

2536 Malvern Ave.
Dayton, Oh. 45406
May 3, 1989

Dear Pauline and Paul,

My sincere thanks for your cordial, friendly letters. Sorry -- a commitment for the afternoon of the 7th will keep me here. I'd appreciate seeing a program if the band has one printed. Your invitation was most inviting.

Yes, we've seen the Drama Group, Friends of the Groom. They have created a remarkable medium for the message. Tom Boomershine, as you may know, is expanding his network of storytellers, billed storytellers. Once he and I led chapel at United. It was a communion service. For the sermon he told the passion story in Mark. After that we went directly into the communion. I thought it was a searching experience.

More power to you in your peace-making efforts. I believe such efforts never go to waste, even though sometimes immediate "results" don't appear.

Last Monday I was to talk with the workers in the county juvenile court. A couple of days later the papers began a devastating exposé of the whole state juvenile system. As I read, I was glad I had said that people doing their work as a vocation have something going for them, and I cited Jesus' parable of the remarkable harvest in the story of the sower.

We've been to Westerville once. I had in mind to call you, but again it was in and out at Bonita's sister's home. If you come ^{here} again, do let us know. Perhaps we can have a visit.

I was interested in your account of Paul's visit, and of his present family situation. It must be heady stuff to be out of touch with the family so long, and then come into all the connections he has discovered since Dick's death. What a satisfaction ^{for you} to be in touch with one of Dick's nephews.

You mention a Lambert house on E. Park. I can't remember it. I do remember the frame house on E. Park where Dr. Harris lived with Dick and Jim and Mrs. Harris, and I think Paul too. They built a summer house in the back for Dick and Jim (Paul too old for it) to entertain friends -- I was among them. We had great times "having around." One night we heard a terrific crash on the R.R. line about a block east. We went out to see it. The wrecker itself had gone off the rails on its way to another wreck. I can tell you we were fascinated for hours watching the work of repairing the track and getting equipment back on it.

Thanks to you and Paul, I have happy memories of my last contacts with Dick after years of frustrating silence. I now understand what was going on, not fully but still fully enough realize how wary he had become of people. And to think, he had means to enjoy a decent diet and feared he was "broke." But the end of the story wasn't sad even though it might have been really pitiful.

If you don't hear shortly from Mrs. Jensen, let me know. I want to keep in touch.

Cordially

Ed