

upstream, went up as far our property on the north and it just keep the nose upstream and worked across the river. And I remember yet that we got across, we had just gotten across and a big tree caved in off the river with all that logs. That tree must of been a 100 years old. And it just broke in several pieces and I was thankful that we weren't in the stream anymore. Because it would of turned the boat over, anyhow we walked through the bottom and we went up to his house and the man must of felt that he was dying because he wouldn't let me stop reading the psalms. He wanted me to read Revelations chapter, 21, 20, 21, and Kell (--) 14 about my father's house of many mansions. And then the psalms. And finally it was almost getting dark, and he was quite a bit Indian and he couldn't read or write, but he insisted that I would always go to his house on Tuesday. I had a regular routine. Monday-I would go around for my news at the house, after school. Tuesday I would go over to his house and we would have instructions on the front porch cause he had to have plenty of air. And he would repeat after me like a little child every Bible passage. He insisted in that because he wanted to know God's word. He couldn't read or write but he died such a peaceful death, that night that his wife came to me a couple of weeks later and she said, "I'd like to join your church too." She said, that the comfort that you have in the mercy of God --Jesus, is something I want too. She still living -- She's over 90 years of age she spends part of her time with her daughter, Hattie Griffin, in Tulsa and part of her time with her cousin in Talequah.

(What was his name?)

Richard Pettit--Dick Pettit, and he helped me by the way by helping me