

THE CHINESE CHIMES

Final Number

Dedicated to the proposition that the world needs more harmony.

New Address: P.O. Box 351, Guerneville, Calif. 1952

WHY WE DIDN'T RING

We hoped for a long time that we might have some definite news about our future so we could send out this Final Number of the Chimes before Christmas but the news was late in arriving. We have it now and are very glad to share it with our friends.

I have been invited to become the pastor of the Congregational Community Church in Guerneville, Calif. It is about seventy miles north of San Francisco, and twelve miles from the coast, on the Russian River. We plan to be there before the end of this month as I assume responsibilities February 1. It certainly will be good to have a place where we can settle down for a while and not feel that our post office address is temporary. It is at the top of this sheet.

OUR NEW ASSIGNMENT

Guerneville is a resort town located in beautiful Redwood hills with a population listed as 2,000. I understand that the summer population is much more than that and have been told that there are so many people on the streets that it is sometimes difficult to get around. The church to which we are going is the one that serves most of the Protestants, though there is a small Church of God, or some similar group, and also a Catholic Church. Ours has 116 members and a Sunday School of 154, the record book shows. There is a small parsonage which will be sufficient for our use and with two bedrooms we shall be glad to see our friends from near and far and hope that many of them will try our guest room.

OUR 1951 DIARY

We remained in Walnut Creek until March 5 when we went to Southern California and spent about a month in Long Beach, Fallbrook and Claremont, visiting relatives and friends, attending to Mary's wrist until it could be taken out of a cast and buying a 1949 Chevy. I also helped Mary's brother pick several tons of avacados and ate not a few.

In April, we started to drive across the continent, stopping to visit friends in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Toledo, Ohio. May 1 we landed in Farmingham, Mass., and began to get acquainted with Elizabeth's two sons who proved to be as good as they come, if the judgment of a proud grandpa is to be trusted. A few weeks later we drove to Summit, N.J. where we found the last of our seven grandchildren, James' two daughters, and just as adorable as the first five. While we were there we visited New York City, Brooklyn, Princeton and the Atlantic Ocean where I had about the coldest swim of my long life.

During the summer and early fall we made our headquarters at Farmingham, making trips to Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine so we saw and enjoyed much of the New England summer beauty. The more I saw of it the harder it became for me to start for the Pacific Coast but recent reports from that part of the country help to make us glad that we did come back.

At the end of August we left Farmingham and drove to Summit where we waited until Labor Day was over. We visited friends in Cleveland and Akron, Ohio, Grinnell, Iowa, and Lincoln, Nebraska. It was a rather tiring ride but we arrived in California September 20 with half the family in good shape and the other half ready for a rest and some restricted diet. After ten days with Harold and his family we rented

a little apartment in Lafayette, about five miles from three of our grandchildren, and we are still here.

January 14, we started to drive to Long Beach and got caught in the worst storm that California has seen in many years, one report was that it was the worst in a hundred years. We were fortunate in avoiding the flooded areas and the landslides, though we did have to drive through enough water before we reached Long Beach to get some in the bottom of our car. Before starting back we telephoned to the A.A.A. and found that route #101, on which we traveled going south, was open. So was #99 over the mountains in the central part of the state, though chains were needed over the mountains. We didn't come that way. We got back here January 22 and are now ready to move to Guerneville.

POST SCRIPT, M.S.R.

I hadn't planned to add to this Final Number, but since the sheet has grown to such length, I may as well make it a bit longer. It's been fun to baby sit for three families and to have a chance to spoil seven grandchildren, and I have enjoyed being a housewife,--scrubbing and cooking, though with a three burner gas plate, I haven't tried anything elaborate. Now I am about to undertake something new, being the wife of the pastor of a small parish. When one of the church members asked me what part of the work I liked to do best, I had to admit that I didn't know, for I had never tried it. I certainly feel my lack of experience and training for such work, which is a far cry from the teaching of English to Chinese boys and girls. If any of you trained wives and church workers have helpful hints for a grandma to become a successful wife of a preacher, (no, the wife of a successful preacher), send 'em along, she will need 'em!

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

This little brain-child of ours, The Chinese Chimes, has indeed been a child of love; born by the blending of our love for China and our love for our many friends who we hoped did, or would come to, love China too. We have had many evidences that our little one has accomplished what we hoped of her. Sometimes she has brought us happy surprises of what she had done. Once she brought to us a beautiful lady in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, California, whose name I had never heard before but who said as I was introduced to her, "Oh, you are the man whose writings I have been enjoying". I felt sure that she had me confused with some other Robinson (the woods is full of them in some places) and when I said that she must have me confused with somebody else she said, "Aren't you the one who writes the Chinese Chimes?" I had to admit that I was one of the parents of that little dear. This admirer of our offspring had been a lover of China for many years and had read the copies of the Chimes which I had sent to a friends of hers.

Now our Little One is to take a rest. May she have pleasant dreams, for the memory that we shall ever carry of her is indeed a blessed one. When we left China in 1940 we left the copies of the Chimes in our files in Techow. The house in which we left them, along with its neighbors, was razed to the ground some years ago and we had only vague memories of what we had written. A high school classmate, Nathan M. Velno, wrote me that he had kept most of the copies which I had sent him, though he had loaned some to other friends and they had not returned. He has now sent us the copies that he had and it has been a pleasure for us to read again the lines which we wrote years ago about our children of the flesh, in that child of the spirit.