

Levi Pennington

People

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Levi Pennington Writing to Parker, April 4, 1947

Levi T. Pennington

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April 4, 1947.

Dear Cousin Henry:--

Your letter which was mailed day before yesterday reached me this morning, and it and the verses about Easter Morning and the genealogical material were all read with interest.

On some parts of this genealogical material you know much more than I do. But there are some places where I think I can help you out.

My grandfather, Levi T. Pennington, was married twice. His first wife was Emma Parker, and they had two children, Anne, who married Asa Moon and moved to Kansas when I was a small boy or maybe before I had discovered America. They had a large family of children, Luther and Emma and Alva Levi, and I do not know how many more. I have met only two or three of that family. The second child of that first marriage was my father, who married Mary Furnas Cook. They had ten children: Emma, who died about a year and a half ago, well past 80. Ainslie, who died some years ago, well past 70. Inez, who died at the age of 23. Willis, still living at the age of 74. Levi, still living at the age of 71. Parker, still living at the age of 69. Isaac, who died some few years ago, at the age of 60. Lorena, still living at the age of nearly 65. Hannah, still living at the age of almost 63. And I see that I omitted Juliet, who was born after Inez, and who died when she was four years old.

My Father's mother died a few months after he was born, and Grandfather Pennington married again. To this second marriage were born two sons and a daughter. The oldest of the three was John, who was so long a leader in Ohio Yearly Meeting. He had three sons and three daughters. Two of the sons, Charles, the second son, and Fred, the youngest, are still living. All three of the daughters are gone; Deborah, the oldest, dying some five or six years ago, for a guess, Eva, the second, dying more than 35 years ago, I believe, after some time spent as a missionary in China, and Alice, the youngest, who married William Bertram, having passed away less than two weeks ago. The second son of my grandfather's second marriage was Isaac Pennington, long a resident of Indianapolis, who had only one child, a girl about my own age. She is gone, as are both her parents. The youngest child of this second marriage was Mary, who was married to John W. Davis, and died childless.

That covers the family of my grandfather, except for the great grandchildren, and the great-great-grandchildren, and the great-great-great-grandchildren -- I think that is as far as it has gone, though I cannot be sure. Before his death, my father was a great-great-grandfather.

John P. Pennington, the famous Quaker preacher of an

Earlier day, was a brother of my grandfather, as was Susanna Edwards a sister, and also Mary White and Anna Burnett. I knew Addison, Josiah, Alfred and Gamaliel^{White}, all first cousins of my father. Josiah P. White was long superintendent of Long Lake Quarterly Meeting in Michigan, and it was he who was instrumental in sending me into my first pastorate in Indiana. I think I never knew your mother.

I knew Uncle David and Aunt Susannah Edwards quite some time before their deaths, and was quite well acquainted with a number of their children. Nathanael and Lida were living near Knightstown where I was pastor for two years, and Josiah for a time lived in Knightstown. Levi is still living in a lovely home for elderly people in Pasadena, California. There was another brother, Henry, whom you did not mention, who lived for a long time in Grants Pass, Oregon, where I visited him and his family repeatedly. I think there was another brother, one of the older ones of the family, and it seems to me his name was Lindley.

Anna Bennett was also a sister of my grandfather. I had heard my father talk about his first cousin Jess Bennett ever since I can remember, and had supposed that he was long since dead. When I met him, years ago, in California, I was surprised no end. He looked more like Abraham Lincoln than anybody I think I ever saw.

Well, you see I am the son of Josiah Pennington, who was the son of Levi T. Pennington, who was the son of Josiah and "Aunt Deborah" Pennington, a preacher of some note, I am told, whose son other than my grandfather took to drink before he was later converted and became a preacher. My father Josiah was for a time pastor of the "Hawville" Friends church in Indianapolis. My brother Parker lives in Detroit.

Your verses about Easter came just before we went to the three hour Good Friday service, a union meeting better attended than any Good Friday service ever before held since we have lived here, I believe. I was the last of the seven speakers on the seven words on the cross.

But I must get at some other correspondence, for the postman has been unusually generous the last few days, and I have been away considerably. I have put in nearly three weeks since December in the Heifers-for-Relief project, the sending of bred and tested heifers to the devastated sections of Europe where they have feed for cattle but no cattle. In Poland, for instance, it is estimated that nine out of ten of their cattle were killed. This week we have finished the job of finding, purchasing, testing and collecting a carload of these heifers from this county, and early next week we hope to have them on their way.

With best wishes, in which Rebecca joins, I am

As ever your cousin,

Henry C. Fellow,
Greenleaf, Idaho.