

STORY OF MY LIFE: BY ROBERT PERRY

This is my story as I remember it. My memory is not as good as my forgetter.

My life began on Dec 3, 1934 being born to William Floyd and Bertha Ellen “McGee” Perry in the middle bedroom of the bungalow house at 246 S. Minnesota, Shawnee, Ok with the assistance of Dr Anderson of ACH Hospital. I was blessed to have two older sisters to adore me, Virginia and Rebecca. They were about 7 and 4 at the time. The Bradbury’s lived across the street to the south and had 1 son and 2 daughters, Virgil (Dodo), Rachel and Johnnie. When we moved to Market Street the Bradbury’s bought and moved into the house I was born in. To the north the Long family lived with 2 children Bill and Glenda with the Sanders family (Phil Sanders is a part of this family.)

Mr. Solomon lived about a block east of us. He had a tamale cart that he pushed to main street and sold tamale’s, on his way home, if he had any left, mother would buy some for me. I was about 4 years old and have loved tamale’s ever since. Glenda Long and I played together a lot and one day decided to do some cooking. We were going to make mud pies but we had a new wrinkle, real milk from the milk left on porch by milkman. Parents didn’t like this too much.

My first job, I was four at the time; I had a lawn care business. My only client was Mr. Ralph Bradbury; I mowed his grass by turning the push mower upside down and pushing it around the yard. He paid me 10 cents. This would buy 10 all day suckers at the little store just a few doors north of our house.

My sisters attended Franklin School and my mother was encouraged to be president of the PTA. (Mother was shy and not comfortable in this position.)

My Dad purchased a bungalow house at 806 N. Market for a rent house, but Mother insisted that we move there to be in Jefferson school district. My first day of school was in Jefferson with a teacher MS Roberts and principle Gladys Rischer. Mother did not like to drive, very nervous about it but we needed to move our cat, named Jigger to our new home. Mother put Jigger in a tow sack (gunny sack) for the trip and Virginia, Rebecca and I were in the back seat to hold the cat. Jigger did not like to ride in the car and began to jump around and her claws stuck through the sack and began scratching us, we let it go and the cat in the bag was jumping from back to front and back and mother got really upset, but we finally arrived at our new home.

Remembering the farm.

Dad bought a small farm on Brangus Rd about a quarter mile north of McArthur on the east side (I believe it was twenty acres). This place was primitive and my Grandpa and Grandma Perry lived there. Small house no electric and no plumbing. This is where I learned about coal oil lamps and cook stoves, drawing water from the well and slopping the hogs. I watched grandpa plow with a team of mules. Big trip planned. We poured water on the wagon's wheels night before to swell the wood on the wheels to keep rim from coming off. Street from what is now Golden Coral). This was an all day trip. I played cowboy a lot and was fooling around with a lariat rope, roping every post I could, Grandpa passed by on the way to some chores and said "I bet you can't rope that turkey". He was wrong; I roped the old tom turkey, but didn't know what to do with it. Grandma heard the commotion and came to my rescue got the rope loose and scolded me a bit for messing with her turkey.

Life on Market Hill.

We lived on little market hill and two blocks north was big market hill. Underneath market street laid the two block tunnel which carried the water runoff down Shawnee Creek to the Canadian River. Most of my whippings came because I had gone to the tunnel, which was strictly forbidden. We had a number of hard winters during my life on Market St., when we had snow or ice Mr. Moran, Shawnee city manager, would close the streets between the hills and allow sledding until the snow was gone. We would build fires and sled late into the evening. Kids came from all over town, what fun we had. When the conditions were right you could sled all the way to the big hill, walk to top and sled all the way back to the little hill. The hills were perfect for testing the many soap box racers we built. Kids always wanted to ride our carts, so we rigged one up that would be a real test. We hooked the steering up backwards so to go left you turned right and vice versa, you can imagine the fun we had to push down the hill and watch the crash. Who said I don't have sense of humor. We also made our own stilts, we made some so tall we had to mount them from top of the porch. Having two sisters I became pretty good at jump rope and could play a mean game of jacks. We roller skated a lot with skates that fastened to our shoes. We also made our own rubber guns, the war made it hard to get real rubber inner tubes to make ammunition. We made mostly short and long barrel revolvers but did make a machine gun. This took a long time to load but was feared by the neighborhood. We also made throwing items with a corn cob and 3

feathers, fun to throw at each other. A potato in an old nylon stocking could be slung for great distances. We also made a small dart by pushing a needle into match stick and making a paper fin on opposite end. These would stick to wall or ceiling or skin and not leave a mark. Some of these games do not pass safety standards. But we survived. My first bicycle was a used bike purchased from Raymond Buford in the 300 block of N. Tucker. He was a member at Central. I asked Santa for a motor bike when I was about 14 and he gave me a new 3 speed Columbia Bike. Which I used until my first car. Mom was a country girl. We raised a garden and had 3 chicken houses on Market Street. I was forced to sell eggs to the neighbors. Mom was a great cook and for many years we had the visiting preacher for our meeting for dinner the first Sunday of the meeting. One-time dad was out of town on business and Mom was left with the task of killing the chickens for the meal (normally dad would come home from work and wring necks of the chickens and mom would pluck and prepare the rest). Mom coerced Virginia to try to wring the necks, she was terrible at it and only able to break the neck and the chicken just flopped all over the yard I do not remember how this was resolved, but we did have a chicken dinner. Dad solved this problem by buying mom a hatchet and getting a block of wood to chop off chicken's neck on.

Permit me to reminisce about my Uncle Gordon and Aunt Bessie's place.

This farm was located on East Independence St about a quarter mile East of Bryan (This is now Windmill Ridge) Independence was not paved East of Union and Bryan was barely passable for a motor vehicle. One day my cousin Mace and I walked to the store located at Highland and Bryan, we bought a pop and candy and started home. Mace had come into possession of a plug of Days Work chewing tobacco. I was not familiar with what it was because tobacco products were not allowed in our home. Mace said I should chew a little, I said no, he said it is sweet like candy, he finally prevailed and I took a chew. He did not tell me the rest of the story. I chewed and swallowed, chewed and swallowed and then I learned the rest of the story, you do not chew and swallow tobacco. By the time we got back to the wooden bridge I laid down on the bridge, head hanging off the side, and tried to die, but I was too sick. We finally made it back home, but that day was ruined. That was the only time I used tobacco in my life and if I were to smoke a cigarette it would be my first. I have yet to taste beer or whiskey. We were not through with our silliness, we were great fans of cowboys and decided that we would try some of their tricks, they looked fairly easy. The first one, and also the last one, was to leap from the barn loft onto a horse that

was coming out of the barn. We weren't crazy so we had one of the cousins to lead the horse, instead of having it run free. That part worked pretty well but there must be a secret to jumping onto a horse from a loft that we were not aware of. We sang tenor for awhile and did not try that again.

Sonny and I were riding around one day in his model A Ford on Independence we came to a creek (about where Windmill Ridge is) the bridge was out and I told Sonny we had better turn back, he replied the model A had a high center of gravity and you could not get her stuck, but you can if you hit high center and none of the wheels are touching the ground. We worked a long time but to no avail, we had to call Uncle Haskell to pull us out. He seemed surprised that we were that naïve. I don't think he used the word naïve it sounded more like stupid.

On another occasion Mace, Sonny Parsons (another cousin) and I were riding horses. Mace and Sonny had riding horses with saddles and I had an old plow horse and was riding bareback. We rode east on Independence to the creek near Brangus Road, the bridge was out and the road was not opened to vehicles for years. Mace and Sonny decided to race their horses to Bryan Rd, a good $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. They started the race and this city boy on the plow horse, which decided he would race too. I tried to rein him in but to no avail. He was racing, but was far behind, however when he came to the drive that led to the barn he turned in. He did not make a signal and I was hanging on to his mane and legs wrapped around his neck, when he finally stopped and I slid to the ground. We bird hunted on this property all the way to McArthur St. There was also a small body of water caught in the creek about a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the house, a place we could skinny dip on a hot day of summer.

My Grandpa and Grandma McGee living on Market St at Ridgewood on the northwest side. 2 story buff brick with white picket fence and circular bench around a cedar tree (that tree is still there). Christmas was big at that house, with ten children and many grand children and everyone bought for everyone. The family had its own Santa suit and took turns each year as to who would be Santa. The sun porch was filled with packages from floor to ceiling. What a Christmas.

The McGee clan that had been farming in the Tuttle Ok area migrated to the Hereford Texas area where they could irrigate their crops. My first trip to Texas was with Uncle Taft McGee. He took my sister Rebecca and I to Hereford, he explained the cap rock as we came to the plains of west Texas. I stayed several weeks with Lee and Myrtle and their children Lyndal, Virgle, Betty and Leota. Their son Gene lived in California. This was some summer; I was about 12 and helped

best I could around the farm. My cousins were super nice; they would let me drive the tractor all day long. Sometimes the Case and other times the Farmall. I did this for several summers. We worked hard all week and if the work was caught up went to town. Go to the movies. Irrigating was hard work and went on all night. When we first started we built earth dams and channeled the rows with a shovel, as time went on we had a canvas on a rod for the dam and curved tubes we could siphon the water to the rows, after starting the water we had to watch till it got to the end of the rows and then do the next section. They had an old Chevrolet car they used for this purpose and as an incentive to get me to go, they let me drive.

I suppose that is where I learned to love driving and still do. I drove the tractor pulling 3 trailers for hauling hay, because I was too small to lift the bails onto the trailer. They called it work, but for a city boy this was delightful. Myrtle and the girls would fix lunch, usually 3 fried chickens, biscuits gravy and potatoes. The men had no trouble disposing of this.

I attended Jefferson for 6 years but overcrowding made it necessary to go to Wilson or Irving.

We chose to attend Irving (located in the 300 Block of N. Louisa) Buddy Wilcoxson was the principle. The school had a fundraising carnival and I spent several afternoons at my Dad's store Perry & McGee Furn. At 20 W. Main making pull toys with the help of Ben Alexander. The carnival raised enough to buy a piano for the school. I played clarinet in the school band we wore white jeans and T-shirts and marched. We wanted to march and play in opening ceremonies of the Little Olympics but were denied because other schools did not have a band.

I was slow of foot being one of a few who attended 7 grades and participated in 3 little Olympics without earning a ribbon. In those days there were 8 schools participating in the same class and only 3 ribbons per event. This did not dampen my enthusiasm for participating and in our neighborhood we conducted our own event. My earliest memory of Harold Carothers was him running beside our races as if he were in them.

My junior high years were spent in the building on union (Now the administration Bldg.) Pretty uneventful. I had drafting and woodworking under Bill Lazenby. Was invited several times to play in the band but for some reason I was not interested. The county tournament was played at the Municipal Auditorium and I became interested in sports and did not miss many county tournament games for many, many years. I was not aware at the time but watched the girl I would later marry; Ann Wills play for Dale.

The Municipal Auditorium has many memories for me. I not only watched the county tournament there but also watched Shawnee Wolves; OBU played their games in the building. Bob Bass was on one of those teams, I also watched the Globe Trotters and the Red Head's women's team play Sherriff Verdun Myers independent team. This team had Cecil Brown and Bud Stanley on it. I also saw my first TV in this building in a demonstration of what was to come. This was very exciting to a young boy.

I was blessed to have a brother, about 10 years my junior, William Royce Perry. He added a little excitement to the family. Virginia had left home to marry Charles Wright in Denver Co., who was in Air Force training. Royce, about 2 yrs old, managed to get in the family car, get it out of gear and roll out the drive onto Market St. He was pretty good driver, he got it turned and rolled backward down Market hill to the bottom, where he jumped the curb and hit a small tree, that stopped the car. Mother did not miss him until a neighbor called and told her Royce was in the car in his yard. He was a traveler, on another occasion Royce came up missing with his little red wagon. We looked all around the neighborhood, gave up and called Dad at the store and he searched, finally gave up and called the police. He was finally located on Independence St. headed East, pulling his little red wagon. He was going to Grandpa and Grandma Perry's. We were blessed with a nephew, Bruce Wright, he was less than 2 years younger than Royce. Royce continued to excite the family. I was called one day at the store by the police; one of our trucks had had a roll-over accident on a county road West of Tecumseh. I made a dash to the scene, no one was hurt and the delivery had been made. Still do not know who was driving or what happened. Royce was on delivery with Bob Burch, a very good friend and employee, they were messing around lost control and rolled, we do not know which was driving.

My first football game to attend took place when Leroy Flinchem and my dad came by Jefferson school and picked me up from a cub scout meeting to go to the game at Jim Thorp stadium. I saw the Dunbar Bears Play the Luther Lions, I was hooked and later became a regular at those games and the Shawnee Wolves.

Leroy also took me to Ada to my first rodeo, at that time it was known as the second largest in the nation.

Leroy became Sherriff of Pottawatomie County and I was with him on call to help identify model airplane parts that had been stolen, when he received a call concerning a body that had been

located in Shawnee Creek. He would have to go to the Coroner's inquest and autopsy and wanted to know if I wanted to go. I was about fourteen and witnessed my first and last autopsy in Gaskells Funeral Home on N. Union.

Leroy took me to my first pow wow it was located just off old 18 hwy, about where Vo-Tec is now located. Leroy was a great friend to me and many other young people. He worked on the 101 ranch near Ponca City in his earlier days. His wife Lillian was secretary to Frank Buck, who owned the Federal National Bank in Shawnee, and she was one of many really good Bible teachers I had growing up along with Ruby Scott and Syble Neesom.

Leroy and dad also took me squirrel hunting, Leroy could spot them a block away and being very patient he would show me the squirrel and let me shoot it. I used his 22 rifle which was a hex barrel lever action, it was a beautiful gun. Dad wanted me to be a hunter and he took me hunting a lot before I was old enough to carry a gun. We mostly hunted quail, with dad that meant you started at daybreak and ended at sun down we ate mostly persimmons we found in the field. Some people wondered why I did not take up hunting. Simple, I was dad's bird dog for several years stomping on nearly every brush pile in Pott. County, when I got old enough to say no, I didn't go.

When I was in my preteens while visiting dad at the store two men came in to see dad. He called me to the front and introduced me to two gentlemen, they were, George Thorpe and his brother Jim Thorpe. George lived on Lake Road just across the river on the north side. I became interested in the Thorpe history and read several books on his life. Later when I was selling furniture for the store a young man came in to look at furniture, he was moving from California, his name was Richard Thorpe and on enquiring I learned that he was a son of Jim Thorpe.

I made a number of trips to Chicago with dad to the furniture market. My first trip was while in grade school 5th or 6th grade. We traveled by train from Oklahoma City to Dearborn station in Chicago. We packed a lot in that trip going to the Aquarium, Planetarium and Chicago Cubs baseball game. We saw an exhibition game between the Chicago and New York with Joe DiMaggio playing.

I made another trip to Chicago, Dad, Mom, sister Rebecca and myself made that trip in a 1948 Desoto. We drove Route 66, arriving at Springfield, Mo the first night, rising early drove hard all day to Springfield, Ill. And on the third day we arrived at Chicago. I was able to spend one day at the Arts and Science Museum, and on that trip we drove over to Detroit to see some church friends of dad and saw Ted Williams play for Detroit Tigers.

I enrolled in DECA program as a junior and worked for Rosenfield's Jewelry. I think dad was afraid I was liking it too much so he arranged with Otto Flo Hall, the teacher for me to work with him at the store my senior year. I started working at the store in Shawnee my senior year of high school. I was in the warehouse and delivery truck. We worked every weekday and when I came home from college on weekends, you guessed it, I went to work. During the summer I worked every day, but after work, I drove out the old Lake Rd, which was a gravel road to 3 ½ miles West of Shawnee Lake to Ann's house. I didn't mind the drive at all.

My first car was a 1947 2 door Chevrolet, dad bought it for about \$400. It was a company car of Haliburton Co.; it was two-tone but dad had it painted solid green before he gave it to me.

I loved that car. I drove it to Bartlesville to Central Christian College. My college career was nearly cut short because I had 3 flats on the way to school and did not arrive until nearly 10:00 pm and my room was not held for me and I ended up staying at 1111 Johnstone, a house leased by the school. I was discouraged and ready to go home, but dad was on the founding board of the school, and I wasn't ready to face him on the return home.

Adrian Cole, a friend of mine, small for his age and was two grades ahead of me in school. He ran a newspaper route and occasionally he would come by our house on market street rap on my window about 3:00 AM we would go to the news-star get the papers, fold them either 3 corner or square depending on size of paper and throw them to customers from our bicycles.

Adrian went to CCC (Central Christian College) in Bartlesville ahead of me when I was getting ready to go to CCC he told me to look up Ann Wills, a girl at school that lived west of Shawnee, he said she was really pretty.

She was out of my league; I would never have the courage to ask her out. She was and is the most beautiful girl inside and out that I have ever known. It is a long story of what happened, but in a few weeks we began dating and the rest is history. I am a very lucky man!

I came home from CCC about every three weeks and Ann usually came with me. We would go to church Sunday evening at Central and then race the clock back to the dorms before the gates would close. Mom usually fixed us a lunch for the road along with a devil's food cake and homemade cookies. On one occasion I was driving and Ann gave me a sandwich mother prepared for us, something was different, I pulled over to see what I was eating. Mother had added pecans to our egg sandwich because a neighbor said it was good.

My freshman year I roomed with Wayne Hastings from Howard KS. He came to my wedding, although we had not seen each other since I moved on to ACC. Years later while visiting relatives in Amarillo, my Uncle Paul Cook said he had run into a friend at an OTASCO store in Amarillo and I went out to see who it was. It was Wayne, we had a nice talk, but he soon moved to Derby Ks and I lost touch with him. Years later I was traveling Kansas, selling furniture wholesale to dealers, stopped by the church in Howard and was told there was a man down the street that would know the Hasting family. I knocked on the door and was cordially greeted by a man that knew Wayne and was informed that he had passed away and was buried in the Derby Ks Cemetery. Life certainly goes by in a hurry. My second year I roomed with Don Shackelford in a 2nd story apartment on 6th Street, about 1 blk. west of 6th & Dewey Church of Christ. Don had two Smith Bible Dictionary's, he gave me one and it is still in my library.

Don went to Harding, when I went to ACC, but paths crossed occasionally. Don spent several years in Italy doing mission work, when he returned I sold him a house full of furniture. He later became head of the Bible department at Harding. He was a great roommate.

CCC was a small school and had very strict rules that were not bad for me because my family had very strict rules also. At home we could only play monopoly with a spinner, (Dice were not allowed) and only play Rook, (playing cards also were forbidden. Only being able to date on Friday night, only with another couple or a chaperone, and had to be in by 10:00 PM. We could have a church date on church times but had to have the date back within 30 minutes of close of service. I had special permission to let Ann ride with me from school to town to her job at Griggs Studio. One day we stopped by the mail room and picked up the Shawnee News Star and Ann was reading it on the way to town, Stafford North called me in the next day and wanted to know why Ann was hiding behind the paper and sneaking off campus, I explained and everything was all right. I did not get "restricted to campus" for rule violation.

My mother was an excellent seamstress and made me many shirts for school, I did not think anything about it I just put a different shirt on every day. A girl tapped me on the shoulder one day at chapel and asked how many shirts I had. I did not know but she was home economics major and knew they were homemade, very well crafted. I counted the next day and informed her that I had over 50. Her roommate was Ann Wills, who was sitting next to her and she arranged our first date. Life was really good! The school put on a musical show in a downtown theater called "Songs

America Sings” Ann sang “Alexander’s Ragtime Band” She did a beautiful job I did my part in being the backend of a horse, that’s about all the talent I had. Ann was selected as Senorita La Quinta, which is queen of our yearbook. I am still afraid I will wake up and this is all a dream. I am a very lucky man!

I was playing intramural basketball and was approached by Gerald McCoy, the boys coach and asked to join the college team. I became the 10th man on a ten-man team. We played in a local league, did not have uniforms but had a lot of fun. Came back during army career to homecoming and was asked to donate money for uniforms, which we were glad to participate in. I did not learn until many years later that dad had donated the furniture for the girl’s dorm.

Soon after arriving for school I learned that the three intramural football teams were all filled up. I asked and received permission to form another team. We called ourselves the “Volunteers” and there was not a player that had ever had a football uniform on. This was 6-man flag football. We scratched and clawed and made it to the playoff game to be played on Thanksgiving Day as part of Homecoming. No one gave us a chance. We were down over 30 points at half time but came back to win the game. Fifty years later we had a reunion on the old campus, which is now Wesleyan College, and that game was still a big talking point. I was quarterback on this team. I threw 5 scoring passes and caught one, not a bad day!

After two years I graduated from CCC and continued my education at Abilene Christian College.

Ann remained in Bartlesville and worked for Griggs Studio. I came home one weekend and needed the family car to make a trip to Bartlesville, but dad needed the car for a trip he had to make. He sent me to Perkins & Cook Motors which was just north of the store to look at a used car he had looked at for me. It was a 1952 four door Plymouth royal blue faded to almost purple, I was not impressed but really needed transportation so I agreed and this became my transportation for the next few years. It was really a good car and dependable with a knob you pull out to run in overdrive. I asked Ann to marry me and gave her a diamond ring, she accepted and I returned to Abilene to school. The next semester Ann came to school at ACC, life became simpler.

My junior year at ACC I roomed with a boy named Derwood from Tulsa, Ok; we were in an overflow area designed for guests of the school. This was in Mabee Dorm, a brand new structure.

We were outside the main dorm and had a private bath. Derwood was a freshman and with special permission carried 19 hrs. Including calculus. He had straight A’s. I learned to study and

apply my abilities, budget my time make preparation for every class. I made straight A's for the remainder of my college work and graduated Summa Cum Laude from ACC spring 1956. This was remarkable for me because I had not made the honor roll in high school or first 2 years of college.

Ann and I decided to get married with one semester of college left. We came home for Thanksgiving announced our intention and returned to college. We came home for Christmas break and were married at 10th & Bell Church of Christ Dec. 30th 1955, with Ann's brother, Carl Wills officiating, and returned to ACC for final semester. We moved into married housing which had been an army barrack. It was two small rooms approximately 9x12 with community bath facilities for men and women.

We traveled to Austin Tex. To the Texas relays (on that trip I talked with Jay Chance a boyhood friend who attended OBU and was a track star for them) and to Fort Worth track and field. ACC was good in track and Bobby Morrow was world class. He won 3 gold medals at Melbourne Australia 56 Olympic Games, breaking the 100-meter record held by Jesse Owens since the 36 games in Germany.

I had a class with Bobby, he was very quiet and humble His coach at ACC was Oliver Jackson, a brother to Hulen Jackson the preacher at 10 & bell when the building was built.

We returned to Shawnee to work for the store which now consisted of the main store, an appliance store, and an economy store with budget new and used furniture. I was put in charge of the bookkeeping dept. We set up housekeeping at 1010 1/2 Overland Court, a brick duplex dad owned and rented. Dad furnished the apartment with new contemporary furniture, life was good. Just getting started when Uncle Sam said he needed me.

March 28. 1957 I entered the US Army. Reported in OKC was flown to Ada on a small single engine plane picked up a few draftee's and proceeded to Ft. Bliss at El Paso. I was issued army clothes and interviewed, then sent by troop train east to Texarkana, then north to Spiro, OK, then by school bus to Ft. Chaffee, AR.

Began my basic training and I believe it rained every day, we could not complete all our training because we would get every uniform we had wet and stop to dry out and start again the next day. Part way through my basic I was devastated to learn of the passing of my grandmother Perry. Red Cross obtained permission for me to attend the funeral in Shawnee, but had to get back in 3 days to keep from being moved to another unit.

I counted the days, hours, and minutes to the end of basic training so I could use my two weeks leave to be home with Ann. The orders were read and everyone learned where they would be for their second eight weeks of training. When they finished there were a few of us that did not get orders. They explained that we would get our orders shortly, one by one, the orders came, but not for me, several days passed and I was really upset, and then they called my name. Pvt. Perry we have your orders; you have been assigned to Ft. Chaffee as OJT. What does that mean?

I asked and the sergeant said it was very good. I would return after my leave and begin **on-the-job** training. I would not be required to take second eight weeks of training, and I could bring my car on post.

Time flew, two weeks was a flash, said goodbye to family kissed Ann got in the Plymouth and headed for Ft. Chaffee, it was a Friday because the hold-over period had changed the normal schedule from Monday. I arrived and checked in and was informed that I would start to work on Monday. The man in charge said, I see you are married, is your wife with you? You know you can live off post with her. I replied she will be here Monday. I called Ann told her the news and that I would be there Saturday to pick her up. Sunday morning, car loaded with all our possession's we drove to Ft. Smith in time for church Sunday morning at Midland Blvd. Church of Christ. Met several army families and they asked where we live and we said we are going look for a place that afternoon. We found a duplex on 18th St. and moved in.

Monday morning, I reported for work. People I worked with and went to church with kept asking us to move to their apartment complex and we could car pool to work. This was a 2 story house with garage apt and we had 5 army families living there. Our car pool had three army personnel and two civilian workers. The army people drove every 3rd week and the civilians paid us \$2 a week that would fill our tank, so we rode for free. Life was good!

I began to teach the teenage class at Midland Blvd and had a wonderful time. The congregation grew and had 2 services on Sunday in anticipation of building a new building and becoming 2 congregations. In time the new construction was complete and Ann & I moved to the new place known as College Terrace Church of Christ. Ann was the first secretary.

While at Ft. Chaffee, my main job was to process every new class of trainee's. I had to determine how their pay was handled as to spouses and children and class Q allotments among other things. Had to become familiar with all phases of AR (army regulation). I became aware that a 3-day pass was from 1600 hrs to 0800 hrs, normally this was from Friday to Monday, but I

applied for pass from Tuesday to Friday, the Sgt. Did not think it legal, but I showed him the AR and he agreed. He allowed it, but asked that I not tell anyone else. I used this several times scheduling my work on Mondays and Fridays. Life was good. It looked like I would be transferred, most likely to Ft. Hood, TX, it did not happen, but we bought a new 1958 Chevrolet Biscayne grey with white top from dealer in Prague, OK for \$1943 tag, title, tax. This was our 1st new car. Ann did not care what color as long as it had automatic transmission.

During my time at Ft. Chaffee Elvis Presley was drafted and brought to the base for processing. A Sergeant of mine suggested that I go to the barber shop where Elvis's hair was to be cut, he said, I would receive a lock of hair in a plastic bag and an 8x10 glossy photo signed by Elvis. I told him I was not interested. That was a big mistake.

Dad called while at Ft. Chaffee and informed me that he had bought the store in Ada, Ok. This was started by Alvin McGee, sold to Mr. Cooper from Tecumseh, Ok. Ann & I intended to move to Ada, on my release and work with Mr. Coursey, who was the manager.

Applied for 3 months' early release from army, to allow me to attend a semester of college at East Central in Ada. Ann and I moved into an upstairs apartment on 17th about the 300 blk.

When Ann became pregnant we decided to move to a ground level dwelling. We purchased our first home at 810 south Cherry, a small slab floor 3 small bedrooms and a bath. Our first child was born while there, William Robert Perry on Jan 24, 1960. Life is really good!

Soon after Bob was born, a Mr. Odus O'Neal, a pharmacist from Wapanucka, OK came in the store and asked me to preach for them. I declined, I had never preached nor had I even thought about it, but he insisted. He said the preacher at Southwest Church said I had given a talk in men's training class. I finally agreed to preach one Sunday for them. I prepared a sermon designed to be about 30 min. (delivered it in 8 min) and they insisted I preach for them and I did for the next year and half.

Dad decided to close the outlet store, managed by my sister and brother-in-law, move them to Ada to work with Mr. Coursey and move Ann and me to Shawnee to work at the main store. We decided to move into each other's home for a couple of years and then trade back.

In time it became apparent that we would not be going back and worked out an agreement to change property, so we acquired 1628 N. Pennsylvania for \$19,000. This is a house built by Virginia and Charles and Ann and I helped paint it prior to leaving for the army.

We moved to Shawnee and in a couple of weeks Willie Guest asked me to go to Earlsboro to preach for them as he planned to start preaching at Wanette. While at Earlsboro a girl named Paula Gates was in my youth class and I learned she was dating Paul Harris, whom I knew from Shawnee. Bro. Guest called me and wanted to move back to Earlsboro and asked me to go to Wanette to preach. I preached for them about 7 yrs during which time our 2nd son was born June 15th, 1962, James David Perry.

Life was not always good. Ann gave birth to our 3rd son, Stephen Mark Perry Feb 3, 1964; he lived two days and is buried in Rest Haven Cemetery. My sermon that Sunday was on faith preached to myself this was hard to understand. Life sometimes knocks you to your knees.

I was working 6 days a week in the store and driving on old #18 to Wanette on Sunday, teaching teenagers AM and preaching 2 sermons and teaching young people class PM. I finally asked for a replacement and they got Danny Rhodes a student at OCC to come down. I was looking forward to some time off. The very next Sunday, after the evening service there were 3 men wanting to talk to me. Ralph Guinn, Bud Stanley, and A D Burleson, elders of the Church at main and Broadway in Tecumseh, they needed a fill in until they could hire a preacher.

For two years Ann and I worked, she taught ladies class on Wednesday and put out the bulletin, I taught teenagers Sunday AM preached both sermons and on Wednesday evening, on Tuesday I worked in visitation with one of the elders. During this time, we were blessed with a son Scott Alan Perry born Dec 21, 1968 (this is the same day my grandfather James Mark Perry passed) what a blessing to have such fine sons I love them very much) You can imagine how relieved I was for them to hire a full time minister. I was once again an unemployed preacher—well for a few minutes.

The next Sunday evening some brethren from Wanette were waiting for me after service, they needed a preacher, I was easy, and I agreed to come to Wanette to preach for a while. The new highway 177 made the trip much easier than before.

We were meeting in a frame church building, when I first began to preach at Wanette and I asked the brethren if it would be possible to build an indoor rest room, the outhouse was very difficult for Ann to care for Bobby and David. They agreed and built a facility and a class room on the front of the building. My first baptism was in this building, a Sis Barnes; the baptistery was underneath the pulpit, not heated or circulated. I was also asked to officiate at sis Barnes funeral

in 2013. I performed many funerals and weddings during my ministry. I did not keep records; I had not planned to preach and thought I was always just a Sunday away from retiring.

During this second ministry at Wanette the brethren met one Sunday night and decided it was time to build a new building, they had acquired the lot next door and one of the brethren suggested we meet the next Monday morning and begin the building. I asked for the floor and suggested we make some plans and have an idea as to what to build. They agreed. I proceeded to draw some primitive plans and presented it to them. They agreed and I proceeded to find metal building that would be suitable. We completed the building, tore down the old and paved a parking lot. The new building had a baptistery with heater and circulating pump. It was my great pleasure to baptize my first born son, Bobby Perry, as the first baptism in our new building.

Church Work

While preaching at Wanette I also worked with the young people at Central. The elders asked me to serve as a deacon, I tried to refuse because I was gone every Sunday, but they insisted and I began serving. At Wanette we progressed very well and purchased a preacher's home and hired a full time minister. Retired again. I filled in at Central when the preacher was gone and preached between preachers some times for months at a time. The Wanette preacher did not work out the preacher left and they sold the home, asked me to come back to preach, this time I had to turn them down. I really liked those brethren, but the old body was beginning to say no.

I was now working with the young people at Central. Dan Burdan had started taking the group to Burnt Cabin Youth Camp on Lake Tenkiller. The youth really liked it, it was primitive, no air conditioning, no swimming pool, we swam in the Lake, the girls in one area and the boys in another. One Sunday (about 2 weeks before camp Dale Ward our minister announced from the pulpit that we would not be going to camp that year. The youth were devastated. The elders were caught off guard not being forewarned of the decision; I offered to direct the camp and was given the responsibility. In two weeks we put a curriculum together and made our way to camp. I had lots of help from many people that went with us; we had a very good camp. On arrival, I was informed that the water system was down and to have water for cooking and showers, we would have to keep the generators running all night to fill the tank. There were two generators spaced down to the lake about ¼ mile. I had to set an alarm and make the trip every 2 hours, hold a flashlight between my legs and pour gasoline in the tank inches away from a cherry red exhaust

on the motor, very nerve racking. But we had water. A great week. The young people still love this camp, which now has air conditioning, swimming pool, lighted ball parks.

The congregation asked me to serve as an elder March 29, 1981. It is a great honor and an awesome responsibility; I pray I am up to the task. I love this congregation. I love the Lord's Church!

I attended Brother Bill Hembree's auditorium class which started at Genesis and continued through the Bible. When Bill got to Revelation he asked me to teach it. I first declined and he said he would just skip it and start at Genesis again. I agreed to teach it, because it is part of God's word and we needed to study it. When I completed the book of Revelation, Bill asked me to take the class and he would fill in for me. That is how I started teaching the auditorium class and went through the Bible a minimum of five times. I developed cataracts during my last trip through the Bible and was barely able to finish Revelation. I was fortunate that Dennis Broderson had moved to central and was willing to teach the class. He has done an excellent job.

Through all these days my wonderful wife Ann was with me, helped me, she is my co-worker.

Bear with me while I reminisce a little about Central.

I was 3 or 4 years old and remember going to Sunday school and church at the old frame building on Union Street. This had been the 1st Baptist Church and they built the red brick building at the corner of Union and 10th. The little frame building was located about where the Salvation Army Gym is now located. The little white building has been moved to OBU campus as the Stubblefield Chapel. Bro Perry Cotham was the first preacher I can remember.

Central was growing and needed a new building. They purchased the area that our present building sits on. It had several buildings on it, and on the corner lot sat a two story dwelling with a half basement. My Uncle Gordon Perry and wife Bessie lived in the basement with their children as caretakers of the property until we were ready to build. I remember playing on the property before the structures were demolished. Rolling a caisson (that's a tire for you youngsters) was a great pastime and sometimes we would sit inside the caisson and have someone roll it until we fell out so dizzy we could not stand up. Mace the ring leader of this group of cousins thought it would be fun to go to the top of the stairs on the outside of this property going to the top floor and take turns sitting inside the caisson and rolling down the stairs bumpity, bump, bump. Mace being the

oldest was to go first. He hit the first step then bounded all the way to the landing and then all the way the bottom and crashed. He decided that was not a good idea and we abandoned that idea.

Some members wanted to build a building on East Main, not many people had cars and that was close to their homes. That was the beginning of the East Main congregation. My dad, Floyd Perry preached the first sermon in that building. Later my Brother-in-law, Carl Wills preached for the congregation and was there when the new buff brick building was built.

Bro. Hulen Jackson followed Perry Cotham as our preacher. Jack Ewton, one of our elders had a vision for central and the congregation hired an architect to draw plans for the new building.

Odean Truesdell saw the plans and made the first donation toward the building. A local loan company agreed to finance the project until they saw the plans and then backed out. He said it was too large and grand to be that close to 1st Baptist. R L McGee, my grandfather, heard of the problem and agreed to loan the money. He was not a member at the time but became a member in time. He had ten children that survived infancy; half had already left home, when he obeyed the gospel. All but one of his children obeyed the gospel, and all four sons-in-laws served as elders in various congregations, mostly in Texas.

The new building was completed in 1942 and I was proud to be in that first crowd to worship at the 10th & Bell Street congregation.

There was an artist in Denver Co. that painted baptisteries for room and board. Sis. Perry (not related to us except in Christ) but she stayed at our home at 806 N. Market. I would watch her in the evening wash her paint brushes out in the bath tub. She asked my mother for a picture of a water scene in Oklahoma. All mother had was a black & white photo of Turner Falls and from that resulted in the most beautiful baptistery scene I have ever seen. My dad baptized me in that baptistery when I was a young man.

A highlight of my life was in being able, as a young boy, attending a gospel meeting in Dunbar Gym with Bro. Marshall Keeble, preaching, with his entourage of preaching students. That was powerful preaching!!!

In the 60's the educational wing was constructed and some time latter the elders asked me to negotiate the purchase of the youth house and the corner house for future development.

I have many emotional ties to this building but I hope to see this congregation in a building, all on one level, with adequate foyer space and large hall with commercial kitchen. To use in outreach events to teach God's word to those who so desperately need it! Our great grandson,

Jacob attended central the first time October 27, 2013 and I got to hold him during the evening service just like I got to hold his mother, Lindsey. I am a lucky man!

I resigned as an elder Dec 28, 2014. Very difficult decision for me but I did not want to serve until they asked me to resign. Central is a wonderful congregation.

My Heritage

My dad was born in a rent house across the street from Sacred Heart Church. His dad was a tenant farmer and they moved almost every year to greener pastures. Every move called for a root cellar that served as a storm shelter. They moved north upon salt creek for a while. Then they moved to Blair Ok. By wagon and team, stayed one year and Grandpa's dad passed and was buried in the Blair Cemetery. They moved back to the Hudgins Place and lived there for over 4 years. Dad always considered that home. It was located about a mile West of Avoca Church and consisted of two log cabins with a breeze-way between. You have to walk in to it, but Dad took us there and you could see the foundation and one leg of the windmill was still in the ground. Dad attended Fuss Box school (not the official name) I think it was Morrell School. Teacher took interest in Dad and talked him into going to high school in Tecumseh. Arthur, dad's older brother agreed to stay on the farm and help so dad could go to school. Dad lived in Mrs. Ginn's hotel in Tecumseh he worked at the hotel mornings and night, helped clean a hardware store across the street and swept out the barbershop. Dad planned on being a teacher and had a school on graduation but somehow the board of education did not accept all his credit so he had to go to school at OBU the next semester to get his certificate. This semester he began working for Kib Warren Hardware on Main St in Shawnee. And dad moved to Marquis Furniture and kept books for them. Dad's best friend growing up was Floyd McGee and Floyd had a sister named Bertha. Dad began to court Bertha My dad and mother were married in the Banta House up on the highway East of St Louis by preacher Banta, who was holding a meeting at the Corinth Church and Floyd and Bertha went to the meeting after being wed and then returned to the McGee home on Cherry Hill and slept in the living room. The next day they came home to Shawnee. It is interesting to note that my mom and my wife were both born on the same section of land at Cherry Hill. Ann's dad was an oil field worker and eventually moved the house Ann was born in to a farm West of Shawnee.

In 1932 Dad and Uncle Alvin McGee, who had just finished high school went into business at 20 W. Main and named it Perry & McGee Furn. Co. In 1942 they started a store Seminole and Alvin moved there and Lawrence; a younger brother finished high school and became a partner. These two brothers decided they wanted dad out of the business and offered to buy him out. Mom said no and Mr. McGee loaned dad the money to buy his son out and so the partnership was dissolved but both firms retained the same name.

Years later Alvin started a store in Ada, Ok, then sold the Seminole store and moved to Amarillo and started McGee Furn. In Wolflin Village

Alvin then sold the Ada store to Virgil Cooper, a class mate of dad's in high school, Virgil was driving back and forth to Ada daily and was desperate to sell and dad finally bought the store in 1958.

Me and My Sisters

Let me tell you about my battle scars. I have a scar on my right forearm, about 1 ½" long from surgery to remove a needle from my arm. This was a result of scuffling with sister

Rebecca, Mother and sisters did sewing and used the arm of chair for pin cushion and my arm flopped over the arm and the needle imbedded in my arm. I pulled on the thread and the eye of needle broke off and left needle imbedded. I told mother when she came home that I had a needle in my arm, but sister said it wasn't so. A few days later my arm began to hurt and x-rays showed a needle in my arm. I have another scar on my right index finger, a horse shoe shaped scar from having a model train car yanked from my hand. This was my first electric train, a Christmas gift and is on display at our lake cabin.

Should have had stitches but was just taped. I have a scar on right thumb, also horseshoe shaped. I had a daisy defender BB gun. The only one I have ever seen like it.

The stock was thicker than most and had a bolt action safety, in good times you could get copper BB's but during the war we had to settle for lead BB's and they were hard to get. My cousin Mace told me how to unload a BB gun and save the BB, you pulled the lever out and put gun to stomach and pull the trigger and retrieve the BB from stomach area. He did not tell me to hold the lever when pulling trigger, the result was the lever flew back in place with great force and pinned my thumb on the catch designed to hold the lever not my thumb. No I did not save the BB. These all occurred in my grade school days. Much later I was directing Burnt Cabin Youth Camp

for central and was at the swimming area and got my middle finger caught between some rocks and split it open, had to go to Tahlequah for treatment. You notice these are all on the right side.

I am a little confused about how to do things. I hammer, saw and shoot a gun left handed. I write right handed, throw and shoot basketball and play golf right handed.

I am a complex being. I eat with both hands!

I was happy playing golf at every opportunity, days off which were usually Holidays and very early morning before work and late evenings after work. I played enough golf to be good, but it did not happen. My wife pointed out that all I did was play golf. Her sister Sue and husband Bill and a group of friends from East Main Church of Christ went to the lake on Holidays and wondered why we couldn't go with them. We did, I borrowed dad's station wagon and we went with the group to Pine Creek on Lake Tenkiller. We borrowed someone's boat trailer and used a surf board for table and ruffed it with my wife and Bob and David. Next trip we invested in a tent, Coleman lantern and cook stove. We were learning to ski behind various friends' boats. In 1965 we invested in a Texas Maid® red and white boat with an 80 horse power Johnson motor. We just got it broke in on Shawnee Lake when we had to leave it at home and attend the family reunion at White Mountain, AZ. This was put together by Ann's brother Les. Once again I borrowed Dad's station wagon and put a luggage rack on top to carry our stuff. The family thought I was a little wimpy because I had carpet in my tent floor. The entire Wills family was in attendance at this reunion, the only one we ever had. We packed a lot in our trip back home. We went by Painted Desert, Petrified Forrest, Four Corners and Mesa Verde on the way home. This was a nice finish to our week.

Introduction to golf

Dr. Horton Hughes advised dad that he needed to get more exercise during the summer. Bird hunting and deer hunting took care of fall. One of mother's aunts had a set of golf clubs of her departed husband and gave them to dad. We began to go out to the Elks club early in the mornings before even the ground crews came out. We knew nothing of this sport but we enjoyed hitting the ball, finding the ball and hitting the ball. Sound easy but in those days this was a 9-hole layout and off the fairway was thick brush and weeds we would come in wet up to our knees. In time we noticed there were rules and objectives we were supposed to be aiming for. I've seen the course

grow to 18 holes and very well manicured. Have met many friends on the course and had a wonderful time. Enjoyed watching Bob play school golf there and Lindsey as well. Jason played some before football took his time. For a number of years, we made the trip to Southern Pines N C to play in the National Elks Tournament, and one year we had 3 generations play in the tournament and they had our picture in the national magazine. I still enjoy a round of golf with the family. A very special time was the year my dad, myself and son Bobby went to play in the Southern Pines to National amateur golf tournament. They put our picture in the national magazine they had never had 3 generations enter the tournament.

Dad and I started playing this event because it played Thursday, Friday and Saturday, most multi-day tournaments play on Sunday, we did not miss church to play golf.

Ann Turns 80

On October 9, 2013 wife Ann turned 80 years of age and became a great grandmother, with the Arrival of Jacob Alan Borsherd, the son of Matt and Lindsey 7 lbs 7oz and 29". What a great gift.

Vacationing Perry style

Our first vacation after we became parents was when Bobby was less than two. We had I week and went through Amarillo to see Grandpa and Grandma McGee, who now lived in Amarillo on Bowie St. We spent the night with Paul and Neva Cook (My mother's sister and husband). Then to Ruidoso NM, an area we used to visit when I was a teenager. Let Bobby ride a mechanical horse outside a restaurant, he wouldn't get off and I was out of quarters, we pried him off all the while screaming at the top of his lungs.

These kids should come with instructions. It was colder than we remembered in the mountains at night, but we just put layers of clothes on Bobby and played miniature golf. Correction we watched Bobby destroy every other game as he grabbed every ball in sight, the people were very tolerant, I apologize, this kid did not come with instructions. We went up on Cloudcroft, elevation around 13000 feet and then to White Sands National Park. Bobby was afraid of the sand we struggled to get him to play in it. We went on down to Las Cruces to Mesilla Park at a restaurant named La Posta, reported to have been a hangout for Billy the Kid. We have eaten

at a La Posta many times through the years. The week was soon over and it was back to Ada for work.

In 1968 Ann had the idea to go west to see her sister and two brothers. This was to be quite a trip, took a lot of planning. Bought a new 68 Chevy pickup that I could use in business but bought an Alaskan camper to go on it. This camper lowered for driving and raised by hydraulic jacks for camping. Ann and I went to Houston TX. To have it fitted. While there went to Astrodome to see Cardinal's play with Bob Gibson pitching. Indoor stadiums were a novelty at this time.

Ann came rushing into the store in December 1968 and motioned me to go somewhere private to talk. We went to the carpet dept. and she blurted out do I want a baby. Now I said? she said yes. She had received a call and a baby had been spoken for and the people had backed out and we could have it. I said but we have this trip planned for out west and Bill and Sue want to go with us. She said we could take baby with us. Scott Alan Perry was born December 21, 1968, the day my Grandpa Perry passed, but we were not notified until the day of the funeral. We drove to Wichita KS to pick him up at St Francis hospital. He slept all the way home and has proved to be an excellent traveler.

Our trip began in the summer of 1969. Bill had never been outside Oklahoma before this trip. We began by going north to Salina, KS we spent the night. The next morning Bill's group was late getting up (Bill & Sue, Cindy, Rhonda and Randy). We spent the next night just outside of Denver, CO. I told the group we would not be able to travel at this speed and see everyone we planned to see.

I was selected master of the caravan and we went fast forward for the rest of the trip. We stopped at Yellowstone; saw some of the sights including Old Faithful. I had raised the Alaskan about 2" giving Bob and Dave a squint hole they could peep through. We had an intercom and could tell them to look right or left. This trip makes Chevy Chase's family Vacation look like a cake walk. We drove into American Falls ID about 11:00 PM and asked a farmer if we could park on his place for the night. He told of a city park about 2 miles down the road. We stayed until first light and off again down the Snake River Canyon to the Columbia River and on to Longview WA, where Ann and Sue's sister Helen lived with their children. While there we went to church with them on Sunday, spent the day on Mt. St Helens (were told it was an active volcano, didn't

really believe it) until it erupted a few years later! We also spent a day on the ocean salmon fishing, caught a lot of fish but Bill and I were sea sick most of the day. Time was flying and we set out for Los Angeles to see Ray and family. We took a side trip to Crater Lake, crossed over Oregon, California border stopped for gas and saw that Neil Armstrong had walked on the moon. We saw the Red Woods and drove the camper through the trees, like you used to see on post cards. We even visited the curio shop in a tree. We then went to Yosemite, took in several sights and climbed to the top of Half Dome. I carried Scott on my shoulders for the entire hike. We had a bear visit our campsite and you have never seen such an evacuation. We were all in our Alaskan in seconds. We drove on Sunday morning to Visalia CA for church. This is the area a lot of the Mt. Zion church members had migrated to during the war. We then proceeded to a rural area just north of Los Angeles where Ray and family lived in an Apricot orchard. This is now part of Silicon Valley, but it got too late to go on in and so we stayed in a city park (we thought). We woke up to find we were in the city dump. It was level but no facilities. Made it to Ray's the next morning and picked Apricots on the halves. Boy were they good, but we were told we could not take them across Arizona border so we ate all we could before border. We only had about 3 or 4 left, we told the border guard, and he informed us we could take them across. That would have been good to know.

Just across the border we stopped at a rest stop, Bill nearly in tears, wanted to know if we would get home tonight, Bill I said, if we drive hard today we should get to Scottsdale to see Les, Dortha Nell, and their son and daughters and then we are only 2 days to home. We would be gone for 3 weeks and travel more than 7,000 miles.

Just a typical Perry Vacation! I have this recorded on slides; do you want to see them?

How I came to be involved with Harold Carothers.

I had grown up in the neighborhood with Harold since he was about six or seven. I received a call from a case worker at DHS she said a neighbor was stealing Louise's money and Louise agreed she would like my help. I began to audit her affairs and found that the neighbor indeed had taken her savings and cashed in at least one insurance policy and when I inquired on another one was informed the neighbor had requested papers to cash it in. We got that stopped.

We were still in the process of getting everything under control when Louise became ill and required gall bladder surgery. She did not survive the recovery period and I was appointed guardian of Harold by the court. It has been my privilege to care for Harold up to this time. He is

really nice and has a remarkable memory although he has some challenging problems. We get along very well. I pray my health will allow me to care for Harold as long as he needs me.

Out of retirement!

Received a call from Virginia Brendle, she wanted to know how to close a furniture store? I said I couldn't tell her over the phone but would come down and see her about it. I put her in touch with Steve Forsey who had closed a couple of stores for me. The sale was a flop and after a few weeks the sales team quit. Virginia asked me what we could do. I agreed to close the store on 10th street for her. When we were nearly finished she asked me to look at her store at 212 E. Main Street, she had spent a lot of money and the results were not good. I agreed to finish the project for her. My son Scott and I completed the project. Scott put all electric in conduit and installed switches to control lighting. Virginia asked me to work 3 days a week as a consultant. I agreed. In time I began to fill other responsibilities. I am now responsible for repairs, see that deliveries are done, do the computer job, advertising and buyer. As I write this I am at the lake property getting ready to go to the High Point Market in North Carolina. I am often asked how long I will work. I answer as long as health permits, and I enjoy the work. I have always worked, I enjoy good health, I don't see as good as I used to, my hearing is not real good, and some say I don't smell good, but I like to say my sense of smell is not good!

This has been a great time. PJ came home from high school graduation and stayed until Burnt Cabin Camp. I witnessed Scott Baptize Brie at camp and baptize Emily the same night, June 18, 2015. I then celebrated Father's Day with all my children, grandchildren and great grandson Jacob. Life doesn't get much better than that.

To top that off I am preparing to go see Joe Curtis baptize Matt Borcharding into Christ at central at 6:00 P.M. Life is good!!!

