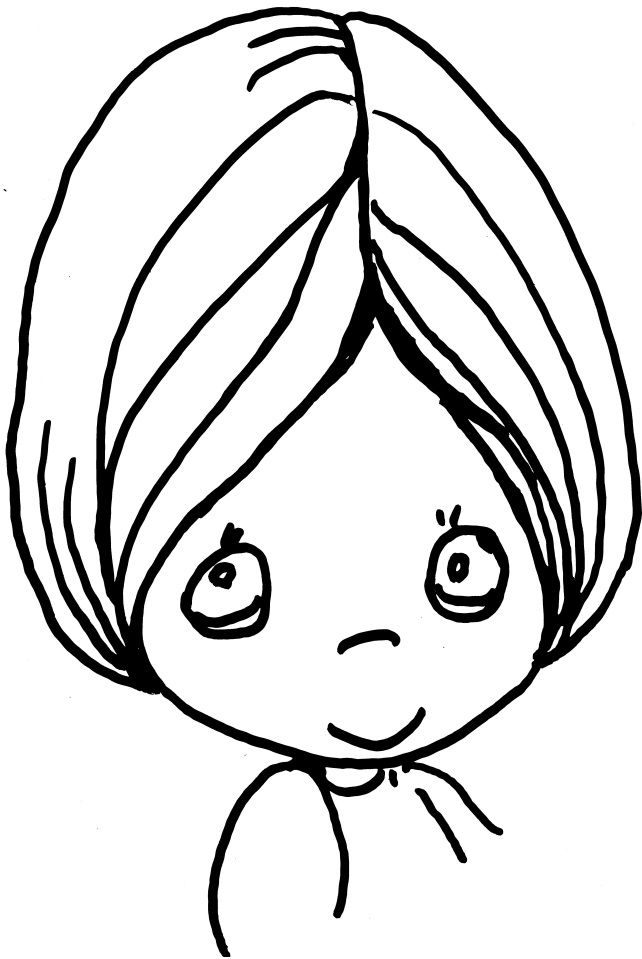




Hello, I'm Grandma Louie and we can see how much I remember .

Linn, my husband, was the oldest of his siblings, and while Linn was small, his Dad took him to watch the rooster fights. When he was there, his Dad would give him a dime to spend but he just kept it and saved it.

His Dad was of the Catholic religion. He also liked to drink a little too much. However, he had a good friend named McDonald who was a firey preacher. His wife was a good Baptist. And he was converted to protestantism before he died. He died at the age of 47.

This left Linn, my husband responsible to help his Mom with the rest of the family: James Clarence, LaVerna , William, Charles, and Eli. While in the Cape Girardeau area they had cattle that had to be rounded up (when they ran out of grazing pasture) and taken to where there was more pasture. When Linn decided to leave there and they divided up the farm between them, he sold his part to Eli and started taking classes in a Methodist College in Farmington, MO for Ministers. One day one of the students didn't think the butter was fresh and threw it out the door. He missed the door and hit the top of the door sill. Just about then, one of their instructors came in and said "Who did that?" The boy who did it did not want to tell a lie and said, "Speak for yourself butter, you're old enough."

Grandma Louie says:

P. R. Hayward shared this with me and I will share it with you:

"I am your conscience..."

Flaunt and trample me – and your inward decay has begun.

Treat me with reverence and holy obedience = and I become the unfailing guide to your outward act.

Grandma Louie says: Make this picture to sing with "Jesus is Living In Me"

