

### GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

\* I was married to Bessie Johnson, July 5, 1902 and we lived together 26 years, nine months when on April 2, 1929, the Death Angel called her to her sweet home in Heaven. It was a dreadful cancer that carried her away, but she was ready to go. She told me of the great vision she had had of heaven, and the time she would go. She lived up to the time when she said she would go. She hated to leave me as I had been so good to her, but she said it was her time to go. We always were agreeable with each other and I did all I could for her that she might get well, but God knew best and said for her to come up higher and live with Me. We have three children living and they are grown. One is dead, Jesus having taken it at 9 months of age. The living ones are, Tyson, Hansard and Blanche. The one dead is Emery. Two of the children are married, the other single, and he is at home with me now. After my wife died, I was left all alone and stayed by myself part of the summer and I had a very hard time. God said that it was not good for man to be alone, so in October 1929, I fell in love with Lora Lewis, and she did with men and on the 9th day of November, we were married and we lived together two months and five days. We were both happy, but on the 14th of January Lora passed away. If she had lived to the 16th she would have been 33 years old. Like my other wife, Jesus said: Lora, "come up higher, you have been in that sinful world long enough." Lora was taken so quick and it was so hard for me to give her up. She was sick just a few days and had influenza and then developed pneumonia, which soon took her away. I did all I could for her. Lora made my home her home, she said that she was the best satisfied that she ever was in life, for she had never had a home that she could call her own. I cannot tell where it was she was taken so quick. It seems like it is more than I can stand. Lora worked hard and I would often tell her to rest, she was a good cook, and a good housekeeper and the best of all she was a Christian. She told me that she had given her heart to Jesus at 12 years old. She belonged to the First Baptist church in Aseheville and was in good standing at the time of her death. She kissed me good bye just a short time before death and said I would not have to make another call for her. I know Lora is in Heaven with Bessie and with her dear father who died just one month before her, and with the rest of the loved ones gone on before. I have a great interest in Heaven. My father, mother, two loving companions and a sweet little baby and it will not be so long until I will meet them. I gave my heart to Jesus when I was 18 years old. I am having a hard time in this world but John said: "These are they that come up through great tribulations and had their robes washed in the blood of the Lamb." Lora, like myself, had a hard time but is now at rest. Lora had favorite chapters she would read. The 14th chapter of John was one of them, and several more that I do not remember now. She often talked about how people ought to live. Lora set a nice Christmas tree. She said it might be the last one she would set,

Lora had a giving spirit, and wanted to give all she could. Lora was good to everyone that would let her be, she had a host of friends everywhere she was known.

I want the prayers of the good people. It seems like I am left alone in this world. I want to thank the good people for their kindness during the sickness and death of my wife. I want to thank them for the beautiful flowers. I want to thank Dr. Sams for the beautiful flowers he placed on Lora's grave. I want to thank all who helped me out in my sickness, many things each day, our loved ones left behind makes the tear drops trickle down, but God will wipe them all away, in memory of my loved ones.

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2/7/30

