



March 11, 1976

# Ponce de Leon

LODGE AND COUNTRY CLUB  
SAINT AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA 32084

Dear Barbara.

Sorry about the notes - I just forgot to put them in and I'm glad you reminded me.

We bought a small house in St. Augustine and I don't know when we will move down. I might return next year - and again I might not - Jim gets back here in about 3 weeks and we will decide something.

All the kids are fine and their families, all getting so big I can't believe that Jim will be a teenager soon and so will Shuck - a "beast".

Keep in touch. This is just a few things my mother told me

One day in  
Richmond - she  
know she was dying, a flagler resort



Love  
Johnnie

(1966)

# Early Recollection

My mother told me this story when she was seventy-three days

My mother is seventy-three years of age and delights in being able to remember an incident in her childhood.

She reflects that she is and has been living on time that God loaned her ~~to~~ that day.

Many years ago, when her life could have ended, this is her story:

I was five years old and my mother had died the year before at the birth of my brother. My older sister, Mary, took charge of the household and we all loved her dearly. There were seven children to care for and my father remarried. As soon as he could find someone, who would take

on the responsibility of a large  
family. He married a very sedate,  
handsome woman with a sense of  
duty, and very little warmth  
for a house full of children.

My sister, Mary, was married  
when I was six years old and  
moved to a small town about  
10 miles away from the farm  
that we lived on. She and her  
husband bought a small house,  
with a large front porch, and  
~~was~~ <sup>situated</sup> on a hill with a long  
winding path up to the house.  
~~The~~ side of the house and about  
one hundred yards away there  
was an embankment that  
dropped ~~down~~ about 50 feet  
down. Mary explained that I  
could play outside while  
she was cleaning house so  
I decided to explore the  
new neighborhood.

The houses were close together  
and small to me after living on  
a farm with one large house  
and miles before you could get  
to the next farm - I walked  
over to the suback mead and  
to my utter amazement at the  
batteries were literally millions  
of gosh stones - ~~as~~ my brother  
and sister were experts at gosh  
stones and all of them had five  
of the most beautiful polished stones  
and so far I had not been able  
to find five of my very own -  
~~when I saw the~~  
~~stones~~  
I stood and stared with awe  
~~and wonder~~ and thinking that  
now I would be able to compete  
in the games and have my own  
stones, without a backward  
glance I did do

I stood and stared with awe  
taking in the stones on the bottom  
and another embankment on the  
other side ~~that~~ that was on  
the level where I was standing  
~~was~~ some distance  
away ~~from~~ as to me this was  
a very large gully below.  
I slid down to the ~~bottom~~  
very low in his and started to  
pick up stones completely engrossed  
and I have never felt such  
happiness ~~at~~ ~~as~~ such  
I have good fortune of finding  
such a lot of stones. I then  
looked up and coming toward  
me on the tracks was the biggest  
engine I have ever seen. I could  
not move - I was as if glued  
to the ground - I heard my  
mother call to me and say  
"Flossie get up and run" which  
I did. I looked around and  
no one was in sight. My dear  
mother had saved my life.