
John Allen Chalk: Personal Correspondence

John Allen Chalk

March 2019

From: Mrs. B.A. Brumley

B.A. Brumley

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Friday afternoon

Dear Mother,

I arrived home from Charlotte shortly after noon today. As usual, my desk was piled "sky-high" with work! Among my mail was your letter and the bit about John Allen. I am enclosing a copy of the letter that I am writing him. I have tried to remember any and every comment that I have made, but I'm sure that I've omitted something. If I have, in any way, acted un-Christian I want to make it right--both with him and with God.

I appreciate John Allen's tremendous ability. I have never known a more capable man than he. In fact, without a doubt, he is one of the greatest gospel preachers of his generation. However, it is my personal conviction that his great talents could be more effectively directed. But, here again, that is a matter between him and God--and I should not be commenting on it.

I haven't seen Billy since I got back in town. I don't know if he can go to Oxford or not. I can't possibly go. In the first place, I try never to be out late on Saturday night. And too, I will be tied up all day tomorrow with my junior high pupils; so I'll have to work in the office a while tomorrow night in order to get ready for Sunday.

I had a real good workshop in Charlotte. They told me that they sure wanted me to come back next year, and bring Shirley. She couldn't go this time because of school. That was my last workshop until after the first of the year, and I'm real glad. In fact, I don't plan to be out of town hardly any, except for the F-H lectures in February, until up into next summer. We have an awful lot of work here to do during the time our building is under construction.

Incidentally, I haven't been out to the building since I got back. But Shirley said that it had not rained here all week, so I hope they got a lot done. We are all excited to death over the fact that they have actually begun construction!

I must close and get some other work done before I go home. Give our regards to all...

Love,
Brandon

Sat - Mite - 23 - 48

Dear John Allen I got this letter
to day, I want you to know that
I never tell any thing to any of the
family that will cause discord but
I felt Brad ought to make itrite
when a soul is at stake, most of all
you two boys, of course you are the
dearest to me, you two are in
every prayer, I will tell you what
I have always told my pupils, you
ought to rote him and not mention
it to any one else, you & him could
have made it right, I will confess
I don't always do that, but that is God's
way, I believe if every two boys
wants to go to heaven you boys do,
Mother was awful hurt, I did not
say any thing, only that he did not
talk much, the last time I was there
he was talking about a speech you
made how good it was, I rote him
to go to Oxford to see you. I wanted to
tell Mother how they all talked about
Brandon marrying Shirley said it
rite to my face, I just prayed
that all would work out rite.

I hope you don't think I did wrong,
I just can't stand for you say to feel
that way to each other. I sure don't see a lot
of this new issue - But I love all - and

day and nite that place and have
with again prevail, Bro. Thompson preached
such a good sermon on judging or the
misguided judging, I repented of my
doing that again, please pray for me.
I am to close to the end, to be so foolish -
being a Christian is a constant warfare,
to be a good soldier, you must keep
a eye on your own step. I am first and
very happy here, mumsel really enjoy
each other, mother's studies are real nice to
me, but I don't see much of them,
Jackie is real nice, grows up so much
and such a handsome young man,
I don't know whether I will be here
Yms. or not I hope I get to see you
all, we are plan to go to the funeral to-
morrow, Ruels first wife's mother, he
is to preach the funeral, all is well.
Bye with lots of love to all and
prayers for your good work and
please for give all my mistakes
and don't think I meant any thing
but good. Big mother -

if things goes right at home I plan
to be there with mother & Daddy thru
the cold months - I have two nice
girls in the old rock house, a house
is all it is without Big Dad, a home
is a lot of living & love, a house
is built of stone and brick, the
walls are so cold without love -