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To Susan--Lee--Anne Frost

I heard a message last week, when the Pastor advised we should tell our children and grand children about our Salvation.

On Wednesday February 1st in the year 1967, Dr. Luke Smith visited our house at 112 Clarendon Circle in Danville, Virginia. Dr. Smith and I had a long discussion. He convinced me I would never be perfect unless I was in Christ. I had been looking at man and his sin rather than my own. I had the mindset of when I became perfect I would accept Christ and join the Church. On that evening, I admitted I was a sinner and accepted Christ as my Savior, acknowledging He had died on the cross for my sins and had risen from the dead and lives as the only begotten Son of God.

On Sunday morning February 5th, 1967 at First Baptist Church in Davnille, Virginia during the invitation, I walked to the front of the Church and publicly confessed Christ as my Savior. On that evening I was baptiz~~ed~~ed at the Church. Not even my wife knew I had accepted Christ as my Savior until the morning of February 5th, 1967. I'm sure it came as a surprise to many with my background. Since that time Christ has continued to mold me according to His will. I'm still not perfect unless I am in Christ.

My favorite verse is from Romans Chapter 7 verses 15-17. This verse explains, I'm still a sinner but I know I'm forgiven due to the blood shed by my Savior. Paul was saying in this verse there is a battle of self every day.

I carry my birth certificate in my Bible, which states I publicly confessed Christ as my Savior on February 5th, 1967.

Prior to my Salvation, I had attended Church since I was about 6 years old. MY mother would take me to the First Christian Church on Jefferson Avenue in Davnille, Va. We rented an apartment just a short distance from the Church on Jefferson Avenue across from the Hospital where i was born. (Davnille Memorial Hospital) on May 31st 1938.

We moved to Berryman Avenue when I was about 10-11 years old, as my father bought a house at 700 Berryman Avenue. During those years I attended Mosley Memoriial Methodist Church on Berryman Avenue. When i was 12 years of age, I was recruited by Bill White to play for the 12 and under basketball team at First Presbyterian Church. I started attending Sunday School at the Presbyterian Center. We had to attend twice a month to play. Bill White would pick me and others up on Sunday morning. After Sunday School, he would take us to First Presbyterian Church on Main Street.

At 16-17 years of age I rarely attended Church. After High School I attended Hampden-Sydney College, a Prsbyterian affiliated College. We had to attend Chapel twice a week all of my four years at the College. We had one cut as Freshmen and four cuts as Seniors. I had two years of Bible in College. It took me three years to complete the two, as I failed my Freshman years.

I review all of this to advise, even though I attended Church all those years I was still Spiritually blind and deaf. There are many Scriptures referring to those whom are blind and deaf Spiritually. I know I was Spiritually blind and deaf, even though I had heard many Sermons and probably invitations without actually hearing them Spiritually. I'm not the judge, however, I venture to say there are many in Church this day who are Spiritually blind and deaf. Prayfully the Lord will open their eyes and ears Spiritually. The song Amazing Grace always brings tears to my eyes because I know Christ Saved a wretch like my as I was blind but now I see.

Furthermore, my mother was a non practicing Episcopalian. I do not know the family background on this situation. My father grew up with my grand-mother being a devoted Jehovah Witness. I know she read her Bible every day. Even though we may disagree on Bible interpretations, I firmly believe she is in Heaven as she believed in Christ.

I can't verify my mother and father attended any church during my young life. They did see that I went to Church. Praise the Lord, my mother and father accepted Christ in their 70's at College Park Baptist Church in Danville, Va. as both were baptized in that Church. My mother was a humble woman who worked hard all of her life and looked after her family. My father became a devoted Christian as he left many good spirits with those he met always ending with the words, "BE HAPPY",

I wish to give each of you all that I know about the family history in future letters, if you desire. I feel it important you know the Hawker and Walker background. I know much of our history has been lost, as those whom knew have gone and it is not recorded to my knowledge. If you do not wish further information, please advise.

Love,
Dad