APPRECIATION BY REVEREND G. W. HICKS

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First Comanche Baptist church was organized.

Late in the fall of '93, Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., Executive Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, of New York, came out to Oklahoma, with Superintendent of Indian Missions Rev. J. S. Murrow, of Atoka, Oklahoma, on a tour of Indian Missions. Accompanied by the writer and some others, with conveyances and camping outfit, visited the Deyos, at the Comanche Mission. Scarcely any Indians came to hear God's Word, and to see the distinguished visitors. In course of time Dr. Murrow and others made more visits to the Mission, to help in special meetings.

Late in the year 1897, Rev. N. B. Rairden, D. D., General Superintendent of Missions under the Home Missionary society for a number of western states, including Western Oklahoma Indian Missions, came to Rainy Mountain Mission, then to Elk Creek. Summoning Big Tree and wife, of Rainy Mountain, Lone Wolf and wife of Elk Creek, also Missionaries Clouse and Hicks, he made a trip to the Comanches. Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Deyo received us kindly and the Comanches camped at the Mission. In the meetings held at this time, several Indians took a stand for the better life, accepting Jesus as their Savior. Among them Paddyacre, well advanced in years, and a leading spirit among the Comanches, came to Christ. He is still living, a firm believer in Christ, having survived both his missionaries, Mrs. Deyo first, and now Mr. Deyo, at whose funeral he was a deep mourner, expressing his great loss in sad words and heartfelt sobs, and flowing tears.

It was a blessing always to be with Bro. Deyo, either in his home or in any of our meetings. His loving words, humble Christian bearing, and ministerial standing, were a wholesome uplift to those about him. He was a faithful servant of God, with an intense love for his Master and his Indians.

IN MEMORY—REV. E. C. DEYO

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remounted his pony and rode back. He was met at the door by his wife, who eagerly asked, "Did you get any letters?" His astonished reply was: "I forgot to ask."

Another incident of those early hard days: They were out on a visiting trip among the Indians who lived a long way from the Mission. At night fall they found what they believed would be a pleasant camping place along a "draw" and proceeded to make themselves comfortable for the night. But a storm cloud gathered and the rain fell in torrents. Hastily they gathered up their bedding and put it in the hack, seeking shelter there themselves. Presently they faced a new danger. The water rushed down the "draw" so they had to sit in the hack all night long, drenching wet, and listen to the swishing of the water through the wheels of the hack. Like Paul and his fellow-travelers they "wished for the day."

Slowly but steadily the work advanced and gradually the hardships of pioneer days passed. These privations were forgotten in the joy of service and in the joy of seeing the faces of those Indian men and women as they shone with the light of Jesus from within.

When the Kiowa Reservation was opened to settlement by white people Bro. Deyo was not forgetful of their spiritual needs. He assisted in organizing the First Baptist church of Lawton and could have become its pastor, but refused. All through these years he endeavored to minister to white people in the neighborhood of the Deyo Mission. When the Mennonite Brethren Missionaries sought a location for work among the Comanches, the Deyo home was opened to them, and they were introduced to the Indians as friends. The Post Oak Mission was located and begun through this assistance, and the two missions have worked together at camp meetings and in the Indian Association. Perhaps no one living in or near Lawton was better known and none more highly esteemed.

He was preceeded to the Better Land by a baby boy born December 28, 1908, and the wife and companion of his early labors, in May, 1911. He felt keenly the loss of both unto the end, but never deserted his post nor abated his labors.

After the death of Mrs. Deyo, his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Given, of Rochester, N. Y., came to live with him and assist him in his labors. They returned to their own home in the fall of 1919. For the last seven years, all that the Deyo Mission residence held of HOME was the lingering memories of the past, a place to sleep and eat, and the companionship of his books and auto.

His going is mourned by his church, by his neighbors, by the citizens of Lawton, by the entire Comanche tribe, by the Western Oklahoma Indian Baptist Association, by all the Indian Missionaries and their families, by his two sisters and their families, by a host of people throughout the Northern Baptist Convention.

Brother Deyo's earthly tabernacle has been dissolved, but he has gone to that building of God's—"that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.