

I have one clear memory that morning we found those two dead bodies. You had raced over to the drugstore with my sister, Editha, instructing me to stand guard and not let anyone enter the room where those bodies were. You heard me screaming about ten or fifteen minutes later, and you came running. You had had enough time to reach the drugstore, you said you had called the police, that my sister had heard what you said, and she fainted, and they were trying to bring her to... that you had not yet called your mother and told her about what had happened. You instructed me to let the woman from across the street have my son... that you had to return... there was more phone calling to do. And I asked you if you would not stay and let me go to my sister... let the phoning wait until after the police arrived... and you said, "No," you had to tell your mother! And I remember the thought that flashed over my mind... there my mother was dead... yet you had to "gossip" with yours! And you had kept me from my mother... even was so ydate that Monday morning... even telling me one of your usual "tall tales"... and even at that very moment your own mother was more important than attending to all that which was at hand! It was my right to go to my sister; you knew it all and bossed me as if I were your servant instead of your wife!

I came to the realization that, in some manner, God had chosen you to father my children... that it was my business to find out why... and that is what I am now doing, regardless of whether or not you approve. Do not get the idea that I have any other idea, save just that! It would better suit me for you to turn out to be a worthy person, than a rascal that you seem to be, even owing your very life to me! My intention even has a purpose of trying to help you live a more abundant life... to display you as a worthy father of worthy sons.

This even goes so far as to check carefully to ascertain, if at all possible, if even at that time of the birth of those two sons at Parkland Hospital, one at midnight of March 24-25, 1922 and the other about dawn of July 17, 1924... was mischief afoot even then, and to what extent? Did this also include Herschel, as well as the younger son? I know now the baby I brought home around July 27, 1921 was not the baby I gave birth to; and I know the following day that baby was picked up and another baby substituted; and I know my own baby was brought back to me, and the wrong baby taken from me... and I know an old gypsy man did this. I know Brooks is my son because his oldest daughter came to me downstairs one time when I did not know she was around... not even in Texas... and she asked me if I knew who she was, and I told her I thought she was Editha's daughter's child... for I saw the family resemblance in her... and then she surprised me by telling me she was my own granddaughter! Therefore I use this as proof that Brooks is my son. And actually the only thing alike I can remember where you and Herschel are concerned is that you both wet the bed... and I believe this was caused by nursing too long... even as I had nursed him past the first year; both of you suffered emotional upsets as youths in early age.

You may say I am "nuts" to your heart's content... even many things you can bring up to remember if you so desired... and it would not matter to me the least... in fact it might just be good for you to get it out of your crew... an eagle's crew, I would hope... and not a crow!

I do say that the strangest thing in the world has happened to us; and you should be prepared for it... even to the covering of your past sins under the precious shed blood of Jesus Christ!

Recall what is written in Isa. 1:16-20: "WASH YOU, MAKE YOU CLEAN; PUT AWAY THE EVIL of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall out the good of the land: but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword: for the mouth of the LORD hath spoken it." (Lyndon Baines Johnson often quotes, "Come now, and let us reason together," but he forgets it is the LORD who urges the coming... not him!)

Again I point out a certain Scripture to you: "LISTEN, O Israel, unto me; and hearken, ye people from far: The LORD hath called me from the womb; from the bowels of my mother hath he made mention of my name. And he hath made my mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made me a polished shaft; in his quiver hath he hid me; and said unto me, Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified." Isa. 49:1-5.

Now, the LORD hath told me that I am his servant, O Israel, with a work to do, as outlined further in that same Scripture. Laugh all you want to; scoff if you choose. One day, if the LORD permits you to live that long, it just may be that she who laughs last laughs best! I