

Concord, Ga.,
Aug. 19, 1945

My dear friends,

I had not intended writing to you today, though I did intend to soon, in regard to the little inclosure. But things that have happened today, thoughts that have come, prayers heard, seem to indicate that I should write now. The past week has brought such thrilling experiences, and this day of thankfulness and prayer have brought us very near to God. When I went to my room early this morning for a quiet time, I happened to select "Streams in the Desert" in addition to my Bible. I do not use it as often now as I once did. As I opened it, a book mark fell out, a card "First Aid Bible Verses" and on the back was typed "From your A.B. or S.A.P. - just as you please", and I remembered it came to me with a beautiful message from another book. Then I turned to the reading for today, and though I had read it many times before, it had never brought such a direct meaning as today. I wish you would read it now, if you have not already. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." I know you learned long before I did of the necessary ministry of both joy and sorrow, and because you had learned it, you were better able to help me as well as others.

Now, about the little clipping from the Pike Co. journal, I meant to wait until Mrs. Butler had sent her account to the Atlanta papers, but this will be sufficient to tell you the happy news about my children. You were so kind as to let me know when your son married a year ago (today, was it not?) and I believe you will be interested in Sam's marriage. This account is not complete, but they had a very sweet wedding, and nine glorious days on the French Riviera, before Patricia had to return to Germany. I think Sam is still at Marseilles. I am so happy that he will not have to go to the Pacific, though it may be months before he can come home.

If you were still living here, I would most likely

permit you to read the sweetest letter I have ever received, Sam's, telling of his marriage. A very few special friends have seen it, but not the present pastor of the church. It is too precious and sacred a document to be read by unsympathetic eyes, and though this announcement has been out two weeks, he ~~had~~ ^{has} not mentioned it to me. But I wish Mrs. Williamson especially could read it, for I remember she used to be concerned that Sam took so little interest in girls. Well, when he finally did begin to (I wonder if you heard 'The Hills of Home' as I wrote that, and are listening to Ave Maria this instant?) take an interest, he was not at all backward. And from the time he and Patricia found they loved each other, now nearly 4 years ago, I think neither has ever had a thought for another. She is a wonderful girl, and from the way they have entered into marriage, I feel sure they will make a success of it.

I wonder if you ever knew Chaplain White? He has been pastor of a church in Macon. Sam and Patricia learned to love him. His father is a retired minister (S. Baptist) living in Miami, and has preached in Pat's home church at Hollywood.

Your visit was a most unexpected bit of brightness in the lives of these two old ladies who are usually a little too much on the sober side. If you had only brought Mrs. Williamson with you, it would have been perfect - and, if it had been a few days later, when I had our one and only Damson plum pie of the season. Oh, what a pie! Next time, bring her, but try to give me a little advance notice, so I won't be caught in my canning outfit.

The revival at the Baptist Church began this morning. I went for the only time of the week, for my mother's sister is to be with us this week. She is 80, and feeble, so I won't dare to leave the two alone. But we won't be sober, I can assure you. Aunt Edna, who has had a life full of tragedy, is one of the jolliest, most fun loving old ladies I know. A joy to be with.

Without such a spirit, she could not have survived. And never have I seen two sisters so completely devoted to each other.

We recently saw "The Valley of Decision," very much a disappointment to me, because I had seen An American Romance, which is so much finer and better in every way, also the story of steel. And this coming Wednesday, we are to see "A Song to Remember." I feel sure we will not be disappointed in that.

And now that I have written, I do not know how to address the letter. I remember "Ridgecrest," whether St., Ave., Drive, or Road, I don't know, and I have a vague picture of number 214, but that is very uncertain. And of course I do not know whether you have moved in or not. I hope that you are in, settled, and liking the new home more and more. And that Norman and Lib may soon be with you. May I say that I wish for you both a long life of "health, prosperity, and happiness." And please, Mrs. Williamson, understand that this letter is to you, also. I wanted you to know of Sam's happiness. And we are all quite happy and thrilled over it. It was not a surprise to us, we knew it would happen whenever they could get together. And Patricia has been calling me "Mother King," Carol, "Sis," and saying "Grand-mother" for at least 3 years, so it is not hard to get used to the idea.

Goodbye to you both, and best wishes to you and yours always,

Sincerely,
Florence King.

P.S. By the way, I am a little curious to know the meaning of F.F.F. and H.B. I can usually figure out such things, but this time I must be dumb! Don't this violin concerto beautiful? (over)

Did you get the shrubbery you wanted, and the scuppernongs? The variety I tried to tell you of, the name of which I could not remember, is "Lucida", a very large brown skinned grape, one of the best. We are just having a few of the earliest. Will soon be having scuppermong pies, and be canning for winter. Have you ever tried scup. pie? Not even Damsons are better. Hope you will soon have all such things yourself - F. K.