



A

ROAD TAKEN

BY

Charles and Margie Presley

2012

Revised 2018

TO

Our Family and Friends

Many questions go unanswered which we would like to ask of our father and mother, but it becomes too late. We offer this history to our five children, fifteen grandchildren, five great grandchildren, and other offspring to follow with the hope it satisfies some of their curiosity about us.

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DEEP ROOTS

Every tree, even family trees, has roots. Some have more and deeper that are evident and traceable for those who search. Much of the digging of our family tree was done by my mother and continued by sister Lorraine to whom we are deeply indebted. The following is an overview of our family lineage. The full story is available for you in another form.

MY PRESLEY LINEAGE

Johann Valentin Preslar
1669-After 1742 Germany
Andreas (Andrew) Preslar, Sr.
1701-after 1759
Andrew Presley Jr.
1732-before 1790 Cecil Co., MD
Peter Presley
1756-1829 Rowan Co., NC
William Presley
1790-before 1830 North Carolina
Ephraim Presley
1813-1900 Haywood Co., NC
Cicero "Sid" Presley
1851-1878 Pickens Co., GA
Cicero Guy Presley
1878-1918 Pickens Co., GA
Charles Guy Presley
1910-1992, Jasper, GA
Charles Goddard Presley
1931- Maryville, TN

MY HARLAN LINEAGE

William Harland
1594-1651 England
James Harlan
1625-1676 Bishoprick, England
George Harland
1649-1714 Bishoprick, England
Aaron Harlan
1685-1732 County Down, Ireland
Aaron Harlan
1724-1798 Chester Co., PA
Aaron Harlan
1752-1806 Chester Co., PA
Samuel Harlan
1772-1858 Chatham Co., NC
Jane Harlan
1798-1881 Laurens District, SC
Minerva Thomas
1842-1901 Union Co., IN
Effie Jane Buckley
1870-1946 Franklin Co., TN
Edith Harlan Goddard
1912-2001 Maryville, TN
Charles Goddard Presley
1931- Maryville, TN

MY GODDARD LINEAGE

William Goddard
ab. 1740 – before 1824 Maryland
Joseph Goddard
1780-1825 Maryland
John Goddard
1805-1860 Sullivan Co., TN
Joseph Goddard
1837-1912 Knox Co., TN
John Alexander Goddard
1858-1935 Blount Co., TN
Edith Harlan Goddard
1912-2001 Maryville, TN
Charles Goddard Presley
1931- Maryville, TN

My BUCKLEY LINEAGE

William Bulkeley
abt. 1490-1570 England
Thomas Bulkeley
1515-1591 England
Edward Buckkley, DD
1540-1620 England
Peter Bulkley, BD
1582-1659 England
Thomas Bulkley
1617-1658 England
Joseph Bulkley
1648-1719 Fairfield, CT
Peter Buldley, Jr.
1684-1752 Fairfield, CT
David Bulkley
1711-1804 Fairfield, CT
Isaac Bulkley
1735-1770 Fairfield, CT
Isaac Bulkey
1766-1834 Green Farms, CT
Anson Bulkley
1803-1858 Fairfield, CT
John Turney Bulkley
1834-1923 Franklin County, IN
Effie Jane Bulkley
1870-1946 Fairfield, IN
Edith Harlan Goddard
1912-2001 Maryville, TN
Charles Goddard Presley
1931- Maryville, TN

THE EARLY YEARS
Moving Experiences
1931-1948

Maryville, Tennessee, Blunt County, just 16 miles south of Knoxville was the place of my birth on September 27, 1931. This was my mother's home town and my home for short periods of time. In May 1929, my mother, Edith Harlan Goddard, was visiting a friend in Calderwood, Tennessee. At a picnic, by chance, she met her future husband, Charles Guy Presley, who was visiting his sister, Ruby. After a few months of romance, they eloped and were married on October 4, 1929 in Cincinnati, Ohio. They were soon living in North Carolina where Dad was working on the Nantahala Dam. Sister number one, Egypt Pearl, was born there on July 7, 1930. Before too long, they were back in Maryville.

By the time I was three months old, we were living in Baltimore, Maryland. Mother said my crib was a chest of drawers in a small apartment on Mt. Royal Avenue. This was the second of 13 moves for the family before buying property and building a home in 1943 on Dodson Drive in East Point, Georgia. This frequent moving was prompted by Dad's career in heavy construction work: dams, bridges, tunnels, highways, and building B29 aircraft. Our move back to Maryville occurred before sister number two, Grace Lorraine, was born on December 31, 1933.

The very large home of Mother's parents, Dr. John A. and Effie Jane Goddard on Sevierville Pike, was our home again and again. Grandpa Goddard, local dentist, died during this stay in Maryville. He was born in 1858 and died in 1935. Grandmother Goddard, who was born on September 25, 1870, continued to live in Maryville until her health failed and she moved to our home on Dodson Drive in 1945 and died May 13, 1946.

On September 5, 1935, Dad was hired by the Tennessee Valley Authority to work on the Norris project, a new dam on Norris Lake. We moved to Tazewell, Tennessee and sister number three, Marjorie Rea, was born in New Tazewell on February 6, 1936. My most vivid memory of this stay is tying a string around the neck of our pet dog on the front porch and trying to get her to move. As I pulled, the string broke, as did my arm when I tumbled off the elevated porch.

We moved to Chattanooga, Tennessee when the Tennessee Valley Authority transferred Dad on July 16, 1936 to work on the Chickamauga Dam project. Two incidents stand out in my mind while living there. Mother began to spank me for some deserved discipline when suddenly Lady, our pet bull dog, jumped on her. It was necessary to shut Lady up in another room to finish the spanking. We children really loved that dog. One evening, Dad, for a now forgotten reason, pushed me out on the front porch in the dark, and after slamming the door, he rapidly tapped on the picture window. As you can imagine, I thought I was going to die, and Lady was not anywhere around to come to my rescue. The first family automobile I remember was a new Ford, which Dad purchased in Chattanooga for \$700.00. I still remember the bright shiny show room.

On September 24, 1936, Dad suffered a serious on-the-job accident in which two other men were killed. The three men were moving a 30-ton diesel shovel along the newly quarried cliff side. The operator took the machine out of gear and attempted, unsuccessfully, to control it with the brakes. Dad, who was the foreman, and the other man heard the acceleration as they walked in front, but it was too late. As they turned around, Dad was picked up in the bucket as it ran over the 90 foot cliff. All three were thrown to the creek bed below. The operator and the other man died from fractured skulls, and Dad suffered fractures of the spine and a broken leg. These details can be found in two articles in the Chattanooga Daily Times which are located in the history section of the Chattanooga Library.

Back on Sevierille Pike in Maryville, Dad continued to recuperate from the accident, and I entered the first grade. This stay would be the longest in Maryville before Dad landed another construction job. This was the period of the Great Depression, and work that compensated very much was hard to find except the government projects that Dad had worked on. During this time, Dad bought a 2 ½ ton truck which he used for hauling things for other people. I learned to drive this truck in the hay field, moving it up from one pile of hay to the next. For a 7-year-old, this was a good experience. We had two pet bull dogs. Lady, as I mentioned earlier, was our protector, and Micky was a special breed, as two incidents illustrate. One day, Dad used Micky to catch a chicken loose in the yard. He ran the bird down, and caught it with his front paws without putting his mouth on it. Another time, I went with Dad to buy a sow hog. In a large pen with more than two dozen hogs, Dad took Micky between his legs and pointed to the one he had selected. On Dad's command, Micky ran through the crowd and chased down and caught by the throat in his mouth the correct hog that appeared to be twice his size. We loved our pets.

In 1939-40, Dad's experience enabled him to acquire work on the Thorpe Lake Dam project at Glenville, North Carolina. We moved to East Laport, NC. The biggest event that occurred there, besides our exploring the mica mines and roaming the hills, was a flood that swept down the river valley and washed away the railroad bridge in East Laport. It also washed other bridges out, including the much traveled bridge in Sylva. Dad was marooned at his work site for a week. The only way to reach the other side of the river was by way of a swinging bridge. This was not for the timid. The lumber company and others depended on the rail to transport the logs to the mill. What made this event memorable, the work rebuilding the bridge was finished in a week with a half day on Sunday. A second flood washed out the new bridge the following week because, as the locals said, "The work was finished on Sunday."

Before school was out in the spring of 1941, we were moving again! Dad had another construction job digging a 13-mile tunnel in Grand Lake, Colorado, about 100 miles north of Denver. We received report cards with promotion to the next grade even though at least six weeks remained in the term. This would be our 7th move, and the farthest, since my birth. Dad went ahead by bus to report to work, which left mother to pack up the utility trailer and drive across country with four small children, our big bull dog, Lady, and our cat, Dewey. The trip took most of a week with mother driving long hours and stopping for rest along the way. There were no Holiday Inns or Super 8 Motels, but small cabins which

we used one night. While crossing the Mississippi River by ferry after dark, a large truck was coming down the ramp as we were driving off. The truck caught our fender and pulled us backward which brought loud screams from four kids and horn blowing from mother. It was necessary to stop in town for the company to have our car repaired. Remember, this was before the interstate highway system. After about a week, we arrived in Granby, Colorado as the sight of our temporary home for the summer until housing would be available in Grand Lake. Grand Lake was mostly a place of homes for summer residents in Denver.

We enjoyed a long summer vacation from school. When we arrived in Granby, we attended school for a few days, but since we had been promoted in North Carolina, we took the time off. We located the town dump where we found some treasures to drag home. One was a baby buggy which we used to ride down the big hill near our home, hoping to reach the bottom before turning over or a wheel coming off again. Something new that fascinated me was the tumble weeds, moved along by the constant breeze. I spent a good bit of my time chasing and tying down with string the tumble weeds. I had quite an array of trophies along side the store front we rented as a home. Our landlord, Shorty, operated a café next door to us with an alley way that ran behind it. One day, a hobo was looking through the garbage cans for food. I ran home and begged mother for a sack of food which I gave him, and he went on his way to catch the freight train.

By the end of summer, we had moved to Grand Lake, 8500 ft. elevation, headwaters of the Colorado River and largest natural body of water in Colorado. It was a very, very cold winter with the lowest temperature reading of 63 below zero at nearby Fraser. Water to the town was cut off by October, and all water used must be hauled from the stream emptying into the lake. Some days, Dad would haul water in the car trunk, but most of the time, I used my sled and two five-gallon galvanized cans to haul water. The first person to the hole each day would break the new ice formed over night. The ground was covered by snow until spring thaw. Keeping the snow cleared off our roof to prevent a cave-in was another of my chores.

Although only a few blocks, walking to school meant we dressed in two or three layers of clothes with only our eyes exposed. Days when the weather permitted, we enjoyed skating at the community ice rink and riding our sleds down the slopes. The lake was frozen over for the winter, and driving across to homes on the other side was a welcomed short cut. Local ranchers would cut out 100 lb. blocks of ice to store in an ice house for the next summer. An ice house was built air tight, and each layer of ice was covered with sawdust before the next layer was placed on top. This ice lasted most of the summer. Grand Lake was a village mostly for folks in Denver to enjoy summer cottages. The project to dig a 13 mile tunnel through the mountain was to pump water from Grand Lake to Estes Park for irrigation. As foreman on the night shift, Dad, on occasions, took me to work with him. He asked the operator of the electric dinky that pulled the muck cars in and out of the tunnel to let me operate it. This was one of many times that I was introduced to the heavy construction game.

One day, Dad and a friend went fishing, following a stream that emptied into the lake and ascended up to the snow-capped mountains above. Along the way, there were small ponds on each plateau. Tagging along, I learned something more that day other than about fishing. At one of those ponds, the question arose between the two fishermen whether I could swim. The question was settled when Dad picked me up and threw me into the pond, clothes and all! Now, that water from the melting snow at about 9000 ft. elevation above took my breath away. I learned to dog paddle very quickly for a 10-year-old. Dad pulled me out and assured me that he would not have let me drown.

There was a doctor in town, possibly because of the influx of people working on the tunnel project, who had a clinic in his large home. Once when Egypt was taken to visited him, he advised the removal of her tonsils. After hearing the cost, always looking for a bargain, Dad asked the charge for removing all four children's tonsils, though unnecessary at the time. It must have been too good to resist, because the next day we four children were bedded down in a room of the doctor's home. One by one, we were lead into the next room for surgery. I requested to be the last, and when my turn came, I remember letting out a long, loud yell until the ether silenced me, and I woke up with a sore throat. To this day, I still have one tonsil.

In summer when Dad was not working, we visited places of interest in the beautiful Rockies. During her summer vacation in July, Aunt Pearl came out for a visit. We took her to see some of our favorite spots. On one of these trips, our car broke a front coil spring which let the front settle down on the tire. True to his ingenuity, Dad searched the creek running beside the road until he found a large flat rock. After jacking up the car, he inserted the flat rock in the broken spring, and we went on our way. That rock served well until dad could fix it.

We were unable to finish the school term, for by the third week in February; we were packing up and leaving as we had arrived -- mother with four kids, pulling a trailer with all our possessions. Leaving Grand Lake in the middle of winter with all roads covered with many layers of snow required chains for many miles. We left with the hope that Berthoud Pass at the summit of 11,315 feet would be open. Before we reached it, we had to change a flat tire on the trailer in the dark, cold and snow. With mother and four kids hovering around the flat tire, we managed with a flashlight to jack up the trailer and change the tire.

Arriving in Maryville, we were able to finish the school term, the 1st grade for Rea, the 3rd grade for Lorraine, the 5th grade for me, and the 6th grade for Egypt. After returning from Grand Lake, Dad soon located construction work in East Tennessee, and we followed. We moved briefly to Bristol, Virginia, living in a motel for a few weeks before finding an apartment and moving to Elizabethton, Tennessee. We attended First Christian Church where Fred Smith Sr. was Minister. Our stay there would not be very long because Dad experienced another job accident, a broken leg. Granny Presley came up by train and took me and sisters to East Point, Georgia to spend the summer with her and Aunt Pearl. Dad and Mother soon followed to move into Pearl's large home on Ben Hill Road while he recuperated and looked for employment. Pearl's home had a large screened-in porch

across the full length of the back of the ranch style house, a great place for four children to sleep.

One day, returning from a fruitless search for a job, Dad was looking out the window while riding the street car home. He suddenly got off at the next stop, thinking he had spotted a dollar bill in the gutter. Imagine his surprise when it turned out to be a 20-dollar bill! This was a real blessing for someone without a job and little money in his pocket. His search would soon be rewarded with a job as a crane operator at the aircraft plant in Marietta where they were building B29 super fortresses. He soon was promoted to training women as crane operators. The men had been drafted.

We attended East Point Christian Church briefly, but settled on Jefferson Park Christian Church with W. (Willie) E. Best as minister. Other preachers who followed were Robert Puckett, Lawrence Bain, and Roy Miller. On July 29, 1942, Willie Best baptized Egypt and me at the East Point Christian Church because there was no baptistery in the small first building of Jefferson Park. I entered the 6th grade at Central Park School and would finish public schooling at Russell High in East Point. During high school, I attended Grant Park Christian Church because of the strong youth group. There were more than 30 in our high school group.

One more move, number 13 for me as a boy at home, was to Dodson Drive in 1943. Our new home was built on 13 acres between Headland and Connally Drives, about 1/2 mile north of Atlanta Christian College. This became a family neighborhood with Dad's five sisters moving into the area. Uncle George and Aunt Sarah had opened Atlanta Christian College in 1937. Uncle Homer and Aunt Ruby purchased an old large white clapped board house with a separate kitchen in the rear. The house was located on the corner of Dodson and Connally Drives. When Homer and Ruby moved up to the old family home area, "Sharp Top" near Pleasant Hill Christian Church, Uncle Kitch and Aunt Emily purchased their house and did much remodeling. Aunt Pearl built a house next to them for herself and Granny. A three- room block house was built behind the big white house that various family members occupied from time to time. Aunt Grace built a house just south of the big house.

After acquiring the property for our home, the first order of business was digging a well . . . by hand! Dad selected the spot with his divining rod, a specially selected forked branch. A tripod with rope, pulley, and bucket attached was placed over the spot. A four-foot wide hole in the Georgia red clay was dug with mattock and shovel. At about 23 feet a vein of water was found, and at 26 feet an abundant pool of water was supplied. With a pump and pipe, we would have running water in the house.

Rocks from the property were gathered to lay the foundation for the four-room cottage. Later, two rooms would be added. The war effort made it very difficult to find building supplies to build our home, but Dad was resourceful enough to take his utility trailer to work and each day bring home a load of lumber from the large shipping crates being thrown away. Roofing and paint were the items purchased. The supply of cast-off lumber and materials enabled us to complete the job.

We built a milking shed with three stalls and acquired a couple of cows. Our favorite was named Maggie. In time, we built a barn with a hay loft. We had chickens and pigs. There were the daily chores of milking and feeding before and after school. Dad bought a horse for very little because she had a hernia. Henrietta was a Texas cow pony, and true to form I could ride her to the back of the pasture without a bridle, and she would herd the cows to the barn. If one stopped to eat grass, Henrietta would nudge it with her nose. Dad bought Henrietta to learn to pull a plow, not to herd cows as she was trained to do. It was a very trying time for both man (or boy) and horse to learn to plow. It was most difficult plowing new ground after the trees were cut down. When the plow would hit a root, both horse and I came to a sudden stop. This happened again and again until all the roots were gone. Henrietta and I would rather have been riding through the woods and over all the dirt roads.

I am sure that Henrietta was as happy as I when we were able to buy a new Ford-Ferguson tractor with three-point hydraulic lift. Coming home from high school in the spring afternoon, I would plow gardens within a few miles of home. One Friday afternoon while plowing a lady's garden spot, the lady kept looking at her watch until finally she stopped me. It was not that she didn't like my plowing, but at sundown, it became the Sabbath for her! I had to finish the plowing on Monday afternoon.

The tractor was very useful. In addition to plowing, pulling a trailer, a power take-off was connected by a belt to a saw for cutting wood. Previous to the tractor, we sawed many, many cords by cross-cut saw which I still possess. We used wood for both cooking and heating. Unlike today, there were many chores for kids to do every day. This limited any extra curricular activities at school.

Our school bus stop was on the corner of Dodson Drive and Ben Hill Road, just beyond Atlanta Christian College. On occasion, I would hear the bus pulling away, which meant I walked to school that day. In the fall of 1944, I entered the 8th grade at Russell High. ROTC was required, which I tolerated, but enjoyed more playing the trombone in the school band, especially during football season. There are not too many memories of academics because books were not my interest. I carried very few home. The record indicates more C's than A's. I was the only boy in Latin class with 32 girls. The first semester of biology was taught by Mr. Gun, the math teacher, and I received a C. The second semester was taught by the new biology teacher, and I made an A. Mechanical drawing, wood and metal shop classes augmented the practical education Dad gave me during these early years. This has proven most valuable.

The most important part of the last two high school years was the time spent at Grant Park Christian Church. The senior youth organized a "Living for Jesus" club that influenced many to full time Christian service. There were six graduates in 1948 that entered Bible College. My graduation from Russell High School on May 29, 1948 brought to a close these early years.

THE EARLY YEARS

Moving Experiences

1931-1948

Maryville, Tennessee, Blunt County, just 16 miles south of Knoxville was the place of my birth on September 27, 1931. This was my mother's home town and my home for short periods of time. In May 1929, my mother, Edith Harlan Goddard, was visiting a friend in Calderwood, Tennessee. At a picnic, by chance, she met her future husband, Charles Guy Presley, who was visiting his sister, Ruby. After a few months of romance, they eloped and were married on October 4, 1929 in Cincinnati, Ohio. They were soon living in North Carolina where Dad was working on the Nantahala Dam. Sister number one, Egypt Pearl, was born there on July 7, 1930. Before too long, they were back in Maryville.

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We enjoyed a long summer vacation from school. When we arrived in Granby, we attended school for a few days, but since we had been promoted in North Carolina, we took the time off. We located the town dump where we found some treasures to drag home. One was a baby buggy which we used to ride down the big hill near our home, hoping to reach the bottom before turning over or a wheel coming off again. Something new that fascinated me was the tumble weeds, moved along by the constant breeze. I spent a good bit of my time chasing and tying down with string the tumble weeds. I

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By the end of summer, we had moved to Grand Lake, 8500 ft. elevation, headwaters of the Colorado River and largest natural body of water in Colorado. It was a very, very cold winter with the lowest temperature reading of 63 below zero at nearby Fraser. Water to the town was cut off by October, and all water used must be hauled from the stream emptying into the lake. Some days, Dad would haul water in the car trunk, but most of the time, I used my sled and two five-gallon galvanized cans to haul water. The first person to the hole each day would break the new ice formed over night. The ground was covered by snow until spring thaw. Keeping the snow cleared off our roof to prevent a cave-in was another of my chores.

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One day, Dad and a friend went fishing, following a stream that emptied into the lake and ascended up to the snow-capped mountains above. Along the way, there were small ponds on each plateau. Tagging along, I learned something more that day other than about fishing. At one of those ponds, the question arose between the two fishermen whether I could swim. The question was settled when Dad picked me up and threw me into the pond, clothes and all! Now, that water from the melting snow at about 9000 ft. elevation above took my breath away. I learned to dog paddle very quickly for a 10-year-old. Dad pulled me out and assured me that he would not have let me drown.

There was a doctor in town, possibly because of the influx of people working on the tunnel project, who had a clinic in his large home. Once when Egypt was taken to visited him, he advised the removal of her tonsils. After hearing the cost, always looking for a bargain, Dad asked the charge for removing all four children's tonsils, though unnecessary at the time. It must have been too good to resist, because the next day we four children were bedded down in a room of the doctor's home. One by one, we were lead into the next room for surgery. I requested to be the last, and when my turn came, I remember letting out a long, loud yell until the ether silenced me, and I woke up with a sore throat. To this day, I still have one tonsil.

In summer when Dad was not working, we visited places of interest in the beautiful Rockies. During her summer vacation in July, Aunt Pearl came out for a visit. We took her to see some of our favorite spots. On one of these trips, our car broke a front coil spring which let the front settle down on the tire. True to his ingenuity, Dad searched the creek running beside the road until he found a large flat rock. After jacking up the car, he inserted the flat rock in the broken spring, and we went on our way. That rock served well until dad could fix it.

We were unable to finish the school term, for by the third week in February; we were packing up and leaving as we had arrived -- mother with four kids, pulling a trailer with all our possessions. Leaving Grand Lake in the middle of winter with all roads covered with many layers of snow required chains for many miles. We left with the hope that Berthoud Pass at the summit of 11,315 feet would be open. Before we reached it, we had to change a flat tire on the trailer in the dark, cold and snow. With mother and four kids hovering around the flat tire, we managed with a flashlight to jack up the trailer and change the tire.

Arriving in Maryville, we were able to finish the school term, the 1st grade for Rea, the 3rd grade for Lorraine, the 5th grade for me, and the 6th grade for Egypt. After returning from Grand Lake, Dad soon located construction work in East Tennessee, and we followed. We moved briefly to Bristol, Virginia, living in a motel for a few weeks before finding an apartment and moving to Elizabethton, Tennessee. We attended First Christian Church where Fred Smith Sr. was Minister. Our stay there would not be very long because Dad experienced another job accident, a broken leg. Granny Presley came up by train and took me and sisters to East Point, Georgia to spend the summer with her and Aunt Pearl. Dad and Mother soon followed to move into Pearl's large home on Ben Hill Road while he recuperated and looked for employment. Pearl's home had a large screened-in porch across the full length of the back of the ranch style house, a great place for four children to sleep.

One day, returning from a fruitless search for a job, Dad was looking out the window while riding the street car home. He suddenly got off at the next stop, thinking he had spotted a dollar bill in the gutter. Imagine his surprise when it turned out to be a 20-dollar bill! This was a real blessing for someone without a job and little money in his pocket. His search would soon be rewarded with a job as a crane operator at the aircraft plant in Marietta where they were building B29 super fortresses. He soon was promoted to training women as crane operators. The men had been drafted.

We attended East Point Christian Church briefly, but settled on Jefferson Park Christian Church with W. (Willie) E. Best as minister. Other preachers who followed were Robert Puckett, Lawrence Bain, and Roy Miller. On July 29, 1942, Willie Best baptized Egypt and me at the East Point Christian Church because there was no baptistery in the small first building of Jefferson Park. I entered the 6th grade at Central Park School and would finish public schooling at Russell High in East Point. During high school, I attended Grant Park Christian Church because of the strong youth group. There were more than 30 in our high school group.

One more move, number 13 for me as a boy at home, was to Dodson Drive in 1943. Our new home was built on 13 acres between Headland and Connally Drives, about 1/2 mile north of Atlanta Christian College. This became a family neighborhood with Dad's five sisters moving into the area. Uncle George and Aunt Sarah had opened Atlanta Christian College in 1937. Uncle Homer and Aunt Ruby purchased an old large white clapped board house with a separate kitchen in the rear. The house was located on the corner of Dodson and Connally Drives. When Homer and Ruby moved up to the old family home area, "Sharp Top" near Pleasant Hill Christian Church, Uncle Kitch and Aunt Emily purchased their house and did much remodeling. Aunt Pearl built a house next to them for herself and Granny. A three- room block house was built behind the big white house that various family members occupied from time to time. Aunt Grace built a house just south of the big house.

After acquiring the property for our home, the first order of business was digging a well . . . by hand! Dad selected the spot with his divining rod, a specially selected forked branch. A tripod with rope, pulley, and bucket attached was placed over the spot. A four-foot wide hole in the Georgia red

clay was dug with mattock and shovel. At about 23 feet a vein of water was found, and at 26 feet an abundant pool of water was supplied. With a pump and pipe, we would have running water in the house.

Rocks from the property were gathered to lay the foundation for the four-room cottage. Later, two rooms would be added. The war effort made it very difficult to find building supplies to build our home, but Dad was resourceful enough to take his utility trailer to work and each day bring home a load of lumber from the large shipping crates being thrown away. Roofing and paint were the items purchased. The supply of cast-off lumber and materials enabled us to complete the job.

We built a milking shed with three stalls and acquired a couple of cows. Our favorite was named Maggie. In time, we built a barn with a hay loft. We had chickens and pigs. There were the daily chores of milking and feeding before and after school. Dad bought a horse for very little because she had a hernia. Henrietta was a Texas cow pony, and true to form I could ride her to the back of the pasture without a bridle, and she would herd the cows to the barn. If one stopped to eat grass, Henrietta would nudge it with her nose. Dad bought Henrietta to learn to pull a plow, not to herd cows as she was trained to do. It was a very trying time for both man (or boy) and horse to learn to plow. It was most difficult plowing new ground after the trees were cut down. When the plow would hit a root, both horse and I came to a sudden stop. This happened again and again until all the roots were gone. Henrietta and I would rather have been riding through the woods and over all the dirt roads.

I am sure that Henrietta was as happy as I when we were able to buy a new Ford-Ferguson tractor with three-point hydraulic lift. Coming home from high school in the spring afternoon, I would plow gardens within a few miles of home. One Friday afternoon while plowing a lady's garden spot, the lady kept looking at her watch until finally she stopped me. It was not that she didn't like my plowing, but at sundown, it became the Sabbath for her! I had to finish the plowing on Monday afternoon.

The tractor was very useful. In addition to plowing, pulling a trailer, a power take-off was connected by a belt to a saw for cutting wood. Previous to the tractor, we sawed many, many cords by cross-cut saw which I still possess. We used wood for both cooking and heating. Unlike today, there were many chores for kids to do every day. This limited any extra curricular activities at school.

Our school bus stop was on the corner of Dodson Drive and Ben Hill Road, just beyond Atlanta Christian College. On occasion, I would hear the bus pulling away, which meant I walked to school that day. In the fall of 1944, I entered the 8th grade at Russell High. ROTC was required, which I tolerated, but enjoyed more playing the trombone in the school band, especially during football season. There are not too many memories of academics because books were not my interest. I carried very few home. The record indicates more C's than A's. I was the only boy in Latin class with 32 girls. The first semester of biology was taught by Mr. Gun, the math teacher, and I received a C. The second semester was taught by the new biology teacher, and I made an A. Mechanical drawing, wood and metal shop classes augmented the practical education Dad gave me during these early years. This has proven most valuable.

The most important part of the last two high school years was the time spent at Grant Park Christian Church. The senior youth organized a "Living for Jesus" club that influenced many to full time Christian service. There were six graduates in 1948 that entered Bible College. My graduation from Russell High School on May 29, 1948 brought to a close these early years.



CG & Edith



Charles 3 months



Egypt, Edith, Charles



Egypt, Edith, Charles
Lorraine, Mickey



Mickey, Egypt, CG
Charles, Rea



Egypt, Charles, Lorraine
Lady, Mickey, Rea
East Laport, NC



Charles, Lorraine, Rea



Charles, Edith,
Mickey, Lady



Charles, Egypt & Rea



Granby



Grand Lake Tunnel



Charles & Egypt



Left to right

Charles

Edith & C.G.

Egypt, Charles, Edith

C.G., Charles, Edith

Charles

Rea, Loraine

Charles, Pearl

Electric Dinky



The Middle Years Moving On 1948-1966

Finishing high school is a real graduation from simple structured life to greater freedom and responsibility. Leaving home is a great step in this direction, but I never dreamed it would take me all the way across the continent. A friend in our "Living for Jesus" club, Carl Clarke, graduated from high school also. His father in the army, whom he had not seen since childhood, was stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco, California. He sent Carl \$50.00 for bus fare to come out and spend the summer. Carl asked me to hitch hike to California with him instead. When I told mother, she didn't believe me until I invited Carl to Sunday dinner before we left on Monday morning. The trip took six days. Our route took us to Chattanooga and Nashville Tennessee, to St. Louis, and Kansas City. We would not accept a ride unless the driver was going a reasonably long distance. Arriving in Kansas City late at night, we went to the bus station to get some sleep. We wore paratrooper type boots for walking. Carl had put the \$50.00 his father had sent him flat inside his sock and boot. When he took the boot off for the first time since leaving, there was not a sign of the bill. For two fellows with little money, this was a real let down.

Bright and early the next morning, we caught a ride that took us only to a cross road in that flat Kansas farm land where the driver turned left to Topeka. Thinking that we had been dropped off in nowhere, fortunately within the hour a lone driver rescued us from this desolate spot. He was a United States forester being transferred to Red Feather Lake, Colorado. At the end of the day, he stopped at a motel for the night, and being a Good Samaritan, he invited us to spend the night. By noon the next day, we arrived in Colorado Springs where he was spending a few days with friends.

Traveling north to Denver, we arrived at the YMCA late in the evening. We talked the desk clerk into providing us a room for the night. Checking the newspaper, we found someone seeking help with gas expense to Los Angeles. We were able to strike a deal with him. We bought a loaf of bread and a jar of peanut butter for food for the rest of the trip. The trip across the Rocky Mountains took us through Granby where my family had lived in the summer of 1941 and through Salt Lake City. From Los Angeles, we traveled up US 101, the coastal highway. Remember, this was before the interstate system. When arriving in San Francisco, Carl had 17 cents in his pocket, and I had 27 cents. Thank goodness, we would be staying with Carl's father and family on the military base. His wife, a Mexican, was an excellent cook and provided some great meals.

We soon had jobs for the summer to earn bus fare home since we both planned to enter Bible college. Our first thought was to get a job on a banana boat going to South America, but the Longshoreman had that tied up. We also just momentarily thought about stowing away, but the fear that they might throw us over board once at sea prevented us. I worked as an office boy with Golden Gate Trucking Company. There was time to explore the city, the World War II coastal defense caves, and swim at the foot of the Golden Gate Bridge. These two areas were restricted to the military base. To experience the bay, we built a raft with the debris we found on the beach. The day we launched our handy work to paddle out was an

education. The current was so strong we jumped off and swam to shore before being swept out to sea. We learned how treacherous San Francisco bay can be. Looking out to Alcatraz, it seemed simple to swim to shore, but no one has on record. We enjoyed the fellowship of the non-instrumental Church of Christ. We sang in the choir with practice in the basement where the piano was kept for rehearsal. The summer soon passed, and we experienced a three day, three night very tiring bus ride home along the southern route in August. The bus was air conditioned but very warm. When we stopped in El Paso, Texas and the bus door was opened, the heat hit us in the face as we stepped off. The temperature was 105 degrees in the shade at 5:00 PM. Sometimes the long rear seat was vacant and a welcomed opportunity to stretch out. The bus stopped only for meals, load and unload passengers, and a change to a different bus.

Arriving home to a warm welcome, I was given the sad news that my horse Henrietta had died. No sooner had I returned from California, but it was time to pack up and go up to Elizabeth City, North Carolina for the opening of Roanoke Bible College. Carl would attend Atlanta Christian College. It was both my first year and the first year of Roanoke. Aunt Pearl, who would be teaching, waited for me to return from California to travel by train together. Our seats were to be side by side, but an error on my ticket indicated a different train car. This was an over night train from Atlanta to Portsmouth, Virginia. I sat with Pearl until after supper before returning to my assigned seat. During the night, the cars were separated for some to Portsmouth and the others on up the east coast. When I realized the train was pulling into Richmond, Virginia, I presented the conductor with a 16 year old boy's problem. After accusing me of deliberately creating the problem, he gave me a ticket south to Newport News, a ferry ride across the Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk and a short ferry ride to Portsmouth. I arrived before Pearl's train which had been side-tracked by schedule some time during the night. This may be the reason the conductor accused me, knowing I would arrive in Portsmouth sooner.

Uncle George and Aunt Sarah who had opened Atlanta Christian College in 1937 were now opening Roanoke Bible College in 1948. They had moved to Elizabeth City the year before to establish a church. For this first year, the college occupied a two story rented house. Classes met down stairs, and girls were housed up stairs. My room mate, Mark Woolard, and I were housed in a private home. The second year, the college moved to a permanent location on Pennsylvania Avenue. Within a few weeks, Mark and I were sent out on weekends to "practice preach." One would lead the service, and the other would preach in the morning. For the evening service, the order was reversed. In Eastern North Carolina, only the two year old Elizabeth City church had a full time preacher. All the other churches had Sunday School and weekly communion service, but only quarter or half time preaching. This was due to the lack of preachers, which was the main reason Roanoke Bible College was established. One preacher may serve two, three, or four churches.

In January, 1949, as a 17 year old freshman, I was called to serve on second Sundays the rural church in the Gum Neck community 15 miles south of Columbia in Tyrrell County and about 70 miles from Elizabeth City. After a few weeks, I volunteered to preach second and fourth Sundays. Usually, after classes on Friday, I would hitch hike to Gum Neck for the week-end and return Sunday night or Monday morning. Usually someone would take me to

Columbia where there was more traffic on US64. In the early years, there were no classes on Monday to enable those serving churches to return. Later in the first year with Gum Neck, I was able to buy a used car, a 1939 Plymouth Coupe. The next year, I was called to serve the Fairfield Christian Church in Hyde County about 15 miles south of Gum Neck on first and third Sundays. Later that year, I was ordained to the Christian ministry on October 8th 1950, by the Pleasant Hill Christian Church in Pickens County, Georgia where my grandfather, Cicero Presley, was ordained in September, 1898. This is the Presley family home church where many family members are buried. One of my fondest memories as a boy is the annual trip for Decoration Day on the 2nd Sunday in May. Most years, we lived within driving distance for this special weekend at Pleasant Hill.

In Fairfield, Clifton and Evelyn Mooney hosted me many weekends. One Saturday night, they had an oyster roast and invited Evelyn's sister, Margie Ann Clark, who now becomes a major player in this narrative. Margie and Evelyn were from the Ponzer community in the western end of Hyde County. Their family belonged to the Christian church there. Margie was born on February 8, 1933, the daughter of Mary Meredith Howard and Randolph Rivers Clark. The family moved to South Carolina when Margie was just over a year old. Her father worked for a construction company building draw bridges across the inland water way to replace the barges that ferried people and vehicles. Randolph's brother, Vance, was captain of a working sail boat, a nine ton, 46 foot sloop, with a crew of two operating in the Pamlico Sound. Enjoying sailing and working on the water, Randolph went out with them and all were lost in a storm on January 6, 1936. With Evelyn and Margie, Mary moved back to Ponzer to live with her mother and step father who cared for the girls while Mary worked as a practical nurse. Mrs. Annie Cutrell, one of her patients in Fairfield, had a son, Guy Rumley, who later became Evelyn and Margie's step father. They also would be joined with a half brother, William Joseph (Billy Joe), in January 27, 1938, and a half sister, Mary Jane, on Margie's birthday, February 8, 1940.

During 1951, I concluded my ministry at Gum Neck and began serving the Bethany Christian Church near Whitaker just north of Tarboro in Edgecombe County. Margie graduated from Fairfield High at which I delivered the baccalaureate address. A week after graduation, Margie moved to Norfolk, Virginia to work at the Naval Base. During the summer, I continued my weekend ministries at Bethany and Fairfield, but took a job as a rigger at the Norfolk Shipbuilding and Drydock Company during the week while living at the YMCA. When the boss found out I was a college student, because of the loss of so many tools, he assigned me the task of organizing the tools and equipment in a secure room and having each worker sign for their need. Both being in Norfolk gave us time to plan our wedding for September 3rd. At the end of the summer, I made a trip to Atlanta to trade cars. Before going, I asked Margie what kind she liked. She said anything but black and Hudson. My best deal was a black Hudson!

Our wedding took place in the college chapel in late morning with Harold Turner officiating. Uncle George, who was scheduled to perform the task, was away on an emergency. It was a small gathering of our family members from Georgia and Fairfield. After the reception given by Aunt Sarah, we left for our first stop in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. We were stopped for speeding three times before we were out of North Carolina.

The next day we arrived in Savannah, Georgia to spend the night with Aunt Emily and Kitch who was manager of the Southern Bell telephone office. The next day, we traveled to Jacksonville, Florida.

Returning from our honeymoon, we moved into a large upstairs room in Wilkinson Hall. My scholarship work, cooking breakfast, was just down the rear stairs to the kitchen. Margie took a job in the pharmacy soda shop, and I took an evening job at Pell's Paper Company two blocks from the college. The early hours of breakfast duty and late hours at the paper company were too much with studies. Since most classes were over by 1:00 PM, I went to work for Pilot Life Insurance Company after passing the North Carolina state exam for agent. The duties consisted of a small debit route and sales. Marriage brought a very busy schedule with studies, work, and week-end ministry.

The year 1952 brought some major events. We concluded the Fairfield ministry and began serving the Hunter's Bridge church on US 264 near Bath. On May 27th, I graduated with the first four year class of Roanoke, Grace Sullivan, Mark Woolard, and Joe Brickhouse. The third and most important event was the birth of Edith Ann, our first child, born July 15th. We moved to an apartment in a large house one block from the college on the corner of Pensylvania Avenue, and Broad Street with more room for the growing family. My sister Rea, who was married in August, came to stay with us because her husband, Jack, was stationed at the Navy base in Norfolk, Virginia.

After more than five years absent from Georgia, the urge to return lead us to pack up our belongings in car and utility trailer and moved to East Point in 1953. We found a basement apartment in a large home on Conley Drive, not far from the family home. Later we secured an apartment in the public housing authority development. We began a weekend ministry with the Antioch Christian Church in Cherokee County near Canton. After five half-time ministries, this was our first every Sunday preaching appointment. To make ends meet, I worked in a men's haberdashery shop in East Point.

On January 11, 1954, our second daughter, Elizabeth Renee' was born. With my enrollment at Oglethorpe University, I left the men's shop and took an early morning paper route, which started about 2:00 AM and finished about 6:00 AM. The paper route consisted of about 500 papers for both boxes and residential delivery. I picked up a young helper who rolled the papers and stood in open back door to throw each paper with amazing accuracy as I slowly drove down each street.

The opportunity for a localized ministry came in 1956 with the close of our service at Antioch and our move to Midway Christian church near Winder in Barrow County. We moved into the old schoolhouse as a parsonage two weeks after our third child, Charles Guy, was born on November 13, 1956. He was given my father's name, but we call him Chuck. The two story white clapboard church building was jointly owned by the Masonic Order which met on the upper level. The old eight room school building of similar construction was divided for the left four rooms to be used as parsonage and the right four rooms for church use. This consisted of two class rooms, kitchen, and dinning room for the church. This was our first time living in a parsonage. There was no hall, just four large rooms with

high ceilings, tall windows, and a wood-coal stove in the front room for heating. A bath room had been installed in the rear.

This rural community was a warm and very friendly people who were very generous with the fruit of their gardens. We enjoyed vegetables and fruit in season, eggs and live chickens which we had to prepare for the table. This was a welcomed help to our modest income.

In the spring of 1957, I took mother, dad, and our two girls on a trip to Florida. Margie had taken a secretary's job at Carwood Manufacturing in Winder, and was unable to go. Mother wished to visit her half brother, Raliegth Goddard, in Linden, his daughter Marguerite Brown in Tampa, and Albert and Helen Benison, her aunt, in Fort Lauderdale. Marguerite's husband, Neal, was chief of police in Tampa. We traveled as far south as Homestead.

Toward the end of summer, with church permission and Christmas coming, I took a job as a carpenter with the contractor building a new Westinghouse manufacturing plant in Athens. This work was nearly completed when I started. In a few weeks, our crew was sent over to the University of Georgia to begin work on a new dorm. The work consisted of setting forms to pour concrete support pillows. The ground was wet and muddy with less than desirable conditions. After one day, I went back to the Westinghouse building where the installation of assembly line, machinery, and cat-walks would soon take place. Approaching the man in charge for a job, I was asked if I could read blue prints which he opened up and showed me. When I replied yes, I was hired and made foreman. I had millwrights with 30 years experience working under me. Just before Christmas, I gave up the job since my desire was temporary employment.

After the spring tour of the sunshine state as stated above, I was bitten by the Florida bug. With so few Christian churches, I viewed Florida as a great mission field and a very desirable place to work. With nothing but a strong desire and simple faith to accept the challenge, we packed all our belongings and three children in the car and moved to Tampa about the end of August, 1958. I would return to Midway on August 30, 1998 to speak for the 101st anniversary. The church had built a new sanctuary, and when that was outgrown, a third much larger house of worship was built. I was so delighted to see such progress. We had no invitation to come to Tampa and no reception committee to welcome us on our arrival and no means of support. The first Sunday, we attend the Broad Street Church and asked Bill Denison, the minister, where would be a good place to start a new church. He said some folks down on the peninsula were interested and gave me names of two families. One was an elderly couple, and the other was Red and Katherine Berry who had two teenage sons, 17 and 19. The next Sunday, we met in their home, but Red and one son had to work. That first service attendance consisted of Kathrine, her younger son, and the five of us for the beginning of the Westshore Christian Church. We secured the use of the grammar school for services and began a steady growth that enabled us to win the Easter to Pentecost contest the following spring. Mr. Sunday School, Guy Levitt, editor of the Lookout retired to Daytona Beach. He began editing and publishing for the Florida churches the Christian Progress, a monthly publication of church news. With his influence, a state wide Sunday School competition was begun with divisions depending on attendance. At the bottom was

the new church division. In 1959, Westshore and Englewood in Jacksonville competed for the trophy which would be presented at the Florida State Convention in October. The Englewood work was the joint effort of Florida churches which provided support and the evangelist, Delmar Debalt. Westshore had no support from other churches, not even the other Tampa churches. Westshore won the contest with weekly attendance approaching 150. It would be for my able successor, Shelton Thomas, to accept the award at the convention. This achievement was just one of many exciting events in the short time we were in Tampa.

On February 18, 1959, our second son, David Buckley, was born in Bay To Bay Hospital operated by Dr. Richard Mayer. He later built a much larger hospital on north Dale Mabry, and gave property for the Northwest Christian Church next to the hospital. Dick delivered David at no charge as a professional courtesy, and next summer, we returned for a visit, and he took out Renee's and Chuck's tonsils, again as a professional courtesy. Dick and Bonnie were great friends. His father and mother became members also. George was the administrator of the hospital, and his mother was an excellent Bible teacher. George loaned us the money for a down payment on a 3 bedroom house. When we left the next summer, he bought the house, and we realized a modest profit. Living on Tampa Bay, Dick owned a 36 ft. yacht which we often enjoyed when there was time for busy folks.

Another dear couple of lasting friendship was Bob and Barbara Hendrickson who moved down from Indianapolis, Indiana with two young boys in the second month of Westshore's beginning. Having seen our ad in the news paper, they came as "God sent" because Barbara was an excellent musician, and we were in great need. Bob's love was buying and selling cars, and soon opened a car lot. We arrived in Tampa with a 1956 Chevrolet on which we owed more than it was worth. Bob took it on his lot to sell and loaned me a car to use. If needed, he would call and loan me another. When we left Tampa, he sold me a 1955 Chevrolet at a give-away price. I would later buy other cars from Bob. Having never been to college, Barbara took a page out of Margie's book and decided to pursue her degree in English, and in time received her MA. Later when Margie was at Daytona Beach Community College, she recommended Barbara for a teaching position at Embry Riddle Aeronautical University.

Our move to Florida was intended to be permanent with the hope of establishing a number of new congregations. Just six months into a most exciting new church work, we were confronted with a major decision that would change our future plans. An offer to become a professor at Roanoke Bible College was most tempting, but there had to be more to get us out of Florida. After praying and weighing the pros and cons, we considered the fact that with four children and that Margie had not been to college, nor had a profession to fall back on if something happened to me, it might be wise to accept the opportunity for the teaching experience and gain Margie's schooling. We would leave Florida for the time necessary for Margie to earn her Master's Degree and return to our adopted sunshine state. I would return to Tampa to speak for the 30th and 40th anniversaries. "The Westshore Christian" stated as we were leaving, "It is with a mixture of extreme sadness and joy that we announce that our beloved minister is leaving Westshore to accept a position on the faculty of Roanoke Bible College. Our sadness comes with the thought of losing this fine

young man and his family, and our joy comes for him for the opportunity that has been afforded him. Our earnest prayers, love, and best wishes will go with brother Charles and his family.” Leaving Tampa in the summer of 1959 was like leaving home for the very first time, very reluctantly leave a loving family. Leaving, as we had arrived, we loaded our belongings in the car, plus an extra child.

Arriving in Elizabeth City, North Carolina to prepare for the opening of the 12th year of Roanoke Bible College, we settled into the large second story of Shavender Hall, a colonial house on campus. In addition to housing, we received cafeteria privileges, Margie’s tuition, and \$25.00 a week. To supplement our income, I also began serving two rural churches, Berea Church of Christ near Hertford on second and fourth Sundays and Wenona Church of Christ south of Plymouth on first and third Sundays. Accepting the offer to come to Roanoke Bible College was a greater challenge than first perceived. It wasn’t just teaching classes. From the college publication “The Roanoke Messenger” of September 1959, “Mr. Presley is Academic Dean, Dean of Men, Professor of Greek, Church History, and Epistles. He will be the Master of Ceremonies for the Forensic programs, and the Choral Club programs.” In addition to teaching Greek, Epistles, and General Church History, I taught Restoration History, World Religions, Survey of Denominations, and Hermeneutics/Exegesis. On Monday night, I taught the Standard Sunday School lesson for those within driving distance. Our limited staff carried a challenging load. I taught 18-21 semester hours. This was the largest freshman class and enrollment to date. Staying ahead of this eager group kept me confined to campus except weekend preaching and special programs.

The choral club programs, with the Christmas story in December and Resurrection story in the spring, were taken to churches as far as New York and west to Indiana, and Ohio in a two week tour. Traveling in cars, we were able to see interesting and national sites along the way. This was excellent education for the students. The group usually consisted of 25 to 30, and was hosted by church families.

Margie began her four year studies and graduated salutatorian of her class of 1963. She insisted that I was much tougher on her than on others in my classes. Edith Ann entered the second grade, Renee entered the first grade in 1960, and Chuck in the first grade in 1962. The first summer after living in Elizabeth City, we enjoyed a Florida vacation by visiting Bob and Barbara Hendrickson in Tampa. It was not much of a vacation for Renee and Chuck who had their tonsils out. Our four years spent at Roanoke Bible College were not only very busy with academics, but presented a number of construction projects for me. One was the building of a brick outdoor stage with the help a member of the class of ’61. This was the class gift, and I was class sponsor. I don’t recall how many bricks I laid, but it was a pile! There were remodeling projects in the old houses added to the college campus.

With Margie’s graduation in 1963, it was time to continue with our plan. We visited East Tennessee in search of a ministry while Margie enrolled in Milligan for her bachelor degree in English. I was confident that my academic responsibilities would be well covered. Returning in the fall were three college graduates who had been away pursuing studies, Bill Griffin who would become the second president of the college in 1986 serving 20 years,

Beth Bondurant, who would later become Academic Dean, and Melvin Styons, who would teach until retirement.

The Union Church of Christ on Cherokee Road out of Johnson City, Tennessee was in need of a minister. Palma Bennett was moving to a new work in Merritt Island, Florida. My trial sermon was in Cherokee School because the new building to replace the old fire damaged building was not finished. I guess they liked what they heard because some men of the church came over to the college and moved our belongings to the church parsonage across from the new church building. This would be our home for three years.

Returning to the local church ministry from college was a real change. Union Church was located between two other Christian churches on Cherokee Road, only three miles each way and a mountain ridge behind. Serving the congregation was a joy with many satisfying events occurring beginning with the dedication of the new two story building which was probably three times the space of the old structure. That first fall, Margie was at Milligan, the four children were in Cherokee Grammar School, and I enrolled for some history classes and the new math at East Tennessee State University which would be transferred to Milligan College. In the spring, Margie took the spring semester off and our fifth child, Stephen Goddard, was born in Erwin on April 1, 1964, and Margie graduated on August 14th. In the fall, she began teaching 3rd, 4th, and 5th grades in a three room school in Embreeville. Much later, 5 year old David would become minister of the Embreeville Christian Church in 1998. The next fall, I enrolled in Milligan College and graduated cum laude, one of ten in a class of 102, on May 29, 1966.

We had continued our annual trek to Florida and usually spending the time with our friends, Bob and Barbara Hendrickson. They had moved to the Orlando area. During Spring Break, we visited them in Winter Park with the purpose of exploring the availability of churches and teaching opportunities. The four year old Plymouth Avenue Church in DeLand was open, and we agreed to return for a trial sermon. After this get acquainted visit and returning to Tennessee, a call was extended which I graciously declined. This was a small group with two preachers in only four years and offered very small remuneration for a family of seven. In addition, Margie had no offer for teaching. After a week of prayerful consideration, we concluded that our plans were to return to Florida and here was an opportunity. Our first venture to Tampa was on faith without any support, and our return should be on faith as well. I called and said we would come. Once again, the moving would be up to us. With two cars, we tried unsuccessfully to sell Margie's VW bug in order to rent a truck. A large four wheel trailer hitched to our station wagon was loaded with most of our belongings. We had managed to sell most appliances and large furniture pieces. While helping us load, Kenneth Taylor said he changed his mind and would buy the car, but the trailer was already loaded. Traveling the very winding fifty miles up the mountain to Ashville, North Carolina, the heavy load severely damaged the rear bumper. To be safe, we exchanged the trailer for a truck in Ashville and transferring every thing before continuing our trip from the hill country to the low lands. We are returning!



Golden Gate Bridge Presidio



San Francisco
Down Town
1948





Young Margie



Home in Fairfield



Charles 17 years old



1948 Grads to Bible College

CLASS BUILDS STAGE

The Class of '61 leaves as its gift to Roanoke a longed-for outdoor stage. Pictured below is Senior Bedford Motley assisting Professor Presley in building the 3 foot high, 24x15 foot stage.



Joyce & Margie



Tampa home



Tampa Bay



Dr. Richard Mayer



The yacht



**RBC 1961
David & Chuck**



David



Chuck and David



Renee & Edith



**Bethany Revival
Tony & Charles**



Edith & Renee



Charles & kids
1963



Chuck & David



Charles & boys



Edith & Renee



Margie & kids



Children



Union Church of Christ 1964 Dedication

FEB • 64



FEB • 64



59 • 700 •

Chuck, Renee, Edith, & David



MAY • 66

Chuck & David



JAN 65

Union Parsonage



JAN 65

Tenn. Winter



Family



MAY 66

Children



MAY 1964

Margie & Stephen

The Later Years Major Move 1966-1997

After seven years, we have returned to live again in the Sunshine State. I began a 20 year ministry on July 31, 1966 with Plymouth Avenue. The church had located a nice two story house on Kepler Road called the Kepler House which also had a bomb shelter we never had to use. We rented for a year until purchasing our first home on Alabama Avenue. Unable to locate a teaching position in Volusia County, Margie secured a job teaching in Sanford Junior High. The next three years she returned for summer school at East Tennessee State University, receiving her MA in English on June 6, 1969. Our dear friends, Ralph and Earlene Boring, provided her accommodations each year. After teaching two years in Sanford, she secured a position in the English Department of Daytona Beach Community College most likely because she was interviewed by a gentleman from Greenville, Tennessee who was eager to talk about East Tennessee.

Margie's thirty years tenure at the college was varied and most satisfying. In addition to teaching, grammar, literature, English as a second language, the Bible as literature, she prepared a course in Science Fiction Literature. This was the results of a summer session at the university in Memphis Tennessee. She completed 30 hours of credit beyond her MA and soon became chair of the Communicating Arts Department. She also found time to sing in the college choir as well as the church choir. Being an excellent seamstress, she made the costumes for the annual college Madrigal Dinner presentation. She taught a Sunday School class and cared for five children. On moving to DeLand, Edith Ann entered the 9th grade, Renee entered the 7th grade, Chuck entered 5th grade, and David entered the 3rd grade. Two year old Stephen was in "grandparent" care of Dean and Gladys Moore, two dear charter members of the church.

The church was meeting in the one year old first unit on five acres given by Hubert and Virginia Jacobs. With the building debt, we operated in the red for the first few months. New families and stewardship emphasis made it possible for us to always have sufficient funds. Our Faith Promise Mission program began in 1969. Needing additional space to accommodate our growth, especially class rooms, the folks were reluctant to assume additional debt. I challenged them to build as funds came in and to do most of the work ourselves. Ground was broken on October 25, 1970 and completed in 1971 debt free. The mortgage on the first unit was satisfied on January 7, 1973. In the front of the property was a pond of water except during drought. When the retention pond across the street at the high school was being cleaned out, I asked the man in charge if they would dump the truck loads of dirt on our property. After many yards were dumped, I borrowed a bulldozer from a man, who later became a member, and leveled the gift of dirt. When the construction of the new sanctuary was proposed in 1975, it was accepted eagerly. The new sanctuary included the Elmer Jost memorial Wicks pipe organ which was given by Lillian, his widow. It was necessary to add ten feet to the building to accommodate this magnificent gift. The dedication of the new sanctuary and organ was on February 1, 1976.

I entered the graduate program at Stetson University for my MA in history. In addition to history and psychology courses, I audited a Greek class under Dr. Ernest Calwell who

had retired as president of the University of Chicago and moved to DeLand to teach Greek. Having studied Greek three years and taught four years at Roanoke, I couldn't resist the urge since Dr. Calwell was a noted scholar with his name in the text book as a footnote, "Calwell's rule for the use of the article." He was very liberal in theology, but an excellent teacher. An example of his thinking is revealed in one of his statements, "Jesus never claimed to be divine." My favorite history professor was Dr. Gilbert Lycan with whom I also had a weekly appointment to play a round of golf.

For more than 20 years, I was a member of the DeLand Kiwanis Club that met weekly at noon and served as president in 1982. Most of the years in DeLand, I met each week day morning between 8:00 and 9:00 with a group of business and professional men. No women were allowed. I gave as my reason taking the pulse of the community. Some came for breakfast, but most just for coffee and conversation. The group included a funeral director, a couple of judges, a lawyer or two, stock broker, and business men. I was the preacher that maintained order according to the local press that called us "The Loudmouth Club" in a write-up from time to time. Most politicians would stop by for a visit, especially when running for office. I usually attended the monthly state wide ministers' meeting and edited the Florida State Church Directory for many years. I served as secretary of the 1977 Florida State Convention. There was a great state wide interest and fellowship of churches for many years. As the number of churches grew, that state wide interest seemed to wane. With our five children, the youth program grew each year and soon a summer youth minister was called by the name of Johnny Pressley as our first. Later a full time youth minister, Mike Duffer, was called. Summer camp was well attended by our youth. Chuck made his confession one summer and was baptized by my hitch hiking buddy, Carl Clark, who was minister at Stark and attending the Florida University graduate school. Our timothies include Tom Underwood, Jimmy Cooper, and David Presley.

Edith Ann graduated from DeLand High on June 5, 1970, and Renee graduated on June 4, 1972. I was invited to deliver the baccalaureate address for both Renee's and David's service. David graduated June 3, 1977. All the children were well acquainted with Roanoke Bible College. They started very early attending summer camp at the college with extended time with Aunt Sarah BonDurant before and after. She would often pick them up or bring them home, or meet us half way. All except Stephen enrolled in the college after high school, but only Renee and David finished. The others chose different paths. Renee graduated May 25, 1976 from Roanoke Bible College and David in May 1981. Chuck chose to enlist in the army for a three year hitch in 1976-79 and Stephen enlisted in the Navy from 1983-1987. Edith's choice was matrimony. She moved to Hopewell, Virginia where she still lives and gave us four very successful grandchildren. Renee and Danny were married on May 29, 1975, the year of his graduation. In 1980, Renee began a 29 year teaching career at Roanoke Bible College.

In 1969, we bought ten acres and a dilapidated three room cabin on Burnt Mountain about seven miles north east of Jasper, Georgia on the road to Amicalola Falls. Our thinking was to build a summer retreat, especially for Margie and the children who were out for the summer. I bought lumber from the Cypress sawmills in Barberville, Florida

and staked and air dried during 1970. In June of 1971, we hauled lumber up to begin construction of a new two bedroom cabin. For preparation, we hired a bulldozer owner to push the old cabin into the gulley and build a road and parking area for the new cabin. This was a family project for a few summers. We began camping and cooking over an open fire until we were able to move inside. When I finished the electric wiring and the plumbing and installed all the windows and doors, it began to feel like a home. There was an excellent spring of water on the property which the neighbors said had never run dry, even in extreme summer droughts. First I walled around the pool with rock from the property to support the clay bank and provide steps down to the spring. Next I built a cistern down near the cabin with concrete blocks on a concrete slab. Then I plastered the inside with a concrete mix to seal and prevent leaks, which never occurred. After a roof, I gravity piped the water from the spring to the cistern ready to pump pure spring water into the new cabin. In 1972, we bought a large lot on the private Grandview Lake about three miles from the cabin. This provided us with great summer activity. In 1997, I found a buyer and transferred the deed for the lot to Roanoke Bible College as a gift for the college to sell to the buyer.

Our first new home on Alabama Avenue which we purchased in 1967 was too small for a growing family of five children with two teenagers and two others approaching that magical time. In 1970, after a year with the house on the market there were no takers even with an asking price of just the amount of our investment. Our dear friend, Elmer Jost, a real estate developer, said we were not asking enough. A low asking price leads many to think that something may be wrong. We raised the price 15 percent and sold it the next week. Needing a place to move to, we were very fortunate to find the Conrad house, a DeLand "land-mark," on north Woodland Blvd available for rent. It was built in 1926 by the owner of the Conrad Lumber Company using the very best material. His daughter living in Tallahassee inherited it and wanted some responsible renter for protection of the property. Situated on fifteen wooded acres about 300 ft. from the sidewalk with a pond, the two story house was plenty of room for a family of seven. We expected to stay a short time until we found another home to buy, but remained three years because the rent was so reasonable.

Thinking about retirement in about 25 years, in 1972 we purchased a two story duplex at 615 Riverview in Daytona Beach just one door off A1A, Atlantic Avenue, as rental property. We only spent two nights in the 25 years we owned the place and that was during Spring Break when the revelry did not cease until dawn. That was a revelation that retirement plans must change. In the following year, we had an opportunity to purchase a home on DeLand's most beautiful lake. In September 1973, we closed on 2344 East New York Avenue on Lake Winnemissett that would be our home for the next twenty five years. This property was about two and a half acres with orange, grapefruit, and tangerine trees and 200 feet lake front. We would have some really great memories of "Conrad House," but our new home would offer great water activities. Edith and Renee had flown the nest, but the three boys would have many years to ski, fish, and swim. We bought an 18 ft. bass boat with an 85 hp mercury outboard and later bought an American skier with a 302 cubic inch V8 inboard. The boys spent many, many hours and much gas on the lake. It was a great place for picnics.

A new and exciting dimension to our lives began in 1978 when Lillian Jost offered a trip for Margie and me to the Holy Land hosted by Robert Shannon, minister in Largo, Florida. Margie could not get away from the college, but encouraged me to go because she felt this would stimulate the urge to travel in me. She was right, since this was the first of 28 trips across the Atlantic. This trip first stop was in Cairo, Egypt and a landing after dark with armed soldiers on top of the terminal. This was my introduction to the other world. A flight to the Valley of the Kings on an Egyptian aircraft was interesting as the pilot taxied the plane as he does his Fiat in down town Cairo traffic and flies the plane like a fighter aircraft. The trip continued to Jordan with Mount Nebo and Israel with all the major sights including a private night time walk through the old city. The trip continued to Austria and Germany with stops in Innsbruck, Vienna, and Munich. Our last stop was a few days in London.

Margie's intuition was correct. This was an eye opener for me. We soon planned to host a trip in 1980 to the Holy Land with a stop in Germany for the Oberammergau Passion Play which is presented every ten years. Among our guest were Margie's sister, Evelyn Mooney, aunt Pearl Presley, and our 16 year old son. Stephen went very reluctantly, but the next trip, he went most eagerly. I had the opportunity to baptize four of our guest in the Jordan River and gather the group in an upper room in Jerusalem on the Lord's Day for a worship service with the Lord's Supper. A swim in the Dead Sea, which is thirteen times saltier than the ocean, a walk through the Garden of Gethsemane, and a boat ride across the Sea of Galilee are great memories to take home. Sitting at dinner in the hotel in Ammon Jordan, I had difficulty in determining the meat on my plate until it became very clear to me that it was tongue, probably camel. I enjoyed my vegetarian dinner. We left from Jordan to Athens with a stop in Beirut, Lebanon. After a very high fly over to the Mediterranean Sea and a descent, we approached the airport very low. Seeing the smoke in the distance around the city, we realized the reason for our unusual approach. We were in a war zone. The passion play was also a great memory. We reluctantly dropped Stephen off alone at his appointed accommodation, a home with a teen age boy, in Oberammergau while we stayed in Garmish. With such a large crowd, we didn't get up with him until after our stay. We wondered if he would attend the play or find other things to do. The next day at the two hour morning presentation, we spotted him sitting down front and again for the two hour afternoon presentation.

Another very important dimension for our lives began about this time with Chuck's discharge from the army in 1979. With his GI Bill paying 90 percent, he acquired his pilot's license and ratings. While working on his instructor's rating, nothing would do but get me in the plane as his student. With my fear of heights, the first time up struggling with the controls as his student, I said to myself "if I ever get down, I will never get back in this thing." After a few days and thinking of those I knew who could fly, and not being a quitter, I was back at the controls of our Cessna 172 which Chuck said we should buy. Usually it is a father teaching a son, but this time, the father was the student. Under Chuck's tutoring, I acquired my private pilot's license in 1981 at age 50. With Chuck's encouragement, I continued with his instruction and received my instrument rating at age 55, my multi-engine rating at 60, and my commercial pilot's license at 62. Learning to fly

opened up a new avenue for me to travel. Attending state minister's meetings was made easier, and stopping and picking up other preachers on the way added to the pleasure. Flying to my trustee's meetings at Roanoke Bible College offered lots of time to think unless it was bad weather which required much concentration. Many flights I was not alone because a family member or friend accompanied me. Among relatives who went along at some time, were Dick and Lorraine, Jack, Sport, Rea, and Dayna. Often there were opportunities to fly friends to special places, especially the Bahamas. One year I flew a friend to Augusta, Georgia for the master's tournament, another time a friend to his former home of Richmond, Kentucky, and another friend, whose father was very ill, to Jenkins, Kentucky, with landing in Wise, Virginia. Flying down to the Cape to watch a shuttle launch was a special experience. Cruising at 2000 feet along the Indian River, it seemed almost possible to reach out and touch the shuttle. Later the restricted air space was extended to prevent such close approach. Summer vacation in the mountains was made easy by leaving Margie at the cabin while I spent a day or two and returned to Florida until the next week. The Cessna 172 served us well until it was damaged in 1984, not flying, but in the hanger, during a storm that blew the doors in on the plane. The insurance company estimated the damage to be complete. Although someone bought the plane from the insurance company, fixed it up and put it back in the air. We replaced the 172, which cruised at about 120 mph, with a Mooney M20F that cruised at about 180 mph. In 1995 we sold the M20F and purchased a Mooney 201, M20G which cruised at 200 mph.

Flying is pure pleasure with beautiful scenery most of the time, but on occasions emergencies must be confronted. I have a few in my experience. In May, 1993, Margie and I flew to Salisbury, Maryland, stopping in Elizabeth City to pick up Renee, for David's graduation for his doctorate. On our return flight to Florida, on instruments in weather, the engine sounded like it was coming back into my lap. Pulling the throttle back, I surveyed the gages, oil pressure, temperature, and all looked okay. Pushing the throttle in brought a loud back fire. After informing air traffic control that I had a problem, I was asked if I was landing at Myrtle Beach. I said affirmative unless there was something closer than the 23 nautical miles to Myrtle Beach. Being advised of a small strip on the beach, I asked for vectors and set a heading for a ten mile glide to Ocean Isle Beach. Feeling that cool rush of relief as we broke out of the clouds at about 300 feet elevation, on a perfect base approach to final, for landing. Having no tools, we rented a car to continue our trip home. Flying up the next day, Chuck found the problem to be a crack that permitted the exhaust manifold to open up. It required another trip with another manifold to complete the repair and fly the plane home.

Our trip to the Holy Land in 1980 was followed each year by another trip across the Atlantic. In 1981 Daytona Beach Community College scheduled a two weeks summer travel for student credit. Margie traveled as an instructor and I as a chaperone. We flew to Athens, Greece for a few days then an over night ship from Patras to Bari, Italy. Through Italy, Austria, and Germany, we traveled by bus. From Munich we took an over night train to Paris, then a ferry channel crossing to England.

For travel in 1982, we planned a change of pace from a crowd to inviting another couple to take a two week driving experience. There was no planned schedule other than

making a circle around England, Scotland, and Wales, staying in Bed and Breakfast, especially in farm houses. We flew to London, picked up a car and heading north to Cambridge and Norwich, leaving London until last. This was my first introduction to driving on the left side of the road, but the beginning of thousands of miles the British way through the years. We continued up to Nottingham, York, and into Edinburgh. From there we traveled down the west side from Glasgow, Liverpool, Bristol, and London. Our round trip flight was nonstop from Miami to London. When checking in for the return flight, I struck up a conversation with a young lady in charge of those checking in passengers. I stated that we had been traveling around and I wish there was a place to stretch out my legs on the long flight home, to which she made no reply until the loading began. She came over and said that she had discretely arranged a little better seating for Margie and me and to permit all the others to load first. Then she gave us boarding passes for the first two seats in first class. What pampering! Calling the travel office on returning home, I found the cost of first class was five times more than we had paid.

Our annual overseas traveling was interrupted in 1983 by a life time trial. A small growth that Margie's doctor had removed from her back had returned. After the second removal, it returned aggressively with the lab report indicating lymphoma with a prognosis by the oncologist of three months unless immediate drastic treatment is taken. After a short time of confrontation with reality, we were assured by our Christian faith that God's will would be done. With a strong, silent resolve, Margie determined to beat this killer. Her oncologist advised her to quit or take a leave of absence, which she refused to do. Her surgeon expected her to be admitted to the hospital and have surgery to remove the tumor the next day with an additional day of recovery. Instead Margie reported very early in the morning for surgery, and after time in the recovery room, she dressed and drove from the hospital in DeLand to finish teaching her classes in Daytona. She scheduled receiving chemotherapy treatment on Friday after classes, a night of sleepless nausea, Saturday to recover, Church on Sunday, and ready for classes on Monday. After loosing her hair and about 30 pounds, she missed no days of work and only one Sunday of Church during the months of treatment. She began this ordeal with the resolve not to give an inch to the killer, but to accept her oncologist treatment to bring her down to death's door, and by the grace of God, it worked!

Oversea travel returned in 1984 with another college summer trip to Greece, Hungary, Austria, Germany, and France. The flight from Athens to Budapest was aboard a Hungarian airliner made by Russia which looked much like a US 737. The difference was the absence of overhead bins with oxygen mask, but an overhead shelf with a single large oxygen bottle on the back wall. We were never explained how this might work in an emergency. Budapest was a great experience, even under communist control. At that time, one could ride public transportation for pennies and a taxi across the city for two dollars. One evening Margie and I took a taxi across the city to an arena for an ice show by a group from Russia. The ticket window was closed because it was all sold out. There were some folks standing around with tickets for sale, not scalping, but for the printed price. Large blocks of tickets were purchased by the government and given out to fill the arena. These were folks who did not plan to attend if they could sell their ticket. We bought the highest of the three different prices, which was only about three dollars. The

seats were right down front for the best view of the action of a magnificent performance. Budapest is a great city for organ concerts, delicious food, and especially pastries on Castle Hill.

Our travel for 1985 was two weeks in Spain and Morocco which included transportation and lodging. Most of the time, we were on our own. From Madrid we traveled south to Valencia, Granada, and Algeciras. After a ferry ride across the Strait of Gibraltar, we arrived in Morocco and traveled to Tanger, Rabat, Casablanca, Marrakech, and Fes. Crossing back in Spain to Sevilla, we decided to forgo a long bus ride to Portugal for only one night and take a train to Cordoba and Madrid. After the day in Cordoba, the train left to arrive in Madrid at 10:00 PM. Some time after dark the train stopped in the country side. No one would respond to us in English as to the problem. The doors opened, and some stood outside to smoke and talk. After an hour or more, we noticed lights flicker and light up in the distant villages. With doors closed, the train continued reaching Madrid about midnight where we found the explanation for our delay. An electrical storm had prevented the electric train from continuing until it passed.

In the fall of 1985, I advised the elders that I intended to conclude my ministry at Plymouth Avenue. Five years earlier, the retired Disciple minister who had been conducting an early Sunday morning service at the local drive in theatre, asked me to preach each week because of his age. My only responsibility was to preach at 8:30 and return to Plymouth Avenue for our scheduled services. A special built four wheel trailer with sliding glass doors on the front was placed in front of the screen on Sunday morning and removed after the service. Inside was a pulpit, small key board, and chairs for a small choir. The concessionary building was used for refreshments and fellowship. In his early 90's, Mr. Dunton was admitted to a nursing home which presented the question of what to do with the drive in service of about 15 to 20 faithful folks. My vision was to again step out on faith, acquire property and develop an open air drive in church. Mr. Dunton's son was my primary physician with whom I shared my plans to which he replied, "I will back you." He was true to his word. I agreed to remain at Plymouth Avenue until after the scheduled Faith Promise Rally the first week in March, closing a twenty year ministry.

We chartered the Open Air Christian Church in October, 1986. After a search for suitable property, a beautiful 10 acre site was found in December for an agreed price of \$100,000.00. When the search began, there was only \$2000.00 on hand, but when we closed on the property in March 1987, we had almost \$50,000.00 raised. The closing had been delayed until the property could be annexed into the city of DeLand. The transfer from the drive in theatre to our new home, about ½ mile away, was simply to move the broadcast booth for the first service the next Sunday. The addition of a local commercial building contractor to our fellowship would lead in three building programs. A fellowship hall was completed in September 1988, and a maintenance building for the tractor and tools was complete in February 1990, both debt free. A new worship center was complete in 1993 with less than 50% indebtedness. With the completion of the worship center, the old broadcast booth was retired after many years of faithful service. The worship center had class rooms, office, kitchen, and a large meeting hall. The upper level opened to long

balcony by sliding glass doors that receded into the walls. The pulpit was placed out on the balcony, and behind inside were piano, organ, and choir. Although we advertised "Come as you are and stay in your car," most would come in for refreshments and fellowship. Our sound was broadcast by our own FM transmitter to cars, speakers in the trees, and in the fellowship building. Some would bring a lawn chair to sit under trees, others would sit on benches, and others inside the fellowship building with a glass front facing the worship center. At the main entrance was a greeter's booth where bulletin, hymn book, and communion were given to the people in each car. The communion was in a disposable cup with a double lid. The bread was under the first lid. A great fellowship was developed with picnics, dinners, and special programs. Roanoke Bible College touring choral club was one.

Our travel in 1986 was to Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. I especially enjoyed driving through such beautiful countries. In 1987, we invited my sister Lorraine and Dick Chesnut to a driving tour of England, Scotland, and Wales similar to our 1982 trip. Again, we stayed mostly in farm house bed and breakfast accommodations. The Isle of Skye off of Scotland's western coast was especially memorable with unusual clear weather and special summer festival of Scottish song, dance, and games. In 1988, again with Dick and Lorraine, we made a driving circular tour of Ireland beginning at Shannon Airport. Driving south to Tralee, Dingle, Killarney, we then turned east to Cork, Waterford, and Wexford. Turning north, we traveled to Dublin, Belfast, and Derry before turning south to Donegal, Sligo, Galway, and Limerick. There was so much to see and do, such as kissing the Blarney Stone at Blarney Castle, the Giant's Causeway, and Cliffs of Mohr, it takes more than two weeks, so another trip will be necessary.

Many summers since 1971 we had enjoyed our handy work on Burnt Mountain, but the elevation of 2800 feet did not prevent hot summer days. In 1989, our search for a place above 4,000 feet elevation led us to Scaly Mountain, North Carolina near Highlands where we purchased a two bedroom cabin similar to Burnt Mountain which we reluctantly sold in 1994. This move gave us a whole new area to explore in the summer and enjoy an elevation where no air conditioning is needed. Nearby, Franklin had a very nice small airport for my weekly flights.

We continued to enjoy the car tour vacation and in 1990, we again invited Lorraine and Dick to join us for two weeks through Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. This would be our third driving experience together. We flew into Frankfurt, picked up the car, and headed south along the Rhine River to Freiburg, and Mulhouse across the border in France. We continued on to Zurich, Lucerne, and Splugen. Passing through Liechtenstien, we entered Austria for Innsbruck and Salzburg. Driving back into Germany, we visited Munich and other cities along our way to Frankfurt for our return flight.

Aware that our duplex on Riverview in Daytona Beach was undesirable for our retirement, we began a search for something else. Margie was convinced that she wanted to live on the beach. After examining dozens of condos on "the world's most famous beach," we decided on Surfside, our present home which we purchased in 1993. We used it on occasions, but rented to winter guest until December 1997 when Margie retired and

Stephen was married. We moved to the beach, leaving Stephen in Deland. Another change took place in 1997 when Margie became tired of my interrupting her summer vacation with visits to Scaly Mountain that included cutting down trees, piling brush, and other chores. Our search for a mountain condo, with no yard work, took us up to Sugar Mountain in Avery County. After a day of looking, we noticed the lone ten story condo building sitting on Sugar Mountain. Margie said that was the last place she would want to live, to which I replied let's go up and look. The panoramic view was so compelling we decided to make it our summer home. Sitting on the balcony, we are eye level with the swinging bridge on Grandfather Mountain. The duplex in Riverview was used as a "like-kind exchange" for this 5,150 feet elevation summer place. The kids could come in the winter to ski, but we will enjoy the high country in the summer time. When Sugartop was built in 1986, the North Carolina legislature for the first time in its history passed a zoning law that no more high rise condos could be built on top of the mountains. Some consider Sugartop an eyesore, but those fortunate enough to live there consider it next to heaven. In 2001, we sold the cabin on Scaly Mountain.

In 1994, our son Chuck acquired DeLand Aviation, a fixed base operation at DeLand Municipal Airport. This is where we hangered our airplane. This offered some interesting opportunities. After a display of a vintage WWII B25, I was invited by the crew at Chuck's suggestion to fly with them to their next display in Melbourne. It was a low flight over Daytona and south over the other coastal cities to Melbourne. Chuck sent a plane to pick me up. It was at this time that Chuck taught me to fly a helicopter. There were opportunities to make charter flights to many places. When an engine was overhauled and needed a few hours before placed back in service, I often was the pilot. I flew to Atlanta for lunch with family and elsewhere.

Years of singing and preaching began to affect my voice. In 1996, I became minister of administration, and we welcomed a new preacher at Open Air. I had hoped and prayed in 1986 for ten years to develop the unique Open Air Garden Church. With the Lord's grace, I made it. This would cap almost 50 years of ministry and usher in the retiring years.



Alabama Avenue



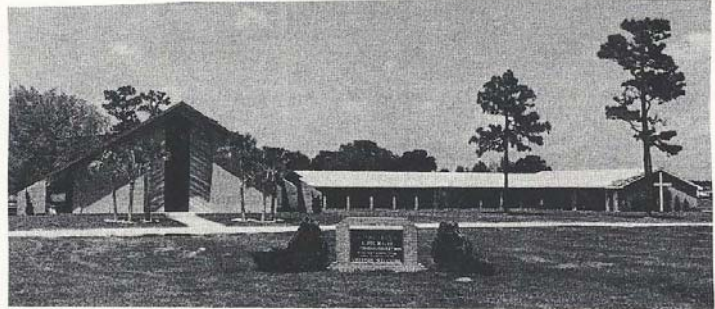
Conrad House



Georgia Cabin



Riverview, Daytona Beach



DELAND, FLA.—Dedicated February 1, 1976, was a new sanctuary for the Plymouth Avenue Christian Church here. The structure, financed in part by a fifteen-year bonding program, includes an auditorium seating 350, plus a minister's study, secretary's office, choir room, and baptismal dressing rooms. The Elmer C. Jost Memorial Pipe Organ is a notable feature. An education building, including seven classrooms and two restrooms, was first used September 5, 1971. Charles G. Presley is minister, having come to the church July 31, 1966. The congregation was established in 1962.





Georgia Cabin



Chuck



Stephen



New York Ave. Home



C.G., Stephen, & Edith
That Ski Boat



The Retiring Years Still Moving 1997-

Transitioning into this phase of life takes some understanding and acceptance. Regular preaching since a young man of 17 years, and now at retirement age with only occasional speaking is a very real change of life. Moving membership to a local congregation in Daytona and sitting in the pew brings a new perspective that one must accept. Many things continue and new avenues open up because retirement is not sitting in a swing or lying on the couch. Like in each stage of life, we must accept the changes and move on with each challenge, welcoming the blessings of each day.

There will be continued flying to trustee meetings at Roanoke Bible College until I concluded 28 years on the board in 2005, and now serve with the honor as trustee emeritus. The name was changed in 2007 to Mid-Atlantic Christian University. The Bahamas and other places will call again and again for more trips. Travel will continue to be a part of the retiring years. We enjoyed group tours as previously related and driving tours as described, and now we will enjoy many home exchanges. Thanks to the computer world, there are many sites for exploring this opportunity.

Our first exchange of home and car was in 1996 with a couple, Karl and Ursula Schubert, in Heidelberg. Germany. Karl was an English professor at the University of Heidelberg (now retired) and Ursula taught in the gymnasium (high school). They have been coming to Daytona for a number of years for home exchange. We enjoyed southern Germany so much we arranged an exchange with them for 1997, 2000, 2005, and 2008. We continue our friendship on their annual visits to Daytona. Dick and Lorraine flew over to spend the first week with me because Margie was unable to get away from the college. I took them to the Frankfurt Airport and picked up Margie for the next two weeks. We attended church services at the US military base chapel in Heidelberg and sang in the choir which met for practice an hour before the service. Although the chaplain was different each year of our five visits, the local music teacher was still the excellent choir director. Stopping at an auto service center for directions to the local airport where I hoped to rent a plane for local sight seeing, the lady behind the counter spoke little English but called the owner Wolfgang Sogel. I quickly discovered that he was also a pilot and owned a new French four place airplane which he kept in Mannheim. He offered to take us up for our sight seeing that week. It was a beautiful day. We invited Wolfgang to visit us in Daytona, which he accepted the next summer. I was able to return the favor by taking him for an aerial view of Central Florida, even permitting him to fly the plane. The German people are hikers with many miles of hiking trails everywhere, even in urban areas and adequate parking. There are trails between adjacent towns. We spent many hours along these picturesque paths, and during blackberry season we picked berries enjoyed some good cobbles. While driving one day in the country, we saw a sign at a large strawberry field, "self plucking," and was tempted to join the crowd.

From the internet, we arranged an exchange in Schruns, Austria, in 1998 with Fritz Schachinger of Bregenz who became a very good friend. On this three week trip we took our 12 year old grand daughter, Sarah Elizabeth to visit Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and

Liechtenstein. Our place of exchange was a ski chalet in the Austrian Alps which provided some snow in the summer for Sarah's first snow experience and mountain hiking. On sighting a McDonald's sign, she was excited until we assured her that we had not traveled 4,000 miles to patronize a US short order place, but to expose her to Imbess, the delicious German short order or quick meal. We usually had the opportunity to visit with Fritz on other occasions. When we mentioned to him that we would like to spend our 50th wedding anniversary in Vienna, he said he had a condo there which we could use. It is located in the complex where the United Nations and other international entities are located. His condo balcony opened to a view of a large park and the Danube River. We spent the first week of September in 2001 in the city of music and another two weeks traveling to some of our favorite places, spending a few days in another condo which Fritz owns in Klagenfurt. Fritz offered Vienna condo for us to celebrate our 60th anniversary in 2011, but we chose to remain in the states because of Edi's recent liver transplant that spring.

In April 2000, we enjoyed a home exchange in Paignton, England down in the south west called the British Riviera, which is in the district of Devon. Cornwall the next district has Plymouth from which the Mayflower set sail and Lands End the most western point of England. In August we made our third home and car exchange in Heidelberg. On this trip to Germany, we took our 16 year old granddaughter Christy. She is a great traveling companion for grandparents in livening up the three weeks of activity. She enjoyed playing soccer with the boys on the soccer field near the house. In 2002, Matlock, England was the place of our June three week home exchange. Matlock is in central England not far from Nottingham and Derby and just south of Chesterfield and Sheffield. This is a great place to explore one's English heritage. The parents of our host lived near Wimbledon but were away in France, which enabled us to spend a few days in their condo. Riding the subway into London each day, we explored new sites. In August, we traveled to Augsburg, Germany for a three week home exchange with Klaus and Evelyn Acker. We were able to explore the sights of Munich again like the English Garden and very large park with delightful entertainment and the Glockenspiel. With the Aker's bikes, we joined the many folks who used the bike paths that lead everywhere. When grandson, Marcus Lease went to Freiburg to study the German language, the Akers welcomed him for a weekend visit and took him on a tour which included mountain climbing.

We began 2003 with a cruise from Tampa in the Western Caribbean as a gift from and with son Stephen. This four day cruise on a Carnival ship was our first of many cruises. In May we traveled again to Paignton, England for another three week home exchange to retrace some of our year 2000 steps and explore other places of interest. In October, we flew to Vancouver, British Columbia for a three week home exchange in that beautiful city. Making friends with a couple at church in Vancouver from Everett, Washington, we were invited to visit them. They took us for a tour of the Lockheed Aircraft Manufacturing Plant in Seattle. In November, we flew with Chuck, Stephen and families for a week on Treasure Cay in the Bahamas.

In March 2004, we made our second cruise of seven days aboard Holland American Zuiderdam out of Fort Lauderdale, and our first in the Eastern Caribbean. In June we flew to Munich, Germany where our friend Evelyn Acker from Augsburg picked us up for a

visit. We had arranged a non simultaneous three week home exchange with them for their condo on Lake Garda, the largest lake in Italy. After our visit in Augsburg, with their car we traveled through Salzburg on our way to Villach, Austria to visit our friend Fritz. From there we crossed the Alps to Lake Garda for our exploration of northern Italy, such as Venice, Milan, and Verona. Evelyn and Klaus choose to use our condo at Sugartop the next year. We met them in Atlanta where they took our car for their drive to North Carolina. We rented a car for our return to Florida until the end of their stay. In August 2004, we arranged a two week home exchange in Sacramento, California because granddaughter Jessica was getting married. The two story house was located in an older neighborhood for easy walking down town to capital building and other land marks. The wedding was very beautiful in joining Jessica and Josh Tindal. We traveled through the wine country in Napa Valley, San Francisco, and Lake Tahoe. In November, we enjoyed another seven day cruise aboard the Holland American Veendam out of Tampa to the Western Caribbean.

We established a tradition in 2005 of a February cruise to celebrate Margie's birthday. It is her favorite way to celebrate with a week of no cooking, no cleaning, and someone makes up your bed each morning. The cruise out of Tampa was aboard Royal Caribbean Splendor of the Seas in the western Caribbean. In September, we enjoyed our fourth three week home exchange with our friends, Karl and Ursula in Heidelberg. Driving on the autobahn, Germany's "interstate" system, is a pleasure because it is engineered for speed and comfort. Much of the super highway has no speed limit, but you may be ticketed for driving too slow in the left lane. There will be cars traveling at 120 – 150 MPH and will be rapidly blinking head lights as they approach if you are in the left lane. The road bed is twice the depth of US interstate and few, if any, uneven spots. If a crack appears, the entire section is replaced. There are fewer accidents per mile than in the US.

In 2006, we postponed our February cruise until April because we had arranged a three week home exchange in Thorpe, England for February. This is located near Staines on the southwest edge of the outer ring road of London. Regular train service into London is very convenient. Riding the well known Double Decker bus and the subway are great ways to travel throughout greater London. I had little trouble driving in central London on a number of visits, but the congested traffic made the bus a much better choice for the tourist. Having visited England many times in the warm seasons, we wanted to experience a British winter. It was wet and cold as we expected, but we enjoyed a little snow and sunshine at times. On this trip, as on previous driving tours, we made a visit to our relative, Dr. Jack Goddard Jones and his wife in Kinmel Bay in north Wales. Our April cruise out of Tampa was aboard the Royal Caribbean Legend of the Seas for more ports of call in the western Caribbean. In November, we enjoyed a ten day aboard Holland American Amsterdam to the eastern Caribbean and through the Panama Canal.

Margie's birthday cruise, our 7th, began our 2007 travels the last week of January. Our first trip with Celebrity Cruise Line was on board the Millennium out of Fort Lauderdale for a week in the eastern Caribbean. In June we were in Albuquerque, New Mexico for a home exchange to explore this Land of Enchantment with so much fascinating history. From Santa Fe, the capitol, to the Indian reservations, and the hot air balloon museums we

were kept busy. In July, we made another driving tour of Ireland. After flying into Shannon and picking up a car, we began with a few days visiting with our friends, Evelyn and Klaus, from Augsburg, Germany who were enjoying a home exchange just south of Lemrick. We toured together to the southwest before leaving their hospitality. Our driving continued east to Dublin and northwest to Sligo, Donegal, and Letterkinney. Evelyn and Klaus had another home exchange in north Ireland where they graciously gave us a few days of hospitality. We attended the church of North Ireland together and found a welcomed surprise, not the usual Anglican service but a lively US contemporary service with choruses that we know. During the fellowship tea after the service, I asked one of the leaders why the difference, to which he replied, "We have discovered the Bible." The members were divided into groups for weekly home Bible study. We reluctantly left our host and headed south to Galway, Ennis, and the Cliffs of Moher before arriving back at Shannon for our return home. In October, we experienced another seven day Caribbean cruise out of Tampa aboard Holland American Veendam.

Our tradition continued in 2008 with Margie's birthday cruise the first week in February in the Eastern Caribbean again on Celebrity's Millennium. In June, we had a three week home exchange in Carson City, Nevada to explore that historic mining country. Before going, we read Mark Twain's experience in this territory which he recorded in his book, *Ruffing It*. Lake Tahoe, Reno, and the surrounding area left much to see on another visit. In September, we enjoyed our fifth home exchange with our friends, Karl and Ursula, in Heidelberg, Germany. One of our favorite events on each of our trips to Heidelberg is the many festivals or "vinefest" with plenty of good German food and music. One year, the US Army band from the base was the featured entertainment. In November, we took our usual fall cruise in the eastern and western Caribbean on Holland America's Westerdam.

Margie's February birthday cruise to the Western Caribbean began our busy travels for 2009. This cruise out of Tampa was aboard Royal Caribbean Grandeur of the Seas. Another cruise the first of May, our number twelve, was aboard Carnival Freedom out of Fort Lauderdale. We flew to Las Vegas the third week of May. Some very good friends were unable to use their time share on "The Strip" and offered it to us for our first time in sin city. A plush unit on the strip made it easy to visit the casinos for those reasonable buffets and a senior discount pass for the public transportation enabled us to travel throughout the city. With a rental car, we visited interesting sights outside the city such as Hoover Dam. In July, we flew to Halifax, Nova Scotia for a three week home exchange in Bridgewater. We found three Christian churches to visit with a great fellowship dinner in one and an invitation from a couple to Sunday lunch in another. We visited interesting sites including Bay of Fundy and enjoyed much sea food. November brought another Eastern Caribbean cruise aboard Holland American Westerdam out of Fort Lauderdale.

2010 began with the birthday cruise in February out of Fort Lauderdale aboard Royal Caribbean Independence of the Seas in the Western Caribbean and ended with our annual November cruise in the Eastern Caribbean aboard Holland American Westerdam, our third cruise on this ship. In between in June, we enjoyed a home exchange in Prince Edward Island, Canada. The beach cottage was near Kinsington on the bay where lobster boats

laid their traps and each morning made a run to collect their catch. The island is small enough for us to cover it from tip to tip. Dan and Renee flew up to spend a week with us and share the attractions of this picturesque and romantic island. We enjoyed great fellowship with the brethren in the churches in Summerside and Charlottetown.

2011 also began with Margie's birthday Caribbean cruise aboard Holland American Ryndam out of Tampa and ended with the November Caribbean cruise also out of Tampa our first aboard the Norwegian Star. In between, we had arranged a three week home exchange in Gander, Newfoundland for July, but we canceled to visit Edi following her liver transplant. We were surprised by our children with a 60th wedding anniversary celebration on July 17 through 20 at King's Creek Plantation in Williamsburg, Virginia. This celebration took the place of our trip to Vienna, Austria in September. Dan, Renee, David, and Debby were able to host a celebration and cook delicious meals. Edi and Bob came over from Hopewell to help celebrate one evening. We had a non-simultaneous home exchange on the outer banks of North Carolina in Avon on Hatteris Island the last two weeks of April. From Manteo, Kitty Hawk to Ocracoke there are light houses and museums, and many historical sights that visited.

2012 also began with a birthday cruise out of Fort Lauderdale aboard Holland American Eurodam in the eastern Caribbean. April began with a few days in Union City with sister, Rae, a week at Sugar Top, and a visit with Edi in Hopewell, Virginia, a visit with Renee and Danny in Camden, North Carolina, three days in Fairfield, North Carolina with Margie's sister, Evelyn, and another home exchange in Avon, Hatteris Island, North Carolina to round out the month. This year will be completed with our fall visit to Sugar Top, a November cruise aboard Royal Caribbean Freedom of the Seas out of Cape Canaveral, and our Presley family reunion in Atlanta at Thanksgiving.

Most years, we make our annual trip to Elizabeth City, North Carolina for the Home Coming and Gospel Rally at the college in March, and to Fairfield to spend a few days with Margie's sister, Evelyn. We usually bring home a few pounds of venison to make some delicious home made chili. This is usually the only red meat in our diet because it is so lean. Entering these retiring years, we made a change in life style in diet and exercise. Since moving to Daytona in 1997, we have practiced an early morning workout at the fitness center three days a week, adding an hour of yoga a few years ago. The other four days, we walk two miles, even on Sunday before church. Always loving good food, our diet consists of eighty percent fruit and vegetables and fish and chicken. The change in life style has been made in hopes of continuing an excellent quality of life for these retiring years. We volunteer with a group from the church to serve at the Halifax Coalition for the Homeless to prepare and serve lunch for usually about 300, a depressing but rewarding experience.

Living on the first floor of Surfside permits us to walk out on our deck, down the steps to the pool and beach without coming down an elevator and through the lobby. The children thought an upper floor gave a greater view, but now understand the convenience of our choice. We have a full unrestricted view of the beach about thirty six feet above water level. Margie's desire to live on the beach after retirement has added a very

renewing dimension to these retiring years. Watching the sun reborn each morning from out of the ocean is always new. An early morning walk through the gentle lapping surf never gets old. Our plan to spend six winter months at Surfside and six summer months at Sugartop never really materialized partly because of our much travel. We have managed a spring and fall trip to the mountain top for a change of scenery, but “Heaven’s a little closer in a house by the sea.”

Now in the octogenarian decade of life, we are most grateful for God’s rich blessings which have been so abundant on this road taken. Our greatest gifts are five children who became successful adults and provided us with fifteen grandchildren who are becoming very successful too. Only time will reveal how many will be added to the five great grandchildren. We continue to pray that they all will take the road of Christian faith. These days are so rich and precious; we continue to accept each one as a measure of God’s grace not knowing how many more are on this road taken.



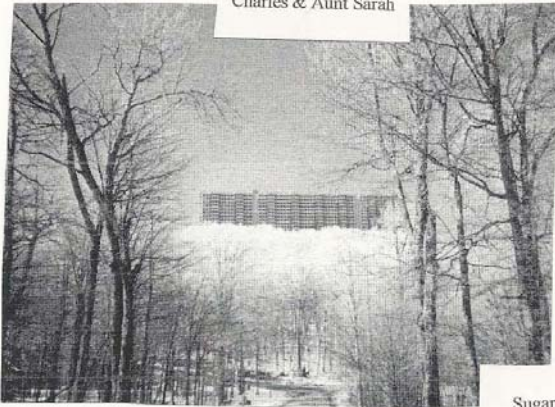
Margie & Charles



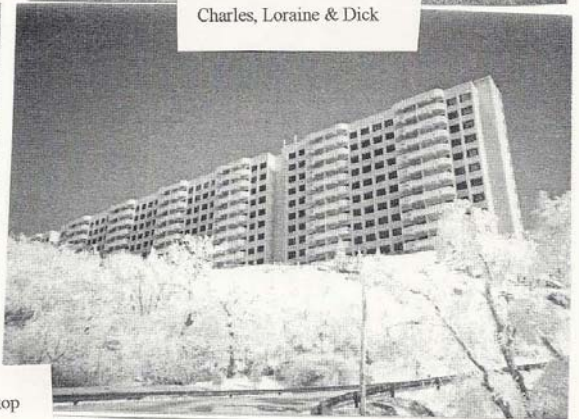
Charles & Aunt Sarah



Charles, Loraine & Dick



Sugartop





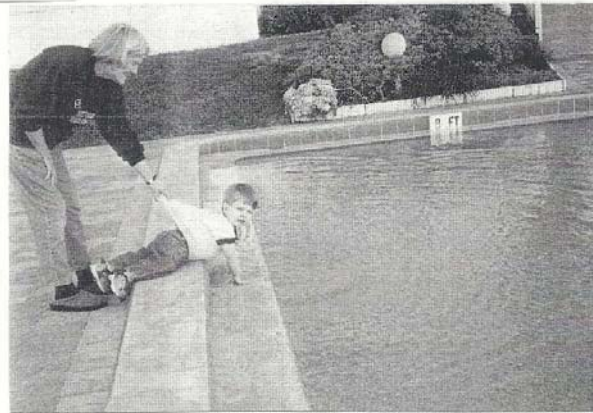
Family Picnic



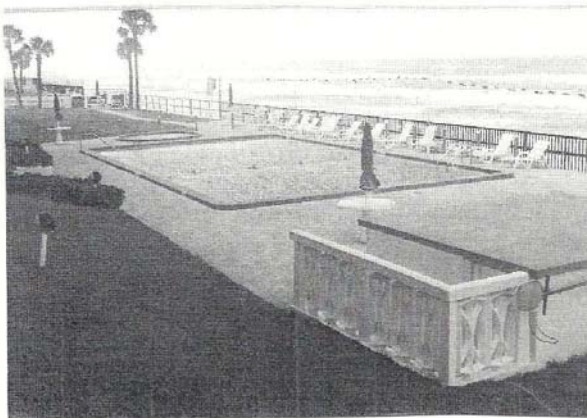
Surfside



Margie & Sarah



Margie & C.G.



Sunrise

AND MORE

By the grace of God, six more delightful years have been added to the Retiring Years since the 2012 publication of our story. The love for travel continued with Margie's birthday cruise each February through 2017. This being Margie's favorite activity, we scheduled a Fall cruise in October or November each year also.

Our desire for sights and sounds of other places was rewarded by the generosity of good friends who owned a time-share in Las Vegas. Their week in May was in the Polo Towers on "the strip" overlooking so much of the city. We flew out to enjoy this delightful gift. Would you believe, they were unable to go the next two years and we received this same gift. David and Debbie flew out to join us in 2013 and 2014. Those who know Vegas, know there is much to see and do but much more outside the city with our rental car. One day David and Debbie made a trip to visit the Grand Canyon.

Our annual trip to Atlanta in 2014 to visit sister, Rea, on the way to SugarTop was also for Charles to attend his Russell High School alumni 66th reunion Nothing but a lot of "old folks". That will be the last. November brought our Presley Family reunion in Savannah, great place to get together.

After the 2015 February birthday cruise, a sudden unfortunate accident happen on Friday, March 6th, to ruin my week-end. A foolish step led to a fall at Walmart that broke my hip. Saturday and Sunday in the hospital for a new hip that still operates like new. Still made the October cruise. In addition to the birthday cruise in 2016, we traveled up to visit David and Debbie and for Charles to attend his 50th anniversary from Milligan College and Milligan's 150th.

There has been a slow down for us in the last year with the gradual progression of Margie's Dementia and the increase care-giving responsibilities for Charles. No more cruises and no more SugarTop which we sold this Spring. We welcome family and friends to visit us, please, since we are unable to make those trips now.

We do not know what the future will bring in this life but maybe God will grant a few more years to be added to our story on this road taken.