

December 29, 1931

Rev. & Mrs. L. P. Russell
1792 Oxford St.
Berkeley, California

Dear friends:

It seemed good to hear from you, and our only regret is that you are not both in the best of health. If Mr. Russell is having trouble with his heart, he might find a great deal of help in the use of the medicine which we sent you. We find that a great deal of heart trouble is occasioned by the condition of the stomach.

Dr. Watts, who was our pastor for a little over seven years, has returned to Massachusetts. I think he did a very creditable work here, but as is always the case, there were some who wanted a change. Christ was not able to please everyone, so it is not strange that his ministers, now on earth, have no better success than their master. However, we have no real cause for complaint. The total indebtedness of the church is about \$1,000, and it has a building fund of nearly \$7,000. Also a fund of \$4,000 left by Mr. Grovenor, the interest on which, is used every year to send the pastor to the Northern Baptist Convention. Any amount not used for that purpose may be used in other ways.

I presume you were aware of the death of Mrs. Prentice, oldest member of our church, both in years and in length of membership. Mr. Carpenter also passed away. We suffered a great loss, as a church, in the death of Mrs. Thomas, the wife of our student pastor. She died after a short illness, caused by infection through a little pimple on her forehead. She was a lovely woman, and very helpful to Mr. Thomas in his work.

Mrs. Simons and I spent Christmas with our second daughter, Janet, in her home in Minneapolis, Kansas. She has two beautiful children, a girl and a boy. We have a great deal of pleasure in our grandchildren, six in number.

I can see you now, as you used to be in the pulpit, and the force with which you preached. You may remember that I cautioned you about using your voice so strenuously.

There is probably not a great deal of difference in our ages. I had my 60th birthday last July, but fortunately, I do not feel old, nor on the shelf, and some way I feel that no one is really old