

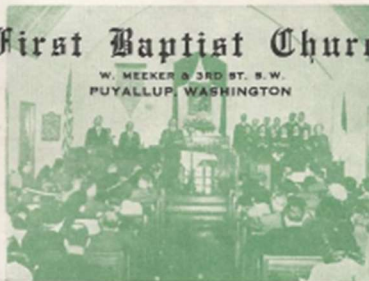
Church

## First Baptist Church

W. MEKER & 3RD ST. S. W.  
PUYALLUP, WASHINGTON

WILLIAM C. HUNTER, B. D., PASTOR  
PARSONAGE 819 9TH AVE. N. W.  
PHONE 5-5277

A. B. MORRIS, PASTOR EMERITUS  
517 4TH ST. N. W.  
PHONE 5-6320



Aug. 8, 1959.

Mrs. Herald J. Hyer.  
Finley Point,  
Polson, Mont.

Dear Mrs Hyer:

Your letter reached us this morning. Our surprise and our pleasure were exceptional. The only news we have had from that church is what Edward and ~~Edith~~ Williams and what you have written us in thirty six years. The Williams family lived not far from us and their children and ours went to school together. I could have walked on air for a while after they brought us the good word. After the grueling years we went through while I was there I wondered if the church had gone out of existence and if my years there had been wasted.

That Indian reservation was opened to settlement in 1910 and I moved there in 1911 and was appointed a Home Missionary there. I settled on a homestead on the hill, Green Mountain, just west of the Irvin flats. I was midway between Hot Springs and Polson and began preaching at Hot Springs and at a schoolhouse in Spring Valley which was Irvin flats. The country was settled up with people of all walks of life and few had any amount of money and there was nothing there but the bare ground and each settler had to put up his shelter and fences and prepare the ground to produce and that meant hardship at the best. Among these people were numerous Christians. Polson being the principle town and market it became necessary to establish church work there. For a time we and the Christian church people worshiped together in a vacant store in the business part of town. For a time it seemed there were not enough of either group to do much alone so we went together for a time. We Baptists got to where we wanted a church building so we got enough together to build a very modest house of worship which in the picture you sent me forms a part of the present enlarged structure which you propose to dedicate. I should say that there were some tears shed when the two groups separated.

Then came world war one when Kaiser Bill put on his Satanic rampage. That with occasional dry years and grasshoppers made strenuous times for money poor people. Our progress was slow, and sometimes painful, but we did our best, or thought we did. To some of us the hardships and dissappointments were crushing. Some moved away and most of them landed out here in the Puget Sound country. My own health got into such condition that if I was to live I had to leave but never have recovered from the breakdown I got there.

In 1923 I left there, that is thirty six years ago. I have served three different churches. I served a little church south of Spokane out in the Palouse hills, down in the great wheat country, for two years and from there moved to Ellensburg, Wash, a state college town where we had six hard but happy years. That church was being kept alive with the help of the Home Mission society but is now a thriving church worshipping in a most commodious and beautiful building and have grown into a splendid group of active Christians. I was there six years and the break

copy

out  
down I got in Montana settled down on me again and I had to leave there and locate here in this sea level country where I found satisfying relief. Here I served this church for eight years and the same difficulty overtook. A splendid Dr. told me that if I expected to get anything out of the rest of my life I would have to quit. Since then owing to my inability to bear the responsibility of pastoral work what I have done in the way of preaching has been supply work, and there has been considerable of it. That is what has kept me alive. Nothing I have ~~ever~~ ever done gives me the satisfaction that preaching the redeeming Gospel has given me. I have preached in more Baptist churches in this state than any man in here except possibly the general workers. I supplied in our own church in July and the pastor asked me to preach for him this last Sunday night.

Sketch  
Start  
out  
Now as I conclude this letter a bit of light might be shed on what I have said about your churches history when I tell you that the last Sunday of March I celebrated my sixtieth year as a minister of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and June thirteenth my wife and I celebrated our sixtieth year of wedded life. I see I have made some bobbles in the writing of this letter but after what I have written here in this last paragraph you will understand. My hands are getting shaky.

Maybe these items pertaining to my personal matters may not fit into your dedication service but if not use any part of it you may think suitable. ~~it would be a pleasure to be with you on the glad some occasion~~ but polson is a long way from here. I pray the mighty Holy Spirit may be with you. 1 Cor 3:6-9

we would be glad to hear about the dedication service.

Yours in the glorious and common cause,

RS  
To  
Arthur II  
A. B. Morris

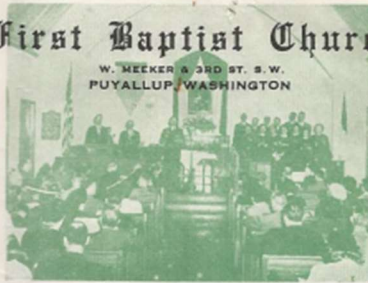


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Aug. 9, 1905. <sup>54</sup>

II  
Out  
Mrs. J. HYER.  
Polson, Mont.

Dear Mrs. Hyer:

There is one item I forgot to put into the letter I mailed to yesterday. It might be somewhat suggestive and stimulating souls in the church. This happened in the days when transportation was sometimes a problem.

*Inserted in winter*  
One Saturday in the wintertime while it was necessary for me to go to Polson the Saturday before the Sunday following for the services I concluded that in order to avoid the necessity of bothering with horses and the expense they would incur over two days and nights I thought best to start on foot as on Saturdays most of the neighbors went to town and I was sure I would get a ride. So I started and walked and walked and no one appeared on the road and then to make my walk worthwhile a heavy snow storm swept down on me and I had to walk the eighteen miles in the storm. But I made it and was there for the Sunday services. Just how I got home I cannot recall. Before one of our deacons met me and told me the REASON he was not at the services. He said the snow and the weather were such that he did not feeling like going out. He lived five or six blocks from the church. Yes, I said, brother I know about that snow and unpleasant weather, I walked eighteen miles in it to be here for those services.

a story like that might stimulate some go easy church members.

Giving you this bit out of pioneer days I sign myself, one of the has beens,

*over land U.S.*  
A. B. Morris.

As to Names the name Forman sounds familiar also Bruckman, Hack, Upham. Those we remember but others probably are dead but moved away.

*So*  
yours in the glorious & common cause,

A. B. Morris