

Levi Pennington

People

6-2-1946

Levi Pennington Writing to Mary and Cecil, June 2, 1946

Levi T. Pennington

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Recommended Citation

Pennington, Levi T., "Levi Pennington Writing to Mary and Cecil, June 2, 1946" (1946). *Levi Pennington*. 51. https://digitalcommons.georgefox.edu/levi_pennington/51

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El TeePee, Woods,
Cloverdale, Oregon,
June 2, 1946.

Dear Mary and Cecil:--

The letter of Monday afternoon arrived yesterday, and I'm sure you are due for a busy time. Well, after this week we'll be due for a busy time, too. A week from today is baccalaureate Sunday; the next day is class day; then comes commencement on Tuesday, with the alumni banquet in the evening; and after that yearly meeting, with Wednesday devoted to board and committee meetings, meeting on ministry and oversight Thursday afternoon, and the call of the representatives at the opening of the meeting for worship that evening, the representatives then to retire and begin their work, which is more extensive than heretofore, for they have to appoint six members for each of the six boards into which the work of the yearly meeting is now divided. (There are some strange combinations made by the new discipline. For instance, the board on Public Relations includes the work formerly done by the Peace Board, the Board on Temperance and Public Morals, the Board of Education, the Literature Board and maybe one or two more that I have forgotten.)

What a lot of work you have cut out for yourself. And I'm sorry that Baptist preacher is making it harder. Some folks have so little imagination it is pathetic.

I shall be glad to read those poems of yours when you have time to send me copies, though I am not at all sure that my criticism will be of any value. Professor Lewis spoke to me some weeks ago asking me to speak to his class in Twentieth Century Poetry, but I could not do it just then, and I thought he might have forgotten it. But on Monday I was there, in response to a renewed invitation, and spent the hour lecturing on what I consider real poetry to be. And then they insisted that I come back on Wednesday and read them some of my own verse, which I did for the entire hour. One person in the class expressed appreciation, and Professor Lewis said they all enjoyed it and appreciated it greatly. Hope they did.

Glad that Bertha May is writing some more. I believe she has real talent, and maybe she'll be so far ahead of either of us that she will "show us up." She can't be so good as to make me wish she were down nearer to my level.

What a time the Poole's have been having! It is fortunate that at least some of the things they have had build up immunity against later attacks. Maybe they'll presently have used up all the contagious diseases that they can get -- but that is too much like trying to drink up all the whiskey in the world.

It is good to know that Marilla is gaining, though we all wish it could be much faster.

Mother is not feeling up to par these days. We have been

out here since Wednesday and she has not wet a line yet. She says she just hasn't any "pep" at all. Hope the rest out here does her good.

I went to the little church here today. The brother of the man who usually preaches here was present, and he did the preaching. He has been a missionary in India for 19 years. The audience consisted of the regular preacher, his wife, their five children, this brother, one lone Woods citizen, and myself. The preacher drives down here three times a week from Neskowin, ten miles away. It looks pretty hopeless. The preacher is earnest, but that's about all you can say for him from the standpoint of his ability as a preacher.

What a fine photograph that is of your two girls. To me it is a far better picture of Bertha May than the portrait photograph which was sent us. That picture never did her justice, it seems to me.

I have been writing a bit since we came out here on my "autobiography" of Simon Peter. Have now got to the time of the crucifixion, or to the conspiracy of Judas with the Jewish authorities which immediately preceded ^{the last supper and} the crucifixion. I've written 230 letter sized pages, written in pen and ink. Don't know that it will ever get beyond that. I'm trying to put in nothing that is out of harmony with the biblical account, though I draw on my imagination for some additional material.

But there are a number of other letters that I must write this afternoon, and I'd better get at some of them.

With love from both of us to all of you,

Affectionately always,

Rev. and Mrs. C. E. Pearson,
13 Marion Avenue,
South Glens Falls, N. Y.