

Concord, Ga.,
Jan. 21, 1941.

Dear Dr. Williamson,

I have been guilty of doing the impulsive, unconventional thing so often since I have known you, that one more time won't matter much, though this time it may be unexcusable. I had not even thought of this when I wrote to Mrs. Williamson yesterday, and I promised her not to trouble her again. I think this rather belongs to you anyway, though I want her to see it. And I tell you to begin with, it is meddling in what is none of my business, and I suspect you will treat it as most meddling deserves.

You and Mrs. Williamson left some mighty good friends in Concord, people who loved you for what you are, and for what you had meant to them. For weeks after you left, everywhere I went I met the question "Have you heard from the Williamsons?" Finally, friends began to feel hurt, and there was criticism for your failure to write. I understand you received Christmas cards from a good many, and as you know, not everyone realizes the utter impossibility of a preacher answering every card. And few are able to even begin to comprehend the many burdens that might be pressing on you.

Now, of course I am not publishing the fact that Mrs. Williamson has written to me, for I'd hate to have to explain that I forced her to write it, which I certainly did. But it will no doubt be known, for some one will be sure to question me again. For some reason, everyone seems to think I should be the one to hear. And here is where I begin to meddle, by making what you may think is an impertinent suggestion, as to how you can soothe wounded feelings and set at rest unfavorable talk.

You used often to thank your people from the pulpit for kindnesses they had shown you. Would it not be a courteous and friendly thing to do now, to write a

letter to Mr. Oxford or to Mr. Madden, to be read at church, sending greetings and thanks to all your friends in all the churches, who had remembered you, too many to be answered personally, or individually? you know so well how to say the kind things that need to be said, and really it takes so little to take away the sting of being forgotten. My suggestion may not be the best, but I know you can and will do something to retain the love and respect of those who appreciated you. I have an idea some are beginning to realize that when they let you two go, they lost something they are not likely ever to find again.

Why do I care enough to humble myself like this? Remember what I told you once. I do not enjoy hearing my friends criticised, especially when as now, I know the criticism is in some degree justified. I do think it matters that you keep the friendship of certain people, who are as sweet and good as you will find anywhere. "Aunt Willie" has been quite sick, and Sallie May tells me she has actually grieved because you had not written to her. So even if you think I am wholly wrong about the other thing, please do write to her.

I hope you both will read this and understand I am writing it for your own sakes. Forgive me if I offend, if I should take time to think, I probably would not send it, so I shall mail it first, and regret later - perhaps. I don't think I will much, for it can't make any difference to me, either one way or the other, and just possibly, it may to you and some others.

With the kindest of good wishes to you both, and a definite promise not to bother you again - soon - I am your very meddlesome, but wholly sincere friend,

Florence King.