

Levi Pennington

People

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Pennington to Elisabeth Carey, July 18, 1965

Levi T. Pennington

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July 18, 1965.

Dear Friend:--

Your letter of the 13th is much appreciated, and should have been answered sooner but part of the week past both my daughters and there husbands were here, with company coming at times, and part of the town -- no, part of the time I have been out of town.

I was glad that I could tell you something of the memorial service for your father. There was no keeping it out of the morning service, and no effort to keep it out. Of course there were a good many in that morning meeting who did not know your father -- it is surprising how rapidly personnel changes in Oregon compared with change in older parts of the country. The afternoon meeting was composed almost entirely of folks who had known and loved your father, an impressive gathering, with many of the leaders of the yearly meeting and the college community present, though some conspicuous absences. Dean Gregory, yearly meeting superintendent, has not sufficiently recovered from his heart attack so that he could attend the service, or any other gathering; and there were others who had duties elsewhere.

The death of your father brings renewed realization of the fact that there are things that we may long expect but for which we can never be fully prepared. I know how willing, even eager, your father was to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." It was the same with my father, whom I cared for at night during weeks of his last illness. One night when he did not know that I was where I could hear I heard him talking just as he might have talked to his closest human friend, but he was talking to his Father. He told this Father in heaven that he did not wish to be impatient nor to appear before his God before God desired it; but he said that so far as he could see his work on earth was entirely finished, and he was very tired, and if the Father was willing he'd love to come home. It was not long after that until he fell asleep as I sat near him, and awakened in that country where "there is no death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

I had the privilege earlier by a score of years of watching by my mother's bedside during the long and painful illness that took her. One evening she said to my father, "I want to go home in the morning." Just as the morning sunshine shone across her bed the next morning she went home. I wish I might be as ready for the great change as she was.

We were all so glad that you could be with your father for such a visit shortly before his death, and that he was still able to enjoy your visit. I know of nobody who did not approve of your decision not to return so soon and so far for the final honors to him.

With best wishes for all the days ahead,

Sincerely your friend,

Miss Elisabeth Carey, 2473-C, Ala Wai Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii. 96815.