

Kuling, China

June 26, 1937

My dear Niece,

I inclose a letter to you to be used as it may seem best to you on Aug. 6th. I do not have a typewriter, nor do I use one, so you will excuse the letter being in my handwriting.

Thank you for the pictures that you inclosed. I am so glad to have each of them. I do not have one of these like you sent of the dear old home. I have Orry's book "Jockey & Other Stories." There is a good picture in that of the house, but the one you sent is possibly clearer.

I had a good laugh when you congratulated me about "your little niece" when you meant to say "your little granddaughter." I have a number of very fine and sweet nieces and I love them all very much, but I happen to have only this one little granddaughter. Don't worry about it, just have a good laugh like I had. If it is God's will Wesley and Muriel and little Inabelle will be with us early in August.

Aunt Ida is now visiting Olive, Deaver and Dorothy in Shantung. I look for Olive to come back with Aunt Ida about July 10th.

I hope that you will not work too hard this summer, but I know that you will be glad to get some more work off on your Journalism degree. I hope that you will have a good summer.

It would be a great treat to visit the old homeplace and dear ones this August 6th but I shall look forward, with much pleasure to hearing about it from some of you who can attend. I hope to be able to send you a little something toward the expenses of the printing for the August 6th coming together.

Give much love to Florrie Lee and to each of the dear homefolks when you see them.

With a heart of love,

Fondly,

Uncle Wesley

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Kuling, China

June 26, 1937

Miss Mamie Louise Lawton,
1620 Green St.
Columbia, S. C.

My dear Niece,

Your highly appreciated letter of May 21st saying that you and Florrie Lee would like to have a letter from me to read at the reunion at the old place on August 6th is just to hand. I thank you for it. It is a beautiful idea that you girls have thought of, to have this reunion, and I assure you that I am with you in spirit as you assemble.

It was a privilege to have letters and newspaper clippings about the first reunion, telling something about the dear ones whom I love, and their dear children. It is nice to have these reunions. It takes us away from our work and routine business for a day, and gives us helpful thoughts and incentives for many days and months following. I am sure that each one will exert themselves to make the day a real blessing to each one present, and also to those of us who cannot attend in person but who will join with you in heart.

Sometime ago a young lady friend of the childrens loaned me a book by Miss Amy Carmichael. In it there was a piece of poetry which I copied. It seemed so appropriate for we older ones that I want to send it to you for those who will be blessed by it.

"Gone, they tell me, is youth
Gone is the strength of my life,
Nothing remains but decline,
Nothing but age and decay.

Not so, I'm God's little child,
Only beginning to live;
Coming the days of my prime,
Coming the strength of my life,
Coming the vision of God,
Coming my bloom and my power."

That piece of poetry is an inspiration to me, for I too feel that we older ones are "only beginning to live", for are not the spiritual things growing more and more attractive and captivating as we get new visions of God?

But I have another piece of poetry here that came in a letter from America dated March 26, 1936 that I want to send you. It is written by a young student who was at Tigerville, S. C. Junior College. In his letter to me he says "I don't make any claims to be a poet, but this little poem which I wrote last year, may show you a little of what I mean by "Jesus being needed in Everything"

Jesus Is My Stay

1. When my path seems lonely
And all of life dismay,
I bow and call on Jesus -
Jesus is my stay.
2. When my friends forsake me
And burdens on me lay,
I lean upon Jesus -
Jesus is my stay.
3. When Mother is not near me
And sweetheart far away
I kneel and talk to Jesus -
Jesus is my stay.
4. When all of life seems working
Without a cent of pay
I count my wealth in Jesus -
Jesus is my stay.
5. When my mind grows muddled
And words I cannot say
I clearly think on Jesus -
Jesus is my stay.

So to old and young alike there is the call to "The Vision." When I was a boy when "laying out" for planting, we used to have three stakes, and the rows would be very crooked if we did not keep our eyes on the stakes. Let us keep our eyes on Jesus, lest our life's row look very crooked when finished.
With much love to everyone.

Fondly,

Uncle Wesley