & W Appliances advertised a General Electric full-size range for \$100, so we bought it. (Made in Louisville) and shipped it back by train, as we did our washer/dryer set.

The last Sunday there, found us taking pictures of the church service and the people on our 8mm movie camera and saying our goodbyes. Two and a half years there had been filled with many happy experiences that produced loving relationships. We had matured some and grown in our own relationship.

Almost before we knew it, I was on the road towing our stuff behind our 1952 Oldsmobile as Ray Cavant accompanied me -- on the way back to SCC in Winchester, Kentucky. "Aunt Addie", I think, told Pat to catch her train for the long, but safe, ride to Kentucky, where I met her as she disembarked at the station in Guthrie. Her smile was not only her response to seeing my face, but her joy of becoming a Kentucky resident again. After driving onto Louisville

from Allensville, we soon had moved into that quaint little apartment which was nicely appointed with our furniture. Soon I was doing days at the bookstore and trying to be helpful as an assistant to brother C. B. Wilson, who was beginning his ministry at Portland.

After Brother Boll “went home” the church had prayed for months desiring to know the Lord's choice of the man to carry on that ministry. Ultimately, they had come to believe that this choice was Brother Wilson, an elder in the church and an executive at the Peasley-Gaulbert Corporation. At the insistence of the church and after seeking Godly counsel and bathing the decision in prayer, he had humbly and reluctantly accepted the call. This was a very difficult transition for this good man, but with the strong support of his godly wife, Alexia, he gave himself fully to what he believed the Lord had called him.

J.R. Clark was minister at the Ormsby Avenue, C of C and had become editor of the Word and Work magazine when Brother Boll died. Also, he was in charge of the bookstore where I was working. He was very gracious to me during my tenure there.

As the time for our baby's birth approached, I began having trouble with a wisdom tooth, which previously had bothered me several times. However, this time instead of getting relief after several days, I was experiencing increased pain until the day came that I told Pat “I cannot endure another day without relief”. She called her mother who made an immediate appointment for me with her dentist. When Dr. Beck x-rayed my tooth, he said that he would not touch it and sent me to an oral surgeon across town. Immediately upon my arrival, Dr. Richard Herd, put me in the chair and after the sodium pentothal began the extraction using crazy gas to keep me under. When it was over he gave me a prescription for pain medicine, which I told him I didn't need. Also, he suggested that my wife should drive me home, which I didn't think necessary.

But as Pat steered us back toward West End the pain set in, and before long I was crying for her to find a drugstore quickly. When she did, we went in to fill the prescription. It seemed that it took her forever to return with what I hoped might be blessed relief. She took me to mama's house and to bed where I began to relax as the medication took effect. Then for almost two hours I was a Class-A motor mouth – the effects of the crazy gas I suppose.

Next on our agenda was the delivery of our little one who was conceived in Texas, but born a native Kentuckian. On the night of June 7, we took a long walk all the way down to Uncle Victor's and Aunt Clara's – for the joy of an evening walk together and in hopes of hastening the delivery of our long awaited little one. It must have worked because labor began during the night and in the wee hours of the morning, we were preparing to leave for the hospital. Picking it up mama, we drove to North Memorial where Richard Winston made his appearance at that morning.

In those days, “dad” was treated as a non-person, so I did not see my son until mama and I peered at him via the plate-glass window in the nursery, since he was our first – besides little Elam whom we did not see -- I was not accustomed to beholding newborns. His cone shaped head and accompanying features made me declare to mama, “he is so ugly”, to which she replied, “just give him two or three days and he'll look beautiful.” I said, “two or three days can't do that much.” Thankfully, she won that debate hands down. By the time we shuttled him home

from the hospital, I thought he was the prettiest thing that ever came down the road in a very long time.

What a joy it was to help take care of that little man. Even though he was breastfed, I would get up in the middle of the night to get him when he cried, change his diaper, and give him to his mother to do what I wasn't equipped to do. When he was satisfied and back to sleep, I would put him back in his crib. There were many nights when I was typing, and he would wake up and cry when he didn't need feeding. I would take him and lay him across my knees while I typed. The sound of the keys and my knee action pacified him wonderfully.

Having saved up about \$1,500, I began thinking about buying a house. Though we didn't do much looking, somehow, we saw this little blockhouse in a neat private setting on Blackiston Road in Indiana. Mama and Papa went with us to see it. It had four rooms and a basement and needed work, but the price was about all we could afford. So, we bought it for \$7,200 and began painting and papering and doing the bath with plastic tile. The house set back a good distance from the road with a 20-acre woods on one side and a six acre wooded lot on the other. The little screened/glassed-in front porch was a neat setting for morning devotions during the warmer season. We were thankful to have our own place, as simple as it was.

Soon after moving in we were invited my youngest sister, Frances, to come live with us and work in Louisville, she had finished her two years of college at SCC. Pat went with her to Louisville Gas and Electric to apply for a job and where she began work immediately. She would ride into Louisville with me in the mornings and get a bus back in the evenings. This was a significant thing in her life because on the job she met Glenn Knaver who began dating her, and in due time I was asked to do the wedding ceremony for them.

Our time in Louisville was pleasant and rewarding. It gave us opportunity to have enjoyable social life with relatives and Christian friends, both old and new. At that juncture in my life, the spirit was doing a significant work in my heart. Especially in the matter of prayer, I felt like he used two things in particular to move me into a deeper prayer life. One was a book he had put in my life and titled, *Power Through Prayer*, by E.M. Bounds. It was both convicting and challenging. The other instrument was a couple of young men, Herman Fox and Alex Wilson, who, probably more than once kind of came to the bookstore, where I worked and said, "let's have some prayer time." As we would go into the back room, and hit our knees, again I would find myself both convicted and challenged. I sensed that I did not know the Lord as intimately as they did, nor could I pray the way they prayed. But rather than backing off, I responded to the challenge to press on. Consequently, some real growth took place in my spiritual life, especially in the realm of prayer.

One of the joys and greater blessings in our ministry, there was the privilege of knowing Cecil and Violet Thompson, and seeing the grace of God work in their lives. The Lord graced us with the privilege of leading Cecil to Himself and disciplining them in the new life. There were memorable times together with him in their home and ours and witnessing to others as well. This relationship continued after leaving Louisville.

Harold Preston was one of the fellows I roomed with during my first year at school in the

Portland Church setting. Later, he and his family had lived in Parksville, Kentucky, for several years, where he served as Minister of the Parksville Christian Church. Since they had left that assignment to go as missionaries to the Philippines, the church was looking for another minister. Somehow, they contacted me about that possibility. Pat and I agreed to drive there for morning and evening meetings on Sundays. The 80-mile drive on Sunday mornings were enjoyable except for the fact that.

Document #3

From September 1954 . . .

Having been so clearly led of the Lord to go to Abilene was great assurance for our being there for the next two and a half years because there were some things that were difficult as well as some encouragements.

Several things made it hard for my bride. I guess that the number one trial for her, and one that would never change, was the typography and the weather. The weather was very hot in the summer, but there was some relief from that by air conditioning—much of which was done there in the 1950's by water-evaporating units such as we had both in our apartment and in the church building. But an unchangeable circumstance that was most grievous for her was the typography—the rugged semi-arid terrain including what she called “corroded” hills. The vegetation was mostly scrub mesquite trees. Lakes and streams were scarce or non-existent. Since she loved the looks of things in KY and TN such as hills and valleys, lakes and streams, big beautiful trees, green grass and wild flowers all with beautiful and corroded state and national parks, she found it almost traumatic to transition to West Texas.

For an example, when a certain summer holiday came along she had dreams of taking a delightful picnic in an attractive park as she had been accustomed to doing with her family during her years at home. On the eve of the holiday we were at the Hager's house and since she had not seen such a park in Abilene or anywhere in the surrounding area, she was asking them where we might make such a discovery. They told us that Cisco Lake was the place, assuring us that it was a big, beautiful lake with a great picnic area with plenty of grass and trees as well as picnic tables. However, Clarence Hagar also told us that his brother lived way down in the country by a creek that had trees etc., saying that we might go there and take them along to spend the day. Fantasizing about that enchanting setting, Pat kept urging me to agree to taking that outing with them and got almost angry because I didn't make those plans. Knowing the disappointment which actuality would bring her, and that we would be stuck for the day having taken the Hager's along, I was only waiting till we headed to the house to explain why I would not seal the deal.

So, the following day found us heading east on US 80 with our picnic basket and Pat's delightful anticipation of re-living the joys of past picnics in Spring Mill Park in beautiful Southern Indiana. The 50 miles were soon behind us and we entered the park at Cisco Lake. To her stunning dismay we surveyed what lay before us, a miniature man-made lake, with a small area of Bermuda grass (that maintained a semblance of green because it was watered from time to time). And a few dwarf trees with spindling, white-washed trunks. Completing the picnic area were several less-than-sturdy picnic tables. After a bit of stunned silence, my beloved said, “Let's go home, I can't picnic here”. So, after retracing our 50-mile trek, we shared the delightful lunch which she had so excitedly prepared early that morning on our kitchen table. I guess the way to say it is “you can get the girl out of KY but you can't get the KY out of the girl”.

Another, and probably more significant hurdle for my not-quite eighteen-year-old bride was that she had to cope with how to fit in with our youth-group. Though she was the pastor's wife she was in their age-group. Besides that, I had spent the summer there doing everything with the teens—miniature golf every Sunday and Wednesday nights after church, croquet and volley ball on the church lawn every Thursday night, church youth Bible study in the various homes of the young people on Monday nights. I was picking them up and delivering them to their homes. How did she work this? It wasn't easy for sure.

As the years passed I realized another more important factor that made it hard for that young lady. Not only did I "rob the cradle" age-wise but she was also a brand-new Christian. Even though she had been raised in a Christian home and a very good church (also attending their Christian School for several years)—all of which was of tremendous value and a great investment in her future life and walk with the Lord—she had been born again only 4 ½ months when we said our wedding vows. Now here she was committed to a young zealot who had a serious commitment to the will of God for his life and deep convictions which were not her own at that time. While I realized I was not as gentle with her as I might have been, I do thank the Lord for wisdom he gave me in some significant situations.

One obvious example of this had to do with the reading of books. During her high school years one of her hobbies was reading novels. So naturally during the early weeks of our marriage she was going to the library, checking out novels to read. Being who I was, I asked why she was reading these books, to which she replied, "There's nothing wrong with them; they are just good entertainment." By the grace of God, my response was, "Why don't you let me pick every other book for you and you can read anything you want to?" She agreed, and would you believe it, the first book I chose "got her"? It was a book that had been given to me several years before and had sat on the shelf for a year before I read it. But since it had impacted my life I chose "The Kneeling Christian", which, obviously is about prayer. It changed her life and she quit going to the public library for reading material. Over the years she has read hundreds of Christian books and has literally worn out some books which have been all but memorized by her. One such book is "Rees Howell's, Intercessor". All of Corrie Ten Boom's and everything that Ruth Graham ever wrote have been constant companions.

But there is a further story to "The Kneeling Christian". Because it so affected her life, she bought two or three copies to share with others. One of these went to his sister, Aliene, sixteen years her senior, the mother of four and a Christian who was active in her church. Later we would learn what God was doing with that mother. Aliene said that when she received the book she was greatly offended, thinking that "Frank and Pat think they are more spiritual than I." So, she was determined that she would not read the book. Shortly, however, she realized that we would be coming to Louisville Christmas. Certain that we would ask how she liked the book, she thought that left her with two options: either tell us how she felt or read the book in self-defense. She chose the second option and, you guessed it, the book changed her life.

The change in Aliene's life was so profound that when she and Alton, with their children, moved to Nashville a few years later, the blessing through that book changed many more lives. They used that move as an opportunity to break with the Church of Christ and joined Belmont Heights Baptist Church, which was one of the largest Baptist churches in Nashville at that time.

Being the gregarious person that she is, as well as being beautiful and loving, Aliene was quietly accepted, loved, and placed in service there. About a year later, she was invited to speak to the regional gathering of the WMU of the Southern Baptists when she ministered to hundreds of ladies. She shared with them her testimony of having received the book, “The Kneeling Christian” from Pat, her initial reaction, her choosing to read it in self-defense and ultimately how it had changed her life. She said that the Baptist Bookstore could not keep that book on the shelves, so great was the demand. Also, she said that about fifteen years later, she ran across some lady who told her that her sharing that day and subsequently, the book had changed her life. How much does God have in purpose in some of the seemingly simple, personal things in our lives? When connection, and obedience are involved the consequences can be far reaching. Praise His Name!

So you can see, that young lady the Lord gave me was more than a cook, a housekeeper, and a bed-partner. She was a wonderful disciple. Since that day she has been faithful in the Scripture, good books, and intercession.

Speaking of cooking and housekeeping, Pat has been very domestic from day one. Previously I have mentioned how she planned and prepared meals for the brief visit I made to Louisville, after receiving her letter that answered my prayer about who God wanted to be my spouse. Also, I spoke about her wanting an efficiency during our honeymoon in the Smokies so she could treat me to her cooking. Now in Abilene she “played house”, as I have often said, cooking delightful meals and serving them with her wedding china and crystal—always of course, wanting to hear my approval.

From the previous account it is apparent that we did not have much time to really get acquainted before our wedding, so it fell our lot to more fully fall in love after landing in Abilene. One of God’s graces to us was our evening walks together. They afforded us a break from the activities with the youth group, the young adults Tuesday night class and the regular church services. For much of the year in West Texas the days were hot. And the sun very bright, but the nights were cooler and the sky beautiful which made for an inviting time for walks. Since our church and apartment were not in the better part of the city, we would drive to nicer residential area to spend these special times. It was during these occasions that we did more personal sharing and dreaming together. Sayles Blvd. was one of our favorite routes to walk and there were many large two-story houses along the way. Consistently, I would point to one of these and ask my dear one if she thought that one would be large enough to hold all of our children. Though she had told me she wanted ten boys, I don’t think, either of us was projecting all nine (or ten) of ours—though I believe that we really did want all the children the Lord should choose for us.

In that context I might say here that about three months after our wedding day, we discovered that she was pregnant. She learned early on that what Mother Eve brought on herself was passed on to the other mothers-to-be. Morning sickness was her lot. During the Christmas shopping season she got a job gift-wrapping at Thornton’s Department Store which was very trying because of this difficulty.

At that Christmas time, my brother David, who was fifteen years old, came out by train to visit us and to return to Kentucky with us as we made the trip home for the holidays. At that time, it

became our custom to leave after church on Sunday night and drive straight through arriving at home in Allensville by supper time on Monday. On this occasion David relieved me at the wheel for some hours during our drive through Arkansas.

During our time at home we went to Nashville to visit my brother, Elam, who was in the Veterans Hospital in what turned out to be some of the latter days of his life on earth. When we entered his room at the hospital his bed was empty. The nurse said he was in the “the day room” and she would go get him. It was tough when I caught first glimpse of him as she helped him down the hall as he dragged one foot along. The only response we had from him during that visit was just a faint smile when he first saw me.

On February 22 of 1955, Pat and I were setting out some red climbing roses by a trellis I had made her from the slats of one of the unique old church benches, which I had painted white. While we were enjoying this little project together the phone rang. It was long-distance. Robert was calling to tell me that Elam, the brother who was 20 months younger than he and 18 months older than I, had just been released from his body which had endured three years of suffering from the brain tumor and radiation treatments. Though he had said the family didn’t think we need to make the long trip, Pat and I knew that it would forever be important to us to join the family for such a time as this. So back to KY we went, glad to be with family and friends at the visitation in the family home where so many memories had been built and to shed tears at the funeral in the church where he and I made our all-important decisions to follow Jesus!

Back in Abilene we continued our routine ministry but one significant happening would not tell its friend tale till years later! Since our apartment was adjacent to the church building, many people who needed help or were looking for hand-outs could find us. It seemed like most all of these who thus beat a path to our door were strictly con-people, there was one person who was to become very special to us. It was a Saturday afternoon in the spring of 1955 that he knocked at our door even then he seemed different from our other anonymous callers. This man, about forty years old, was handsome, well-groomed, and very courteous. When I invited him in he sat in our living room and told us his story. Originally, he was from Paris, TN and for some years had worked as a brakeman on the L & N Railroad between Paris and Bowling Green and so had passed through Allensville (my home town) hundreds of times. He had married a girl from Vernon TX, whom he had met while visiting his uncle who was a C of C preacher there. After living in Paris, TN for some time they had moved to West Falls, TX where he had worked at the RR and also as a car salesman. He and his wife and daughter had been in a serious car accident and subsequently his wife had divorced him. He had pictures of her and his beautiful teen-aged daughter and I could talk of nothing else that wanting them back.

He had come from TN to W. Falls to implore her to take him back. She had refused and he had spent his last money to buy a bus ticket to Detroit to go there to work in the automobile industry. He said that the further he went the more he knew that if he went to Detroit he’d probably never see them again. So, getting off the bus in Ft. South, Ark., he cashed in his ticket and bought one to Abilene, thinking it would be a good place to start all over. His reasons for choosing Abilene were, it was only 150 miles from W. Falls, it had three Christian Colleges, and it was a dry town.

He said that with the left-over money from his bus ticket he had gotten a room in a cheap hotel downtown but now the rent had run out and he still did not have a job. So, he just needed a place to stay till he could get employment and some income. Consequently, I handed him my car keys and told him to go get his stuff and move into our very crude extra room—which he did.

Some people at church were worried about our having taken a stranger into our house, as he was at church with us Sunday am and pm. Monday, he got a job as a new-car salesman for Fred Hughes Dodge-Plymouth Dealer. By Wednesday morning he had a demonstrator—a brand new '55 Plymouth, where upon he came by and told me “I am heading for W. Falls—though you don't need to tell anyone--and I'll be back about mid-night.

When we went to call him for breakfast the next morning, he was not in his room. Soon the phone rang and it was Fred asking me if Graham Hughes was there. When I said “no” he wanted to know where he was. When I said that he had not come home last night he said, “But he has one of my cars.” Within a few minutes he and an associate were at my house asking me how long I had known Graham. “Since Sat. afternoon” was not a very encouraging answer to him. I told him about his obsession with his ex-wife and his daughter and his frustrated attempt at reconciliation and that I imagined that he went to W. Falls the day before but did not know he had not returned.

About 10:30 a.m. another call came—this one from Graham who told me he had been to W. Falls. to see Zona and she had turned him down again and that on his way back the car (a brand-new Plymouth) had thrown a rod. He said he had waited in Munday, TX, till the garage opened, had the car fixed and continued toward home. Ten miles down the road it threw the rod again. So, he had called Mr. Hughes and told him where he could find his car and wanted Pat and me to get his things and come to Haskell to get him and take him back to W. Falls. This we did, meeting him at a tavern in Haskell and finding that he had been drinking.

Though he had lived in W. Falls for a number of years, the place he had us drop off his suitcase was a liquor store on the outskirts of the city. We drove him to Zona's garage apartment where we met her and their daughter, Shirley. Zona did not seem happy to have him re-appear so soon. Before we drove away Graham walked up to my car window and said, “Frank, I know something like this will never happen to you.”

Though I never tried to find out from Fred Hughes, I assumed that when he was turned down by his Ex. that Graham got drunk and consequently wrecked the car on his return toward Abilene. But I never forgot that dear man. He became a subject of prayer for eighteen years. It was my desire to see him again and share with him what Jesus could do for him.

Seven years later when I was visiting the home place, I went to Greenbrier TN, to see his sister and brother-in-law who had owned the Dept. Store. Learning where they lived, I visited them to learn of the whereabouts of Graham. They said he had come back there, lived in a trailer in his mother's backyard and drunk heavily—at times staying drunk in the trailer for a month at a time. They said he had had surgery, clipping of nerves in his neck to relieve constant pain he had suffered from the car accident in TN. This surgery, had left his head pulled to one side. At this time, he was working as a short-order cook at Woody's Restaurant in Madison and had a room

on Neely's Bend in a Mrs. Markham's house.

Being who I am I went there one day to find this man who was always on my heart and in my prayers. When I knocked on the door Mrs. Markham invited me in. She said that Graham was there but had not gotten up yet. She went to his room to all him, stayed for several minutes then returned saying the he was not in there. She said he must have left when she was in the back yard. She very kindly took me to Shoney's since he often ate breakfast there and to several other places in Madison where she said he might have been. She told me that he goes to work at 3 p.m. So, I decided to wait around till that time to catch him where he came to work. Later I checked back with her at the house and she told me he had called from Nashville saying he had gone downtown to take care of some business. At about 2:45 I went to Woody's and waited until about 3:30, but still no Graham. Remembering that he had borrowed \$10 from me in Abilene, I deduced that he really had been in his room, but that when Mrs. Markham told him who was calling that his first thought was that I wanted to collect. Thus, he made a "no-show".

Still, I could not forget nor did I quit praying for Graham Pfluger. Years later, after Bible College in S.C. and mission work in Mexico, youth ministry in Allensville, I was now living in Nashville, TN. Finding his sister and brother-in-law, who had moved, I learned that he was not living in Greenbrier in the same house where they had previously lived. So, in 1973, I stopped by that house, knocked and entered at the side door. I asked the lady in the kitchen, who I soon learned was his second wife, if Graham was there. Saying "yes", she called him. As he came in the kitchen, I said, "Graham, do you know who this is?" He asked, "Who?" when I replied, "Frank Gill", he said well Frank come in here to the living room. Before we could be seated he threw two \$5 bills on the coffee table, saying "I owe you \$10, don't I?" I said "Brother, I don't want the money; I would give \$10 more just to talk to you." I told him that I had prayed for him for 18 years, and just wanted to know if he really knew Jesus and had Him in his life. He said, "Yes, I don't think I could have made it without him". We rejoiced, shared and prayed together. What a reunion!

Graham had joined AA and gotten off the bottle and in ---- was working in the office for A. A. He had married a woman who was very good to him. Though we didn't stay in close touch then we did speak over the phone several times. Later, his granddaughter and her husband came to our church for a brief time. She had been saved at the Lords Chapel after coming there as a test-case to see how they would treat a true rebel—dressed as provocatively as possible. They had loved her and led her to Jesus.

In the early 90's, I began seeing Graham on a semi-regular basis. My visits with him are a mutual blessing. He has grown much in the Lord and we enjoy fellowship and prayer together. He says that I am the best friend he has. Sometime ago I told him that should he leave here before I do, I would like to share some at his funeral. The next day he put that request in his private papers. Long story with a wonderful ending!

Another happening with some important consequences was, that Pat and I, along with some youth from our church attended meetings in W. Falls where Bro. Boll, from Louisville, was ministering. During the first week when we drove the 150 miles to be there, Bro. Bolls treated Pat and me to a room and breakfast at a downtown hotel. The next week we went up for a

meeting and came home the same night. Our meeting the people of Fourth St. Church of Christ there would play a significant part in our lives. The following year when Bro. Boll was packed to come to TX for meetings he suffered a heart attack, was hospitalized, and soon was absent from the body and at home with the Lord.

After Bro. Boll, who for eleven years had been having annual 15-day meetings at Fourth St. Church dear people began asking me to come do those meetings for them. If there were any shoes too big for my little feet to fill they were those of our beloved departed. But subsequently you will read more about God's purpose in this very important contact in our lives.

Now back to our first year of marriage and our first pregnancy. Bro. Howard Marsh, minister of the C of C in Sellersburg, Indiana and in whose home, I had spent my last year of school in Louisville—the year I dated Pat for three months—invited me to preach their youth revival in June. So, here we go on our third trip back to KY since our wedding nine months before. Two of our young people, Ray Canant and Rita Hagar, made the trip with us. We stayed with Mama and Papa M'berg in Louisville while having the night meetings in Sellersburg. One day during that week we drove to Winchester, KY to visit Kentucky Bible College, which had moved from Louisville to Winchester where they were just finishing up their first year there. Fortunately, MaMa had gone with us, because Pat, now 6 mos. pregnant, became ill, with a high fever. Someone at the school called Dr. Reynolds who came and checked her and gave her some medicine. Lady Brown, who was dorm-mother for the girls, gave Pat a room and her mother stayed with her as I returned to preach at Sellersburg that night, with plans to come back to bring them home the following day.

However, about 3 o'clock in the morning I received a call saying that Pat was worse and that they had taken her to the hospital. So, the next couple of hours, found me speeding along Hwy 60 East, praying all the way. I stopped in Lexington long enough to call Fannie Blaine Harris to ask her to pray for us. Arriving in Winchester I was saddened to learn that Pat had delivered and that it was still-born. Some hugs, tears, and prayers followed. The Doctor thought our empty armed mother was going to recover all right. So that left me with the responsibility of the funeral and burial arrangements. The funeral home was gracious to charge us only \$25. We secured a burial site in the cemetery. Bro. Frank Mullins, one of my favorite ministers, was available to speak appropriate and meaningful words to the number of family and Christian friends who gathered at the grave side. At Pat's suggestion, we named our little first-born son, we never got to hold in our arms, Elam Cato Gill, for his uncle who had preceded him to heaven by less than five months.

In spite of the unexpected trial, the Lord blessed my week of ministry in the youth revival. I was assured twenty-one years later when Dave Collier, Larry Napier and I were in Dallas, Texas. I phoned Ben and Linda Rake who were ministering at a C of C there. Though it was late at night they invited us to come to their house for fellowship. During the sharing, Linda who grew up in Sellersburg, told me that the youth revival I preached there was the best one they ever had, saying she remembered the very words I said after losing the baby. When I asked her how old she was at the time, she wanted to know what year it was when I was there. Hearing that it was 1955, she said, "I was eleven years old". Then I realized that to her it was the best youth revival they ever had because of what the Lord had done in her life at that time.

Because of what Pat had been through we knew it would not be good for her to make that return to Texas by automobile so soon afterwards. So, while she stayed in Louisville with her parents, I returned to Abilene and delivered Ray and Rita to their parents.

In due time she came by plane to Love Field in Dallas where I met her. It seems that we spent a night in a motel before driving on home. Our memory-building time during our stay in Texas was occasioned by a surprise visit from my mother and father. They showed up at our place and spent a Sunday with us and in our meetings, in our church which my mother had attended some during her days at Abilene Christian College over 30 years earlier. Then they invited us to join them on a visit to Daddy's cousin, Wallace Steele and his family in the Panhandle. Wallace and Fern had a large ranch where they lived in the main house and their son John and his family lived in a smaller house near theirs. John had two young boys. Besides getting acquainted with new relatives, enjoying meals with them, along with good conversations, we were blessed with that was for us a unique experience. After supper they took us out on the ranch in the pickup and let us shoot at jack rabbits—I say shoot at because I don't remember whether or not we killed any. They could be destructive to their crops so it was, for them, more than just a sport. Pat thoroughly enjoyed that jaunt and experienced a part of Texas that was more to her liking.

The fall after losing our first baby, Pat wanted to get a job, thinking it would be nice to work out of the home some before another baby. She asked me how she should go about looking for work. I said to ask the Lord what he wanted her to do. Her response was, "What do you think he will do, drop a note out of heaven?" "Well, He could, but might answer another way" I said. So, we prayed and asked Him to show her if He wanted her to have a job. Almost immediately, she had a phone call, since our phone was an extension of the church phone. The wife of the coach at Abilene Christian College, North was asking if there might be a woman in our church she would like to keep her two little girls in their own home five days a week since she also taught P.E. at the college. Pat told her that she thought she would like the job, and we went to their home to get acquainted and immediately Pat was at work—not a note, just a phone call!

Soon, they learned that we were in the wrong C of C and were actually fearful that our "heresies" might negatively affect their two small girls who were about three-years and one-year old. So, after a couple of months we came to see that they really were "Nuts", so, Pat was praying for His next assignment. One of the girls at church had begun working in the proof-department at The Citizen's National Bank and liked it. With her encouragement, Pat applied for work there and was accepted. Her first day there was a Friday and the last day in the old building. Since that first day at a brand-new job was rather frustrating. She rented an adding machine and with our cancelled checks, practiced for her job all week end. The following Monday morning she went to her job in the bank's very beautiful new building and with some ease began doing her job well.

While most of the time she was working in the proof department, she did have some variety in her assignments. For a while she worked as the "pick-up girl" which rather than what it might have meant on the street was something she was chosen for probably because she was a preacher's wife. They wanted a trustworthy person to pick up the deposits from the teller's cages, including the drive-in tellers, and deliver them to the proof department.

One amusing incident happened in connection with one of her temporary assignments at work. Just out of her own curiosity she began relieving the switchboard operators on their lunch breaks. She enjoyed learning to work the switchboard and thought it fun to accept and relay the calls for an hour each day. But because she had learned the job she was asked to fill in for one of the girls who took her week vacation. Eight hours a day at the switchboard was a little overwhelming for this novice who had only done one-hour stints.

So, during that week after she had had a stressful day at the switch board, we were having our usual evening devotions together about 9 pm before retiring. As was our custom, we sat on the couch and read a chapter of Scripture together then knelt by the couch for prayers. Holding her hand, I prayed first and after my "Amen" waited for her to pray. After a short delay I squeezed her hand and she began by saying, "Good afternoon, Citizens National Bank" which broke up our prayer time with hilarious laughter.

Her working at the bank was a good and encouraging experience for her. Also, we were blessed by the provision since her week's salary was equal to mine—except that I also received the apartment and utilities as well. But since she began the work there in November and worked till December the following year, she received three month's pay extra. Every Christmas and also in June the bank would give their employees a bonus of a month's pay, so she received two Christmas bonuses and one June bonus during her thirteen-month stay. In addition, the insurance she had paid for the baby she conceived during that tenure.

During that summer of 1956, she thought she was ready to go for another baby and began praying that she might get pregnant in September which she did--and which we subsequently found out was not really hard for her to do. Morning sickness has consistently been her lot, and this made it hard for her on the job. But she hung in there till Christmas when she terminated her work there because we would be moving back to Louisville.

When we married she had thought she would never want to live in Louisville again. But two and a half years of West Texas had changed her thoughts about that. Being 2000 miles from home had been a lesson to these two KY kids. The distance between us and our families had been a plus in our relationship and our spiritual growth. But now we were leaving some very dear friends and taking with us many special memories as we headed back to our Old KY Home.

Since Pat was about three and a half months pregnant when we were ready to move, "Aunt Addie", who was so good to us (and the youth group as well) gave her a baby shower before leaving. So, among the other things we had to move was the beginning of our new baby's layette. Also, since she had lost little Elam on our trip to KY, we decided that she should take the trip by train. I would rent a trailer to move our stuff in. One unusual thing related to moving our stuff had to do with our kitchen range. When we came to Abilene, the apartment had one of those antique gas ranges which stood on stilts with the oven sitting upright to the side of the surface burners. While it "worked" the oven door would not stay closed and we had to prop it closed with a broom handle. Characteristically of them, Pat's parents sent her \$100 to purchase a new gas range once they heard about the antique stove. So, as time to leave approached, we asked the elders if they would like to buy our new gas stove to keep in the apartment for the next

pastor's wife. They gave us the \$100 we had paid for it and we bought a new GE electric range at D & S Appliances Store in Abilene for our future use in KY. They made a good "trade-in" offer for any kitchen range. So, we loaded up that old friend, which had been sitting outside behind the garage and cashed it in on their generous offer and so paid almost not more than we received for our gas stove. The G.E. had been made in Louisville and we had it delivered in the crate directly to the depot and shipped it right back to Louisville from where it had come—for only \$12.

I guess I began learning my packing skills by loading the rental trailer to the hilt with our stuff, and I believe we also shipped the washer and dryer by train along with the stove.

I drove the 98-Olds, towing our stuff with Ray Canant as my companion, since he was returning for his second semester at KY Bible College. Leaving my beloved in Texas, I anticipated welcoming her at the other end of a safe trip by rail. That I did as I met her train in Guthrie, KY and we got to pay a short visit to my folks in the Old Kentucky Home that was very special to both of us.

From there it was onto Louisville where we would move into the upstairs apartment at 3826 N.W. Pkwy, which Lou and Buddy had just vacated as they moved into the new house they had built on Ashwood Dr. This was the house where Pat had spent most of her growing up years. PaPa had kept this house as a rental when he bought the one on Algonquin Pkwy. shortly before we were married. When Lou and Buddy had lived there she told of giving someone the grand tour of their apartment, saying that she just took them up the stairs into the little central hall and spun them around and said "that's it". That little hall was the living room. Toward the front of the house was the bedroom, toward the rear was the kitchen, to one side was the bath and on the other side a little study all with slanting ceilings. But it looked really good when our furnishings were moved in and we were happy to be repatriated to The Falls City and be near family. While we appreciated the blessing of setting our feet under "Hagar's Table" in Abilene, it was good to be quests at MaMa's Sunday dinner again.

Back in Louisville, I was serving as "Assistant Minister" at Portland Ave. C of C. As mentioned earlier, Bro. R.H. Boll had been promoted from over 50 years of faithful and fruitful ministry there to heaven itself. The church had waited and prayed for months to know the Lord's will about his successor. Ultimately, they asked C. V. Wilson a successful businessman and one of their elders, to pick up the mantle. After wrestling with that call, praying earnestly, and seeking counsel for some months, he had accepted that position. That transition was not easy for this dear brother who had passed the half-century mark. But with the companionship and strong support of this wonderful wife, Alexina, he was giving himself to the challenge. There were wonderful people to work with.

My other position was manager of the Word and Work Bookstore, a small Christian bookstore right down the block from the church. Bro. J.R. Clark was my boss at the Word and Work where he had run the bookstore and served as publisher of their monthly magazine of which Bro. Boll had been editor. Now Bro. Clark was both editor and publisher. So, I was running the bookstore doing the monthly mail-outs of the magazine.

During this time the Lord was doing a deeper work in this little man from rural southern KY. I was being impacted, convicted and challenged by a book entitled *The Preacher's Prayer*, by E.M. Rounds. A couple of times during these days two young men came to the bookstore and said, "Let's have some prayer time." So, we went into the work room and spent some time at the throne. Again, I was both convicted and challenged—convicted because I did not know how to pray as they did and challenged to know Him in a growing intimacy and prayer life. One of these young men was Alex Wilson, Bro. C. V. Wilson, who was now at Wheaton College. The others were Herman Fox, who had been born into the missionary family of Herman Fox, Sr. He had been baptized 9 years of age but missed Jesus and thus had become a rebel and a high-school drop-out before that was the "in thing" to do. But praying parents have a way of prevailing at the throne. Herman had gotten saved a couple of years before. This handsome, gifted young man was an on-fire Christian and a prayer. So, my morning devotions were finding me linger more fervently on my knees than ever before. Somehow the Lord was using a combination of these things to further change my life, increasingly giving me a hunger and heart-cry for revival.

As Pat's due-date drew near I ended up needing some attention more than she did. It had to do with a wisdom tooth that had bothered me periodically. It seems that about once a year it would hurt for about a week but by grinning and bearing it I would find relief and go on for months with no further problem. But this time was different. When the week was over the pain wasn't. When grinning and bearing it wasn't working, one morning I told Pat "I cannot bear one more night of this, I must get something done today". So, MaMa called her dentist, Dr. Beck, and he agreed for me to come in immediately. After taking X-rays, he said he would not touch that thing with a ten-foot-pole and that the roots were wrapped around nerves and I needed to see an oral surgeon. Since I knew none, he made an appointment for me with Dr. Richard Herd all the way across L'ville, in St. Matthews. Pat and I drove there immediately and Dr. Herd removed the culprit pronto. Of course, he had given me sodium phenetol by injection and then supplemented that with the crazy gas. Before dismissing me, he told me that my very pregnant wife needed to drive me home, to which I responded in my unfounded self-confidence that I could handle that well myself. Also, he said he was giving me a prescription for pain medicine which I tried to assure him that I would not need. Pat did sit behind the wheel for our trip home and before we arrived, I was begging her to find a drugstore quickly to get the prescription filled. That she did, but in my pain, I thought she would never return to the car with that much-longed-for relief. Finally, she did and we arrived at her parent's house when I was promptly put to bed—but sleep, I didn't. Instead, because of the lingering effects of the crazy gas, I talked incessantly for a couple of hours. I have said that I must have talked to mom in two hours than I normally did in two years.

About a week later, on the from our little abode to Uncle Victor and Aunt Clara's house where we enjoyed a short visit with them. Aunt Clara was Pa Pa's sister and her husband, Uncle Victor was Ma Ma's Brother. They had raised three sons, all of whom had become medical doctors according to Uncle Victor's "wishes". After our trek back home, we had gone to bed only to be awakened in the wee hours of the morning by contractions which indicated that our anticipated arrival was knocking at the door. So up and at it was the order of the hour. I am sure that Pat's bag had already been packed, so I guess it was a getting a bath and getting dressed as well as making the phone call to get MaMa up and moving so she could accompany us to Norton

Memorial Hospital.

Arriving in plenty of time we were dutifully cared for with all the proper procedures executed. To our delight this little one was safely delivered, alive and well. We were glad the Lord had given us another son, this one to keep and raise. Having prayed for him for months, it was now our privilege to dedicate Him to the Lord. I guess we had already settled on names for either a boy or a girl, but since he was a son, we named him Richard Winston. The Richard was for my friend from Johnson City who had spent my bachelor-summer in Abilene with me, Richard Lewis. The Winston was a family name, from my grandmother Gill's side and the middle name of my father and oldest brother.

The June weather was extremely hot and the hospital was not air-conditioned in 1957. So, the windows were opened and construction was underway outside of Pat's room around the front steps of the building. The constant noise of the jack-hammer left a lasting impression on us. Since fatherhood was new to me, I was not accustomed to looking through the nursery window at newborns. In those days fathers were not allowed to be in the delivery rooms, neither did they bring the new arrival to meet Dad. His first sight of his child was always through the plate glass window. So, as MaMa and I viewed our little Richard, with some real disappointment, I intuitively remarked about how ugly he was, to which MaMa readily replied "But he was just born, give him a day or two and he will be beautiful". I said, but a day or two cannot cure that". His head was cone-shaped and I thought he was just plain ugly. MaMa said, "But they are all like that when first born." To which I replied, "but there is one right there in the next unit that is beautiful." Anyway, to my great pleasure, she was right. Within two days that little head shaped up, and Richard was one of the cutest and prettiest little boys that I have ever known.

About a week after this exciting birth, I was preaching another youth revival at Sellersburg church but this time with a "wisdom tooth" that had not healed. Dr. Herd had not dismissed me but had me coming back for weekly appointments when they would flush out the socket and give me a penicillin shot, and told me nothing but to come back next week. This continued for about six weeks until the pain became so intense and constant that I was telling Pat that it was as severe as it was the day I had the tooth removed. It was the day of my next appointment, so in great pain, I left to drive across L-ville hoping to receive some relief at Dr. Herd's office. To my surprise and great delight, the pain was completely gone before I reached his office, where he examined me and dismissed me saying that this was the worst case he had ever seen. Not till I got back to the house with my good news did I fully understand and appreciate what had happened. I had just experienced my first "divine healing" and knew that it was a direct and immediate answer to prayer. Since I was in such intense pain when I left home, Pat called three people to join her in prayer for me: MaMa, Aunt Burr and Aliene. What wonderful grace! That was more welcomed than the pain medicine with which Pat had finally emerged from the drugstore with on the day of the extraction.

Both of us were delighted to be parents of a fine bouncing baby boy. While Pat was nursing Richard, I found it a delight to respond to his middle of the night cry, get up, change his diaper, deliver him to his mother to satisfy his hunger pangs, then burp him and return him to her bassinet. Some nights when I was up typing after Pat and he had turned in, if he had trouble settling down, I would take him and lay him across my legs on his tummy and gently bounce him

as I continued typing. That position and motion along with the pecking of the typewriter seemed to be a good combination to elicit quietness and then sleep from him. While singing and praying over him, I found myself longing for the time when he would be old enough for me to tell him how much Jesus loves him and how he could be saved.

Though we really liked the little apartment, we began thinking and talking about buying a house since we had about \$1500 in savings. We saw three houses that we thought might be possibilities. But since Pa has always said that she had rather be out of the city, we looked across the ----from L'ville around New Albany and Jeffersonville. On Blackiston Mill Rd. we saw a small concrete block house for sale by owner. It was fairly isolated, sitting back from the road across a little ravine. To the right of it was a 20-30 acre wood's and to the left and behind it was a wooded lot of several acres and size. Across Blackiston Mills Rd. was the farm of the owners. After taking Pat's parents to see it, and with their approval, we bought the place. We spent some time painting and papering and putting plastic tile in the bathroom. Soon we moved in along with our new charge.

Soon thereafter our family grew again as we invited my youngest sis, Frances, to come live with us and get work in L'ville. At took her to the L'ville Gas and Electric Co. to apply for a job which she readily received and began work there. I would take her to work in the mornings and she would get the bus home in the afternoons and I would meet her at the bus stop about a mile from our house. She loved Richard, and enjoyed having a little one in her life. During those days in our home she met a young man at work who began coming to the house and taking her out. He ended up being our bother-in-law, Glen Knaver.

We enjoyed the little glassed in screened front porch-especially in the summer and fall days. A maple tree right in front of the porch was painted a fiery red in the fall, and when he morning sun shone on it, it filled our little house with a wonderful glow. While there we did some more work on the house. Because of a moisture problem on some of the walls, we pine-paneled both bedrooms and end wall of the living room. However, we weren't to stay there for long. Harold Preston, with whom I had gone to school in the Portland Ave. setting, had been preaching at a church in Parksville, near Danville, Ky. He and his family were leaving to go as missionaries to the Philippines. I guess it might have been at this suggestion that we were invited to minister to the Parksville Church. With openness to that possibility and a desire to know and do the will of God, we began making that 160 mi. round trip each Sunday to preach then both morning and evening. We enjoyed that drive through the country, were glad to make new friends, and enjoyed the meals and hospitality of those county folks. As we prayed about the possibility of moving there to be "full-time". One thing I asked of the Lord was that if it were of Him that He would provide us a house for our little family. That request was genuine because Harold and his family had lived in a cracker-box 2-bedroom house with no indoor plumbing, and I didn't believe God wanted us to settle for that. One possibility would be that we sell our little Indiana house (which we tried to do in the "by owner" style) and buy a house there. The other, which I had not anticipated and by which the Lord answered my prayers was that "Chick" Feather who owned a store in Parksville and the several cracker-box rental houses beside the church, decided to build a nice, three-bedroom house with modern bath and kitchen plus central heat, adjacent to the church building. This was to be rented to the church as our parsonage for \$30 per month. What a delightful answer to prayer. Consequently, we were committed to moving there upon

completion of the house. In the meantime, we continued our Sunday jaunts to preach to the congregation and were making plans for a “revival meeting” in October with my beloved brother, friend, and prayer partner, Herman Fox.

The house was completed and the hardwood floors finished just in time for us to move in a few days before the beginning of the fall meetings. Herman came, with his wife and son, I believe. His first-born was just Richard’s age and their 12-year-olds played a lot together but at the time they had some really knock-down, drag-outs. Herman did some good preaching and we saw some good things happen, including the last Sunday where the chorus from Winchester (KBC or SEC) came to sing and the building had the most people than it had seen in years. My mother and dad came for one meeting and liked Herman and his preaching.

Consequently, through Daddy’s influence, Allensville C o C invited Herman and me to have meetings there the following summer. But as we continued to press into the Lord and grow in convictions and fervent prayers it turned out that by the time of those scheduled meetings we were a bit much for my home church.

Pat and I as well as Herman and a young intercessor named Denny Lewelin , from Herman’s church in Tell City, Ind., were at Allensville for those wonderfully exciting ten days. Not only was I conducting their VBS before the evening meetings and leading the singing and Herman preaching increasingly strong and challenging messages, but we were also calling on people in the community and having six o’clock prayer meetings every morning.

There were several public responses to Herman’s hard hitting messages early on. One was from my Aunt Louise Kerr. We later learned that she had then encouraged her husband, Uncle William to “go forward” to which he had replied that he would never walk the isle. Of course, it would not have been a long trip since they sat on the second bench of the middle section—the other end of which bench regularly accommodated my parents. You see, Uncle Wm. had sat on that pew for forty years most of which he had been song leader and teacher of the adult SS class. My dad had also gone forward in one of the first meetings, I think to indicate his approval of Herman’s ministry. Herman was no stationary preacher as he frequently would walk down the aisle and point toward some people seeking to engage them in some awareness of the presence and work of the Spirit. Indeed, this handsome and eloquent young man was a real fire-brand.

About a dozen people showed up each morning for our prayer times at 6 o’clock even though hour-long prayer times were not part of their past experience. After continuing all week things began to “give” by the next Sunday. Having the early morning prayer time when Uncle Wm. tried to pray he began to weep and as we were leaving following the prayer, while Herman and I were still in the auditorium, we heard Coz. Myrtle Gill talking to him and crying in the vestibule. At that both of us felt to our knees praising the Lord and continuing to pray for a real breakthrough. We really expected to see it happen within the next few hours at the regular Sunday a.m. meeting.

However, at the Monday morning prayer time when it came to Uncle Wm. to pray he said, “Frank, may I say something?” With my ready approval he said, “I know you boys think I need to get up and confess my sins before the church. I think I need to go home and crawl in a

closet.” It was then I learned what had happened in the vestibule the previous morning, because Coz. Myrtle, then asked, “Frank, may I say something?” Then she said, “I think you your upshots ought to be ashamed of yourselves—picking on William. He’s a good man.” At that I was crying and saying that I just knew what God had done in my own life and was wanting it for everyone else”. With that, the prayer meeting was over and I would miss witnessing God’s answer to our heart-cries.

As I was driving back to my parent’s house I met Pat who was coming to tell me that a phone call had come from Parksville with the shocking news that J.B. Dunsmore, the “best man in our church” had just died of a heart attack. (He was only forty-four years old and was leaving a widow and two young children. Not only would they suffer that.???)

Our response to that call was to get packed up and make an immediate departure for home. So, we were not at the Allensville Meeting that Monday night to witness what God had wrought in answer to prayer. Bu Herman later gave me his report. At invitation time the man who had said he would never walk the isle came forward and chose to speak to the whole church instead of just to the preacher. Herman said that he must have been up there for about fifteen minutes to share his heart because much of the time he could not speak for weeping—someone whom others had never seen shed a tear. He confessed two things: one was his conviction about an occasion years before when he had just “put down” one of her? boys in the presence of his friends; the other thing he confessed was that for 40 years he had raised tobacco against his conscience, saying that he would not every raise another stalk of it.

Denny Luvallin, the young intercessor, was sitting back in the congregation and said that as this happened there was a woman in front of him who was saying, “this is not right. They should not be doing this to him, he is a good man.” We can understand such a response when we realize that someone knows that he needs to repent—how much more do I need to—but at the same time does not want to.

A further indication of the depth of the Spirit’s work in the heart of uncle Wm. is the statement had made to Herman as he left the building. Herman was at the door shaking hands with people as they went out. When Uncle Wm. came by Herman said, “Brother, that took real courage to do what you did,” to which Uncle Wm. responded ”Bro. Fox, I ought to be crawling out of here on my hands and knees”.

From what I knew there was a wonderful change in that dear man’s life from that night on. Aunt Louise told me that he was a different man. I think the difference was that before he was a good proud man and afterwards he was a good humble man. No one knew that for this man who had sat through summer protracted meetings in Allensville C of C for forty years that this would be his last one—God was getting him ready to go home. Though a picture of health at the time by next spring he would be dead from cancer. “O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God....”

Time would fail me, if I should tell of the happenings during our year and a half at Parksville concerning people like J.B. Dunsmore (the man mentioned above who died at age 44), Jim Pendagraf, and Larry Cash. But I must move on....The most significant happening for Pat and

me during our time in Parksville was the conception and birth of our first daughter. As the due date approached we were busy getting things ready for Richard's sibling (boy or girl, we didn't know which). We took the natural finish off the baby bed and painted it white with baby blue trim plus beautiful decals. When we thought the time was up nothing was happening. So, Pat had me taking long walks with her, around Harberson Lane Rd., since she thought that the walk the night before Richard's birth had done the trick. In the years to come we discovered Jenny has a mind of her own, so we could not hasten her arrival. But I am sure it was the Lord and not her, who chose her birthday to be celebrated on September 12. We called on Wanda Lou Sowell, from our former youth group in Abilene, who at the time was at S.C.E.C in Winchester, to baby sit Richard when we went to the hospital in Danville.

The attending nurse was from Parksville and her parents and relatives were in our church. It was to be a shot labor, in fact, the haste with which the baby was coming surprised the staff and the were holding Pat's legs together as they quickly rushed the gurney down the hall to the delivery room. But without further incident, our first daughter made her appearance about midnight. She was a healthy little gal with a round head and face and peach fuzz that eventually would be that beautiful red hair which we attributed to her paternal grandmother. Of course, we were delighted and thankful for the new charge whom we named Jennifer Lynn—our little six-pound ball of perpetual energy.

One thing I will never forget is Richard's visit to the hospital to see his Mommie. Since at that time they would not allow anyone under 12 years of age up on the floor, I had to bring Pat down in a wheel chair to visit Richard in the lobby. To her utter dismay her beloved two-year-old son hardly noticed her to being totally enchanted with the wheel chair. He examined it thoroughly and kept playing with those big wheels. He was a real boy—already hooked on wheels.

Her parents were unaware of the major adjustment this time was for Richard and failed to compensate with the special attention he needed at the time. A few days after we moved into our house, he showed some unusual behavior. When some visitors were there joining us in admiration of our little daughter, Richard crawled under the coffee table and began making growling sounds. At first, we did not understand his strange behavior. Later we realized that all the callers coming were adults adulating over this little stranger who had invaded the home and stolen the attention which had always been given to him. But, thankfully there was one exception to this tragic procedure.

“Carney” was a farmer who was a member of our church. He and his wife , Edith, were childless and he had become Richard's best friend. Not only did we have Sunday dinner with them once in a while—when Richard could sit in the tractor seat and handle the steering wheels or ride a pony with Carney's leading it about—but at times his big friend would take him home without Mommie and Daddy. Well, when “Carney” and Edith came calling after little sister arrived, when he came in the door he said, “I don't want to see the baby, I came to see Richard! His present wasn't a baby gift but a big toy tractor and wagon for big brother. Since then I have thought that this dear friend was the only one who understood what was going on . Thank the Lord for such sensitive people.

In the spring of 1957 I had received a letter from the Tenth St. Church in W. Falls, TX asking if I

would come back in November for another 15-day series of meetings since I had been the “replacement for Bro. Boll” the previous two years. However, since then the Lord had been doing a deeper work in me via things like the “Preacher and Prayer” book, my two young praying friends, Alex and Herman, and my own commitment to more fervent prayer, my response to them was not the usual “Yes, I’d be glad to.” When writing them I said that if it were going to be the same ole “seven and six” just forget it—that we had had those meetings, preaching and teaching and that nothing ever happened. I told him that if they really wanted to seek the Lord for something deeper and more effective I would agree to come. My recommendations were for them to form a prayer group that would meet at least over a week; compile a list of unsaved people and a list of backsliders; send me a copy of those lists so that I might pray for them, for their prayer group, to pray for those on the lists by name, pray for the meetings, for me and the messages to be brought and to believe God to do something more.

The reason for their delayed response, which was in the positive, I later learned that upon receipt of my “call for more” was: “what has happened to Frank?” But they said that since they know of no one else to invite they had agreed to comply. They followed through in measure, on their commitment, including sending me the lists of people to pray for. So, some months of prayer was invested toward a godly success in the November meetings.

When time came to head for Texas, Pat was wanting to back out. Not without some struggle did I persuade her to go, but right on time we made what was becoming a familiar trip for us. Upon arriving we found that she, Richard and I would be staying with Kenneth and Lillian Hoover. Kenneth was the song leader and treasurer of the church. They had a teen-aged-daughter named Sandy.

The meetings began as usual with the exception of the weekday afternoon “Bible Studies” in various homes. These had been customary. However, this time I suggested a change which to for me, at first was significant. I said, “Listen, we have studied the Bible and studied the Bible but nothing ever changes. If we want to study the Word, how about studying for 30 minutes and then praying for 30 minutes?” With their consent this was the new format I followed. In these afternoon sessions there were a number of ladies and several men as well. About six of the men in the church were postmen, and finished their jobs in time to be in a 3 o’clock meeting. A number of the men met half an hour before the evening meeting for prayer, which initially was the prayer group I had requested to prepare the way for this time.

During the week there seemed to be little discernable difference between this time and previous years. However, during my preaching on the middle Sunday morning, I was very aware of an anointing and saw obvious conviction on some of the people as I spoke from the words of Jesus in Rev. 2 & 3 in which he said to the churches, “I know...”. Though there still were not public responses, I was successful.

However, on Tuesday night something happened which was the beginning of the long-prayed-for break though. When I got in the car after the meeting I discovered a letter in the driver’s seat. After taking Pat and Richard back to the Hoover’s house and getting them to bed I took the letter into the bathroom and read it. It was from one of the women in the church who used seven pages of yellow legal pad to confess to me that she had had an affair with one of the doctors in the

clinic where she worked. It had happened about a year before, and she had lived in misery and feared that her husband and/or the church people might find it out. She said that she was sick of living and afraid of dying. She didn't know what to do.

Here I was a young man who had never had anything like this on my plate before. What should I do? I prayed, committing it to the One who knows the hearts of all men (& women) and asked for heaven's help. And guess what? As I lay in bed, the Lord ticker-taped a message to me in anthem form with all the scripture references. The four points (forget about three points and a poem) of the message were: what sin is, what sin does, what to do about sin, and why we don't do what we should do about sin.

The following morning went to Johnny Tate's study and wrote down the message just as I had received it (and I still have the original copy among my stuff). The remainder of my time at the study was spent in a "struggle with the Lord," because I knew that I could not preach the message without being the first person to respond to it. I'm glad that because of the afternoon meeting I had a deadline on making my decision. So as three o'clock approached I said "yes" to the Lord—because He had shown me what He would do if I were obedient.

The afternoon session went about as usual through the Bible study and most of the prayer time. Since we were still in the mode of praying around the circle, in midst of my prayer the place where we were gathered was shaken. The house was literally shaking. At times when I share this testimony (desiring nothing less than integrity). I do say that likely it was caused by a sonic-boom. Shepherd Air Force base was near W. Falls, and after in a while we experienced a boom, but never before or since have I ever had this kind of experience.

As we got up from our knees, we were so awed by the presence of the Lord that we sat there speechless for a while. The silence was broken by my saying, "you are going to see something tonight that you have never witnessed before, "something I said with total confidence because the Lord had shown me what he would do if I preached what He gave me. And I think that because of what had just transpired they really believed me.

From there we went to our places of abode, had dinners, and gathered at the Fourth Street's humble building for the evening meeting. Three songs without a prayer (in-keeping with this peculiar tradition based on their schismatic view of Act 2:42) opened what was to be the most unusual meeting and most gracious offering they had ever witnessed.

In obedience, I preached the message the Lord had given me when I had cried out to Him. In integrity, at the close of the message I publicly confessed my sins before these church folks. Having done so I called for people to come down the aisle to confess their sins. Confirming what He had shown me would happen, the Lord convicted people so that about two-thirds of those present pushed down the aisle to take my hand and begin to confess sin. I would motion with my hand and say sit over there and confess your sins to the Lord.

After all the responders had come forward, spontaneously every man who had walked the aisle went to the pulpit and openly confessed sins. This meeting closed at 10 pm, instead of the usual 8:45, with people in tears and some hugging each other. This was unprecedented behavior. As

soon as the formal closing was over, I hastened toward the back where the sister who had written me the letter, had been white-knuckling it with tears and streaming down her face. Approaching her I said, “-----, all of this was for you and you are missing out on it,” to which she replied “I can’t do it. I can’t. ”

At that point I asked, “May I come over to the house after I take Pat; and the baby home?” She said, “if it’s all right with Artie”. Well I knew that would be no problem, so immediately I went to him and asked, “Artie, would it be all right if I should come over to the house after I deposit my little family?” Of course, it would be fine, because he thought I was coming over to rejoice over this great meeting.

So, this night instead of going to the bathroom to open and read an unexpected letter, I was heading across town after putting Pat and Richard to bed. And can you believe that I was praying all the way maybe not in tongues at that point, but praying in the Spirit nevertheless.

Upon my arrival they had put their children to bed and readily welcomed me to the quietness of their living room. After a few halting exchanges of words, I said, “Artie, would you mind stepping into the bedroom for a few minutes? I need to speak with Doyce.”

In our brief, private conversation she agreed to confess her unfaithfulness to Artie but said she didn’t know how to do it. I told her that I had the letter with me—the one that initiated this spiritual intervention—and that we could just let him read it. Agreed on this. We called him back into the dining room where I told him that I had received a letter from Doyce the night before which we wanted to share with him. As he read these seven legal-size pages in silence, Doyce and I were doing some praying silently. Finishing the letter, he broke the silence with some stern words as he said, I knew something was wrong! Do you still want him? If you want him you can have him!” Calmly, but in tears, Doyce replied, “you can do anything, kill me if you want to. I have peace.”

Then it was my time to speak. I said, “Artie, what did you do at church tonight?” He replied, “I confessed my sins.” I asked, “What did you want us to do—forgive you or start throwing stones?” To which he replied, “wanted you to forgive me.” Then I said, “well, now the shoe is on your foot. What are you going to DO? With some real emotion, he said, “I’m going to forgive her”.

With that we ended up on the floor on our knees embracing one another and weeping. Consequently, we went into the kitchen and had a letter-burning ceremony to celebrate the victory.

Things were different the rest of that week and for months to come for that matter. Bruce was a man in the church who had planned to attend none of the meetings while I was there—his excuse being that he was painting his garage. He was one of the five men in that church who were letter-carriers. Early the next morning when he saw Johnny, the ruling elder, at the P.O. he said, “it was after 10 o’clock last night when Wilma (his wife) got home, and she was still weeping.”

Thursday evening our prayer time before the meeting was different. There was a joyous liberty

and one young man was confessing his failures, with great freedom and release. At the close of the prayer time one of the leaders stayed behind to speak with me. Bill Floyd told me that he had heard about what happened the previous night saying that he was sorry to have missed the meeting. They had taken their oldest son to a function at school. Then, consequent to the report he had heard about the meeting on Wednesday night, he said, “Frank, I never did like you. I always hated to see you come and was glad to see you go. I thought you were a phony”.

Accompanied by a big grin, my joyful response to him was, “Bill, you were probably right.” Whereupon we grabbed each other for a big hug and laughed together. What fellowship! Walking with the light in response to the Holy Spirit’s moving is so liberating.

With that last-minute preparation, I was sitting on the front bench for the beginning of the evening meeting. As we were singing one of other songs I became aware that the door opened. Looking back, I saw Artie and Doyce entering and moving up the aisle with countenance shining like the sun. At that moment, while still singing, I began laughing and laughing. Being a first-time experience for me, that caused me to wonder what was going on. So, I grabbed my Bible and opened to the concordance looking for references to laugh or laughing. I directed me to Psalm 126 where I read:

“When Jehovah brought back those that returned to Zion,
We were like those that dream.
Then was our mouth filled with laughter,
And our tongue with singing:
Then said they among the nations,
Jehovah hath done great things for them.
Jehovah hath done great things for us;
Whereof we are glad”.

What a pin-pointed Scripture for the occasion. That spiritual break-through which sparked a real taste of revival was so inspiring. The rest of the week was the continuation of the Spirit move.

On the following Sunday night Bruce Scott, who had skipped the entire two weeks of meetings (with the excuse of painting his garage), came to our final Sunday morning meeting. At invitation time he was the first person coming down the aisle, crying like a baby. He took my hand and said, “I have sinned, I have blasphemed God”. In repentance and confession of sins he found relief and joy in the Lord. A number of others responded as well.

Though the church had asked me to stay on for another week, as I prayed, I believed that the Lord led me to close the meetings. Pat and I left the next day, driving the 150 miles to Abilene to touch base with our friends there. Karyl and Phyllis Kitzmiller had moved back from Mobile to resume their ministry at Southside C of C. When visiting them (I believe that he was in bed with an illness) I related to him how the Lord had answered prayer with a break-through in W. Falls. Of course, he thought that I had gone off the deep end. My response was that it sure was shallow up on the other end where I had been too long.

That Tuesday evening, we had a gathering of their church people at “Aunt Addie’s” house for

fellowship and refreshments. Most of our old friends were present as we enjoyed catching up on the past two years. Knowing that I should share with them about what the Lord had done in W. Falls, I was alerted when the first couple indicated that was about time to leave. Speaking up, I said, "Just a minute everybody, I have something to share with you all". To a quiet audience I shared the events of the previous two weeks, giving glory to God for His gracious works in individuals, families, and an entire church. Sad to say, it was a mute group, which began to disperse as they were unable to relate to or appreciate what I had shared with them.

The church in W.G. invited me to come again for fifteen days of meetings in November of 1959. Having a new baby, in addition to two-year-old Richard, to care for, Pat felt that she should not accompany me this time. Leaving her and the children at Grandmother Gill's for the more than a two week stay, I drove to W. F. trusting the Lord to "do it again".

There had been some decline from the Spiritual high experienced the year before. But the Lord moved in an encouraging way. On the first Wednesday night....(inserts?)

Document #4

INSERT?

That November I went again to W. Gall, Texas, for 15 days of meetings with Fourth St. C of C. There had been some decline since the “revival” of the previous year. But the Lord had more for us.

On the first Wednesday night I preached about the Holy Spirit. Bill Floyd had invited a husband and wife who made their first appearance that night. At invitation time Phyllis McNeely came down the aisle and daughter, Mary Jane (6 mos.) in her arms. This C of C girl from Graham, Texas, met Jesus for the first time. Her lifestyle changed overnight—cigarettes, make-up, and shorts all making their exit—and witnessing to her neighbors began the next day.

Other victories were won but the most outstanding thing was to occur on the closing night. The leaders again had asked that I stay another week. I had prayed that if the Lord wanted me to continue that here might be at last 15 responses to the invitation on that Sunday morning and that at least two of those be for salvation. So, I told them that Sunday night would close out the meetings.

That night after the meeting we were having a donuts and coffee fellowship when out of nowhere two teen-age girls, for whom we had been praying, came to me to accept Jesus as Savior. Shortly after that the door opened and four or five other teens came in. So, I shout to them that Pat and Sherry had come to accept Jesus, whereupon they began to rejoice and praise the Lord. They said, “So you know where we have been?” To which I responded, “no, where?” They said, “We have been outside in a car praying and asking the Lord to save Pat and Sherry—since the meetings were over and they had not been saved.”

With that, “revival” was all over the place. (Our thing about revival is that it is “atmosphere-awareness of the presence of the Lord.) In that atmosphere, one of the men walked up to me and said, “Frank, I believe you are supposed to move out here and work with this church.” To which I replied, “Will, to be honest with you, I do, too.” Without any way of knowing what had just been said, another brother approached me and the exact same exchange took place between us. That prepared me for what was to happen the following day.

Monday morning as I got in my car and headed it toward Kentucky I said, “Lord, if you really want us to move to W. Falls and work with this church will you tell Pat before I get home?” I had about fourteen hours of highway time to rejoice, fellowship with the Lord and pray for His will be known.

Arriving at Woodview Farm, where Pat, with Richard and Jennifer had spent the two weeks with my parents, I soon went to bed with my beloved. I was sharing with her some of the things the Lord had done during the meetings when Pat interrupted me. She said “You know what? I believe the Lord wants us to move out there and work with that church.” I knew that that was a miracle. Because of all the plans in the worlds of her experience that Pat did not want to live in West Texas was number one.

We stayed at Grandmother's house until Thursday partly because I wanted to minister to someone I had been praying for since our summer meeting and A'ville C of C with Herman Fox. During that meeting I had been privileged to lead Mrs. Willis to the Lord in her home and baptize her. For these several months I had been praying for the salvation of her husband. So, on Tuesday night Aunt Louise Kerr (who was their neighbor) went with me to visit the Willis's, and I was blessed to pray with Mr. Willis for salvation and offered to baptize him on Wednesday night.

The next afternoon found me at the church house to fill the baptistry-which had been built in the basement, with no drain but with a sump pump with which to empty it. Having turned on the water and not wanting to wait around while it filled, I went up to Coz. Fannie Barnes' house to visit her while the tank was filling. However, when I returned the church basement was somewhat of a lake as the baptistry had overflowed and covered much of the floor. Since there was no drain in the basement my next couple of hours were spent scooping up the water with a dust pan into a bucket and dumping it into the commode in the rest room.

I did get home in time for supper and did baptize Mr. Willis that night. Ten years later I had occasion to rejoice again that the Lord had used me to lead him to Jesus. The summer after we returned from Mexico (1968) he was killed in an awful automobile accident on the highway by Granddaddy's farm. My brother working in the field, witnessed the accident, and Jackie Gill called me to come the three miles to the scene. They did not know who was involved. But as I peered into the front seat of the victimized car and saw the lifeless body of that dear man, and as I later did his funeral I was eternally grateful that I had been available to pray for, witness and baptized Mr. Willis.

Document #5

The time passed quickly and too soon we were saying our good-byes for a long hot summer apart. I guess we had discussed the primary matters about the wedding. Where? During that week we had driven out to visit that beautiful vine-covered, stone chapel with the slate roof. It was picturesquely set in a well-kept cemetery with great landscaping. Pat remembered being the flower-girl in the wedding of her sister Aliene in that very chapel about 14 years before. Who would do the ceremony? Br. Rutherford who was very special to me and gladly approved of by Pat. Soloist? None other than Paul Clark the brother who had counseled me that it did not matter when I married so long as she was a Christian. Matron of Honor would be Aliene. My oldest brother, John, would stand up with me as best man. My sisters, Dora and Frances along with Barbara Lewis (from J.C. would be the bridesmaids. Groomsmen would be Jim Cook and Dick Lewis along with my brother Robert. Other details would be left into the very capable hands of the sweet little 17-year-old whom I was leaving behind.

With me in the car that as pushing westward was Richard (Dick) Lewis, who was going to spend the summer with me in Abilene, in what I trusted would be a kind of a Paul-Timothy relationship. It seems that we spent a Friday night in Dallas with Ken and Betty Istre, who by now were ministering at Fair Park C of C in that city. On Saturday we pushed on through increasingly oppressive heat, across US-80. Finally, we spotted Abilene as she began rushing toward us at 60 mph. When we met it was not difficult for me to find my way to the church and the apartment at S. 10th and Chestnut because Abilene had been perfectly laid out. You see, the town had been born about 15 miles south of her present location, at a place now called Buffalo Gap. But when the railroad was laid across West Texas, from east to west, re-locating the town on the railroad line was the only course to follow. Thus, Abilene was built from a ----- see pg 1, (doc 5) being founded in 1880. It was laid out in parallel streets running east and west and north and south with the railroad dividing the city into north and south. The streets running parallel to the train tracks were numbered streets and designated either north or south depending on which side they were located. Many, many of the streets running north and south bore the names of trees. One could hardly think of a tree whose name could not be discovered on a street marker in Abilene, and, since this was West Texas no one should be surprised to discover Mesquite St.

When Dick and I drove to 10th and Chestnut we discovered a simple church building with a very visible sign on the corner which read: South Side Church of Christ. In reality this was one of the two oldest C of C in the city, the other being the College C of C. My mother had gone to this church, at least at times during her stay at ACE back in the early 20's. Though there were 50 C of C's in the city at this time (the 50's) none of the others would have fellowship with So. Side because of her "affiliation" with Bro. Boll and embracing pre-millennial eschatology.

At the rear of the church building was the old, original frame church building which had been converted into Classrooms with one end being made into the apartment for the minister and his family, should he have one. Dick and I moved our personal belongings into this sparsely furnished abode and made ourselves at home. Driving downtown that afternoon, I found a nice shoe store when I purchased a beautiful pair of tan and mesh dress shoes in which to begin my new pastorate.

Sunday morning was the time to make a formal appearance and meet the new faces and try to remember the names. Since it was a small church, with no more than 80-100 people it wasn't a great chore, but really an interesting and delightful experience. Bringing Dick Lewis with me proved to be a special blessing in more ways than one. Not only was it great for me to have a roommate whose fellowship was a blessing but his presence helped facilitate my ministry to the young people. This small church had a youth group of about 15 people and we clicked with them from the outset. Soon we were taking them out to play miniature golf every Sunday night and Wednesday night after church and then shuttling them home to no time we were also having them over to play croquet and volley ball on the church lawn every Thursday night. By mid-summer I had arranged to take the group to the Christian Youth Camp in DeRidder, La. What a trip—an exciting and blessed experience for everyone. Dick drove my car and I drove Pappy Charles 46 Packard, which broke down both going and coming, as I remember. As it sat at camp during the week, dust settled on its black paint. Just before our heading for home one of the young people had written in the dust: “Abilene or Bust”. When it broke down on our way home some one added the words “We Busted”.

That summer wasn't the easiest time for my sweetheart back in KY and in some ways really tested our rather sudden commitment to a September wedding. Not many phone calls took place but a letter-a-day helped to keep us toward on Sept 4. She was spending a hot summer working at Levy's, making her wedding dress, some brides-maids dresses, building her hope chest, and doing so many things necessary in planning and preparing for a wedding.

Ultimately Sunday, August 29 arrived and that was the time when, following the evening meeting at church, Dick and I would hit Hwy 80—this time heading east across nearly 400 miles of Texas. Driving through the night, by day break Monday we were greeted by Arkansas. Stopping only for gasoline, restrooms and snacks, enabled us to push on through Arkansas and up 79 from Memphis onto Clarksville and then those last 20 miles to my Old KY Home at Allensville by about 5p.m. What a joy it was to my eyes to see my beloved who had come there to meet me and how good it was to get two arms full of my bride to be! Only five more days!

The next day she and my sister and Frances, drove to Nashville with Dick and me to visit my brother Elam who by now was in the VA Hospital. He was glad to see us but for me it was a difficult visit. I did use his electric razor to give him a shave, but trying to know what to say (or not to say) made conversation difficult. Here I was on the verge of marriage to a lovely young lady, and he not even able to attend my wedding let alone look forward to one of his own.

From there we dove to Louisville where I would attend the rest of the annual Bible Conference, while she along with her mother, had to focus on the wedding. We did have to see a doctor to get our blood tests. Then we made our trip to the court house to apply for a marriage license with Pat's dad accompanying us since he had to have consent to the marriage of his under-aged daughter. Not only had I not paid a dowry for this little jewel but PaPa, being the sweet and very generous man that he was, impulsively paid the \$5.00 for the license.

Friday afternoon late the wedding party made our way out to Crestwood to do our rehearsal in the chapel. Following that we all drove downtown Louisville and made our way into the

Sulbach Hotel for the rehearsal dinner. My father had arranged for this delightful time to be in this rather prestigious place because a dear brother at Portland Av. C of C, Paul Knecht, Sr., was the chef there. Everyone in the party had a great time as we enjoyed the meal together. Pat remembers that after Bro. Rutherford had blessed the food everyone was waiting for her to initiate the procedure but that she wasn't certain just which piece of silverware she was to pick up. Never the less, we made it and were looking forward to the more important happenings of the next day.

On Saturday we broke the rules—I'm not sure who made them any way! We saw each other before the wedding because we had to go back to pick up the license that morning. Pat had her hair up in rollers as we made our top at the court house and then did some last-minute shopping.

Dropping her off at her house I made my way back to the little up-stairs apartment at the Word and Work Bookstore where I had been spending the nights that week, with Gordon Lisescott as my room-mate. Getting dressed for my wedding—which was not informal attire—and packing my suitcase and loading the car (which at some time had been packed with Pat's belongings and our many wedding gifts) I began my drive to Crestwood maybe about 1:45 pm for our three o'clock wedding.

Everyone in our wedding party arrived—almost everyone—in time to get prepared for this most special event of my life. As I waited in a back room of the chapel with my “best man” and Bro. Rutherford, I was not anxious or nervous as I was typically supposed to be. During those minutes, Bro. Rutherford, asked if I was wanting to backout, and followed up with his characteristic chuckle which had gained him the affectionate title of “Tee Hee Rutherford”. Our wait was longer than anticipated because our singer who was to begin the wedding with our chosen songs had not arrived. Paul Clark, in typical fashion, showed up twenty minutes after the announced time to begin.

Nevertheless, the songs were sung, the isles were walked, and I with the preacher and best man, made my way out and was there to behold my bride as she was escorted down the aisle of that quaint but lovely little chapel. From there things went on cue until in the exchange of rings. I extended my right hand and she began to slip the wedding band on the wrong hand. Realizing our boo-boo, we began to snicker but soon with full composure were able to finish the ceremony.

Besides the professional picture-taking that was done with the various groupings at the altar, at the entrance, and outside the chapel. Alton Haynes, Pat's brother-in-law was taking an eight-millimeter movie of our recessional and the fellowshiping on the lawn—all to our subsequent surprise. The drive from Duncan Memorial to the reception at Crestwood Community Center was made in John's beautiful two-tone blue hardtop Olds with John at the wheel. The reception was all that we could have desired with all the cake-cutting, tossing and bouquet, and popping the blue garter. Friends, family were celebrating with us even to the extent of seeing that our luggage contained sufficient amount of rice and that the car was well appointed with tin cans and well as appropriate decorations. Amidst the sound of their cheers I drove off with my precious treasure going for a brief honeymoon before heading west.

Our drive toward Lexington, KY was interrupted shortly as Pat insisted that the car be de-coded.

It didn't take me long to detach the cans and normalize the looks of the car so we could hasten on toward The Spring's Motel. I had secured a room for the consummation of our marriage. In their fine restaurant we had our evening meal before turning in for the night.

Thinking of The Springs Motel reminds me to share something interesting about us and that place. In 1988, wanting to do something special for our anniversary, I thought about the possibility of spending it in the same place that we stayed on our wedding night, which we did.

Now, back to square one! We are on our honeymoon in Lexington. We woke up for the first time in the bed together and it's Sunday morning. With being who I am and with my background I never had any other thought than being in church that day. Of course, Cramer and Hanover, where Bro. and Sis Rutherford and the whole church family who means so much to me is the only place to go. So, my brand-new bride has the blessing of being congratulated by all thee loving friends of mine! Following the meeting the Rutherford's insisted that we come to the house to have lunch with them before leaving for the Smokies.

Finally, to Pat's great pleasure we got on the road toward her chosen place for our brief honeymoon. It was late evening when we finally arrived at Roaring Fork Court in Gatlinburg, TN. My bride had wanted to begin "housekeeping" immediately and had requested that I get a cabin with a kitchenette. She did enjoy preparing some meals for her new husband which he enjoyed and appreciated. Little did she know how much cooking she would do, how many meals, for how many people she could serve through the subsequent years. She fell in love with The Smokies, as well as with me, that love relationship has been about as consistent as ours. It is her favorite place on earth and she is there as often as she can finagle it—not for models or cabins but for camping.

The weather was normally warm for early September in the mountains. The manager at Roaring Fork told me that they were having a drought, saying that it had not rained for two weeks. I said, "What do you mean two weeks? I have been in West Texas all summer and I haven't seen any rain yet." Pat and I enjoyed sight-seeing the mountains and checking out Gatlinburg, which at that time was still just a little mountain town.

On Wednesday afternoon we drove to J.C. where we had become engaged in April, saw our friends there and spent a night at the home of the Lewis's. Leaving there Thursday morning we began our journey "home". Passing though Asheville, N.C. we drove to Chattanooga where we took what we mistakenly thought might be an exciting ride on the Incline—the cable car which goes up the side of Lookout Mtn. Driving on to Birmingham we began talking about getting a motel there since it was well past dark. My suggestion was that we should drive through the city and get accommodations on the West side of town so as to avoid traffic when we departed next morning. And guess what? There were no motels on that side—nothing but steel factories—which meant that we drove about another 30 miles before we found a place to lay our heads. The only room left there was one with two double beds, but being conservative as we are, we used only one.

Though we had thought, originally, that we would make it to Dallas by Friday night, the miles were longer than they appear to be on our map. So, we checked ourselves in at Shreveport

Louisiana that night. Saturday, our final day on the road would take us through Dallas where we stopped briefly to say “hi” to Ken and Betty who ministered at Fair Park C of C. A little less than 200 miles would put us in Abilene but nothing along that last stretch enchanted “my love”. The further we drove the more barren the landscape became. For someone who loves the mountains and green rolling hills, trees, grass and beautiful farmland she was a little depressed by what she called “these corroded hills” and, I might say, the scrubby Mesquite trees.

The stark little apartment by the church on Chestnut Street didn’t look much better to Pat than the bleak countryside, though she didn’t voice any complaint. But it really didn’t measure up to what she had fantasized throughout the summer months. The first people from the church whom she met that Saturday afternoon we’re not much different themselves. Pappy choke was reading a book retired plumber with a squeaky little voice. He was one of the elders, a custodian of the building and was doing his Saturday cleaning when we arrived. So, he was her first exposure to the congregation she would be serving as the 17-year-old pastor’s wife. Shortly after that we had a friendly call from another of the three elders, Cager Higgs, and his wife Mintie who came to meet and warmly welcome my new roommate. Brother Higgs was a measley little man whose appearance immediately reminded one of a monkey. His appearance, accompanied by his squeaky voice made an indelible impression. Mintie was sweet but about as quaint as her husband and a good talker. I am sure that by now, Pat must have been second guessing her commitment to come to Texas to run a dormitory for me.

Not only did “the dormitory” not begin to match up to her expectations but some of the things the youth group had done to “welcome” her to Texas might have seemed more tasty than funny. For one thing, where we hit the bed that night, after our travels we soon popped back up trying to discover what the bell ringing was all about. Upon investigation we discovered the cowbell which they had tied to a bottom of our new bed springs. With that we got a good night’s rest. But at breakfast time I discovered that my newly acquired cook was sweeter than I had thought. When I began to eat my fried eggs they were sweeter rather than salty, since those same young people had replaced the salt in the shaker with sugar. So, she met this aspect of the youth group before she met saw their faces at the Sunday morning meeting.

Document #6

January 2, 1931 was a significant day for me, since at 7:20 AM that morning I made my appearance at "The Old Brick" near Allensville, Kentucky. God chose my parents for me – not perfect parents, there have never been any, but a perfect choice. I don't know how it could have been better. He chose my parents and my siblings for me – the house I was to be bred and born in, the community I was to live in, the schools I would attend, the friends I would have, the church I would grow up in. He chose the people who would most significantly influence me in my childhood and my youth like Cousin Robert Neil, Brother Bixler and Brother Boll.

He also chose my beloved wife, Pat, and of course her father and mother as my in-laws and their family. He chose my children for me: Elam Cato Gill, (who went from the womb to heaven), Richard Winston, Jennifer Lynn, Patricia Sue, Amy Janel, Jonathan Marc, Daniel Frank, Joy Elizabeth, Timothy Joel, and Rebecca Ruth.

But, back to Allensville and the "The Old Brick": when I was 60 years old I learned something, I had never known about before. John McClure Kerr and Joe McClure Gill, my older cousins, told me that my daddy called me "Presh" when I was small. They said that when I was a baby that he would look at me in the cradle and say, "Isn't he precious!" Then he regularly called me "Presh".

So, I realized he saw destiny in my life---though he didn't understand it. Just as Moses' father and mother saw destiny in that baby boy and said that he was a "goodly child."

I used to tell people that I got saved when I was 10 years old. That was when I got baptized. In recent time I believe the Lord has told me when I was saved. When I was 2 1/2 years old, I had an experience that I don't remember but have been told about it.

One day at the "Old Brick", mother was in the house with her 5 children and a black lady, a helper, when little "Presh" was missing. After they searched the house, the yard, the toolshed and garage, they also looked in the small sinkhole by the road. Not finding "hyde nor hair" of me, mother sent the black lady to find my dad who was on the tractor somewhere on the farm to tell him that I was missing.

Directly across the road was this house was a 10-acre woods. To the right of the woods was a field of 5-foot tall Rye. Behind the woods and the Rye field was a large field. This lady walked up the road then in the edge of the Rye next to the woods and went to the field behind the woods to find my dad and tell him about me. When she found him there on his tractor he was holding me in his lap!! How I knew where my father was or her to get there only God knows. But I believe that is when I got saved and that it was a foreshadowing of my life—that I would leave home and family and to my Father to join Him in His work.

So, when I graduated from high school (OHS-Olmstead High School) in 1948, my mother asked me "Where do you want to go to college?" I said, "I want to go to Louisville." She knew what I meant.

I knew who brother K. H. Bell was and something about his ministry. I know that he had been the minister of Portland Ave., Church of Christ for many years. He was editor of a monthly magazine called Word and Work, which we received at home. Through reading it, I was aware that he and his church had some kind of educational opportunities there. The Lord has used cousin Bob Neil and Bro. O.D. Bixle to strengthen His call on my life. To the point that I had personally and privately committed to be a missionary. So, it was with this conviction and commitment that I responded to Mother that I wanted to go to Louisville. So, she said, "I will ask your Daddy to take you up there to check on it".

So, this brings us up to where I begin reporting on what happened on July 11, 1948. That was a Sunday that Daddy and I get in the new Olds and headed north. We arrived in Louisville in time to go to Brother Bolls house before church to tell him why we had come. His wife invited us to have lunch with them. So, after church we ate with them, Brother Boll told us about his Bible class schedules which were numerous.

Then he sent us down the street to Bro. Stanford Chambers house who explained to us the ministry of the Night School. As we drove home that evening I asked Daddy, "Where was the Night School. He said, "I don't know." In reality there was none, physically speaking.

Anyway, after whatever he had told mother in bed that night, next morning Mother asked me, "Now where do you want to go to college? Do you want to go to Harding? Do you want to go to Abilene Christian? "No". Where do you want to go? "To Louisville". So now we can go to September 1948.

In September of 1948, Daddy drove me to Louisville on a Friday in our new Oldsmobile. He dropped me off at the old "Dormitory" at 2630 Montgomery St.—next door to Bro. Boll's house. The dormitory was an old three-story, brick house where Bro. Phil and Sis. Lura Bomwasser, house parents to us several boarding student boys, lived on the first floor. Two of the three large rooms on the second floor served as dorm space for seven or eight boys. The third room of that floor was "home" for a widow, an octogenarian, named "Sir Lewis" who was supported by Portland Church of Christ. In the third-floor apartment lived one couple and two single ladies. The couple, Lavergne and Aleve Cove Houtz, had a little daughter, and Lavergne was a teacher in the Christian day school, as were the two single ladies, Mona Bell Campbell and Lois McReynolds.

Daddy helped me move my footlocker into the rear room of the two that were used by the boys, told me good-ye, and left for his return trip to Allensville. I quickly set up housekeeping in that room which was also occupied by Bob Morrow and James Ed Means.

Bob, whose father and mother had spent some time around Portland Church and Bro. Boll in their days, was from Columbia, TN where his family was engaged in "the chicken business". James (or Ed-either name went) was from Stanford, KY and had lost his left arm (below the elbow) in an auto accident.

His life had been in some disarray and he had dropped out of school after eighth grade. The loss of his arm had occasioned some re-evaluation of his life and in response to some counsel, he had

just come to Louisville to enroll in the 9th grade at the Christian school at age 22. (Bob was 16-years-old and a junior in high-school).

In the other room for boys were three fellows: Stanford Broussard Mac LeDoux, and Melinda Reed. Stan and Mac and Melvin were both in high school and Stan was there for Br. Bolls Bible Classes and The Louisville Night Training School.

On Saturday morning, following my arrival on Friday afternoon, Br. Phil took me to the Portland Church premises to clean old brick—as the church had bought the shot-gun house next to the church and it was being moved to the back of the lot. Cleaning used brick on a hot. September morning all by myself in a strange city (and the old post of town, at that) wasn't a very exciting introduction to my preparation for "the ministry".

However, that afternoon Bob Morrow—took it upon himself to "cheer-up" the little country boy "From Todd County. He took me on a walk over to "the Lord's" (in the Ohio River) Telling me all the corny jokes in his repertoire. Honestly, he was a friend and real blessing to me. The next day was Sunday. That meant Sunday School and church....

On Monday evening I got started in the night training school were:
would meet from 7 til 9 Monday, Friday, Thursday, and Friday each with—two classes each night. Some of the Classes I took were:

English Grammar by Rebby Doty
New Testament Greek by Dennis Allen
Bible Introduction by Winston Allen
Homiletics by N. Wilson Burks
Sight Singing by Willis Allen

Of course, I soon met a number of other young men who were in the local scene, though not living in "the dormitory". One of these was a nineteen-year-old freshman at U of L while he and his entire family (of origin) were prominent members of Portland Church. This young man, whose name was Paul Knecht, made a deep impression on me as being a "real man of God." One of the other young fellows around was Neal Phillips who had use of the family car and who frequently was driving several of us to various church meetings around the city. In fact, Neal was part of "The Good Tidings Quartet" which enjoyed going to other churches of Christ in the area to sing gospel songs—with a very delightful and distinctive sound. Those in the quartet were: Stan Broussard, first tenor; Neal Phillips, second tenor, Mac LeDoux, baritone, and Johnny Cook, bass. Jimmy had graduated from the Christian Day School (called Portland Christian School) and was working for the telephone company. He lived right across the street from the dormitory on 27th St. with his brother George who was a junior at RPS and their mother "Mom Cook", a widow.

On Friday, a.m. after being in Louisville for one week, I ask Br. Phil to drive me to the bus station so I could catch the Greyhound to Bowling Green where I might catch the B.G. and Hopkinsville bus lines to Russellville. By noon I had arrived in R'ville, which is thirteen miles from home, with no bus toward our house till 3 p.m. But, fortunately, I saw Mr. Henry Dickerson, who lived at the farm just north of us and hitched a ride home with him. I suppose

that “Mother” and the others had some slight surprise at my unexpected appearance at home.

To say the least, I enjoyed my weekend with family and friends who included my girlfriend, Betty Bond. I stayed until 1 p.m. on Monday when I caught the train in R-ville that would get me to L’ville by five o’clock and in time for supper at the dormitory before taking in my night classes at Portland.

Speaking of supper reminds me to say that “Miss Lura”, with the help of a little cross-eyed woman who came each day to help run the kitchen, served us three home-cooked meals every day. The very first night I was in the dorm “Miss Lura” served me a glass of milk (as she did for everyone). Though I had grown upon the farm and milked cows twice a day, seven days a week. I did not like milk (unless it was chocolate). With my meal I tried hard to get that glass of milk down and had succeeded with all but about one inch in the bottom. As I began to leave the table with all the others, “Miss Lura” said sternly, “Frank, drink your milk”. Holding my breath and giving it my best effort, I managed to finish it off. From then on, I always drank a glass of milk (to the very last drop) with every meal.

Before long I was not only tolerating milk but liking it—one reason being that it was “home” and not raw milk as we had always had on the farm. Within weeks I found myself going down to the little corner grocery, the “B and B” several evenings a week to get something for a mid-night snack—such as cookies and a quart of milk. Since I wasn’t working on the farm any more, was drinking milk with each meal, and having midnight snacks (which was a new recreation for me) I soon gained from my 120 pounds which I brought to school in September to 140 pounds. My frame needed filling out so it was a welcomed change.

My weekends at home were frequent and before long Bob Morrow was making those visits with me. He kind-a had an eye for my sister, Mary Lou., who was just two years younger than I. I think she was flattered that he showed interest in her and they did some correspondence between visits he made to our house. Before many more weeks passed other boys began making those visits with me.

Throughout the fall an important part of my weekends at home was seeing Betty Bond, and of course, we kept the U.S. Post office in business with the purchase of those 3 cent stamps that kept letters going to and from between L’ville and R’ville.

The Christmas Holidays are always special and this first Christmas after being away from home was certainly no exception. The highlights of the two weeks of vacation were the two rook parties that took place. The first week Betty hosted the party at her house with all of my old friends and some of my brothers and sister. (Maybe just Elam and Lori). During the second week, Mary Lou hosted a rook party at her house with all the same guests as the week before. On occasions were great times, but what I remember most is the contrast in my fortune at those two parties. The first with a Betty’s house, I never lost a single game. At Lou’s party the week following I never won a game (and, by the way, I do like to win).

But thank the Lord, life is not a game of cards—it really is not a game at all. It is serious business and we can all be winners with Jesus. So, my being at that unpretentious little school in

an old part of L'ville when I was seventeen years old (and now turning 18 on Jan 2, 1949) was a significant part of the will of God for my life.

Going from rural southern KY, life on a farm, school at Olmstead High School, and "church" at Allensville Church of Christ to the atmosphere that prevailed around Portland Ave. Church of Christ and the schools (PCS and L-ville Training School) was an exhilarating spiritual experience for me. People at Portland called each other "brother" and "sister", we talked about the Bible and spiritual things, went to church and visited various congregations a whole lot. Studies in school were about or related to things of the Kingdom. Bro. Boll's Bible Classes began in November and ran through March—one each day Mon.-Wed. from 3:15 till 4:45 p.m., starting after the day school let out at 3 o'clock so teachers and students could attend as well as people from the church and neighborhood. Also, he had a class at Highlands Library each Thursday a.m. at 10 o'clock, attended mostly by ladies in that area of the city and on Friday night at Portland Church.

Two other "boys" who came to live in the dormitory after I moved in September, were Harold Preston and my brother Robert. Harold arrived by early October and was taking the night classes as I was. He was from Salvina Ky, and Ebenezer Church of Christ, coming from a family of several brothers whose godly mother was widowed. Harold, who recently had been discharged from the military was, at 23 years of age, the oldest guy among us and thus acquired the name "Papa".

My brother, Robert, had come to Louisville and moved into our room (which had five residents—Bob, Ed, Harold, Robert and me) at mid-term. He wasn't around very long this time because Bro. Bixler was shipping a herd of goats to Japan and left in February and was gone for several weeks. He did come to Louisville and give a report on the experiences of his trip before returning to the farm.

One Sunday night, shortly after the Christmas holidays, I met a young lady at Portland Church and conversed with her for some time on the church steps following the meeting. Her name was Frances Lee Wilson, and her father, Carl Vogt, was an elder of the church and an executive at a prominent furniture business. Her mother's name was Alexia and her younger brother was Alex. Consequently, my relationship with Betty Bond soon terminated and a relationship with this godly young lady from an outstanding Christian family began slowly and developed over the next two and a half years in a way that was indeed as mutual blessing to two young people who wanted God's best for their lives.

At the time the school year was drawing to a close I was making plans to stay in Louisville for the summer. Brother Covey, an elder at Portland Church was a printer who operated a small shop in the Highlands area where he printed the two magazines that represented the Premillennial Church of Christ of which Portland Church and Bro. Boll were the hub. Those monthlies were *The Word and Work*, a distinctive Christian magazine, edited by Bro. Boll, and *The Missionary Messenger* which, as the name suggests, was a publication that carried a missionary theme and relayed reports from affiliated missionaries on the field. My staying in the city for the summer would be help to Bro. Boll in the print shop while I would room and board at Mom Cook's house. Her sons George and Jimmy were now good friends of

mine and had invited me to share their bedroom with them.

But, as the best-laid plans of mice and men often go awry, so were my dreams of spending the summer months in my excitingly new environment. My parents “suggested” that I should come home and work in the farm instead. Since I never resisted my parent’s authority I readily arranged to move back home. At my suggestion the Wilson family “offered” to drive me home to Allensville on the Sunday following the close of school. They went to church with us and Bro. Wilson preached at the Allensville church, which he would do numerous times many years later. They had dinner at our house and spent a good part of the afternoon with us before returning to Louisville.

This reminds me that two other Sundays’ during the school year had seen special friends drive with us to Allensville. The first was on a Sunday afternoon when several of us boys rented a car to drive down with Jim Cook serving as chauffeur. After arriving at home late Sunday afternoon, we ate a snack and drove to Pleasant Grove Church of Christ for the evening meeting where cousin Robert Neil was preaching. He preached on “why we give with one of the three reasons being “Because it makes me feel good”. Our very good, though not so famous Quartet, sang a couple of songs in the meeting. Cousin Bob, who is very musical and a great singer, complimented the quartet, giving special praise to the first tenor, Stan Broussard, and the bass, Jim Cook.

Lo and behold, a big snow fell during the time we were in the church. As we were leaving the premises we drove into the lane that paralleled the church yard in order to exit. To our dismay and great inconvenience, we discovered the hard way, that there were deep ruts, in the lane, filled with water which had frozen over and were not covered with snow. Consequently, our rented car settled down to the axles in that lane. After much pushing, pulling, spinning of wheels and reviving of the engine we were still very much “established” in that almost hopeless situation. Then we discovered that the heater in the car was putting out cold air which evidently meant that the car had overheated and blown a freezer plug, losing all contents of the cooling system.

We doubled up and went the ten miles back home in the other vehicles our family had come in. After warming up, downing some hot chocolate and snacks, we got ten-gallon milk cans full of hot water and a log chain, and headed back over the snowy roads in the farm truck. With the truck we pulled the car out of its dilemma, poured water into the radiator, and started toward home. By this time the precipitation had turned to freezing rain which we could not keep off the windshields. So, we had to open the windows and hang our heads out the window in order to see the road—stopping periodically to pour more water into the radiator of the car. What a night!

Though we had planned to return to Louisville that night, my Mother had the blessing of bedding down the six of us for the night. Next a.m. after a good country breakfast, we drove the car to Russellville and had another freeze plug put in at the dealership where Mr. Roy Mayes worked. Driving back to Louisville on snow-covered highways was not without incident. Somewhere in the area of Ft. Knox a big Buick heading South, as we were going North, went into a skid, began coming across into our lane and its front bumper touched our rear bumper turning our Plymouth sideways. We skidded broadside down the road and slowly backed into a driveway as we

(remainder of this sentence not readable)

*Part of beginning line pg #17/ handwritten, picks up in middle of sentence and cannot locate previous.

*...of Him who keeps our going out and coming in....

On a beautiful spring Sunday two carloads of us drive from Louisville to Allensville in time for church. We had dinner around mother's delightfully delicious Sunday spread and spent this afternoon sharing with our family and looking around the farm. The two couples who furnished the cars and made the trip possible for us students were Herb and Esther Coxbridge and Mr. and Mrs. Wilt. This latter couple always had a delicious and plentiful Sunday dinner at their house where any or all of the boys in the dorm were welcomed to fill their tummies and enjoy fellowship. It was indeed a home-away-from-home for us.

In the fall of '49 I returned to Louisville where I would enroll in a brand-new school that was emerging right there in the Portland Church setting. They had built a new school building for the day school and were opening Kentucky Louisville Night Training School—especially, to train us young people who desired to “serve the Lord”. The school opened with only nine students (as I remember) but the total of those whom I named here is eleven. Those involved in that first year were: Stan Broussard, Jim Cook (who worked nights with the telephone company and took some morning classes at school), Ester Corbridge, Leonora Howard, Robert Gill, Betty Knecht (who already had her BS in Nursing), Eugene McGee, Eugene Mullins, Harold Preston, and yours truly.

Rather than the old dormitory, “Mom Cook's” house was my home for the school year. I really enjoyed being mothered by this dear sister and my relationship with Jim and George was a happy one. George had an automobile. The previous spring, he had traded his motorized bicycle and mine (which was “shot”) to a man for a “car”. One of the La. boys, Mac LeDoux, in hearing about the deal, asked, “did he lift the hood to see if it had an engine in it?” Well, it really did have but the block was cracked. So, he soon traded up to a 38 Plymouth for a 37 Ford “60” which wasn't moving up the scale very much. A bit later he traded “up” to a 38 Chevy four door Sedan. Our side of it had been caved in but “beat out” in rough style, but run it would! With a carload of boys, we made trips to Allensville and to Nashville—passing everything on the highway (which by the way, was not the interstate). On one trip, returning up 31 W we had “three drivers” as we passed up everything going North—George was in drivers steering and manning the clutch and brake, I was controlling the accelerator, and Don Wright was controlling the brake light—with the light switch, since the brake light itself did not work—since we needed it as we were frequently making squeeze re-entries right in our lane of traffic from our passing mode.

Before that year was out George had traded for a very decent 48 Ford, two-door sedan. We made frequent trips to Allensville, as I had introduced him to a former girlfriend of mine—Marilyn Chastain. (Marilyn was my first love, as I had a crush on her when I was a fourth grader and she in the first grade).

The summer of '50 witnessed the initiating of a summer youth camp for our Pre-mil C of C's

In the L'ville area. Bro. Hall C. Crowder—a young preacher of about 30 yrs. of age—had moved from Oklahoma to Louisville to preach at the Highlands Church. He was well equipped, to direct such a ministry. Though I was a bit older than most, I along with others my age, thoroughly enjoyed the experiences since I had never had such an opportunity while growing up. That year, Marilyn C. plus some others from around home came to camp with us, including Polly Glen Ogden, Paul Hines and Bob Gardner's daughter.

It was at the youth camps at "Cavanaugh" in Crestwood, KY. that my youngest sister, Frances, go to know and become good friend with Patsy Mengelberg. Early in the fall of '48 when I had first come to L'ville, I had met Bro. Ernie Mengelberg who was a long-time member of Portland Church. He was a plumber and often came by the dormitory to get boys to do some odd job for him. One day he came to get two fellows to help him carry a bathtub into a house where he was doing a job along with Lavergne Hentz. I was one of the boys he conscripted. Little did I know that I would discover that this unique and very special little man had known my father during WWI at Camp Taylor. Both of them were CO's (conscientious objectors to taking up arms) which was something new that the government conceded to Christians with this conviction. Therefore, they experienced some very real forms of persecution from other in-listed men but especially from the officers. Thus Br. Ernie and my dad kind-a hung together for mutual support and when they had leave-time would go across town to Portland Church on Sundays. Bro. and Sis Boll would invite-them to Sunday dinner in their home which was an uncharacteristic gesture on the part of "Sis Boll". Whether or not it was because she had two teen-aged daughters, or just that the Lord supernaturally opened up her heart to them (as Bro. Boll believed) it was a real treat to these two young men.

Later, Ernie Mengelberg, who had been saved in one of Bo. Bell's summer tent meetings (which he conducted annually in back of the Portland Church house), would marry Gladys McKinley from Borden, Ind. Bro. Boll performed the ceremony. Gladys had come to Louisville to go to business school and then to work in the city, as she had vowed not to live or raise a family in Borden because of the promiscuity that was so prevalent there. In riding the street car to school or to work, she passed down Portland Ave and noticed the sign on the little white frame church building which read: "Portland Ave. Church of Christ

All Welcomed—especially the
Stranger and the Poor"

Thinking herself to eminently gratified she began attending there and realized that she had heard mention of Bro. Boll by her minister in Borden, Bro. Thorneberry.

To the couple, Ernie and Gladys Mengelberg, were born four children. Within the first year of marriage a beautiful baby girl was born and name Aliene. Within another year and a half, she was blessed with a baby sister, named. Dorothy Marie. Some five years later the only son to this couple was born and named John Ernest. Nine long years later an unexpected blessing came into this family as Patsy Joan was born in The Deaconess Hospital on November 8, 1936. Because her big brother "Buddy", insistently called her "Patsy Jones" her mother officially changed her name to Patricia Jean. This is the same Patsy Mengelberg that my little sis made friend with at camp.

She remembers me from around the school at Portland and seeing me speak to Francis at youth camp and give her a piece of gum—wishing that she had a big brother like that. We will hear more about the Mengelberg family later on, but right at this point it was Frances Lee and the Wilson Family that had my time and attention.

Coming from Olmstead High School I did not have any great background for college, but then KBC was not a tremendous academic challenge itself. The atmosphere was great and the teachers were good people and I enjoyed school. These were most of the teachers for those two years of junior college: Winston N. Allen, president, his brother, Dennis Allen; La Vergne Howitz; Mona Bell Campbell and her sister Lois, Bro. Phil Bornwasser; and Dale Jorgenson who came at mid-term of that first year of KBC. Of course, Dale (nephew of the well-known E. L. Jorgenson who edited “the” Great Songs of the Church hymnbook) was imminently qualified as the entire music department of the school. He formed an acapella chorus, which made its annual tours to “perform” in the sister churches. (Also, he gave private piano lessons and Patsy Mengelberg was one of his pupils at that time.)

After two years of KBC, I was the first graduating class. No one else had met all the requirements to receive the certificate of completion of the two-year course, so I alone received this honor at the closing exercises in the spring of 1951.

In January of that year I had begun to travel to Lexington KY each weekend to “help Bro. Rutherford in the Church” there. Bro. H.N. Rutherford was the minister at the Cramer and Hanover Church of Christ where he had been serving since it was a mission when he came there with his family twenty years before. He had written to the college to ask about having one of the young men come over on weekends to help and learn in the ministry. In the Lord’s providence I had been recommended and had consented to do so. This initiated a relationship with Homer and Mary Adele Rutherford and their family which would be a great spiritual boon to this aspiring young preacher.

Each weekend would find my going to Lexington on Saturday and returning Sunday night after church. I would travel by Greyhound and arrive back in Louisville about midnight on Sundays. Previously the Rutherford’s always kept visiting preachers and missionaries in their home but with my weekly visits they began farming me out to the various families in the church—which became an enriching experience for them, because not many weeks passed before I began to write friends to go with me for the experience of these weekends—both boys and girls. Frances Lee began to go frequently with me—at times another couple would go with us. My sister, Mary Lou, who was in school with us this year, and her boyfriend, Neal Phillips, made the trip with us. Barclay Ribro also from Allensville who later married a first cousin of Patsy Mengelberg’s—Marilyn McLinley from Borden—went with me at least once. Others that made the trip were Bob Morrow and Joanna Smith (later to be married), Gene McGee, Clara Potter, Glen Suell, etc.

In the spring of 1951, when I finished the course at KBC, Frances Lee graduated from Atherton High School and consequently to her parent’s prayers and researching Christian schools, she applied to Wheaton College. Consequently, I also applied to Wheaton and in spite of what OHS and KBC had been as an academic background, I was accepted. However, before the summer was over she was confirmed in her going to Wheaton and I, for some reason, was headed to

Harding College in Arkansas (as they would accept KBC credits provisionally).

After two and a half years of “cautious courting” and now a summer of seeing each other frequently and spending another week together at “Camp Cavanaugh”, F.L. and I were very emotionally involved—or should I say we were really “in love”. The last day which we had together before she was heading north and I south to our respective schools we spent the day together just doing fun things. One special thing we did was go the piano where she played and we sang—several love songs and then several hymns, one of which I’m sure was “God be with you till we meet again.” After that we prayed together, as we had done consistently during our friendship. That day we kind-a had a Mt. Moriah experience as in prayer we sincerely committed ourselves, to each other and our relationship to the Lordship of Jesus and the will of God. We prayed, “Lord if you have us for each other you will keep us for each other but if you have other plans for us we release each other to the will of God.” That was a significant exercise of our faith in the Lord and a strengthening of our commitment to Him and the consequences of which would be seen in the days to come.

From there I went by bus to Lexington where I spent the weekend with the Rutherford’s as we had a special Sunday at Cramer and Hanover you see, Victor and Mae Broaddus, with their infant son Richard were leaving as missionaries to the Philippines. Vic had grown up in a Church of Christ missionary family to Hong Kong and The Philippines. His mother had died when he was young, and his father had married again to a woman who was not of Church of Christ origin. All the younger children in that large family were by the second wife. The father had died and was buried in Hong Kong. Vic Broaddus and all the children had been placed in a Japanese concentration camp in Manila during WWII. Following the war and that trying experience where people ate the worms from potatoes to survive, the Broaddus’s came back to the States. Bro. Rutherford and his church had befriended them and Victor had lived with the Rutherford’s in their basement and attended U of K for a time. He had gone to Harding College where he had met and married Mae West. They lived and worked with a Church of Christ mission in Knoxville for a while (where Fannie Blaine Rutherford Harris and her family were). Now they were making this departure for “the field” as Vic felt a special call to minister to Cantonese Chinese since, though he had no propensity to languages, he was fluent in Cantonese.

So, on this special Sunday the C and H Church was, along with their regular services having fasting and prayer and the laying on of hands to send out “The called ones”. Though some of the people were not serious about the fasting part, something I said while serving at the communion table caused Edgar and Gladys Farmer to observe the fast when they had not planned to. So, they took their children out for something to eat and then returned to join the other “fasters” in prayer during the afternoon.

That evening there was the proper “laying on of hands of the presenters” and the commanding of these workers to their mission in prayer. Following the evening meeting and after all the other people had said their good-byes and done their well-wishing, we were left on the sidewalk in front of the church, on the corner of Cramer and Hanover Aves., in Lexington KY, with only the Rutherford’s, all of the Broaddus clan, and me (and should I say, and Jesus). In the solemnity of that hour the family was hugging, kissing, and saying “good-bye”, immediately after Sis Broaddus had hugged and kissed her son and his family for the last time, with tears streaming

down his face she said, “I’m so glad to see him go. That’s what I raised him for. That’s what I raised them all for. He is on the first to go. How how I wish he were the last.” Boy, I never got over that one. It made an indelible impression on this young man. I felt like I had seen and heard a loving demonstration of John 3:16—“For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have eternal life”.

The following day I was privileged to make my journey to Harding College in Arkansas with this young missionary family. On our way we stopped at my home and we enjoyed, once more, some of my Mother’s home cooking. From there it was traveling to Searcy, Ark., and moving in to Armstrong Hall with a “redneck” freshman from Quistman, Ark, named Sam Hill. Across the hall and down the floor a bit was John Brown. Directly across the hall were two cousins, Jack and Bob Purdom from Purdy, Mo.

Frances Lee and I kept the postman busy. She was more blessed than I when it came to roommates. During this freshman year she was placed with Gwiny Howard, sister of the now well-known writer/lecturer, Elizabeth Elliot, daughter of Phillip Howard, editor of the Sunday School Times. The spiritual atmosphere at Harding had nothing to offer me after my having been in the settings in Louisville with Bro. Boll and in Lexington with Bro. Rutherford. For example, Bob Purdom and I were in a discussion in his room one night when he made these statements: “Prayer doesn’t make any difference. Things are going to be the same whether we pray or not,” and “We don’t know anything for sure, we just think we do.” Concerning the first statement I ask him, “Bob, do you pray?” to which he responded, “Yes, I do”. Then when I asked him why he prayed if it made no difference he replied, “The Bible commands us to pray and I just pray to please God. “My response was “Bob, that doesn’t please Him.” Later, having returned to my room, I just had to run back across the hall and , opening his door, shout to him, ”Bob, I just wanted to say, “You don’t know anything for sure, you just think you do.”

“Absence makes the heart grow fonder”, for someone else is sometimes the case. While F. L. and I kept up our correspondence our being apart, at least, caused us to be aware of other people around us. There were four girls at Harding who were from Cleveland, TN., where my cousin, David Neil (Bob’s brother) lived and ran a show horse farm. And since they, as well as he (and the rest of us), were C of C people, they knew him. That gave us something more interesting than church doctrine to talk about so we did get to know each other. The oldest of those girls was a senior Dot Tullis. I dated her one Friday night, which was date-night, but I didn’t feel like I was quite in her league so that did not happen again. One of the other girls—the least attractive (or should I say, the most homely) of course, really “liked me” and always parked by me in the library and made conversation. Probably, to her disappointment I never dated her. (Later in life I learned that her brother has a store in Russellville, KY and had gotten to know my parents. He had told them his sister said she “went out with me” when I was at Harding).

There was one of these girls named Martha Sue Davis who really caught my eye. She was a little country girl who had a lovely face and beautiful smile (just the kind of look or countenance that I thought was ideal). Just one problem—she had a serious boyfriend back home. For that reason, I never went out with her though we did spend time together in informal settings, as in the student lounge for example. I’m sure that, I in my kidding her as I did, conveyed my interest in her. Two little examples of such times I remember. Once in the student lounge as we sat

across from each other in a booth, I reached over and pulled some of her pretty locks toward her eyes saying “you don’t mind if I pull the wool over your eyes” do you? In the cafeteria one day when I had finished my meal, having been aware of her presence at a near-by table, I walked over to hers. Leaning over near her I asked, “Do you mind if I give you a kiss?” While she was still blushing, I said “How about two?” at which I laid two candy kisses on the table and walked away.

At Thanksgiving, I went home for the long weekend. In fact, I got a jump on the holiday by leaving a day early, going by train. And who would I see in the RR station in Memphis but Dr. George Benson who was president of Harding. Of course, being F.G., I went up, spoke to him identifying myself and asking if he remembered my father, John W. Gill—which he did. I later learned from a fellow student that he had alluded to me in the chapel service the following day—saying that he had run across one new student, who had checked out a day early—“he just couldn’t wait”.

Some of my friends from the scene at Portland in Louisville had “promised” to come to Arkansas to visit me during the Thanksgiving vacation. But I had been disappointed on that score when a few days previously I had received a weirdly addressed envelope from Mac LeDoux with a pithy little message scribbled on a corner torn from a notebook page. The paper was about 1x2.5 inches in size, with ragged edges, and it said, “Dear Ankfrey, remorse, remorse, we ain’t coming. Love Mac.”

My brother Elam, who corresponded with me some and who lived at home, getting into farming in a serious way, had offered to let me ride his motorcycle to Illinois during the holidays to visit F.L. However, the cycle, which he had bought from Jim Cook, had suffered through two or more accidents and really wasn’t dependable. So, for that and /or other reasons I had decided not to try making a trip to Wheaton College which I later viewed as working out of the will of God for me.

When Christmas holidays came along I arranged a ride to KY with a student from Ohio whose last name was Fulks. Already he had two riders who were traveling with him in his ’39 Chevy Coupe—and when I say “coupe” I do mean that it had only the one seat. Behind that seat was a small space on the floor. I would sit in that space on a pillow behind the driver while luggage filled the rest of that space.

Of course, one could endure anything for only 550 miles! For, you see, I was going to ride all the way to Lexington to begin my vacation time since 408 Hart Rd. had kind-a become a “home away from home” for me and Bro. and Sis Rutherford were kind-spirited parents to me.

The four of us in the old Chevy made a dinner break at home where we enjoyed the fellowship as well as the good food mother had prepared for us. Continuing the journey, we made it to Lexington without incident and I had covered all of those miles, in style, and for only \$10.00.

In Louisville, F. L. who was home for Christmas break, was having a party at her house the next night or so. So, I called and asked her if it would be all right for Gloria Ann (Bro R’s daughter) to come. She had gotten to know F.A. when she used to come to Lexington for weekends with

me, and of course, she said she would be welcomed. So, the two of us went to Louisville in Bro. R's car for the party and spent the night at So. Galt Ave., the Wilson's home. It was good to see F.L. again, but it was obvious to both of us that "things were different.". After taking Bro R.'s car (and daughter) back to Lexington, I returned to Louisville when F.L. and I visited KBC since school was still in session there. It was good to see all the old gang.

From there I went home with my brother Robert, and my sister, Mary Lou, who were going home for the holidays. It was good to be at home again with everyone—John was probably already in the army having been drafted, inducted at Ft. Knox, and sent to Camp Attenburg, Indiana, where he would spend his entire two years . Before long he was hitch-hiking home many of the weekends so was still a familiar face at the table. Elam, who was 22 years old by now, was being drafted into the army and would be leaving for basic training at Camp Pickett, Virginia in late January.

I don't remember many details about the time at home except that I had invited F.L. to come down for a couple of days after Christmas, which she planned to do. However, it never happened, and again I believe that was one more piece in the working out of God's will for us. I had learned that Aunt Mary Creath, mother's sister was coming for a visit at that very time and would be using the guest room. Not wanting to impose on my parents (tho' I had done that more than I realized) I never discussed the matter with them but phoned F.L. and told her that it didn't suit for her to come at that time because of Aunt Mary C.'s visit. I really wanted her to come, and I know now that my mother and Dad would have welcomed her visit and my sisters would have loved to have hosted her in their bedroom. But the Lord was weaning us from a relationship that had been very special and real blessing to both of us.

My time at home was cut short a bit as I was traveling to Dallas, TX for the New Year's weekend. A preacher in that city had written to KBC asking about one of the young men who might come to work with him in his church the following summer. Again, my name had been submitted and I had been invited to come for New Year's weekend to preach for him and meet his people.

Another "affiliated" minister of the C of C was a friend of mine and of our family, as two of his sons had gone to school with me at KBC and he himself was always an important part of our annual Bible Conference in Louisville. In addition, I had worked with him in a "meeting" and a VBS at my home church the previous summer. I had written him a letter staking my plans to come to Dallas. A letter from him had advised me of some "problems" related to the minister who was soliciting my ministry.

I did make the Dallas trip—being introduced to Texas weather by a 90-degree New Years' Day. I preached at the designated church on Sunday but was invited by the second minister to meet with him and his elders to hear their concerns about offensive charges against the first brother who had previously been their minister. The "charges" were serious and seemed to be legitimate—but the more serious ones were denied by the defendant.

Here I was, as a young man wanting to know and do the will of God in this dilemma. I felt that if I said "yes" to the invite to come and serve with the defendant I would be saying I didn't

believe the minister and elders who had advised me of the charges. However, if I said “no” to the invite I would be saying to the defendant that I did not believe him not trust him. I was returning to Harding College where I had no real fellowship with students or faculty and no men of God with whom I could discuss the situation since they were in a hostile camp in the church. Feeling the need to be among people from whom I could receive counsel and with whom I could seek the will of God, I chose to leave Harding and head back to KY. Taking off on some new I had learned when returning to the campus after the holiday, I wrote to Elam stating that Martha Sue Davin was leaving school and that I was leaving for the same reason. She was leaving because she was getting married, and I was leaving because she was getting married!

Jack Purdom drove me to the train station with my stuff in his ‘48 Chevy. I was off for home without advising my folks of any details. Consequently, I arrived in Guthrie, KY at the depot about 1 a.m. and had disembarked there since several years before “that night-train” had quit making stops in Allensville. While I was in the station using the phone to call for Daddy to come pick me up, the conductor overheard me give the operator information saying I was calling Allensville. He said, “are you going to Allensville?” When I replied in the positive he told me I could board the train again and ride to Allensville since they had to side track there to let a south bound train pass. The phone at home had rung a time or two and I hung up before it was answered and boarded the train. We side tracked at Allensville and the conductor told me to wait until the other train had passed and this one pulled up to the depot before I got off. Well, what a surprise I had when departing the train, I saw my dad standing there waiting for me. How did that happen? When the phone had rung from my aborted call from Guthrie it had awakened him but no one was on the line where he answered. Then as he lay awake in his bedroom wondering about the phone’s ringing and who it may have been, he heard the train side-track, two miles away. Putting two and two together he came to what turned out to be a correct assumption that I might be coming home on the train and would be needing a way home from Allensville. He chanced it and to my delight I was met by a smiling face and a ride home in the middle of the night.

Since the Rutherford’s were spiritual parents to me, their home truly a home away from home, and their church a spiritual family to me, I soon moved on to Lexington where I bunked in the basement at 408 Hart Rd. and enrolled in the U of K for the spring semester. I was back in the saddle again—being involved in the ministry at C and H.

Within a few weeks of my return to KY, F.L.’s paternal grandmother died. She was a precious and saintly woman whose demeanor was not negatively affected by any prestigious background. I went to Louisville for the funeral of course, F.L. was back from Wheaton for the occasion. During the past three years I had spent the night numerous times at 231st Galt Ave. but this would be my last time to do so. That evening F.L. and I sat and shared at length on their living room couch—really sharing our hearts more fully than ever before now that it’s beginning to be evident that the purposes of God for our relation had largely been futile.

That night she told me a couple of things that I took as being complimentary of me. One was that when she left for college her mother had said to her “I hope you can tell the Franks from the Bills”. Bill was a young man from Cajun Country who had come to Portland for school. He was a very handsome, well-built football player whom she had dated a few times. The other thing

she said was that when she graduated from high school the previous spring that she really didn't want to go to college but only wanted to get married—but had gone to college to honor her parents who wanted that for her.

My brother, Elam, had gotten to know F. A. R. through me and my sister, Mary Lou, and had dated and corresponded with her for some months. They were pretty sweet on each other when he went into Army—which was that same month of Jan. '51 when I returned from Arkansas to live in the Rutherford's basement. While in basic training in Virginia, Elam began to have increasingly severe symptoms which were what caused by what they discovered to be a non-operable brain tumor. This caused a very speedy demise for him. About a year later he had come to a state of being able to be up and out and travel about. During that time, he clearly manifested many times, that the radiation treatments (or “mistreatments” as he called them) had destroyed his inhibitions. At a later date F.L. told me of some things he had said at their Sunday dinner table one day when he and Robert had been invited to their house. Though they may seem humorous now they were a bit embarrassing to Robert. One time he said that when we were growing up, we always had plenty of bread but not always lot of meat and that I would make 6 or 8 sausage biscuits from one sausage. The other thing she shared with me that he said was that when I quit going with F.L. that mother and Daddy had wanted to have my head examined.

A couple of other of Elams' gems are the following. On one occasion he was in Louisville and having dinner at the Mengelbergs along with me, “Aunt Anna”, PaPa, Mengelbergs' spinster sister who was very much overweight was dining with us. Elam who I'm sure, was never feeling well, excused himself and went to the den to relax on the couch. Later when Aunt Anna came in to join him in the den she politely asked, “May I sit in this chair” to which he, not so politely, responded, “Just so you don't break it down”. Another typical antic of his was walking into Uncle Williams and Aunt Louise's house (whose farm adjoined ours) smoking a cigar. When they both expressed surprise and dismay at his smoke it, out came the punch line; “If it is wrong to smoke it, it is wrong to raise it.”

After the spring semester at U of K, I spent a number of weeks that summer working with Bro. R. in meetings and vacation Bible Schools in central KY. I conducted the VBS at C & H, Bro R. and I spent two weeks at Ebenezer Church in Mercer County where those country cooks almost “fed us to death”.

In the fall of '52, not knowing what else to do in line with my desire to serve the Lord and in keeping with my strong ties with the Portland Church scene, I went back to KBC to take new courses in their curriculum and Bro. Boll's Bible Classes. However, this time I was not staying at Mom Cooks as Jim was now married and George was away in the Air Force). Instead I was invited to stay in the Howard Marsh home in Sellersburg, Ind. Rooming with their son Tommy with whom I had become friends via Camp Cavanaugh and through double dating some when I was in Louisville before.

While I am aware of the number of eternal purposes, that were reasons for my spending one more year in Louisville, the main one was related to the Ernie Mengelerg family. My sister Mary Lou along with our cousin, Cynthia Kerr, had come to KBC for its second year. She had

continued her dating relationship with Neal Phillips, which had begun during my first year in Louisville and had continued via “air letters” during the time he had spent in Rhodesia with his family. However, during the course of time she had begun dating John “Buddy” Mengelberg to the great dismay of Neal. Now, by this time of Sept ’52, she and Buddy were engaged to be married. So, she had a special interest in his younger sister, Patsy, who by this time is wanting to be called Pat.

The first full day of the annual Bible Conference, Lou came to me, after the lunch hour, saying, “Don’t you want to sit with Pat in the meeting?” Appealing to my missionary heart, she continued by saying “if you don’t she won’t even stay for the meeting. She will go downtown shopping”. Being myself, how could I turn down such an appeal? So, indeed, I sat with them and consequently at the close of that afternoon meeting I ask Pat if she would like to come to the meeting with me that night. Her response was a positive one.

We ended up as part of a triple dating situation, in Tommy Marsh’s car—or more probably in his dad’s car. Of course, Tommy had some girl with him, (who, I don’t recall), the other couple was Gene McGee and Jenny Jo Burks (Bro. H. Wilson Burks daughter). Naturally when the meeting closed at 10 p.m. we had to go out for something to eat. Following that we had to deposit the girls at their respective homes, one of which was way out in So. Louisville, with Pat’s being the last one to be escorted home. It seemed that I wasn’t up for making the best impression on her parents, since I was not getting her home until 1 a.m. on the first date. You might appreciate that possibility more by remembering two things: one is that it was 1952, the other is that while we were out that night I had asked her how old she was, to which she had relied, “I’ll be 16”.

That Tuesday night in early September not only triggered my bringing her to the remainder of the evening meetings of that week of conference but also initiated a relationship that saw us together for several nights a week and some weekends for the next three months. Tommy’s car, or his dad’s, were the wheels and Tommy was our chauffeur most of the time literally “wore her out” going to church-to various congregation in the Louisville area and some at a good distance away. One night went to a meeting at Bohon near Harrodsburg, where one of the old sisters with whom Bro. R. and stayed the previous summer or so, in seeing me with my sweetie, reminded me of some exchange of works we had had at her house. She had asked me one morning at the breakfast table, if I like honey, to which I had replied “I like my honey.” T

Though we spent many evenings together over those three months our relationship really didn’t go anywhere for several obvious reasons, I believe. One was the age difference. I was 21 and she was turning 16. Another factor was that almost every time we were together Tommy was along, with or without a date. He being full of insensitive humor and sometimes harsh sarcasm, often (or usually) kept the conversation totally on the superficial. One other reason I will mention later on of course, in and above all of these things, was the reality that the hand of the Lord was sovereign in the matter.

Consequently, shortly after her birthday on November 8, when she “turned 16”, it was apparent that our relationship, at least for that time, had run its course. So, that night when I took her home we sat in the car for a while and I told her I thought it was time to call it off. Of course, I gave her a “fatherly talk”, and I trust that I also prayed with her, and we closed that chapter of

our lives on a friendly basis.

In January of '53 Tommy Marsh and I made a weekend trip to Wheaton College—to see the school and to visit F.L. It was a fun time and included a drive into Chicago and a beautiful snow. With F.L. giving us some suggestions, we, in her gracious company, did a little memory building. I remember three “first experiences” that were significant to me. One was our visit to the planetarium. The other two had to do with cuisine. When went to “China Town” and ate in one of their typical restaurants, it was my first experience of Chinese food. Tommy, in typical fashion, was trying to turn our stomachs “by explaining” in some gross terms how they made Egg Foo Yung. To our delight it was he, and not we, who got sick. The other “first time” for me was when we stopped in route back to Wheaton to enjoy a pizza. Sometime during the weekend, we got in on some student-body activities, as Tommy and I went to some kind of group meeting relating to missions. All in-all, that week-end excursion was a sick blessing to both of us.

During that school year several of us boys made journeys every other Sunday to preach at some small churches in Western Indiana. The trip would take us about 120 miles, one way, to the area of Linton and Dugger. Some of us who were going together in this “high-calling” of ministry were Coy Campbell, John Pound, Tommy Marsh, my brother Robert, and me. Usually we would stop en route there for breakfast. I remember one Sunday morning in the restaurant that John Pound had already received his order of a hot stack and needed to bless the food so he could begin to eat while they were hot. As we bowed together, closed our eyes and he spoke the blessing, someone (like me) quietly and quickly removed his plate and put it in his (my) lap. When he awoke from this prayer he was surprised that his hopes for filling his tummy had vanished. We had lots of fun times together.

That spring, during school break, Dale Jorgenson took his acapella chorus on a tour throughout the Southeast, traveling in passenger cars, since the school had no bus. At the time my brother Elam had improved enough to be back in circulation, so he joined us on the trip and took his car as one of the vehicles. Our first performances were in Johnson City TN, where there were two sister congregations. That was my initial acquaintance with that beautiful little city and with East Tennessee. Being spring-time, it was the season for J.C. to be dressed in her most beautiful garb—what withal the abundance of azaleas, etc. However, this place would become important in my life as I will share later.

Leaving J.C., we drove to and through the Smokies, stopping at Newfound Gap to take pictures on our way to Atlanta. Exiting the Smokies and driving along the winding two-lane highways of north Georgia for quite some time we had come to Buford, Georgia, where there was a new “by-pass” around the town and some more straight-away highway ahead. I was driving Elam’s car with him on the far-side and F.A. in the middle of the front seat. John Pound was driving his carload of people right behind me. Just escaping the narrow winding roads through which we had been driving, we exceeded the 50-mph speed limit on the by-pass and were speeding on out the highway. I kept pushing the pedal a little bit more because I didn’t want John to pass us up. About seven miles out of Buford I saw a car poking its nose around John’s 1950 Chevy and wondered why he was letting a car pass him. About that time the unwelcomed sound of a siren answered my question as the sheriff from that county pulled us both over. To say the last, he was a bit angry, shouting at us and saying that we were driving 80 miles an hour. Of course, it

seemed like that to him since he, impeded by all the other traffic, had to chase us for seven miles to overtake the culprits.

Ordering us to turn around he made us follow him—at a snail's pace—all the way back to Buford where he took us before the judges in the courthouse. That sheriff was pretty huffy as he told the judge about “how fast” we were going on narrow winding roads of Georgia on our way to keep an appointment at a church in So. Atlanta that evening. I said that this was the first open, straightforward road we had seen and were just trying to make good time. The judge said that the least they could fine us would be \$36 each and ask, “Do ya’ll have lot’s of money?” To which I replied, “No, do you some soft beds here?”. By this time the sheriff had cooled off several degrees and was enjoying our banter—in fact he was really becoming our advocate. Speaking up, he said, ‘I think he was probably just looking at that pretty girl in the seat beside him (referring to F. A.) and not watching what he was doing...Judge, I kind-a like these boys, so whatever you can do for them is all right with me’. At that the judge told us he was going to let us off the hook, but explained that we were really fortunate to have been pulled over by the Sheriff because if the state patrolman had done it, the fine would have been \$70 and would not have been dismissed. In time we, with our other riders, continued our journey doing two things pretty consistently: (1 rejoicing and (2 watching our speedometers.

When school was out that spring. I was back in my summer routine—working in vacation Bible schools and “meetings” in various churches. In June I went with Bro. Howard Marsh and Tommy for meetings and VBS in a little church in Harlan Co. KY. Bro. Marsh had been going there and working with those mountain folks for a number of years.

They, as other people throughout The Appalachian Mtns., had lived in virtual isolation from “the outside world.” My cousin, Mary Kerr Fisher and her husband, Dick had gone to a mission school in Eastern, KY to teach their first year out of Harding College. She had told me that she had teen-aged boys in school there who had never heard of NY City nor ever seen a map of the USA. To many of these people anyone from the other side of their mountain was a “foreigner” and very suspect. Bro. Marsh said that the first time he had gone there for meetings in that little church had had gone through the valley and the hollow knocking on the doors of those poor mountain houses. Almost without exception the response would be a door cracked open about 4 inches while he explained who he was and why he was calling with an invite to attend the meetings at the church; the response would usually be nothing more than a closing of the door in his face with no verbal response. This pattern continued until one day, as he persisted in this seemingly fruitless pursuit, he was walking down a little lane that, through the years had become depressed several feet below the field on either side. He had noticed that in one of the fields adjoining the lane family was digging the potato crop—a man and several of his growing daughters. They were unaware of his presence until he suddenly emerged from the lane below into the potato path at the farther end from where they were working. Upon his appearance, all the girls immediately “ran for cover”. He said nothing, but, seeing a bucket nearby, grabbed it and began picking up potatoes as he moved toward the end of the field where the man was. As he silently continued to gather potatoes, the girls, cautiously and one-by-one, began to move back into the potato patch and resume their work. Arriving at the end of the row, now near the man of the place, he introduced himself and told why he was in the community. A conversation ensued and ultimately, he was invited into the house.

Through that procedure, the ice was broken, not only with that one family but as the news spread, in the entire community. He was no longer a suspected outsider but was warmly received in every home and invited to be a dinner guest by many of these gracious and very genuine people. Now here I was among these same people and well received, having come with the man who had, opened the door. In fact, by this time Bro. Marsh's older brother, Nick, was living in the community and serving as minister of this congregation, and we were spending these two weeks in his home. Also, we were enjoying the meals served in these mountain homes where we had found the doors opened wide to "us-uns".

VBS in the mornings and gospel meetings at night kept us busy. Early on I met the young lady that Tommy had told me about whose "Hollywood Star" photo he had shown me. She had finished Business College in F.G., KY and had a wonderful job as secretary/bookkeeper at a Coal Mining Co. in Benham. Dottie Lou, as I came to call her, was Dorothy Louise Wilder whose mother had died years before and whose father had remarried and had a number of other children. She had not really merged with that household but lived with her maternal grandparents.

Soon I was sitting by her in the night meetings and walking her home afterwards. The setting couldn't have been more romantic—in that beautiful valley between two magnificent mountains. The valley was just wide enough for the highway, the R.R. and the river. Walking her home took us across a swinging bridge over the river where we ended up sitting in the swing on their front porch overlooking and listening to the music of that mountain stream—all beneath the smile of a beautiful June moon. The consequence was that we continued our relationship through-out the summer with the help of "The Pony Express".

Later that summer I answered a call extended by my friend Bob Morrow to conduct a VBS and preach nights at his little church in Leon, Iowa. Bob had gotten married the summer before to Joanna Smith from Jennings, La. I had been in his wedding, having to travel from Lexington, KY to Louisiana for that weekend in June 1952. At that time, I was closing out a VBS at C .H. in Lexington on a Friday night and needed to be in Jennings for the wedding on Sunday. Catching a bus at 10 p.m. Friday, I began moving in that direction hoping to catch a ride with Bob's parents in Cola, TN. By midnight I was in Louisville buying my ticket to Columbia. While waiting in the bus station till the 3 a.m. departure time for that us, I bumped into one of Bob's former flames, Delores Ware. To my surprise she was there to catch the same bus, going to Cola., to ride to La. for the wedding with Bob's parents! Some people!!

Well, we sat and shared until the first call for the bus leaving for Nashville and points south loading on ramp 5. Immediately we got up, grabbed our bags, headed for the door and found ourselves in a long line to board our bus. Well, about the time we reached the door of the coach the driver announced that the bus was full and that we needed to go to ramp 7 when the 2nd section would be loading. Being at the front of the line at that point meant that we were at the end of the line of people which rushed back toward ramp 7. Consequently, when we finally arrived at the entrance of the bus, Delores was permitted to board as the driver cut off the line, saying that the coach was full, leaving me literally "holding the bag". Immediately began to plead my case, telling him that I had been there since midnight, holding my ticket and waiting

for that departure. He “cussed me out” and wanted to know why I hadn’t already boarded. I tried to explain how we had responded to the first boarding call—had reached the door at cut-off time which had placed us at the end of the line at this bus. Furthermore, I continued trying to gain permission by explain that the purpose of my trip was to be in my friend’s wedding and that I had to be in Cola by 8 a.m. to get a ride with his parents. I don’t remember specifically, but surely, I must have been praying to God as well as pleading with this unsympathetic man. For, as I continued pleading, saying that I would sit on my suitcase in the aisle if he would only let me ride his bus, he begrudgingly allowed my entrance. With a great sigh of relief and gratitude to God I made my way aboard placing my heavy suitcase in the aisle next to Delores. Except for fear of jeopardizing my trip I would have told that driver that he needed to remove that middle word on the plate above the windshield where the driver’s name was posted. The words were “Safe, Courteous, and Reliable”.

Remember that I had been up all night, having left Lexington at 10p.m. and waited until what was now 3:30 a.m. to take my seat in the aisle. I sat on my suitcase, nodding and often almost falling off, all the weary 180 miles to Nashville. It was about 7 a.m., at that point that I was blessed to get a seat that would accommodate my last 50 miles to meet my ride in Columbia.

The drive from TN to LA in June of 1952 proved to be an unforgettable experience. The temp was about 100 F. and this was prior to air-conditioned cars so we ended up having to close the windows to the car to keep the intense heat blowing in from burning us up. Clarence Morrow had a heavy foot so that new Pontiac was moving over those two-lane highways at a good clip passing everything that on-coming traffic would allow us. His dear wife is the only person to whom I would every have granted a back-seat driver’s license. That wonderful lady never said a word to him about his driving . All that she would ever do would be to raise her left hand with extended index finger only to alert him in case he might not have noticed some extenuating circumstance—such as an oncoming car when he was in the passing lane or traffic light, or stop sign on an extended part of the highway .

The wedding went off as planned as Bob and Joanna became one. Our return trip was without incident. People had told me that if someone were a participant in five or more weddings and before one’s own that that person would never get married. This was but one of six (five) weddings in which I had a part—before my own. Other friends who asked me to serve when they got married were: Jim Cook who married Shirley Holloway; Melvin Reed who married Thelma Lee; Earl Mullins who married Regina Willoughby; Robert Garrett who married Joy Braxton. Nevertheless, in the providence of God and by His grace, I would eventually get to be the “best man” in my own wedding.

Now, back to Leon, Iowa, while doing a VBS and preaching I was staying with Bob and Joanna. I learned that, in spite of marriage, he was still the same old Bob. His little wife was having difficulty in getting him to take a bath. After her encouraging him for an hour or two to bathe he would finally say, “Well, it’s kind-a late now; I’ll just wait until tomorrow”. Back to my early days in the old dorm when I asked Bob to go home with me for the first time he broke tradition and was actually getting a bath. But when Mack had gone into the bathroom when Bob was in the tub with about an inch of water, leaning over and cupping some water up to his face and making noise by blowing into the water in his hand, Mac came out laughing and saying, “It’s

been so long since Bob took a bath that he's forgotten that you're supposed to use water".

During that week—there must have been a holiday, would it have the fourth of July?—there was an all-day meeting at a park in Leon where C of C preachers and people gathered to “pool their ignorance”. The theme for the day was: “What Does the Church Need and How to Meet Those Needs”. Among those who shared was a minister who gave emphasis to his analysis and prescription by hanging large buttons on his lapel as he laid the charge at the feet of several offices. While castigating the elders he wore the large label “I am The Elder” and so with the deacons, S.S. Supt., etc. Late in the meeting, I, an unknown in that setting carefully and prayerfully arose and using I Cor 1: 30 rehearsed that what the church needed was wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption (expounding on each one for a bit) then assuredly declaring that Jesus was what we need to meet all those needs, since He made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

One of the preachers there came to meet me afterwards and wanted to know where I was having meetings. That night he and a friend showed up in our service at which happened to be preaching on the pre-millennial coming of Jesus Christ, in answer to a request from me of the members. Primarily I just used the 19th and 20th Chapters of Revelation to set in order those coming events as I saw them. Following the meeting, that preacher and his friend stayed around to challenge me and my teaching. He was hostile enough that one of the men of the church took his family home and returned to defend and “protect” me. I did survive!

Brother and Sis Walds (?P 50) were visiting in the area at that time since Belina (Mrs. Hoar) was from that area. They and their daughter Janice were leaving to return to their new pastorate in J.C. TN, at the time I needed to return to Y. Therefore, they invited me to make that trip with them in their car. Somewhere along the way we passed. Farm that had raised watermelons. There was a huge mound of melons kind-a beside the highway with a sign that read “Home Groan Watermellons”.

Some of my brothers and sisters were in Bro. Crowder's youth camp at Brownwood, Ind. with the family car there. So, I told the Hoars that they could drop me off there where I could get a ride home with them. When we pulled up at the camp and we had just shortly gotten out of the car out bounded Dottie Lou, who was at youth camp for her first time. Running up to me, threw her arms around me and very enthusiastically gave me a big welcome. It was a bit embarrassing to me especially since I had not told my fellow travelers about her not mentioned That she was there at camp.

I guess that I had invited her to spend that weekend in A-ville because she did go home with us as I drove the family car home with some of my sisters aboard. D.L. made herself right at home around m parent. During the entire weekend she hung onto my arm and called them “Mom and Dad”. On Monday morning when I was leaving to drive her home, Uncle Joe met us on the highway as he was returning from R-ville. He told some of our relatives that he had seen us on the road and that “that girl sho' was sitting close to Frank”. It was more truth than fiction, and by the time we were about halfway to Harlan—traveling over those winding 2-lane roads—I turned a big curve to the left at a speed sufficient enough to send her sliding toward the passenger side of the seat. Her response was, ”I believe you did that on purpose”. Mine was,

“I did. Please keep your distance”.

Some more things that happened as we ate supper in Harlan and drove on to her “Aunt Myrt’s n Brokam to Harlan to spend the night kind-a tied the final knots in that relationship as I chose to wrap it up and let it go forever. Some gals don’t realize that they often lose their fish by trying too hard to catch it.

During those summer months I had saved monies received for my ministry in VBS’ and meetings with several churches. My desire was to purchase an automobile while in Iowa. I had gotten Bob to drive me 80 miles to Des Moines to see a “49 Chevy Fleetline which I had seen advertised in the paper. I liked it ok but didn’t buy. I had checked out –or tried to a ’49 Ford in Lexington, but the young man never let me drive it. HE sat behind the wheel and moved it along as though he was afraid that the engine might fall apart. It looked great but seemed very suspect, so again I waited. In Louisville I ended up at the used lot of the Louisville Motors Ford Dealership. Then I saw and test drove a “49 Ford, two door sedan. It was royal blue with whitewalls and ran good. I bought my first automobile for \$945, writing a check for \$450 and telling the salesman that I would have to go home where I could borrow \$500 from the bank and would then mail them the balance. With that I drove away as the happy “owner of my own car.

That night I drove out to Wilson’s house to show it off to F.L. and Alex. While taking them for a ride I didn’t get a lot of compliments o it, but F.L., uncharacteristically for her, just asked me why the hood ornament shook. Oh course, the next day I made sure to tighten it up. But by the time I arrived ack at the Mengelbergs’ house, where I was staying, the car was steaming hot. Assuming that water had gotten out of the cooling system white sitting on the car lot, I filled the radiator the next morning and continued my rounds showing it off. Before long it was hot again the radiator was low on water, and I began checking to find out where it was going. Pulling the dipstick, I discovered, to my dismay, that is was hiding in the crankcase.

Calling the salesman who had closed that deal with me, I explained what I had discovered. He said that it was either a bad head gasket or a cracked head and that if I would bring it in they would check it out. Immediately I headed downtown and left it with them. Later that day he called with the good news. He said that it was the head gasket and that they would replace both head gaskets on this V8 and plane the heads and that all it would cost me would be the new oil in the engine. That sounded good to me. So, my “new car” ended up in tip-top shape and with better compression than before.

I was staying at the Mengelbergs’ those early September days because I was painting some tin roofs for Bro.Earnie00first on their own house and the on his old 3-story rental building on Market St. The temperature for those days was 104 degrees F. Compute what that would be under a cloudless sky and on a tin roof>. But even that did not prevent a little girl who at this time “would be 17” from donning some coveralls and a work cap of the father’s and joining me on the hot tin roof of their house to help me paint. A funny thing happened. Later someone showed up asking where Mr. M-berg was, and Mrs. Shepherd, next door, said to them, “I don’t Know, but a little while ago he was up there on his roof”. Pat really did get her features from the paternal side.

The previous school year some of the boys who had finished their two years at KBC had transferred to East Tennessee State College in J.C. , since Paul Clark, who was preaching at Mtn. View C of C there had gotten the registrar at the school to accept students credits from KBC on a provisional basis. Also, Ken and Betty ???? had been there in ministry at Locust. St. Church of Christ that year and had allowed the boys to reside in the church basement. As I prayed about what to do at this juncture, I believed the Lord wanted me to move into that setting, living in the church basement with Ken Lawyer and enrolling in school at State. Also Bro. R, in Lexington and his church wanted me to preach on Sundays at the little mission in Knoxville where their daughter, G.B. and her family had been before moving to Lexington. This I began to do, spending Sunday's in the home of Clyde Ross and family, who were the entire nucleus of the mission whose son, Bob had gone to KBC with me the previous year. The saints at C and H, in Lexington, sent me a monthly love offering—usually in the amount of about \$50 whereas the mission never gave me anything.

That amount of money was always sufficient for me to eat, keep my car running and pay my \$60 tuition each quarter. I ate no breakfast, would spend 50 cents for lunch (early on at a boarding house nearby which served family style and later in the school cafeteria) and would buy stuff at the grocery to snack on at supper. and would buy stuff at the grocery to snack on. However, I must say that some good home-cooked meals were enjoyed now and then at the home of the James Lewises and the Hoars as well as the great meals in Knoxville that were the general fare at Sis. Ross's table on Sundays. She never started on Sunday dinner until we got home from church, so it was usually about 2:30 before we sat down to her plentiful spread. Not having eaten anything all day, I would summarily stuff myself which meant that I was nodding out for the rest of the afternoon.

Because of missing some days of school at State, Ken Lawyer dropped out of school during the first semester. When second semester rolled around he enrolled at Milligan College in Nearly Elizabethton, which was, and is a school affiliated with the Christian Church. One morning, hoping to have some fun, I woke up, got up, and quietly dressed. I got Ken's wrist watch and set it one hour later than the actual time. Then doing the same thing to our alarm clock, I left the room by banging the door shut hoping to wake him up. Of course, I didn't know until that evening what actually happened.

He said that he was awaked by the slamming door, looked at his watch, then double checked by the clock and was dismayed that he had overslept. He got dressed and drove to school and was standing around talking with a friend when the bell rang. Then he said to the fellow, "Well, I guess I'd better get to my second-period class, I missed the first period". The puzzled friend said, "What are you talking about? It's only 8 o'clock". Of course, I was hoping that he might go to his "second period class" and wonder why all the wrong people were in there.

This time in J.C. was the 1953-54 school years. 1954 turned out to be a significantly important year in my life, some very clear direction for my life from the Lord and some wonderful changes for me. Though prayer had increasingly become a vital part of my way of life as I both desired to know and do the will of God, I began to pray a prayer I had not prayed before. I had always prayed for the girls I dated and prayed about our relationships, but I had never prayed, "Lord, show me whom you want me to marry." About the first of December I began to make that

request a part of my daily prayer. About the time that this was initiated I began going with one of the girls at Mtn. View Church. This pretty red-head was named Shirley. As this dual process continued I fooled myself by saying, "God may not answer my prayer at this time but if He should, it would have to be Shirley because I don't have any other connections".

This continued for about three months. In late February, Bro. Olmstead, an elderly C of C preacher from Gallatin TN was coming to preach for two weeks at Mtn. View. I had known him all my life and he had been a friend of the family and a favorite preacher "forever". So, I said to Shirley, "Good, I'll get to see you every night for two weeks". So I did, till Friday night of that first week, at which time when I took her home she said, "I won't be here tomorrow night". "Why what's going on?" was my response. She said that Mrs. Taylor, a woman in that church, was going to FL to her son's wedding and not wanting to go alone, had asked her a month before to go with her. (The son was Gene McGee, with whom I had attended KBC in Louisville and who now was preaching in Jacksonville FL. Shirley said, "I had much rather stay here and be with you but feel that I should keep the commitment I have made". My response was, "Well, I believe that's the right things to do , but I will miss you".

So, on Saturday a.m. Shirley flew off to FL, and in that day's mail I received a letter from Pat M'berg. It was just a friendly letter in which she said, "if you are ever in Louisville I'd be happy to see you". And by the way, we had not been corresponding, during the year and a half since we had called it off. However I might add here that about a year before, her brother, "Buddy", had married my sis, Mary Lou, at our house in A'ville. That day I had ask Pat is she would like to drive back to L'ville with me, which she did. We had a very enjoyable time together including dinner at Jolly's Restaurant in Cave City. Before we got back to her house, being who I am, said to her, "Now I don't want you to break up with your boyfriend because I'm not sure what the Lord wants for me". I thought I was doing that for her sake till on the following Tuesday I called to see if should would like to drive to Lexington with me (along with Elam and F.A.) Strangely enough she had other plans which, I fact, turned out to be sitting at home and twiddling her thumbs. But again, that was part of the sovereign timing of God.

Back to that Saturday in J.C.—when I read that letter from Pat I just knew in my heart that is was the Lord's answer to my standing prayer. I had not even been thinking of her when I worded that prayer from day to day. But so convinced that it was indeed, "of the Lord", I got in my car and drove out to Paul Clark's house—Paul being the minister where Bro. Olmstead's meetings were in progress and a good friend of mine who, himself had recently married, arriving I said, "Paul I got a letter in the mail today, and I know it's the Lord". What are you talking about?" he inquired. "I've been praying every day for about 3 months, I said, "asking the Lord to show me whom I am to marry," and I just received this letter from Pat M-berg, and I know it is the Lord". So, I read him the letter.

Paul responded, "Oh, it doesn't matter whom you marry" just so she's a Christian. I said, "But he's got one for me." Again, he said, "It doesn't matter whom you marry just so she's a Christian. And anyway, Uncle Waldo wants you to go with Janice (his beautiful blonde-haired, blue-eyed daughter) My response was "But I'm not asking Uncle Waldo, I'm asking Jesus." Clearly seeing that Paul and I were not on the same wave length, I took my letter and went home. Back in my room I got on my knees and prayed and got up and wrote a letter to Pat saying that in

two weeks I had a long week end off from school and would probably come to Louisville. After mailing that letter I was wondering what might happen when Shirley returned from FL.

Well, the following Tuesday answered that question, when she came home with a diamond ring on her finger. Whereas I had been wondering what she might think when I shared my news with her, I guess she was wondering how I might handle her diamond ring.

In just one day, a significant Saturday in late February 1954, the Lord took one girl out of my life forever and put another girl in my life forever. While I can't thank Him enough, I can continue to testify that He really does hear and answer prayers when we diligently seek

Two weeks later finds me shoving off in a little "49 Ford at noon on Thursday headed across the 350 miles to Allensville. I had, on a previous trip, filled the gas tank in J.C. and begun the trip with 85 cents in my pocket. Somewhere along the winding roads of the Cumberland Plateau I saw a country station that had cheap gasoline. Then I stopped and put in 85 cents worth, praying that with that help my car might make it all the way home on what was now in the tank. Indeed, it did take me over the miles, to Gallatin, onto the KY state line, and just a bit further to within view of Keysburg, which was about 10 miles from home. There it conked out, but as I sat by the roadside, within minutes the Lord sent an acquaintance along. Buford Campbell, Jr. drove his car up behind mine and pushed it in to the little store in Keysburg where I had to make a serious decision. Because in reality, that 85 cents had not been the only money left in my possession. I had two other pieces of money—a silver dollar coin and also a \$2 bill that had been given to me by Dottie Lou's uncle in the Mtns. of East KY. (It seems that often the coalminers in that area received some \$2 bills when being paid.) Anyway, I had wanted to hold on to these two pieces of money but in this dilemma, I was forced to release one of them—which one I don't remember. Either way it was enough to get me home to Woodview Farm.

On this Thursday in March I arrived home about 11 or 12 o'clock at night. After getting some sleep, I was up for a good breakfast at Mother's table which was always a treat but especially now since I had been going without breakfasts. My sister, Mary Lou, now a sister-in-law to Pat M-berg, was living at home again since her husband Buddy, had been drafted into the Army and she had not been able to join him. I know that this was another divine arrangement because the Lord used her to speak a timely word to me. You see, even tho' the Lord may have clearly answered a prayer and given me direction, it is very possible to miss His best by not following through. Lou asked me that morning, "Are you going to L'ville this weekend?" Which sounded like she had been kept informed of recent happenings. My response to her was, "I don't know. There is so much driving. All of those miles and hours from J.C. to here yesterday, and I have to drive back to Knoxville Sunday a.m. in time for S.S. and church. If I go to L'ville it will mean another 160 miles there and 160 miles back here. I just don't know," The extent of her reply was, "If you don't, there will be one disappointed little girl up there." Truly, I know that she was used of the Lord as specifically as was Baalam's donkey, and that was all it took to get me headed north that afternoon.

I arrived at 3826 N.W. Pkwy—in time for supper. I asked that little girl if she would like to go with me to Bro. Bolls Friday night Bible class at Portland, which she did. But realizing that I had worn her out on the church a year and a half before, I asked her if she would like to take in a

movie afterwards. The Glen Miller Story was on at the downtown theater, so we enjoyed that together before heading home, where we sat in the kitchen around midnight enjoying a time of snacking and sharing and before turning in for the night.

The next day we just did some simple things like wash and shine my car and enjoy spending time together. For some reason, not fully understood by us at that time. We had the best time he had spent together. Later I learned that she had gotten her mother to promise that she could plan and prepare all the meals while I was there. Whether the way to a man's heart is via his stomach or not, I must say that she did a commendable job. Two things which I pleasantly remember that she served were "piggies in the blanket" and pineapple upside -down cake.

From that time, we began to correspond regularly. Before too many weeks had passed she wrote that her parents were planning to bring her to J.C. on Easter weekend to check out the college—that she was thinking about enrolling in school there in the fall. (You see, she was just finishing her senior year of high school). As surely as Easter came so did the green Olds from L'ville bringing a sparkly-eyed young lady and her parents on a venture that held a surprise for them all.

I had ordered her a corsage, and they arrived on schedule Saturday afternoon and checked into a motel. That evening we all went out to eat and after dinner we dropped her parents off at the motel as we decided to go for a drive. Ever since I'd been in the area I had heard about how beautiful Watauga Lake was, so I asked is she'd like to drive out to that lake. Well, we covered many miles that night without even discovering Watauga, but that never bothered us. We were having a good time just being together. Eventually in our conversation Pat, said, "I'm not satisfied with my baptism." Maybe one would have to be from a CofC background to fully appreciate what she was saying. While I knew what she meant, being of the same background I don't know that, at that time, I could have expressed it any differently. What she was trying to say was "I am not sure that I'm saved."

You see, this precious girl had grown up in a Christian family and in the Portland Ave. C of C with Bro. Boll, that wonderful man of God, as the ministers (and for a number of years had attended. Portland Christian School). At nine years of age she had gotten baptized and missed Jesus. She remembers the thoughts she had then regarding baptism. To her it was an important part of "growing up". She had watched old girls get baptized and seen the church ladies pat them on the back and praise them for doing so. She thought it was an important way of being accepted and affirmed.

But living through the teen years without a genuine personal relationship with Jesus wasn't easy—especially when one's in. desires struggle with the expectations put on one by family and church. She told me, at some point, why she wrote that letter to me at the tie when she realized that she didn't want to marry the unsaved boy that she had dated for the year and a half since she and I had gone together before . During those months, when we dated I had shared some connections I had with her about boy-girl relationships and had given her a small booklet that basically shared my views. Her response after reading the booklet was that the author was "an old foggy", a bit out of touch with reality. She said, "times have changed." She said that she never forgot my words in response which were, "Yes, but God hasn't changed". She said that if I had said "But the Bible hasn't changed" it would not have impressed her. She said, "You talked

like He was alive and now and knew and cared about what we did.”

So, she said, when I was tired of my old life and waited the Lord I wrote that letter because you were to only young person I knew that I believed the Lord was real to.”

Well, that night, somewhere along the road in East TN, I talked with her about Jesus and salvation and a genuine personal commitment of her life to Him and we prayed together for her to settle that question in her life. There I suggested that she get baptized upon returning to L’ville and Portland Church and that this time it would be real.

Taking her back to the motel at some late hour I asked if I might do something I had only done twice before in my life. With her permission I kissed her good night.

The next day was Sunday, and Easter at that. She wore the corsage of red roses and we, and her parents, went to church at Locust St. Her parents had planned to stay over till Monday but were buying another house and had to be back in L’ville on Monday to sign the papers. So, since they were leaving Sunday afternoon and since she had the entire week off from school, we did some fast thinking and talking. One of the local church families, The Lewis Family 9which had a college-age daughter, Barbara, and a high-school age son, Richard invited Pat to spend the week with them. I told her parents that I had another long week end coming up that week and that I could bring her home. So, they allowed her to stay which may not have been a difficult decision for them. Pat told me later that they had not only been praying for her to marry a Christian boy but were praying specifically that she might marry one named Frank.

Well, would you believe it, that night after church, I asked her if she would like to drive out to the tulip gardens, that I had been there a week before and the tulips were beautiful (in fact all of J.C. was beautiful in its spring garb, highlighted by the azaleas.) I said that I didn’t know what the tulips might look like in the moonlight but we could find out. After driving the 15 miles out of town we came to the gardens and all of the tulips had been cut. But that didn’t bother us. We got engaged that night.

Never having done it before I really didn’t know how to propose to a young lady. But in our time of conversation I knew that I needed to share with her something that might affect her decision about coming there for school in the fall. I said, “I’m not going to be here next year”. She wondered why so I shared with her what had happened since I last saw her.

Some weeks before I had received a letter from Karl Kitzmiller, a minister in Abilene, Tx., who was soon to be moving to Mobile, AL. The church in Abilene had asked him to find a minister to replace him by the first of June. So, he had sent letters to several people of which I was one. Karl was a native of J.C. and his sister and her family were members of Locust St. Church, where I bunked in the basement, and they lived across the street just I from of the church house. Of course, they knew me at church and I was in and out of this house, reading the paper and, at times, having supper with them. So, Karl’s sister, Evelyn Corpening, had given him my name as a possible candidate for his former pulpit.

Upon receiving the letter of invitation, I promptly replied saying, “Thanks but I can’t come”.

Then I summarily gave my three good reasons for declining. The first was that I had one more year of “schooling” to finish at East TN State. The second reason was that I already had commitments to five different churches in KY. for eight weeks of VBS. My last stated reason for not being available was that I was not married and that I believed that generally speaking, at least the ministers should be a married man. Off went my letter and that settled, so I thought.

About a week later a second letter came from Bro. K saying, “Will you come any way.” Being serious about wanting to know and do the will of God, I could not carelessly dismiss this letter. I had to say, “Lord, is this you? If it is I want to know.” Wondering how I might discern the will of God in this matter, I came to the place of making this request. I said, “Lord, if you want me to go to Abilene, please make it clear to me by taking care of my summer commitments. If you do that I will know you want me to go.” It must not have been more than two days later I received a letter from Bro. R in Lexington (who, by the way knew nothing of the above.) in which he said, “The other day I received a letter from David Broddus in Calif. Saying that he would like to come to KY this summer to work in Vacation Bible Schools.” “Lord, could this be you?” Bro R. just “happens” to receive a letter from David B. saying that that he would like to come to KY (not Id. Or TN) to work in VBS’s (not preaching mtgs.) this summer. And Bro R. just “happens” to write me a letter relating this news, and it just “happened” to arrive two days after I’ve prayed that prayer.

What could I do but write letters to David B. Telling him the names of the five churches with which I had commitments and the dates of those schools, asking him if he would like to fill those commitments. At the same time, I wrote to the five churches asking each of them if it would be all right with them for David B. to fill my commitments to them. After praying over them and committing them to the Lord, I posted those letters committing them to Uncle Sam.

Would you believe that about a week later I received a letter from David B. and one from each of the focus churches in the same mail? About a day or two later a letter came from the fifth church. The responses were all in the affirmative leaving me with nothing to say but “Thank You Lord” and “Texas, here I come.”

That Easter night, April 18, 1954, beneath a lovely full moon and overlooking a barren tulip garden, I related to this newly reborn young lady this leading of the Lord in my life. In conclusion I just asked, as I held her in my arms, if she would like to go to Texas to run a dormitory for me. To my blessing, her prompt but serious response was, “Yes.”

So, sitting there in the car we began to make plans for a wedding. I would be leaving for Texas in June shortly after school would be out. But I would be coming back to L’ville the first of September for the annual Bible Conference. Would that be a good time for the wedding? It seemed so to us that night. What about Saturday, September 4, the day after the Conference ended. Many of our friends would be there because of the conference. We settled on that. Things were happening quickly born-again on Saturday night, engaged on Sunday night, with plans for a September wedding—that and Texas, too. This was pretty big stuff for two little people—but God had His hand on those two little people—praise His grace. Any of that would have been too baffling for us on our own. And it hadn’t been too long since I began that regular prayer of asking Him to show me whom to marry.

And, by the way, I do need to say that Shirley's coming back from FL with a diamond ring on her finger—well, that wasn't for her so much as it was for me. She never married that your man. He was killed in an explosion on his ship about two months later.

The long miles traversing the distance between J.C. and home didn't seem so bad that Thursday as I made the trip with my sweet little fiancé by my side, I'm sure we were having some strange feelings, though we didn't share them, in view of the sudden changes in our relationship and our plans for the future. Pat did tell me that on Monday, following what had happened the night before where we were tripping through the tulips, she had written a letter to Keith to L'ville) explaining that she would not be seeing him any more since she and I had become engaged. She said that he had not wanted her to make this trip fearing that something like this might happen. Well, when we arrived at Woodview Farm about 11:30 pm, my mother told at that some boy from L'ville had been calling there for her all afternoon and evening. Sure enough within 10 minute of our arrival the phone rang and Pat was called to the phone. At that time the only phone in the house was in Mother and Dad's bedroom, which also served as the family sitting room. So here she was having to talk on the phone, in my parents' bedroom with them in bed, trying to ward off the persistent objections that Keith was hurling at her.

During those couple of days there we related to the family were not sharing with them the secret of our recent commitment. On Saturday afternoon, I entrusted the one who was to be my future wife to the care of my brother, Robert, who was driving back to Louisville to deliver her safely to her trusting parents who had left her with me for the week. Quietly slipping out to begin my 250-mile drive to Knoxville to peach. As I was going down the front porch in the stillness of the pre-dawn I heard footsteps behind me. Turing to learn their source, I saw the silhouette of my dear mother who broke the silence by questioning. "Frank, do you have something to tell me? Well, I guess so," I concede, "Pat and I are engaged. "That's what I figured," she replied. After brief good-byes, I was steering the little Fort out of the driveway onto the first stretches on a long ribbon of blacktop.

In those days we didn't keep the telephone lines hot, as we do today, but we kept the postal service busy. However, I did call her after a week or two to talk wither about a wedding set. What she preferred—yellow or white gold, a solitaire or otherwise. She preferred the solitaire with yellow gold. Soon thereafter I found myself walking into a jewelry store downtown picking out the rings while explaining to the salesman that I was a student at the college and from KY. Also, I related that I would be leaving J.C. as soon as school was out and going to live in W. Texas and would not be returning to school—and by the way, "Could I made a down payment on this purchase and pay it off by monthly payments?" And guess what? He was agreeable, and I walked out of the store with the rings that my sweetheart and has now been wearing for 65 years.

My school didn't close in time for me to see her graduate from Shawnee High in Louisville. But she looked beautiful in the photo with the beautiful white dress highlighted by the lovely bouquet she was holding. But I did arrive as soon as possible to spend about a week with her with time divided between me and her parents in Louisville and my family in Southern Kentucky.