

January 14, 1941

This morning I awoke rather happy, feeling that some of my major problems have been solved. I greeted Dad with a more enthusiastic "good morning" than usual, breakfasted, and left for the university at 8:30. Dad was putting the finishing touches on the "Outlook," United Brethren paper for this Southeast Ohio Conference. A good day at school, and all registration was duly completed. I was tempted to stay at the library for evening study until 9 or 10 o'clock, but decided to work at home instead. I arrived at home ^{at} about 4:30. I settled down for awhile, then decided to get some flute practice. I was working on harmonic tone practice when I heard the door-bell ring - Mother answered. Someone greeted her and entered. He said, slowly and warmly, "I'm Floyd Born, Mr. Harris. You know who I am. Rev. Harris and I have been together on some funerals." "Yes," said Mother, "You had old Mr. — funeral last week. That was a sad experience, wasn't it."

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. Born.

Then they proceeded to discuss the weather briefly, and I began to wonder just what Mr. Born's mission might be. He continued: "I have something unpleasant to tell you, Mrs. Harris." (He drew the words slowly). "Mr. Harris passed away this afternoon out on West Broad Street."

Upon hearing this I hurried downstairs to Mother's side. Oh, how sincere, how poignant her grief. (And I do not yet realize what has happened.)

Mr. Born explained that Father had been found fallen on the sidewalk in front of Mr. Born's Funeral Home. Some little girls

reported that a man had fallen. Mr. Bown went out and took Father into the house where he died a few minutes later.

Upon Mother's request Jerry Spear was notified and ^{was} asked to take care of funeral arrangements. We thanked Mr. Bown for being so considerate.

I telephoned Mrs. Pennell, who consented to notify others in the church. Then telegrams went out to James, to Paul and telephone to Dan. Within four hours all had replied. James will arrive at 10:50 from Glen Falls; Dan comes tomorrow afternoon; and Paul, at 8:30 Wednesday morning.

Several ladies of the church called. Then the Pennells come. Som after, came Edwin Burtner, admisor of Dad and a best friend of mine. Then Wallin Riebel, Uncle Ott and Aunt Martha, Uncle Leonard and Aunt Maude.

A small boy of the church, Eugene Murgage, dropped in and said most earnestly that he didn't believe it.

Remond and Mrs. Peters, from Fifth Avenue Church, which Dad had built up so beautifully, come. On their way out to the street they both slipped and had painful falls. I hope there will be no permanent effects.

Later, Jerry Spear came and made some of the arrangements. The funeral will be in Westerville, and an opportunity will be given for local people to see their pastor in state in his own church.

Just now I feel incapable of clarifying myself, but I have a beginning of a sense of the giant stature of my father in his spiritual life. He will be missed by many a heart.

Mother is so brave! With her blindness and with other experiences close to this she is fairly prepared. The deaths of Aunt Ida and Uncle Jordan reminded us all that these families are gradually thinning in ranks.

Betty Tucker was one of the first to come this evening. She is so lovely and helpful when she's here!

There are some problems that I must face directly: Where will Mother and I go? Should she settle with one of the boys? Shall I stay in school? We can't leave her here alone. How soon should we change? At last the home, to which I could always return, is broken! No longer is it "where Mother and Dad are." Oh, I could write endlessly of the beautiful character of Dad - the minister, the father, the friend of all who needed him.

January 15, 1941

I did not sleep too well last night. Several times I awoke, glad to hear Mother sleeping comfortably. She reported having had about four hours of good sleep. At 4:30 I got up to see how she was resting. I then set the alarm for 6:15, when I rose to fix the furnace. How strange everything seemed - so quiet, so hallowed, so touched by the influence of a dear one.