

My precious husband left his home at Burton for his Heavenly Home Feb. 19, 1982, Three years ago he said, "Annie my father has come for me and I have to go with him," but I said, "no you can't go with anybody you have to stay with me," He said, "yes I have to stay with me" and the Lord let him stay three years longer, They were very happy years for both of us in many ways, but very, very, sad in other ways, that suffering was heart breaking for all of us.

Many people shared our sorrow and showed their interest and sympathy by coming and in many other ways.

People from far away places as Arkansas, Florida, Norfolk, Washington, D.C. Pinetown, Bath, Elizabeth City, Morehead City, Kinston, Stumpy Point, Montic, Wanchese, Hatteras and other places, and all who wanted to be fed were fed with the choice delicacies prepared and brought in by those who loved John, friends and relatives came in and did all the work, I was so stunned I couldn't help any and hardly knew what was going on.

Letters and cards of sympathy come from many churches, Sunday school classes, mens and womens Bible classes and other organizations. Donations were given to churches, library, Heartfund in memory of John, flowers were many and beautiful, Our hearts were touched and tendered by the many expressions of love and sympathy.

Three years four months and nineteen days my precious husband was an invalid, all during his sickness he was so meek and humble and patient, we never heard him complain or ask for anything, except one time, he said he thought he could use a new electric RAZ.

The last three months Edgar was here to help feed and dress him.

He did not want to go to the Hospital, other trips to the Hospital did not prove satisfactory for either one of us. John was sure the time had come for him to go and he didn't want us to try to prolong his life and suffering by feeding him through his nose. He said "at my age I don't think such feedings are necessary."

He kept telling me he would not be here for his ninety second birthday and he lacked twenty one days of being ninety two year old. We were sure the doctors here who had been faithful in helping him would come when we called and they did.

I often called Dr. Burroughs when I needed advice or help and he graciously answered. Three times one day Dr. Glessa came and stayed nearly three hours on one of those calls.

I am lost without John, heartsick and lonely, looking into the future I can see nothing but longing, loneliness and heartaches.

Since you went away

Life has been so sweet for me
Living and loving you each day
But living has lost its charm for me
Since you went away
For I am lonely, so lonely dear
Every minute of the day
Nothing seems to interest me
Since you went away

Life has been so hard for me
Just existing day by day
With the thought of knowing
You've gone away to stay
I go out to your grave dear heart
Many times each day
There to say I love you
Tho' you've gone away to stay

The beautiful flowers nod and nod
As if they're trying to say
Somebody loves you darling
Tho' you've gone away
Yes somebody loves you darling
And comes many times each day
Just to be close to the place
Where your precious body lay

The beautiful tombs stand silently
As if they too would say
He's not here my dear
He's gone away to stay
The beautiful tombs will stand there
Telling all who look their way
This is the resting place
Where your precious body lay

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My Dream

Longing to see my loved ones,
I decided to go back home,
I longed to see the old home place,
And to take the trip alone.
But alas! when I arrived,
Weak, weary and worn,
My heart began to flutter,
At the sight of my childhood home.

There were weeds that had grown high,
As if to protect the dear old place,
From the gaze of the public eye,
The big shade trees had shed their leaves,
Creeps-myrtles too, were bare,
Leaves had fallen to the ground,
And were scattered everywhere.

Only the stately old oaks seemed alive,
As if they were standing guard,
Over the smaller evergreen shrubs,
Within the dear old yard,
I stood at the gate and called and called,
But the only sound I heard,
Was the fluttering of wings,
Of a startled bird.

I ran up the wide cement walk,
As in the days of yore,
But with no familiar greeting,
As always here-to-fore.
I opened the door and called again,
As I stood in the dear old hall,
But only there came a re-echo,
In answer to my call.

noiselessly I wandered on,
Into the living room,
But every thing, seemed shrouded,
Into the deepest gloom,
Cobwebs lined the walls,
Dust was every where,
upon things one time polished,
with such love and care.

I went into my mother's room,
Her clothes were hanging there,
And upon her dresser lay,
Her old worn book of prayer,
Her glasses lay upon it,
Just as she laid them down,
But mother, little mother,
was nowhere to be found.

Tenderly, I raised her glasses,
And opened her book to see,
If she had left some message
Between its leaves for me.
There I found, some clippings,
Of poems, she loved and prayers,
And on some were great splotches
which may have been her tears.

And there in her dear handwriting,
These words met my view,
"Cast all your cares upon Him,
For He careth for you."
Little mother, that was her way,
Taking her burdens, so heavy to bear,
At the feet of her Lord,
And laying them there.

(Let me WRESTLE in Thy Power)

Let me WRESTLE in Thy Power,
Let me WRESTLE LORD with Thee,
Let me ANSWER ALL my PROBLEMS,
In the strength Thou givest me.
If THERE is a FIERCE, FIERCE struggle,
And a FRANTIC holding on,
WRESTLE 'til THERE'S TRUE Submission,
And I become Thy Blessed one.

Let me SEE Angels descending
With Thy MERCY FULL AND FREE,
Let me SEE them too, Ascending,
Taking LOVE FROM me TO Thee.
And if STONES must be my Pillow,
And my Bed the COLD, COLD, Sod,
Let me LOOK ABOVE the Ladder,
'Til I SEE THE FACE OF God

Let me WRESTLE in Thy Power
All night Long if it need be,
And if stones must be my pillow,
WRESTLE LORD AND CONQUER me.
If BY GRACE I SEE The Angels,
On the Ladder TO The Sky,
Let me SEE Thy Blessed Self, Lord,
As the SOURCE of my supply.

Let me WRESTLE in Thy Power
All Life Long if need be,
Then when All the wrestlings ended,
Let me nestle close to Thee
Yes, when All my wrestlings ended
And my WEARY Spirit's FREE
And I AM no more A Sinner,
But one more SAINT, whose praising Thee

Help me LOOSEN All my EFFORTS,
In my SELF SUFFICIENCY,
And TRUST only work that's finished,
By my LORD on CALVARY.
If I must SEND my TREASURES,
As JACOB Did, AWAY FROM me,
Let me WRESTLE with Thine Angel,
'Til my Soul is Lost in Thee.

If my work here, is not ended,
If there's more, FOR me to do,
Let my heart be OVERFLOWED with
LOVE THAT'S TENDER, KIND AND TRUE.
Let me SHARE my LOVE AND HOPE with
THOSE who WAIT for TENDER CARE.
Then, with All my PRECIOUS LUGGAGE,
HELP me CLIMB the HEAVENLY STAIR

Be it LONELY AND SO DARK, LORD,
And my Bed the COLD, COLD, Sod,
Help me know that my GREAT need is
JUST to be ALONE with God.
If BY GRACE you show me Angels
On the Ladder in the Sky
BRINGING to me LOVE AND MERCY
LOVE AND MERCY LEST I DIE.

If BY GRACE, I SEE The Angels
If BY GRACE, I KNOW, they're THERE
GIVE me GRACE, to show to others
Angels on the HEAVENLY STAIR
Yes, when my Life is ended
DEAR LORD, SET me be
JUST AN ANGEL Ascending
with my heart of LOVE for Thee.

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If the sod should be my Bed, Lord,
And the stars my Blanket be,
Wrestle, wrestle, with me Lord,
'Til I am safe with Thee.
Ah! the STARRY, STARRY, Blanket
And the Cold, Cold, earthy Sod
Is REALLY not so bad for me
When I'm Looking up to God.

So I turned to the 5th Chapter of Peter,
 And in the 7th verse I did see,
 The message she had marked and copied,
 And left in there for me,
 The 6th verse too was marked,
 And these words I did find,
 "Humble yourself before God,
 That He may exalt you in due time".

verses she loved, and advice she accepted,
 And in her humble way,
 Gave it unto others,
 Through her life each day.
 I closed the book she loved so well,
 And laid it down with care,
 With her glasses back upon it,
 Just as she laid them there.

I then pulled out, the dresser drawer,
 And the first thing I saw there,
 Was the old brown, woolen scarf,
 That my Daddy used to wear.
 Piece by piece I pulled them out,
 And gazed so longingly,
 At the dear familiar garments,
 That I held so tenderly.

For an hour or more I fondled them,
 As I wiped away each tear,
 And recalled the times when they were worn,
 By those who were so dear.
 Tenderly I picked the others up,
 As they lay upon the floor,
 I folded them and placed them back,
 Just as they were before.

I wandered on thro' every room,
 That once had been so dear,
 But only the sounds of my footsteps,
 Were all that I could hear.
 My heart was almost full,
 As I wondered weak and lone,
 Through the old deserted house,
 That once had been my home.

I then went on, to the back of the house,
 And went down upon my knees,
 'midst the marigolds and asters,
 That trembled with the breeze.
 I seemed to feel God's presence there,
 'neath the pearly gleams of the moon,
 Where the quivering tender flowers,
 Were so beautiful in bloom.

There I prayed aloud to God,
 He heard my humble prayers,
 Yes, God heard, I know He heard,
 As I knelt in the twilight hours.
 My heart was full now, brimming full,
 At bursting point, it did seem,
 And in my distress I screamed and awoke
 To find my troubles a dream.

Ah! how much I have to be thankful for,
 Much more than words can tell,
 That dear ones whom I love,
 Should all be safe and well.
 And I am thankful, Blessed Lord,
 As thankful as can be
 That they are safe and well,
 And with love, to share with me.

The Poets words filled my mind,
 "Of All Words FROM A POETS PEN
 THE SADDEST ARE THESE
 IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."
 O Lord God my father, not even a glance,
 Into the future I would see,
 but let me live from day to day
 As thou lendest strength to me.

Help me to LEAN, on Thee, dear Lord,
 while skies are blue,
 that I may feel thy presence near,
 should they change to a darker hue,
 If thro' a dream thou canst warm me,
 to go more oft in prayer,
 and cast down at thy feet,
 all my burdens and care.

If thro' a dream, thou canst, dear Lord,
 impress upon my mind
 that I could get thy messages,
 but I must seek to find
 If thro' a dream thou canst, dear Lord,
 tell me I must look,
 into my little mother's,
 cherished, treasured books.

If thro' a dream, thou canst, dear Lord,
 show me, they are there,
 into my little mother's,
 oft used book of prayer.
 If I should be, more grateful for
 the blessings, thou dost give
 then let me dream and dream
 each hour that I live

yes I would dream and dream and dream
 If only it could be,
 that I could serve thee better,
 thro' dreams, thou sendest me,
 Ah! if thro' dreams thou canst dear Lord,
 lead me lest I stray,
 then I would dream by night dear Lord,
 and I would dream by day.

My Darling Please Dont Cry.

It seems I hear John whispering
My Darling Please dont cry
For Love will seek and find its love
For true Love cannot die
True Love is a gift of God
And that is the reason why
Lifes given to you to bless your heart
And not to make you cry

Yes, I know God gives true Love
and that it can never die
But the sad, sad, thoughts of suffering
Hurts and makes me cry
And the thoughts of separation
And the grief of loneliness
Seem to crowd out other thoughts
That might bring some happiness

When I see your vacant chair
And your reading glasses nearby
And the remote control you used to hold
The thought of these make me cry
The piano too is silent now
For there's no desire to play
Since the one who sang for me
Has gone away to stay

Beautiful clothes in your closets
and the tie clasp still on your tie
And the watch you wore on your arm
The sight of these make me cry
And the gloves you wore pulling weeds
still are here for me to see
And the hat you wore out in the sun
still hangs on the old Hall tree

And the old Lawn Chair where you used
And watch the cars go by
Bring such hurtful thoughts to me
that I can't help but cry
And the thoughts of your walker, dear
And the thoughts of your wheel chair
Bring to me sad memories
that are so hard to bear

And your Bible that you liked to read
you kept it close to you
so you could pick it up and read
when ever you wanted to
And the "guide Posts" with the bio pic
that Annis Miller gave to you
you kept them too, within your reach
until you read them through

When it seems I hear John whisper
My Darling Please dont cry
I wish that I could answer,
And say my dear I'll try I'll try
I wish I could be brave for John
I truly try and try and try
But sad sad thoughts crush my heart
then I break down and cry

Every where I look dear heart
Dear things of yours I see
And I hope that fading memory
won't take them away from me
I have your precious pictures, dear
And when your smiling face I see
It seems that a bit of heaven
has just dropped ~~to~~ to me.

The old SACRED Spot By the SEASHORE

'Tis A dear SACRED spot by the SEASHORE
WHERE WE SAT in the Long Long Ago
And sang to each other SWEET LOVE SONGS
While the WAVES frolicked too AND Fro
It was there you taught me to LOVE you
As you pressed me close to your breast
'Twas there we talked of our future
And drew PLANS for our COZY LOVE nest

'Twas there you taught me to LOVE you
So gloriously and unconsciously
You grasped A firm hold in my heart dear
And became A great part of me
Just as the beautiful CONCH shells
And billows so white and foamy
And the Corals and beautiful SEaweeds
Became A great part of the SEA

'Tis A dear SACRED spot by the SEASHORE
WHERE WE SAT in the Long Long Ago
While the Old CAPE HATTERAS Light House
Flooded us with its mellow glow
'Twas there we embraced in the stillness
And the winds slept Peacefully too
As we talked in an unspoken LANGUAGE
While the EARTH was bathing in dew

As the Famous old Light guards its diamonds
Which are dangerous shoals in the SEA
I'll guard you my dear Little darling
With my LOVE and my LIFE if need be
As the Famous old Light guards its SEAMEN
Who watch for its LIFE saving rays
I promise to care for you darling
Then the SEA kissed us both with its sprays

But some day the old Light House may topple
A victim of the waves of the SEA
And the soft mellow glow we have loved
May some day CEASE to be
And the dear SACRED Spot by the SEASHORE
May be Lashed by the WAVES of the SEA
But the LOVE I have for you darling
Will last for ever is eternally

while looking thru your treasures dear
Since you went away
I found this yellowed poem
you've kept for many a day
you must have liked it, darling
By keeping it all, this time
I don't remember writing it
But the scribbling there is mine

But memory is like, a flower, dear
It's here just for today
and as the 'morrrows come
it fades and goes away
But precious thoughts of you, dear heart
Keep running back to me
Just as the beautiful SEA WAVES
Run back into the SEA

And the thoughts of "Silver Bells"
And "I'll be loving you always,"
still ring within my heart dear
As they did in former days
But now within my lonely heart
there seems to be no song
only just the great desire
to meet and be with John

Now lead me to the place, dear Lord
where the Harps of Angels ring
And the voice of Holy Angels
sing and sing and sing
Yes, lead me to the place, dear Lord
where there is no stormy weather
where I can meet and be with John
and sing love songs together

Now, the dear old spot by the seashore
has long gone with the waves of the sea
But there's still a strong wave flowing
in the heart of my memory
Yes, the dear old spot by the seashore
went with the waves of the sea
But the memories left, in my heart, dear
are still a great part of me

I Liked being down by the SEASHORE
with your precious Arm Around me
As we watched the Little Sand Crabs
run back with the waves of the SEA
I Liked the tone of your voice dear
that spoke Love tenderly
It seemed all the blue of HEAVEN
was there surrounding me

I Liked our walk down on the beach
you seemed so tall and manly
As you picked up pieces of driftwood
to bring them home for me
I Liked just being with you dear
in the village or by the SEA
no matter where I roamed, dear
I felt your Love for me

O Love wonderful, wonderful, Love
that makes the heart bells to chime
and make the God given sunshine
in lover's heart to shine
O Love wonderful, wonderful, Love
it surely must be God given
and one of his great elements
sent down to us from HEAVEN

yes dear it was your precious Love
that you spoke so soft and clear
that still rings within my heart
to bring to it some cheer
yes dear, it was your precious Love
to me that seems sublime
that still rings out in soft soft tones
in this old, old, heart of mine

yes, I liked being down by the SEASHORE
with your precious Arm Around me
As we watched the gravel and sea shells
tumbling back with the waves of the SEA
But it is your precious precious Love
that still sounds so soft and clear
that brings now to my aching heart
some comfort and some cheer

How great, how great, how great,
that God can hear and see
the lovers making Love
down by his deep blue SEA
How great, how great, how great,
the God of Love must be
to fill the lovers hearts with Love
as he did for John and me

Now as I sit in the old, old, house
that John once built for me
and dream of the happy hours
we spent on the shore of the SEA
I thank thee Lord for precious dreams
that keep alive for me
memories of the happy hours
we spent down by the SEA

Now as the waves roll on and on
and the days here seem so long
Lord fill my heart with glorious thoughts
of the time I can be with John
yes let me fly away in thought
so the days won't seem so long
if my heart is filled with wonderful thoughts
of my future life with John

The Famous Old Light still stands, dear
But dangerously close to the sea
And the one that I loved with all my heart
Has been taken away from me
And I am lonely, so lonely dear
Being separated from you
And the home that was so cheerful
Has lost its cheerfulness too

And the old sacred spot by the seashore
Where we sat in the long long ago
Fall a victim to the white foamy waves
As they frolicked to and fro.
But the love you gave to me, darling
Is still a great part of me
Just as the beautiful conch shells
Are a great part of the sea

And your precious promise, to care for me
As we were kissed by the waves of the sea
Was heard by the God who loves to give
So graciously and generously
And now my hope, my precious hope
Is that John will be waiting for me
Where we both can be kissed and kissed
By the sprays from the crystal sea

Yes, my hope, my precious hope
Is to meet the heavenly throng
And sing to them sweet love songs
Like I used to sing with John
Yes, my hope, my precious hope
When death does set me free
I can meet with John and sing and sing
On the shores of the crystal sea.

now, 'Til my mansions' ready
Lord help me to be brave
Then have this old, old, Body
placed beside my lover's grave
yes, when my life on earth is through
Have this old body to lay
where it can rest in peace
'Til the resurrection Day

then when the trumpet sounds, dear Lord
and you come with the heavenly throng
to give them all new bodies
then I can meet with John
yes, when the grave is opened
and John's smiling face I see
that will be a bit of heaven
that God will grant to me

yes, when each particle of dust
that was once a living cell
has been called and glorified
to where the angels dwell
yes, may each particle of dust
in the sea or on the land
be recalled and then made perfect
by thy mighty, mighty, hand

To your precious promise, Lord
that hope can fill my heart
so I can look toward the future
when lovers, do not have, to part
I'm grateful for a faith so strong
that thou hast power to save
and glorify all bodies
that once went in the grave

HEAVEN now to me seems dearer
and the heartaches less to bear
when I think of God and HEAVEN
and my loved ones with Him there
I thank thee Lord, for precious love
that's rooted deep and strong
and the thought that I some day
can sing love songs with John

I thank thee for the precious years
you let John live with me
they are the precious treasures
stored in my memory
and may they last, Lord, may they last
to bless me all life through
then take me home, Lord, take me home
to live with John and you.

I thank thee for the old home, Lord
that love did build for me
where I can work and think of John
in his new home with thee
and bring me thoughts of my new home
my father will prepare
and of the glorious meeting
when John can meet me there

Heavenly Father, now I have
another earnest plea
to bless our precious son
and all his family
and may every one of them
think of old grand dad
as the very best grand daddy
that a grand child ever had.

and may they live such precious lives

Always kind and true

so they can meet with their grand dad
when their lives, here, are through

Bless his Brothers and his Sisters

and all his other loved ones too

may they meet again with John

when their life on earth is through

O yes, I know, I know, I know

that death can work for me

As it worked for John

So redemptively

O yes, I know, I know, I know,

Death can set my spirit free

So I can live with John

thro' out eternity

I often say to my lonely heart

How can you be lonely

when you know that God has worked

for John redemptively

when you know that death's great work

is to set the spirit free

so it can go and be with God

to live eternally

So while I wait for death to come

and set my spirit free

Lord take away the hurtful thoughts

John would not want for me

He tried to keep me joyful

and to relieve of every pain

so he bore his trials in silence

He never did complain

O yes, I know, I know, I know,

that life here ends in death

but my heart still cries for John

with every parting breath

O yes, I know, I know, I know

that sight is growing dim

and that he cannot come to me

but help me go to him

Lord, I thank Thee for the promise

there will be no suffering there

but the choicest of rich blessings

Our Father will prepare

there will be no strokes or heart attacks

that has been endured by man

but the richest heavenly blessings

that the God of love can plan

That's the thought that tries to comfort

and tries so hard to bring relief

but the thought of hours of suffering

keeps my heart filled up with grief

so I fail to see the sunshine

or see the blooming flowers

nothing seems to take from me

the memory of sad hours

now Father help my heart to sing

God is great and God is good

and may I forever, thank Thee

for clothes and drink and food

and for friends and other blessings

and the life that Thou has given

and the precious hope we have

of eternal life in heaven

My Darling Please Don't Cry.

It seems I hear John whispering
my Darling Please don't cry
For Love will seek and find its love
For True Love cannot die
True Love is a gift of God
and that is the reason why
It's given to you to bless your heart
and not to make you cry

O yes, I know God gives true love
and that it can never die
But the sad, sad, thoughts of suffering
Hurts and makes me cry
And the thoughts of separation
And the grief of loneliness
Seem to crowd out other thoughts
that might bring some happiness

When I see your vacant chair
and your reading glasses nearby
and the remote control you used to hold
The thought of these make me cry
The piano too is silent now
For there's no desire to play
Since the one who sang for me
has gone away to stay

The beautiful clothes in your closets
and the tie clasp still on your tie
and the watch you wore on your arm
The sight of these make me cry
and the gloves you wore pulling weeds
still are here for me to see
and the hat you wore out in the sun
still hangs on the old Hall tree

And the old lawn chair where you used to sit
and watch the cars go by
Bring such hurtful thoughts to me
that I can't help but cry
and the thoughts of your walker, dear
and the thoughts of your wheel chair
Bring to me sad memories
that are so hard to bear

And your Bible that you liked to read
you kept it close to you
so you could pick it up and read
when ever you wanted to
and the "guide posts" with the big print
that Annice Miller gave to you
you kept them too, within your reach
until you read them through

when it seems I hear John whispering
my Darling Please don't cry
I wish that I could answer
and say my dear I'll try I'll try
I wish I could be brave for John
I truly try and try and try
but sad sad thoughts crush my heart
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Everywhere I look dear heart
dear things of yours I see
and I hope that fading memory
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I have your precious pictures, dear
and when your smiling face I see
it seems that a bit of heaven
has just dropped ~~to~~ to me.