

12-21-1960

From: Guy Warner (12/21/60)

Guy Warner

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BERTS—James A. Roberts, age 27, died Saturday, November 26, 1960, in Midland Hospital. Funeral services will be held at 1:30 P. M. Tuesday, November 29, 1960, from the Mapleton Church of Christ, Mr. Guy Warner of Mt. Morris Church of Christ officiating. Burial in Memorial Gardens in Midland. He was born in Flint, August 5, 1933, and was married to Laurel Haught in Mapleton, Mich., August, 1958. He attended Flint Central High School, graduating in 1953. He attended college from 1953 to 1957 at Freed Hardamen in Henderson, Tenn. He has preached in Connecticut and Ohio. He was presently preaching at Houghton Lake in the Church of Christ. Surviving are: Wife, Laurel; son, James Paul; mother, Mrs. Alexandra Smith of Flint; father, Enock, is deceased; 5 brothers, Kenneth in Air Force in Holyoke, Mass., Roy, in the Marine Corps in New Orleans, John in the Air Force and Gary and Stewart, both of Flint; 3 sisters, Mrs. Florence Maybee, Sandra and Jo Ann Roberts, all of Flint; several aunts and uncles.

R., Elder
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HAROLD E. LAMB, Deacon
LAWRENCE E. PAHMAN, Deacon
HAROLD ALEXANDER, Deacon

East Side Church of Christ

GUY E. WARNER, Minister

Corner Brockway and South Street
Mt. Morris, Michigan

December 21, 1960

I hope this letter does not take as long to reach you as yours did to reach me. You mailed it on the 3rd and it arrived here the 20th. Those mule trains from Tennessee are getting slower all the time.

But to a more serious note, I know how shocked you must have been to read of Jim's death for it was a shock to all who knew him. Only two days before his death he and I had hunted together. That was on Thanksgiving day. I never saw him alive after that. And to top it off it was the first time Jim had ever gone deer hunting, or had done any hunting at all I think.

As I understand the facts, and I didn't bother to inquire too deeply because of the emotions of the time, Jim had gone hunting that morning with his young brother-in-law, David. He is 14 and Jim's wife's youngest brother. It must have been that either they had not hunted long when the accident happened, or they were just on their way into the woods for it occurred at 8 o'clock Saturday morning. At any rate, they had decided to do some target practicing. As the account goes, Jim had taken a shot and handed the gun to David, who undoubtedly reloaded it (it was just a single shot 30-30), and they were walking side by side to the target when the rifle accidentally discharged. The Sheriff said the safety was defective, but it evidently had just become that way because I'm sure it was ok Thursday. Well, Jim fell to the ground and lay there an hour, so I'm told, before the ambulance came. He was hunting just behind his father-in-law's house which is a few miles from Midland and the hospital. At first the pain was negligible, evidently due to shock, but he died in great pain. The bullet entered his left hip just above the belt line and came out his right hip also above the belt line. The undertaker said it couldn't have followed any straighter course. He died an hour and a half after he arrived at the hospital. He was given blood transfusions but could not retain them. The shock, too, contributed to his death.

At 10 a.m. that morning, as I sat here in the office, preparing class work or something, I don't recall now, the phone rang. It was Jim's father-in-law with the news that Jim had been shot. He wanted me to tell Jim's mother since she does not have a phone. I raced over to tell her, changed my clothes and sped to Midland. But when I arrived at the hospital they told me he had died at 10:26. It was noon when I arrived.

Jim was buried the following Tuesday in a plot of ground given by his father-in-law. It's located just north of Midland on M-30. The funeral was held in the little church building in Mapleton where I preached three and a half years. It was jammed with friends and relatives. Martel Pace, who now preached in Flint, was the only friend from Jim's college days who was able to attend. Frank Rester lives in Alabama and Almon Williams is in Harding College. And the funeral procession was the longest I've ever seen. My car was next to the lead one and at no time could I see the end of the procession. It must have been a mile long.

A collection has been take up for his widow, Laurel. Including what Jim's fellow employee's gave, I think she received over \$300.00. Hardly compensation for a husband, but something at least. Fortunately, insurance in the factory covered the funeral, and Jim arranged it so that the car is paid off and the car insurance is paid for three years.

If you are thinking of giving to his widow, you may send it to, Mrs. Laurel Roberts, Rt. # 1, Sanford, Michigan. At the moment she's in Ohio visiting a sister and may go to Texas and spend time with her oldest brother but she will probably return to Midland to live and work.

Well, that's about all I know. It's a story I wish I didn't have to repeat.

I must close now, John, and prepare for mid-week services tonight. May the Father bless you, your family and your efforts.

Yours in Christ,

Guy

D. S.
No, John, I haven't
seen Lefty for several
years. I really don't know
him, nor even where they
live.