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Seasons
Greetings

THE CALIFORNIA CALL
Travel Number
December, 1958
430 Ellsworth Court, San Mateo, California

The California trip of the year was our visit to Death Valley in March, with Lois and Julian Todd. Lois did the driving, Julian attended to all arrangements and secured some excellent colored pictures. If you want a thrilling story, look up the history of that marvelous place, and learn how it got its name. But after you have read that, you can have no idea of its charm unless you visit it in the springtime when the wild flowers carpet the barren soil in unbelievable beauty. We were fortunate to have two days of sunshine and clear skies, except for a few hours on our way out of the valley, when we got into a snow storm at 6,000 feet elevation. Another California trip was in May to Yosemite to attend a meeting of the Northern California Conference, a wonderful meeting in a wonderful place.

But we must travel on, for the Trip of the Year, indeed of seven years, came in June and July, when we flew to New York, New Jersey and New England. When we left San Francisco, six grandchildren (the seventh being asleep) saw us off, and eight hours later two grandchildren and their parents met us at the New York airport. After a few days with them in New Jersey, we flew to Boston to attend the General Council meeting of Congregational Churches held in that city. I went as a delegate from the San Mateo church, Mary as a visitor. We made our headquarters at the Walker Missionary Home in Auburndale, where we met many old friends and thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of the Home.

After the Council meetings I visited my sister Doris and her husband in Fairhaven, Mass. Then we went to Maine to spend a few days with Grace and Harold Matthews. They drove us to Portland where my cousin, Don Jones, his wife and her mother met us and took us to their home in Winchenden, Mass. After a few days there, they drove us to their camp on Lake Champlain, and from there to my old home town in Warren, Vermont, where we had two busy, delightful weeks. My sister Josie and her husband gave us the use of their pleasant cottage, and their car, so that we could rest between visits to the homes of my brother and three sisters and their families, most of whom live within 25 miles of Josie's home.

I preached one Sunday in the Warren church, and was delighted with the wonderful transformation that has recently taken place in the interior. I had never dreamed that it could be made into such a worshipful place. We attended the wedding of one of my third cousins in the church, and a reception in the newly decorated Town Meeting House nearby, where I met many of my boyhood friends and their families. I was pleased to find a splendid group of young people attending Sunday evening meetings at the Church.

There is no space to enumerate all the good friends who provided us with transportation and entertainment, but I must mention a few. My college classmate and roommate, Dr. Leo Sherman with his wife Bertha, from Grinnell, Iowa were in New England last summer, and we met them at the Hanover Inn, where we had lunch with them and another Dartmouth classmate, Dr. Andrew Scarlet and his wife, who showed us about the campus and town. The Shermans then drove us to Barre, Vermont, and the next day to the home of a cousin in Brandon, Vermont. After a day with Frank and Rachel, we went to Hartford, Conn. in their car, with a young friend of Frank's as driver, since the doctor advised Frank not to drive with an injured leg, the result of a fishing trip. We had a day and a night with a friend and relatives in Hartford, then flew to Summit, N.J. for another visit with James and his family. We left New Jersey July 30, flying by way of Washington, D.C., and Chicago, arriving at San Francisco late that afternoon.

---Harold W. Robinson

Travel Notes, Mary

For me one of the joys of our New England Safari was meeting so many Robinson Relatives. Not a native of New England, I have never lived among Rob's numerous relatives, and have not known the younger generations. This time our stay was brief, but we did have more intimate contact with the youngsters. And what a tribe they are! One day I asked Milly, the wife of Rob's nephew to write the names of all the children belonging to the Robinson clan, her own, and the nieces and nephews. She wrote 36 names and then stopped. Sure that there were more, with some help I added eleven children, not including our own nine grandchildren. While we were in Vermont, a grandson of Rob's sister was born, and since we left, three more children have been added to the Robinson Family Tree. I give up counting! Some of them are teenagers who were doing a man's work on the family farm, four are great grandchildren of Rob's older sister. Most of them live in Vermont, but two, who's father is in the service, are overseas. We met most of them, and are sure that they will contribute much to their native state. It was fun to have a shy little girl take me by the hand to lead me along the rough road to her home, saying, "I'm not afraid of you", or to have another ask, "Would you like to hear me sing?" and then hide behind the door do to it.

We had delightful excursions. While in New Jersey, a most interesting half day at the U.N.; from Boston a drive over country roads, past the Wayside Inn, to Concord and the Bridge, then on to Cambridge, Harvard and M.I.T. We paused at the Cathedral of the Pines in New Hampshire; went with the Shermans to Shelburne Museum near Burlington, where Vermont history comes alive; had a drive along the shores of Lake Champlain, with Canada in sight. Summer isn't the time for skiing, but we could have had a ride on a ski lift, and we saw several ski resorts under construction.

Of course so much visiting is a bit strenuous, we seldom had two meals in the same place, and we kept rather late hours, but Josie always put a welcome light in the window, and it was a joy to come back to restful sleep, and to prepare our own breakfast.

Home Again

But the old saying, "East, West, Home Best" is true and never did our little house look better than on July 30, when Elizabeth picked us up at the airport and brought us to the front door.

After one day to catch his breath, Rob went back to work. He doesn't need a 48 hour week, but a 48 hour day! As minister of pastoral services, for this retired missionary on half time basis, there are calls, meetings and dinners with boards, committees, and clubs, assistance at service on alternate Sunday mornings, Sunday evening Bible study. Extra curricular activities include meetings of the Northern California Council of Churches, the Peninsula Council, various meetings on Civil Rights issues, participation in a Mental Health Organization, and so on. The most recent project is the planning and organizing of a Senior Citizen Center in San Mateo. Next Sunday he is to have part in a forum in San Francisco on "A New Foreign Policy for the U.S." (Please pass the salt, H.W.R.) We had a wonderful weekend at Cazadero with the Senior Pilgrim Fellowship, when Rob had the morning worship services. And he showed the youngsters that an old man with a cane was a better mountain climber than some of them. Vermont training!

And what do I do? Much the same things as last year and the year before. If I could drive a car, and we had two, I might cover more territory and do less home work. I enjoy working in the Women's Fellowship, and being a member of the Christian World Mission committee. And I have delightful contacts with many good friends.

We had a happy Thanksgiving at the home of Julie and Harold in Lafayette. Seven lively grandchildren, their parents, two grandparents, four students, three of them from abroad, the fourth having lived abroad, made a most interesting party, enjoyed by all. Now it is almost Christmas again. In the long period of stress, we have not gone over the brink, nor has our world blown up, and so we can still hope and pray that "Peace on Earth, Good will to men" will prevail.

To all of you, near and far, once more, with Tiny Tim, we say

"GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE."