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John Allen Chalk: Personal Correspondence

John Allen Chalk

3-27-1969

From: Ruth M. Hall (enclosure)

Ruth M. Hall

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March 27, 1969

John Allen Chalk
Church of Christ
Abilene, Texas

Dear brother Chalk;

Received your lesson number 893 which I plan to use parts of in my Wednesday night class of young people. Thank you very much.

Brother Chalk, I gladly give you my permission to use any part or all of my experience with the awful misuse of drugs. I have discussed this with my four wonderful children, and they feel as I do. We feel that the only way to help this awful situation is to put the truth before the people. If I can be of any help in doing this I will consider it an honor. If you feel that this will carry more weight by using my name please do so. I will be glad to answer any questions that anyone might have.

Brother Chalk, I am sending you a copy of a poem I wrote from the things my husband told me just a few days before he died. This happened on the LSD "trip" he took; and I believe deep in my heart that it happened again to him and he could not endure it. He told me that for six hours he was in a world completely alone, that every one he loved was gone from him, but their voices and accusations surrounded him. I could not possible put into words the hell he described to me.

If you can use any of this to deter just one person from following this road please do so with my blessing.

May God be with you in the wonderful work you are doing.

In christian love

Ruth M. Hall

Ruth M. Hall

2009 Virginia Ave.
Augusta Ga. 30906

C/Bob Scott

On May 20, 1968 my husband told me of this experience he had after taking a cube of sugar containing the drug LSD. On June 6, 1968 he took his life.

THE LONE SURVIVOR

As the man looked backward into time
His life before him passed-
The things that he had said and done
Upon his soul were lashed.

He saw the first of many years
When he was newly wed,
And watched the weeping of his wife,
And heard the words she said.

She spoke of times when needed
That he could not be found,
And the anguish of her weeping
Made a sad and tortured sound.

He relived the times when she had prayed
That his ways he'd try to mend-
So that she could lean upon him,
And on his strength depend.

And the sadness that befilled her eyes
Brought sorrow to his soul,
And he longed that once again he might
Her body to him hold.

But he knew that she was gone from him,
No more could she be found,
And with her passing there was left
Nothing but a mound.

Then in distress his children passed
Before his weeping eyes,
And from their lips the words did flow,
"Your life has been all lies."

"You never set a foot-print
That our feet with pride could trod-
You made the world and all its sin
Your idol and your God."

"You let us see the very worse
Which in your heart did dwell,
You made life for us upon this earth
Nothing but a hell."

"And though the breath of life remains
Within our bodies still,
We too are lost and gone from you,
As though buried 'neath the hill."

It seemed the grief within his soul
Would surely take his life,
For he had lost his children
As well as his wife.

But no, there yet remained much more
That he must face up to-
With faces filled by sorrow
His parents came into view.

His dad with shoulders bowed by age,
And loaded down with care
Walked to him with stumbling steps,
And in his eyes was fear.

"My son," he said with trembling voice-
"Where did I lead you wrong?
Must I too bear your burdens,
With my life so nearly gone?"

"When I'm so weary with my years,
And only long to rest
Must I yet be made to follow
In the pathway of your quest?"

"Could you not leave me to my peace,
And let these last years be
A time of rest and beauty
For your mother and for me?"

"But no you've filled our lives with hurt,
You've slowly killed our pride,
And made us feel there is no place
In which for us to hide."

The old man slowly turned his back,
His eyes filled with pain,
And with his wife by his side-
Their tears fell like rain.

Then the man in desolation
Found himself alone,
For all who ever loved him
From his life had gone.

"Oh God," he cried in deep torment,
"This is my darkest hour-
For upon the face of all this earth
I am THE LONE SURVIVOR."

Ruth M. Hall