June 2, 2002

My Dearest Granddaughter,

Hi Kathy! I was so happy to get your letter! What do you mean you are pregnant? If so, if you are happy, I am too. You need a daughter. If not now, later on in life. Every woman needs a daughter, I think. I had three, all different yet so much alike. But I am not saying you need three, ha-ha. I sure did enjoy your letter when I got it.

I am just getting back to my old self, I think. I was beginning to think I was going to wind up in a wheelchair. After Dad passed away, my legs didn’t want to hold me up. I fell twice. They feel stronger now-if I could get enough rest.

I sure enjoyed my trip to Oklahoma. My aunt Jewell and I quilted me a quilt. It’s pretty. You will have to come see it when you come visit me. While I was there, I visited a church. It was the same church where I used to go from nine years old till I was fifteen. They still sing the old songs which I love. I felt at home. Us girls are all old now, but still the same in heart.

I love the old-time way of worship. Kathy, God came into my heart when I was quite young. I loved going to church and listening to what the ministers preached in those days. It went deep into my heart, and it is still there today. God has been real to me. He has been my best friend. I have prayed to Him all my life long. And for my family. We need to take everything to God in prayer and talk it over with Him. Let Him know we want Him to guide us. He loves us far better than anyone.

He won’t let us down. Prayer keeps our homes together. In Daniel’s time, he prayed three times a day in the good ole fashioned way-on his face. As I grow older, I wake up as I am between sleep and awake, I have His name on my lips. I am either praising Him or thanking Him. He is my Rock to build upon.

When I was younger, I felt so far from Him sometimes. I didn’t feel like I was worthy of His love either. I would get down (way down, disparaged of my life even) because I didn’t go to church except when I went home. But, for some reason, I couldn’t go anywhere else. I tried many times; I just wasn’t satisfied in my soul.

We left California when your dad was twelve. I was at home with the kids by myself (in Lufkin); I was thirty-three years old. There I was, I started singing some of the songs I learned at church and the more I sang, I fell down to my knees and talked to Him like I am talking to you right now. I told Him all that was bothering me in my heart.

The Spirit came down and filled me with a love I never knew before. He let me know He is real, that He knows all about me, that He has never left me, nor will He ever. So, I learned to go to Him in prayer and talk to Him. He alone satisfies my soul.

It’s the devil that tries to take our faith away from us if we let him. The Bible says we have the devil to fight every day of our lives, he doesn’t leave us alone…ever. Just thank Him for His love and goodness, for what He does when for you when doubts come.

Praise the wonderful name of Jesus. Jesus is the way, the Truth, and the Life. We are His children, too. Adopted children. We were heatherns before He came. Read your bible for yourself. The more you read the bible, New Testament, the more Jesus sticks out. Then when you go to church, you can follow the preacher’s sermon better. I read a lot, but I am learning more every day. You can’t just take these preacher’s word alone. I read Ephesian’s a lot. Paul wrote that he was the preacher Jesus sent to the Gentiles. We are the gentiles.

I look at my life now and I wonder why I was left behind. I am not much. I miss Grandpa something awful. We lived fifty-three years together. He was my only love. He could make me laugh and he could make me cry-but I knew I was important to him. I can’t bring him back, but I like what David said about his and Bathsheba’s first son. When I get to heaven, we will be together forever. We won’t be married in heaven, but we will know one another. He will be glad to see me come when we all meet again. (God is love) and we loved one another. We enjoyed one another and one another’s company. He was the one I wanted to be with always.

He gave me all I needed, and I will be going to Him when God is ready for me. Kathy, you and (your husband) love one another while you can. Keep on praying for him and when the time is right, God will answer your prayers. He answered mine. He is answering all my prayers for my children still. I believe He is still answering the prayers of my great, Grandpa Bernard. Did I ever tell you he was a Holiness Preacher? I know God still honors and answers the prayers he prayed for his future generations (for me, for your dad, for you, for your children, and your grandchildren).

Do your best to live like Jesus lived, to love like Jesus loves. Teach your children to do the same, just like I taught you. He will bless you and take you places you could only dream. Walk in the footsteps of those gone before you, like me and your Grandpa Bernard-keep Jesus the center of it all. I love you so much and I am proud of you. May God bless you. Kiss the boys for me. Praying for them always.

Grandma