

Levi Pennington

People

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Pennington to Bertha May, March 8, 1948

Levi T. Pennington

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March 8, 1948.

Dear Bertha May:--

We are wondering how you are getting along these days. I was sorry to learn Wednesday of that throat trouble; we knew you were down town Thursday, but whether to see the doctor or just what we did not know; we hoped you would be well enough to be home over the week end; and when you did not get here, we thought we'd get a letter from you, and none came. We do hope you are entirely over the throat trouble, and that everything is going well with you.

I dreamed about you last night, and it was not a pleasant dream, by any means. I was on a ladder up in the Royal Ann cherry tree, and for some reason I wanted one of the big cross-cut saws in the garage. I asked you to bring it to me, and as you were supposedly taking it down from the wall, I heard you scream, and thought that it had fallen and the teeth had cut you up in some sort of way. I asked you what had happened, and you did not reply. I was getting down the ladder, and I yelled, "Answer me." Still you did not reply, and I yelled again, "Answer me!" Still no reply, and I again yelled, this time at the top of my lungs, "ANSWER ME!!" No answer, and by this time I was coming up the steps. I rushed through the store room, into the garage, and you were not there; then I saw, on a sort of shelf or high bench on the south side of the garage what looked like somebody in bed or something of the sort, and I rushed over there and before I really knew it was you I cried out so that all the neighborhood could have heard, "OH, BERTHA MAY!!!!" And I awoke, and everything was all right, and my yells had been all in my own mind, for though Mother did not sleep well during most of the night, my yells had not even awakened her, though it seemed to me I must have yelled loud enough to waken the Armstrongs and the Van Blaricoms and the rest of the neighborhood.

(My dream yelling made me think of the time that bull got after us and I was commanding you to come where I was, so I could protect you better, and you wanted to go the other way, where the bull would have had you cornered right out on that point. I don't like to fish where there are bulls, do you?)

Mrs. Van Blaricom is in Portland today, as she is to be tomorrow and Wednesday, going through a clinic to see if she can find just what is the matter with her. I do hope it will be found to be something that medicine can help to cure, and not the most serious thing that might have caused her trouble, whatever that might be. Her sister goes down with her. We offered to take her, but she thought it better to go on the stage. We were over there for a good long visit last evening.

I got back a little while ago from helping Mrs. Byrd to do her shopping. I had offered to help in any way I could, and this morning she called me, and we went down together and she bought a big carton of groceries, and I took them back

to the Byrd house with Mrs. Byrd. Both Carl and Robert are getting better, and Harold's hand is coming along all right so far as can be told. I think I told you that he got his hand into the saw and it was badly cut on the back, one of the tendons being cut almost entirely off. The surgeon was an hour and a half working on it.

I've got all the roses planted that we expect to plant this spring, including a climbing Dainty Bess that Mother wanted in the place on the trellis south of the garage where we had had that Primrose climber, the yellow rose which you probably remember. I took that out and planted it in the place of one of the three climbers on the trellis out by the Gravenstein apple tree.

We had another fine letter from Grace White this morning. The two women who have been living in her home have left, and she is enjoying having the place to herself, so that she can have guests as she pleases. She has had a week's visit from her friend Marian Keates, and another from a woman who recently lost her husband and needed a week of rest and meeting old friends.

Their pastor at Whittier, Herschel Folger, has resigned to go to Greensboro, North Carolina, where Fred Carter has been for a year or two. Don't know where Fred will go, but I'd not be at all surprised to see him showing up in Oregon in the not distant future.

The monthly meeting did not decide on the matter of the building of the new parsonage last Wednesday evening, and adjourned to meet next Wednesday evening, day after tomorrow. I shall be presiding, I suppose. They had one kind of a time at the meeting last week, and appointed an investigating committee to see if the building could not be erected for less money, or if they could not plan a cheaper building, or something. It looks to me just now as if the best plan for the present would be to just put off building for a while, and find another place for the Byrds to live. Costs are so high now -- and I don't want to see a poor and inadequate building go up for our pastors, the one we have now and I hope will have for a long time, and the ones whom the meeting will have after all of us are dead and gone.

But it is time to go and "feed my face", and I guess I'll do it.

With the hope that you are entirely well again, and that it may not be too long before you get out to see us, and with love from both of us,

Miss Bertha May Pennington,
3635 N. E. 114th.,
Portland, Oregon.