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REV. BUD ROBINSON
By George C. Wise

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PREFACE

Rev. Bud Robinson made great use of details in relation to dates, names, facts, figures, places and people. He trained himself to remember, not only the Scriptures and songs, but people and things related to them. When a person's name was once fixed in his mind he never forgot that person, the time, place nor the circumstances which brought them together. This ability to remember served him well all through his life.

The object in writing this account of his life is not to give space to the many details of his life, which could occupy a person's attention indefinitely. I shall attempt to use only enough of the details to give my story of his life some animation.

I have attempted to sum up the conditions existing prior to and at the time of his birth. This makes the history of that period come to life. It will also help the reader to appreciate the circumstances prevailing at this time and to comprehend more fully the environment from which he came. I have selected a few of the outstanding personalities to enable the reader to grasp the

significance of the times during which he was born. As to the family tree, we have done little more than to work among its shadows. The tree is there, but largely concealed among the forests of the Cumberlands. We have heard rumors of its worth but lack sufficient data to authenticate these stories and to identify this tree beyond a given point. But we have discovered the beginning of a life. We have endeavored to learn something about where he lived and how he fared. We have lifted him out of his environment and have tried to follow him over some of the roads he traveled. We have endeavored to take the simple facts regarding the man and to make them interesting and readable. Being a member of the family I shall not make any attempt to extol the virtues of its various members. We shall confine our remarks almost exclusively to his life and work.

This book is designed with a broader appeal than most things written about him. The desire of the author has been that, whether you knew him or did not know him, you might find both pleasure and profit in reading this account of his life. It has been written with a prayer that what God did for this poor mountain lad, may inspire many to help the youth of our country to make the most of life.

G. C. W.

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01 -- THE TIME OF HIS BIRTH

Many people are still desirous to know, not so much what people thought of "Bud" Robinson, but more about the man. The facts concerning his environment and how he arose from so humble, ordinary and common place in life, to a place of esteemed honor is still a marvel to many people. We have chosen for the title of this chapter The Time Of His Birth. We mean by that the

conditions existing in the community, the state and the country as a whole. We have given his birth a historical setting.

During the first half of the nineteenth century we find religion by no means unknown and inactive. To the contrary, great religious revivals swept the state of Tennessee. These revivals were carried into many of the adjacent states. This awakening was so pronounced that the secular writers have given prominence to it in the history of this state. These revivals were so popular and well attended that the average meeting house would not accommodate the crowds. Many of these were held under brush arbors and out in the open fields. The various religious organizations found it necessary to the welfare of their own individual denominations to work together with other groups of different faiths in sponsoring these revivals.

How deeply these open air meetings influenced the people of the state is difficult to ascertain. It stands to reason, however, that the one section least touched by these revivals was the mountain region. The lack of communication and transportation more or less isolated these mountain folk from the rest of the world, their habits being to scatter along the mountain slopes rather than to build up community centers or villages. There were no telephones in the state. The public roads were little more than trails, and of course, nothing comparable to automobiles had become a part of the American way of life. The influence of this awakening did, however, to some extent, reach the remote parts of the state. These people of the mountains, who were deeply affected by superstition, to a certain degree incorporated into their manner of living, some of the religious principles as taught by the revivalists; but these principles were modified somewhat by their own mountain philosophy.

As time passed the dogmatics of the various societies of believers came into prominence. Perhaps I have used the wrong word to describe the societies of believers. In some of our leading cities today we have more than two hundred different churches. In one sense, life was really simple in those days. There were but three well known denominations. These were the Methodists, the Baptists and the Presbyterians. The denominational demands, together with sectional opinions, added much local color to the question of church polity.

Secession was in the offing. In fact, the crisis came. Its effect upon the religious life of the state was far reaching. The Cumberland Presbyterians had already separated from the main body. The American Presbyterians were torn between two schools of thought. The Methodist Church also was torn with dissensions. The division came separating the Church into two organizations. There were outstanding men who arose in each organization to "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." But in spite of their heroic efforts, men became critical, bitterness crept in, and the spirit and power of the revivals of the first part of the century had long since begun to wane. The communities not touched by these revivals or awakenings grew more wicked and showed less concern and interest in religion. Superstition abounded throughout the state, especially in the mountain country.

The State of Tennessee was young. It was in 1843 that Nashville was selected as the headquarters for the state government. The capitol building was not completed until in 1855 (five years before Rev. Robinson was born). The virgin soil was yet to be tilled. The iron plow was little known. Crude implements were available only on a comparatively small scale, which

necessitated more man power than it suggested horse power. Thus progress was slow as men slaved away in the development of the new world.

In the mountain regions there were no great fields of corn and wheat, but little patches of tillable soil could be found along the slopes of the mountains which had been cleared of the undergrowth. This type of farming is still in evidence among the mountain folk of several southern states. The stories of the cow which fell out of the pasture, and the man who fell out of his corn field are pastime tales.

James Buchanan was finishing his fourth and last year as the fifteenth President of the United States. The slavery issue attracted wide attention. In the South there was a growing hatred of the northerner. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," had but recently been published. It created and excited a tremendous influence on the already smoldering anti-slavery sentiment. Protective tariff versus free trade created no small stir. The Civil War was inevitable. Men grew more sensitive. A great unrest prevailed throughout both the North and the South. In the meantime the war clouds became more threatening.

At the same time the far West was offering considerable attraction and excitement. The Lewis-Clark Expedition had turned men's thoughts to the great western expansion. The gold rush in California had stimulated their desires. Thus an ever-increasing outflow of prairie schooners could be seen slowly moving across the great western plains. Horace Greely contributed some encouragement to this movement by a few of his editorials. One statement in particular which he made: "Go west, young man, go west!" was often quoted by Rev. Robinson in his last years. The various tribes of Indians hotly contested this intrusion into their sanctuary. Great herds of buffalo roamed the plains.

At the time of Bud Robinson's birth, William Cullen Bryant, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wordsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Oliver Wendall Holmes were at the height of their careers, contributing to the world some literature destined to influence and enrich the lives of the American people. Washington Irving had been dead but two months. Colonel Drake had sunk the first Moil well in Western Pennsylvania. The same year in which Bud Robinson had made his debut upon the stage of life, John Brown raided Harper's Ferry and thereby started a train of events that the nation will long remember. Mark Twain was a young man of twenty-five. Eugene Field and Robert Louis Stevenson were boys of ten years, while Dwight L. Moody was a young man of twenty-three. Abraham Lincoln was still practicing law in the state of Illinois. In the same year in which Bud Robinson was born (1860) two others entered life destined to wield an influence for good. The one was Jane Adams, while the other was William Jennings Bryan.

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02 -- HIS PEOPLE

At the close of the eighteenth century and during the first part of the nineteenth century, there was a constant stream of immigrants pouring into that part of the country known as the state of Tennessee. If the conditions of the highways of a country be taken as an index of the country's

prosperity, Tennessee was all but hopelessly in the red. The conditions which existed during this period were deplorable indeed. To add to the hardships which continually beset the travelers, they were frequently deprived of the comforts even of a shelter from the rain and cold. To find what we would call a decent place to spend the night was one of those things very few people ever anticipated.

The first signs of development were seen in the erection of log cabin taverns, which were scattered along the line of travel. These taverns at their best were crude affairs in the extreme. The travelers were expected to sleep on their own bedding, which generally consisted of a blanket and their own clothes, in some cases perhaps they received a bundle of straw from the inn keeper as a special token of good will and best wishes for a pleasant and a comfortable night. "The beds usually furnished by the tavern keepers to the immigrants were filthy beyond description." The sanitary conditions were deplorable in many of these taverns. Often as many as a dozen men were crowded into one small room. If one was fortunate enough to get a bed by himself, it was no guarantee that he would be without one, two or perhaps more bed fellows when he awoke.

These taverns served for many purposes. The keeper, as a rule, was a distiller of whiskey, and had prepared a bar for the sale of his own goods. Such a tavern became the center of attraction for the entire community it served. It also served as an exchange for news. When travelers came from afar they would relate their experiences and exciting adventures en route and this news would be told and retold many times until all of the inhabitants were informed. These taverns also became the center of amusement: the throwing of the tomahawk, foot racing, horse racing, jumping, wrestling and fighting. Usually the only amusement of the women was in "throwing" a quilting party where the women of the neighborhood would gather at the home of one of the neighbors and quilt and talk of all the happenings.

Near the center of population there was a noticeable improvement in their mode of living. Their houses began to take on new and much improved characteristics. But the mountain folk were slow to effect much change in either their type of architecture or in their manner and custom of living. Many of the cabins in the Cumberland Mountains still display their clapboard roofs and puncheon floors.

Among the Scotch-Irish immigrants who helped to blaze a trail over the Alleghenies and the Cumberlands to this part of the new world was a man named Adkins. He soon became the owner of one of these taverns, a distiller of whiskey, and a seller of such beverages as one would expect to find in a place like this. He, being an ex-pugilist, was active in promoting wrestling and fighting. It is here among the forests of the Cumberland Mountains that we first discover one root of the family tree in the person of the tavern keeper Adkins, his wife, and daughter, Martha.

Just how, when and where the Robinsons made their appearance into Tennessee is not known to the writer. There is but little information available. There have been two distinct fields of thought advanced relative to this family. One extols the virtues of the family, giving them a place of importance among the people of Tennessee. From this source of information we are told of a well-to-do family living in comparatively comfortable circumstances. They speak of one member of the Robinson family in particular, who for many years had held a teaching position in the State University. Emmanuel Robinson is designated as the black sheep of the fold, who had wandered

far from the paths of rectitude. The family as a whole had prospered. As an evidence of this, some very fine pieces of silverware have been handed down and are still in use. The other theory, so often spoken of by Bud Robinson, has in it but little that would interest or would even comfort those who were looking for some choice fruit from the family tree. The picture he drew of his own home and family was perhaps often exaggerated. I am using that word for the lack of a better one. I mean by that his description lacked a balance. It was used too freely and out of proportion to all of the facts concerning the family. He made no attempt to discover and to extol the good qualities of the family. Many of the stories he related were told for the effect they would produce when he compared life now, with conditions existing back there when he was a boy. Never could you induce him to climb beyond this first limb of the family tree and tell you what the rest of the tree was like. Therefore, I am not in possession of sufficient information to confirm or to deny the claims to a choice family tree, the lineage leading to a past of respectability. Perhaps both are correct since Bud Robinson restricted most of his remarks to his own immediate family.

I sat one day talking to an editor of a certain newspaper, together with a friend of his, a fine physician of the same city. They were discussing with much interest the subjects of heredity and environment. During the discussion the life of Bud Robinson was projected into their conversation and they stopped short and said: "Well, he is an exception to the rule." While I am not able to show with any degree of certainty from whence he derived his traits of character, I am reasonably sure that they were not all derived merely from his environment. There is enough evidence on hand to substantiate the claims that Emmanuel Robinson was definitely a black sheep of the family, regardless of where he might have obtained that color.

However, we find him first at the tavern owned and operated by the old man Adkins. He often came here and drank long and deeply with the patrons and passersby. His wife had died and he was a widower with two children. Living with the Adkins at this time was their only daughter, Martha. She had been married but her husband was killed while hunting. She was a young widow with one child. Although he was twenty years older than Martha, Emmanuel Robinson fell in love with and married the only daughter of the Adkins. It is here that we are introduced to the home in which they lived.

There was something sublime and uplifting about God's great out-of-doors. The mountains and hills with their canyons and dales were laden every morning with new inspiration. The tall trees sifted the rays of sunlight and displayed them in fantastic patterns upon the ground. The murmuring brooks were teeming with perch and trout. From their banks the maiden-hair ferns dripped with the freshness of the perpetual springs. The song of the birds filled the air with music. In the midst of such a setting of sheer beauty and loveliness Emmanuel Robinson had erected a cabin. From its architectural design, as well as its interior finish, a person could easily be led to believe that it was constructed in utter disregard of its environment. The cabin had absorbed none of the beauty and inspiration from its surroundings. But this is where Emmanuel and Martha Robinson lived.

It is here that we find a crude, one room, log cabin. There was one door and no windows. It boasted of a mud chimney extending about two-thirds up from the ground to the top of the cabin at one end. There was no floor. The ground was swept clean with a crudely improvised broom. At one end was the fireplace which served for almost every purpose. This was the living room. The

fireplace was the center of attraction. It afforded an inviting glow and a friendly warmth; something to punch with the poker and a place to expectorate. This was also the kitchen. All of the food was cooked here. This was also the dining room. The food was taken from off the fire and served on whatever they happened to have in way of substitutes for china. Last, it was the bed room. In one corner was located the one and only bed. It was not a highly polished, choice piece of furniture but a home-made affair harmonizing with the rest of the building. Pallets were placed before the fireplace on the ground and the children slept here. Turning their feet toward the fire they were soon fast asleep unaware that the world consisted of anything different from log cabins with fireplaces like this.

There were no such thing as oak and mahogany tables, upholstered chairs, overstuffed furniture, nice heavy rugs, hot and cold running water; washing machines, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, and the hundreds of things we now claim as necessities. But this was the home where the Robinson's lived. Year after year new pallets were made and a space allotted on the floor of the one room cabin to accommodate the children born to this couple. Here were Jake, Amanda, Margaret, Andy, Sallie, Belle and Owen. Again the hollow log cradle was re-upholstered and left standing conveniently near the bed in the corner of the room. It was in the dead of winter. The snow had fallen and lay white upon the ground. The bitter winds moaned through the trees. The icy limbs of the trees snapped and cracked as they were swayed by the wind. Emmanuel Robinson had brought in an extra amount of wood and piled it high in the corner near the fireplace, for the fire must be kept burning. Some of the children had been loaned out for the night. Word had been circulated over the community and in response a group of women past middle age had left their chores and had come to spend the night at the Robinson home. Neither

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03 -- IN THE CUMBERLANDS

If it were possible to go back to this period of time and live among these mountain folk in the early sixties, what estimate would you make of the people as you found them? Try to place yourself among the travelers trudging westwardly through the mountains of Tennessee. Suppose that you happened to make the acquaintance of the Robinson's at one of those little cross-roads country stores. Glance around the interior of this unpretentious building. Among the first things that you notice would be some kind of a heating plant. Perhaps it was a fireplace you saw where the gray rocks which composed the hearth are now dark brown or a deep amber in color. Men who have gathered around the fireplace to pass the time of day have chewed tobacco freely and being afraid to swallow and finding it rather inconvenient to go outside to spit, chose rather to spit in the general direction of the fire. It might have been a crudely shaped cast iron stove in the middle of the store, and here a can or a box is provided for the above purpose. Upon the shelves there appears but little to eat and less to wear. Upon one shelf is displayed a few bags or boxes of smoking tobacco; a limited assortment of chewing tobacco and snuff. But mostly what one could see was the products of his own stills, whiskey and brandy.

Suppose now that you followed Emmanuel Robinson from the store to the one-room log cabin where his wife and children lived. What appraisal would you have made of this family? What hope would you have held out for these children? When a boy begins life with "nothing but a

bundle of tendencies" it is difficult to estimate the development of these tendencies or to what extent and direction they will influence him.

There have been a few things said here and there which would give us reasonable assurance that Emmanuel Robinson had had opportunities above the average of his time. There were things about him which would lead one to believe that he was not a grossly ignorant mountaineer. Perhaps just the opposite was true. One might say that he was neither ignorant nor a mountaineer. 'Tis true, here is where we found him. Back of his being in this environment no doubt is a reason. The one and only reason known to us is drink. The vocation he had chosen and the habits he had formed had defeated him in his effort to succeed.

After years of effort in the whiskey business he had failed to make the grade as a successful business man. His "accumulations of wealth" turned out to be more a matter of wishful thinking than the actual dividends derived from the application of shrewd business principles. About the only increases shown were not in the material accumulations but almost exclusively in the size of his family. After Reuben was born other children soon followed until there were not eight but thirteen in all.

It definitely taxes our imagination to endeavor to comprehend the management of a home like this one. What disposition could they have made of these thirteen children in a cabin such as theirs. One must bear in mind that there were neither chain stores nor mail order houses available at that time; that they were a long, long way from any center which would approximate a city. One must also remember that in the taverns and cross-roads stores there were seldom found bolts of silks and cotton goods. A woman's job never lacked variety. The sheep had to be sheared, the wool had to be carded, the thread had to be spun, the barks, roots and berries collected, the dyes made and the thread dyed, the cloth had to be woven, and the garments had to be cut and made by hand. Bud Robinson often spoke of these conditions. He said that the boys usually had one new shirt a year. Perhaps the same was true of trousers. Also the girls usually had one new dress each year. Whenever we consider these things we are apt to think only of the poverty of such a poorly dressed family. Yet, when we recall that all of the garments these six, eight, ten, yes, these fifteen people had to wear this mother was obliged to make; not only that, but since she had to resort to the long drawn out processes of making the cloth before the garments could be made, we marvel that they were so well clothed.

Before there were thirteen children the Civil War broke out. The conditions which existed prior to the outbreak of the war, which in themselves were filled with so little of the comforts of life, now became the "good old days." The devastating effects of the war on the people who were caught between the opposing forces defies description. How could a woman with a cabin full of little children, almost a hundred miles from the nearest railroad, feed and clothe her family? The problem, always great, becomes even a greater one, especially now that the war was raging and her husband was away from home. We marvel that they were able to keep body and soul together. I am frank to confess that I do not understand the how of it. But for some reason, in spite of the part heredity played, and the combined influences of their environment and the hardships of poverty and war, they survived. None of the thirteen children died until after they were grown men and women. Some lived to be in their eighties and one in his nineties. Two sisters, Mrs. Carrie King and Mrs.

Mollie Dean, have survived him. But when Bud Robinson died, the name died with him. Of all the descendants from these thirteen children, not one is found by the name of Robinson.

Bud Robinson was too young to remember much of the struggles of those bitter years. The anxiety of a mother's heart for the welfare of her household was little known to him. The only incident that seemed to make much of an impression upon him was the time when the Yankee soldiers came through the neighborhood where they were living. At this point I shall let him tell the story as recorded in his first book, "Sunshine and Smiles," which for many years has been out of print.

"My father had been run off from home and all the horses taken but one old sorrel mare with a blaze face and one eye out, 'Old Gin' we called her. Mother and we children hauled wood on the sled with 'Old Gin.' One morning mother went out to feed her and the Yankee soldier told her to feed that mare well, for he expected to ride her that day. Of course the war opened right there. Mother told him never in this world would he ride 'Old Gin.' She fed the mare and we children stayed out in the yard to see whether or not the Yankee was coming to get her. About the time 'Old Gin' finished up her breakfast the Yankee was at the barn door with mother and us children, and the circus opened up. He opened the barn door and went in to put the bridle on the mare and mother took it off. He began to curse and mother was shaking her fist in his face, calling him all sorts of hard names. He put the bridle on again and mother pulled it off. By this time he was pretty hot and jerked an old pistol out of his belt and we children began to scream as loud as we could and held on to mother's dress. He swung the revolver over his head and cursed. By this time mother was at a white heat and hit him right over the head with the bridle just as hard as she could put it on him. Then the regular fight took place; they clinched and scuffled over the barn for some little time while we children were almost having spells. Finally he shoved mother up against the barn door and hurt her side, and before she could regain her strength and renew the battle he had put the bridle on 'Old Gin,' led her out of the barn and was riding away. Mother stood in the barn door, shaking her fist after him and saying in a loud voice: 'You'd better get a good ride today, because this is the last day you will ever ride 'Old Gin,' for if God spares my life I will have old Pleas Parr and the Texas guerrillas on your track before night.' He laughed at her and rode on. Of course mother was only threatening him, as she had no idea that the guerrillas were anywhere in the country."

"This little squad of Yankee soldiers, about seventy-five in number went on up the road about twelve miles from our house on the little Calf Killer River, stopping at a house where there was a sick woman and a lot of old women had gathered in to wait on her. The soldiers began to exchange horses with the women without their consent and put some of the women to cooking dinner for them. While they were eating, swapping horses and mistreating the women Old Pleas Parr and his band of Texas guerrillas came across the mountains from the east part of Tennessee, ran upon them and surely made it hot for the boys. Pleas Parr and his men fought under the black flag. They never gave nor took prisoners, and they had six shooters belted on them from their neck to their knees. I suppose the Texas Guerrillas, as they were called, were among the worst men in the world. At their appearance the blue coats leaped into their saddles and went down the pad at full speed, the Guerrillas after them. Every few hundred yards they would shoot one off his horse and one of the band would get down and cut off his head. By the time they had reached our place they had killed most of the soldiers. They went at full speed with their horses covered with foam

and dust, their mouths opened and their tongues out, with sound of revolvers every few minutes, men hollering and pleading for their lives. What a sad day. God forbid that we should ever see another like it. As they came near our house 'Old Gin' left the main road, turned round the corner of the field and coming to a deep gully tried to jump it, but failed and went head foremost into the gully right on top of the soldier who had whipped mother that morning. The guerrillas supposing they had killed both horse and rider went on after the rest. After they had passed by the soldier got out of the gully, ran through the field and made his escape. Mother and we children went down and got 'Old Gin' and led her to the house, bound up her limbs, carried her water and worked with her for a week before she was sufficiently recovered from her ride to assume her duties.

"That soldier may have forgotten some things in his life but there is one day's work that will never be erased from his memory. The day he whipped mother, took 'Old Gin' and met the Texas Guerrillas will remain fresh in his memory until he meets his black box, and all the preachers in the world will never be able to convince that fellow that mother was not to blame for the whole affair. I think I can just see that poor man now out in the mountains that night, under a rock raking up a few leaves to make him a bed, going to sleep about midnight, cursing rebels, and in his dreams seeing women and children, blazed face horses, bridles, pistols, Texas Guerrillas, and deep gullies."

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04 -- THE MOVE TO MISSISSIPPI

When the hostilities had ceased, the war between the states had ended, the tired, dejected soldiers began their weary march homeward. The Reconstruction Period which followed the war had begun its almost hopeless task of adjustments. Emmanuel Robinson appears on the scene once more. Just where he had been during the war is by no means clear. Some have him in the Confederate Army but others claimed, since he was much older than Martha, his second wife, that he was too old to have been an acceptable soldier. Bud Robinson often explained his father's absence from the home on this fashion: It was not necessarily due to the war but primarily to the revenue officers who were raiding the whiskey business among the mountains of Tennessee. We find that Emmanuel Robinson was away from home more than one time. Whether this accusation is applicable to each absence the writer is not prepared to say. Whatever he had done or had not done; wherever he had gone, or had not gone, once more he was at home. He seemed restless and discontented. The far away places seemed to allure him. He seemed to have felt that if he could have a new start, in a new environment, it would be simple and easy to succeed. Thus we find the little old covered wagon, containing all their earthly possessions, slowly moving farther into the Old South. After many days of travel they finally settled in the swamps of Mississippi. In eighteen hundred and sixty-five the levies along the banks of the Mississippi had not been built. Much of the delta land extending back from the river front as far as seventy-five miles was not much higher than the bed of "Old Man River." The bayous of stagnate water abounded everywhere. No drainage system had been introduced. Industry had not found its way here, and the value of the virgin soil was definitely potential. During the rainy season the few dirt roads, which were little more than trails, were practically impassable. There seemed to be no bottom to the black gumbo mud. The flood waters were a constant menace and the mosquitoes made life miserable.

Four years was a long time to reside amid conditions like these. Emmanuel Robinson had hoped to have prospered and evidently had tried to better himself. Our first account of him here reveals that he had suffered more reverses. His horses had died and the family was stranded; they were definitely under a handicap. At last he succeeded in renting a farm from a man who agreed to furnish a team. Things began to look somewhat more hopeful. But this did not last long, for soon after the crop had been planted the landlord went back on his agreement and took the team, causing considerable friction and serious trouble was barely averted. The time he had put in was wasted and nothing could be done to save the crop. Emmanuel found the temptations of former habits a little too enticing and once more he reverted to whiskey making. He did not have the means to finance his own project but rented a still and began to manufacture and sell strong drinks. Trouble soon arose between the owner of the still and Robinson. A fight ensued which almost cost the lives of each of them.

Robinson was without means and without employment. He owned one little wagon and two milk cows. He traded the cows for two little steers and moved into another part of the state and undertook to learn a new business. He began to make tar for a living. For three years they built kilns, burned pine knots, and made tar. When the children were not busy helping load pine knots, they were busy hunting, and fishing or killing snakes for the sheer fun it afforded them.

Tar making was about the dirtiest work a man could have undertaken. Besides, the profits derived therefrom were but meager to say the least. At this period in the history of the Robinsons we find the father, Emmanuel Robinson, meditating upon the possibilities back in his own home state. It was in the fall of 1869 that a decision was reached to return to the state of Tennessee. Most of their possessions were packed into that little old covered wagon. Mrs. Martha Robinson with a small infant, together with three or four of the smallest children rode in the wagon, while the rest walked, either ahead of the wagon, which was pulled by the yoke of oxen, or trailed along behind. Thus we find the Robinsons leisurely winding their way along the country roads of the Old South. It became a matter of routine to kill and eat whenever they pitched camp or became hungry.

The very nature of the earth seemed to take on a new color. The black gumbo of the delta gave way to the white sand and the red clay. The gullies and streams were outlined by the scarlet leaves of the sumac. The sound of the gravel under the wagon wheels became more familiar and brought back memories of former days. But the father's mind was not altogether at ease as they journeyed along. 'Tis true he was returning to his home community among friends and relatives. But every man has dreamed dreams of leaving home, accumulating a fortune and then returning some day to his home community where he too could play the role of "The local boy who had made good." He had hoped to be able to greet the people of the community, look them squarely in the eyes, grip their hands firmly, and be able with ease to meet them on any level. He had left the hills of Tennessee four years before with a team of horses and a few cows. Now he was returning in the same little old wagon, "much wiser but a sadder man." His horses had died. He had traded his cows for a yoke of oxen, and these little steers were pulling the rickety old wagon containing less of the material things of life than when they went away. This, within itself, constituted a most difficult adjustment and a most bitter experience. After twenty-one days of travel they reached the mountains of Tennessee and settled in a little valley between two mountains. Here the family lived and other children were born. It was approximately three years later that Emmanuel Robinson, the

father of Reuben or Bud Robinson, died. He left a widow and thirteen children in the hills of Tennessee. "Bud" Robinson was a lad of twelve.

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05 -- HIS BOYHOOD DAYS

On that January night when the Robinsons christened that newly born babe, Reuben, they never dreamed how little use he would make of that name. He seemed to be immune to it. He lived practically totally detached from it. If his mother ever called him by the name of Reuben, it was never brought out in any of his conversations. Evidently from infancy he was dubbed "Buddie," with some variations of the name, it stayed with him to his last hour. During the last part of his life a few people in an effort to show respect, called him "Bro." Robinson. Many referred to him as "Buddie" or "Bud," while multitudes preferred to call him "Uncle Bud." We found that even his legal papers were signed not by Reuben, but by Bud Robinson. Reuben was wholly unknown even among his closest friends and most people seemed to feel they were.

Back to those early years of his life. His mother was an extremely busy woman and certainly had the minimum amount of time to devote to her children. Early in life it fell to their lot to look after themselves and each other. Thus we find that as soon as Buddie was able to walk about, the other children would take him under their care and off to the woods they would go. It was not uncommon to spend the day along the hillside or beside one of the many brooks. This mother was too busy at home to give them much attention and the children chose the great out-of-doors for themselves and reveled in the pleasures it afforded them.

Bud Robinson usually had nothing good to say of his childhood. In later life he resented the kind of home he had to live in when a boy. Especially did he resent the kind of life his father lived. There is no question but that his father did drink and at times he would "take on" too much and no doubt would cause considerable excitement when he would come home in that condition. It was such conditions as these that Bud Robinson remembered the most. In the telling of the story of his life it was his tendency to stress this aspect to the exclusion of all the happy events of his boyhood days. There was not much contrast in the community in which he lived as to the living conditions. People usually do not become discontented to any great degree until they have seen something better.

At different times of the year the hills held considerable attraction. The berry season gave the Robinson children untold pleasure and paid them dividends for they would eat berries until their appetites were completely satisfied. Fishing was another pleasure they enjoyed. Their equipment was not always efficient, but a pin bent to represent a hook and tied with a twine string often brought results. In the fall of the year they had considerable entertainment hunting nuts and persimmons.

Much of the sports indulged in during his childhood days were games often invented by themselves, which fitted into their mountainous environment. They knew nothing of our ready-made and gaily painted teeter-totters and certainly never dreamed of the very highly musical hobby horses or merry-go-rounds. But their sports were forerunners of these. When Buddie was but a

wee tot he learned to climb a young sapling and when the top began to bend he would swing his weight on it and pull himself forward with his hands until his weight would pull the top of the sapling to the ground, then he would manage to get astride and ride it to a great advantage for a hobby horse. Sometimes they would fasten an old discarded wagon wheel to a stump of a tree so that it would spin around easily and ride it for their merry-go-round.

They would often gather arm loads of corn cobs from the barnyard and build pens and reenact the barnyard scenes by taking the role of the various animals. There was one time in particular when the pens were made and Buddie was playing the role of the pig in the pen, while his brother Andy was the mighty hunter with a home-made bow and arrow. At the proper time Buddie was to run in a certain direction while Andy was to shoot with his bow and arrow, aimed at the running pig. On this occasion his aim was quite accurate and the arrow struck the "pig" behind the ear: Buddie wore the scar the rest of his days. While Andy, as usual, got a thrashing from his mother which left no lasting effect upon him.

It has been said that there were no schools nor churches in this part of the country at this time. Some have made claims to the contrary. There had been preaching in the community. Brush arbors and camp meetings were not wholly unknown. One of the games the children often played centered around one of the meetings. One of the characters in this game was "Aunt Duese." She, it would seem, attended these meetings and had the reputation of being the community's greatest shouter. Buddie sometimes would play the part of the circuit rider, while his sister Sallie usually acted the part of "Aunt Duese." The applicant for baptism was usually nothing more than a chunk of wood or a big rock. They would place it upon the bank just above the hole of water, and at the proper moment during the service they would roll the rock or chunk of wood into the water, and as it would splash, "Aunt Duese" would begin to shout. Many times her shrieks would reach as far as the cabin up the hill and would bring Mrs. Robinson running with all her might, thinking perhaps that Buddie had fallen into the water and was drowning. When she arrived, however, and found, instead of the expected tragedy, quite the contrary, somebody was in for more trouble before she returned to her weaving.

Hunting was enjoyed by all the male population, especially boys and young men. There was an abundance of wild game. The boys of the community seemed to have taken great pleasure in opossum hunting. We who know the habits of the opossum are not very enthusiastic over the menu of "possum and potatoes." But it was quite the vogue in the community when Buddie was a lad. A boy's ability to catch and dress an opossum really put him in the limelight.

The nights were often spent at home around the fireplace, where in the light of the burning logs the children would tell riddles and play various games, such as blindfold, clubfist, and "Chick, Chick O' My Crainey Crow." While these games were being played a few yellow yams were put in the hot ashes of the fireplace and left to bake. Before retiring all might enjoy a hot baked potato, nuts from the hills or some freshly popped corn. In the red glow of the dying embers pallets were placed before the hearth; thus ends the day as the children found their respective places for another good night's rest.

Somewhere in the life of the Robinson children there was a Negro slave, or a girl who would come to help Mrs. Robinson with her many duties. As it was her custom, she once each year

would make a dress for the girl. Somewhere near, the Negroes were holding a camp meeting. Mrs. Robinson had made a new dress for the girl and had presented it to her in time for her to wear it to the camp meeting. When she returned home the dress was practically torn to pieces. Mrs. Robinson reprimanded her for being so careless of her clothes. To this the girl replied: "Law'd love you, Miss Martha, when de love of God comes down, Calico won't hold dis nigger." So there was some religion in the mountains. Buddie was four years old when his mother was converted while returning to the house from the spring, which was situated across a little field some distance from the house. Her shouting put him under conviction and made a very great impression upon him. It created within him a deep hunger and a desire to be a Christian. But it was sixteen years later before he received a definite personal experience.

There is not much available material as to what the boys did in way of work. While they were in the State of Mississippi they did contribute to the family's business of tar making, by getting pine knots and helping in general with the tar business. There was but one time only that Bud Robinson ever spoke in my presence of working in Tennessee. He spoke of plowing in a new field. The plow point caught hold of an underground stump or root, causing the handles of the plow to strike and injure his side. In later life he claimed that the cause of his having spasms was the injury he received back there.

There was another chore which fell to his lot, that was to go to the mill. The corn had to be shelled, sacked and the sack thrown across the back of the horse, then Buddie would climb upon the top of the sack and ride to the mill. It was here at the mill while waiting for his corn to be ground that he met a little boy. His meeting that little lad constituted an outstanding event. This did more for him than any other one thing in all his boyhood days. They played marbles together at the mill. When they parted to go to their homes the little boy invited Buddie to come to his house and spend the night with him at a specified time. When Buddie reached home he asked permission of his parents to go; his wish was granted. At the appointed time he started. It was a long, long journey over the hills, up the river and around the mountain side to where the little boy lived. The country was rugged, the weather was cold, but Buddie walked that distance alone, and arrived there before dark. The little boy's father was a good man. His home was a religious home. Buddie had never been in a religious home before. The things which impressed him were the manner in which they lived, the abundance of things that they had to eat and the way in which it was served. There was a dining room table with a white tablecloth on it. The food was taken up in dishes and served on plates. When they had gathered around the table they waited in silence with bowed heads while the father returned thanks. Then he helped the plates until each one was served with a generous portion of deliciously cooked food. After supper they played games, popped corn and ate apples until it was almost time to go to bed. Presently the father told them all to sit down and he took an old Book from the shelf and read from its pages words Buddie had never heard before. After the reading they all got down on their knees and the father began to pray and to talk to the Lord as though he was in the room with them. He named his wife and each of the children and he didn't forget the saloon keeper's little boy, who was spending the night with them, but asked the Lord to bless this little boy and take him and bless the world through him. This made one of the greatest impressions upon him and he never got away from it. He resolved right there that when he became a man that he was going to have a wife and family and build a home like this one. It was to be a place where other young people could come, eat at his table, sleep in his beds and worship around his family altar.

The effect it had upon him was a lasting one. It colored his entire life. In later years he prayed, planned and built a home with this end in view. He hoped that the many young people who would visit his home would feel the same way he had felt, and in turn resolve to do the same thing he was trying to do.

One of the greatest needs of our time is for an ideal religious home in every community. A place where young people can come and feel welcome. A place which will inspire young people to strive for the ideal. Buddie was never satisfied from that hour on with the home in which he lived. He had seen something better. He had seen a home where they loved each other. As long as he lived he tried to treat every little child as he had been treated that night in the mountains of Tennessee. He loved children and tried to show them and to make them feel the impelling force of his love wherever he went.

As a boy, although he both stuttered and lisped quite badly, nevertheless he was witty and had a ready answer for every occasion. At one time while visiting at an uncle's, he was asked if they had anything to eat over at his house. To this he replied without hesitation: "Yes, we have six things to eat: lean meat, fat meat and skin; top crust, bottom crust and crumbs." Not that it actually happened but Bud Robinson enjoyed telling this story on himself. Somebody asked him if his mother had any poultry this spring? To this he answered: "No, she planted some but the chickens scratched it up."

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06 -- MOVE TO TEXAS

After the death of Emmanuel Robinson, his wife, Mrs. Martha Robinson, continued to live in the mountains for four long years. Three of the oldest children had married and started homes of their own. But in 1876 Mrs. Robinson reached a decision to sell out the few things belonging to her and move to Texas. This sounds rather commonplace to most of us now but at that time it had all the possibilities of a real adventure. For a widow woman with ten children to move out upon the great frontier of Texas, needs some comment to help the reader appreciate the tremendous undertaking. It is my purpose and I shall endeavor to describe to the reader some of the conditions prevailing at the time the Robinson's arrived in the great state of Texas.

In the first place, they were living in the mountains almost a hundred miles east of Nashville, which was the nearest railroad station. They must first reach Nashville. For this purpose they secured a man with a wagon to come and take them into Nashville. They traveled over roads, none of which by any means could be classified as highways. This first relay of their journey took three days. The railroads had but recently been extended as far west as Dallas. At Nashville they boarded one of these emigration trains, quite unlike our streamliners of today. Three days later they arrived in Dallas. This was not the great metropolis we know, but a small community On the banks of the Trinity River.

They had left the mountains of Tennessee and for six days had traveled through hills and canyons, swamp lands and densely wooded forests. But now the very nature of the country took on

a definite change. To the east of their new location could be seen the western boundary of the timber land, which had stopped abruptly. To the west, the surface of the country was delightfully rolling, but practically barren of trees, except for a few elms, cottonwoods, and pecans together with a scattered growth of red haws, redbud sumac found only along the streams and rivers. There were a few of the Texas mesquites scattered along the open country becoming more numerous to the south.

The soil, itself, was different. Beginning near Dallas and extending for many miles to the west, and from Oklahoma to almost the Mexican border is a strip of rich black gumbo soil, often referred to as "the blackland belt." At this time the people looked upon this soil with doubts and misgivings. Its value as farm land was seriously questioned. The implements used elsewhere were not adaptable to this heavy black soil. Hence, ranching was easier and more simple than to improve their farm machinery and their methods of farming.

Up to the time that the Robinson's appeared on this western frontier, the marauding Indians had been a source of danger and a definite threat to all the westward movement of the white people. However, the year of 1875 somewhat marked the end of the hostilities as far as the Indians in this part of the country were concerned. 'Tis true that General George A. Custer and two hundred and seventy-six soldiers were massacred in 1876, but that was farther to the north and in the western part of the United States. There were few incidents of minor importance, but the threat of the Red man no longer constituted a serious problem. The Mexican bandits were extremely bold and active during this time and even later but most of their activity was confined to the southern part of the State. The basic and fundamental laws of the State had not as yet crystallized. It was during this time that crime and lawlessness became a very powerful element in the frontiersman's life. "The six-shooter was the end of the law." Farming was done on a comparatively small scale. Cattle raising was the principle industry. Texas, being such a huge territory, as well as the frontier of western civilization, afforded a haven for many thousands of fugitives from justice. Professional criminals abounded throughout this territory, especially among the more isolated ranches. Men, who could shoot to kill, were in demand at various times and were employed on these ranches without much ado about their past record and moral character. "The very spirit of rowdiness or the desire to appear tough caused many a young man, who was not really criminal at heart, to become so in fact by riding into town with his guns smoking, shooting out the lights of the town, smashing windows and breaking mirrors."

The most widely practiced crime was the stealing of horses. Cattle rustlers were always active but at the time the Robinson's arrived in Texas horse stealing had captured the lead of all crimes. It was the common practice to shoot the thieves on the spot or to hang them to the nearest tree. There being but few trees, shooting was more often resorted to. Human life was cheap and in such cases lynchings were never punished by law. The law makers of the State were busy trying to enact some law which would curb this practice. Some were advocating that horse stealing be made punishable by death. The consensus of opinion over the State seemed to be rather diversified, with many of them feeling, why resort to long drawn out processes? Beginning with this same year (1876) stage robbery became almost like an epidemic. Some have described the State at this period of its history as "a land of ranches, rascals, rattlesnakes, and remittance men." Phil Sheridan is reported to have said: "If I owned hell and Texas, I would rent Texas and live in the

other place." The above description of the State refers to the conditions prevailing at the time the Robinson's arrived, and has no reference to the lovely State it now has become.

I do not know what prompted Mrs. Robinson to move with her family to this part of the new world. As far as I am able to ascertain they had neither friends nor acquaintances here. Yet prompted by some power and no doubt divinely led, they arrived and settled near Lancaster, in Dallas County. How they managed to live is perhaps one of the mysteries of life. They started life in this new part of the country as sharecroppers. They rented a farm. They were furnished with a house and a team on the terms that half that they made went to the landlord. The farmers received remuneration usually but once a year. When their crop was gathered and sold, and a settlement made, they found that they had not succeeded.

Here was a mother and ten children in a country as above described. Six days of travel removed them from their friends. They had to be fed and clothed. Winter was fast approaching. This was an open country described as "The land of bitter winds." The cold "northerns" which would suddenly swoop down across the plains, and sweep on unabated over those rolling hills, were at times bitter indeed. There were but few schools, especially in the rural districts. On many of the farms both men and women, as well as the boys and girls, worked in the fields and on these ranches. It was circumstances like these which forced the various members of the Robinson family to seek jobs and to help make a livelihood. The wage scale was extremely low. They worked not by the hour but by the day, and the day was from sun up until sun down. Fifty cents per day was the usual price paid for adult labor, and much less for children. It was here that we find Bud Robinson hired out to the owner of a ranch, where he worked until after he was converted in 1880. As one would gather from the description of the early days in Texas, life on the ranches was extremely rugged. Gambling, drinking, dancing and horse racing was the usual pastime indulgences. Men with high heel boots, long shank spurs and six shooters buckled on them would dance in cowboy fashion. It was from this environment that we find the man of our story, Bud Robinson. He was a lad of sixteen summers when he arrived in Texas. Now, four years later he is twenty.

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07 -- RELIGION ON THE RANGE

For a little over three years Buddie had worked on one of those typical western ranches. He was now a lad of twenty summers. The habits of the ranchers were having their influence upon this lad. He had learned to dance. The innocent games he had learned to play in the mountains were now laid aside and card games were substituted in their places. Horse racing was the vogue on Sundays. The Sabbath was seldom observed for any other purpose. Men rode the range and punched cattle by day, played cards, danced and gambled by night. Religion seemed foreign to their environment.

But late one afternoon a Methodist circuit rider came riding over those rolling hills singing as he came. As he approached the ranch a quiet had settled down over the headquarters like a calm before a storm. He rode that little old gray pony up to the ranch house and took possession. 'Tis true, he was uninvited, but nevertheless things went pretty much according to his word. He announced that he was a Methodist circuit rider and that he had come to spend the night. He

alighted from his horse, turned it over to Buddie with orders to water, feed and put him up for the night. As he walked into that ranch house those cow punchers who appeared as bold as a lion at times, became as meek as lambs. The various decks of cards were quickly put out of sight. Men were afraid to swear.

It was not long until the evening meal was ready to be served. The men walked into the dining room and sat down around the table and began to snatch food at random and to serve themselves. They had forgotten that the ranch was under new management for that night. The old circuit rider immediately called a halt and announced that before they would eat that he was going to return thanks. Silence once more reigned and those cow hands all but trembled in their boots while the minister gave thanks. They had but little to talk about among themselves. They began to eat as if everything depended upon their finishing at the earliest possible moment. But the old minister sensed the situation and, looked them squarely in the face, then spoke in a tone of absolute authority when he said: "Young men, don't you leave this table when supper is over until after we have had family prayer." And there they sat until the man of God had finished his meal. He then took from his saddle bags a Bible and read a chapter, after which he called them to prayer. They did not stand and repeat the Lord's prayer, but all got down on their knees while the old minister talked to God as a prosecuting attorney would talk to the judge and the jury. He prayed in a language that all could understand. When he had finished they were convinced in their own minds of their guilt. There was a general feeling that somebody had "put that preacher wise" to all that they had been doing. Soon after this he went to bed and fell fast asleep. But nobody else at the ranch fared as well. For all through the night they could hear those words uttered during family prayers: "Great God, save these men from dropping right into hell."

The next morning he awoke and knelt beside his bed for a brief moment of prayer. He then arose, and as he dressed himself for the day he could be heard praising God. As Bud Robinson expressed it, "He was the only feller there who saw anything to praise God for." After breakfast was over, he ordered the boys to saddle his horse and before he rode away he gripped their hands and said that it would be about a month before he could possibly get back. Again in the words of Bud Robinson: "Nobody had asked him to come back." He got on his little gray horse and as he rode away they could hear him singing the words of John Newton's immortal old hymn:

"Amazing grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

About thirty days later the same old circuit rider appeared again. He approached the ranch with songs on his lips. But this time all hands were out to the gate to greet him. As he turned his horse over to the boys he announced that he was going to stay two or three days this time. The consensus of opinion was that if he remained there at the ranch for three days they would all be dead by that time. Religion was scarce on the range. It would be difficult, indeed, to overestimate the impact of this dynamic personality on the lives of these ranchers. In him was summed up the civilization of the past, from which these men had departed. If he was an ordained man, he was a scholar. He represented God to these men and they felt the impelling force of his words and influence. Once more he took possession. He prayed in the house, out at the barn, behind the

haystack and down in the ravine. When his time was up and before he left he announced a camp meeting which was to be held some eighteen or twenty miles below them at the Bluff Springs Camp Ground, on the line between Dallas and Ellis Counties. He invited them to attend.

In the meantime Mrs. Robinson had gotten a new grip upon herself and had renewed her experience and had adjusted her relationship with the Lord. Learning of the camp meeting she had made arrangements to attend and planned to take Buddie with her. It was here during the month of August of 1880, under the hot southern sun that we find the camp meeting in full swing. One big cattleman had offered to supply the meeting with all the meat necessary to feed the crowds of people who would attend the services. People came as far as two hundred and fifty miles to attend this camp meeting. As good as was the food yet the center of attraction seemed to be in the fearless manner in which these men of God proclaimed God's message. 'Tis true some of the rich cattlemen got mad and came to the meeting "armed to the teeth," bent on breaking up the meeting even if they had to kill a few preachers. But under the old-fashioned preaching the power of God came upon the people until scores fell upon their knees wherever they could find a place to kneel and pray. There were shouts all over the arbor. Men and women prayed through to definite victory. Many of those who had come with bad intentions were gripped with awful conviction and felt that they were lost and would surely drop into hell unless God would have mercy upon them at once. They, too, would call for somebody to pray for them.

Bud Robinson sat toward the back of the arbor and listened to these men preach. He tried to act gay and uninterested. But one night a little old woman came down the aisle and knelt down before him and put her hands upon his knees and began to call upon the Lord to have mercy and save this young man. Buddie wanted to get away but felt himself powerless to move. Finally the little woman prayed through and began to shout and beat him on the knees with her hands. Soon an old preacher came down the aisle saying, "If anybody wanted to go to heaven to come and shake his hand." Buddie accepted the challenge and started down the aisle and tried to shake his hand but was under such conviction that he began to weep, feeling that he was the most wicked person in all the world. By the time he reached the altar he was "deeply struck," as some described it, for he was under awful conviction. - He fell full length before the altar and there in his own way, with the help of the Christian workers, he prayed through to a definite victory. The load of sin and guilt was lifted. The peace of God "was shed abroad in his heart." A transformation had taken place. He was a new creation. "Old things had passed away and behold all things had become new." Bud Robinson was converted. He began at once to unload and to burn the bridges behind him. He threw away his gun, playing cards and his tobacco. At the close of the meeting he was baptized and joined the Southern Methodist Church.

The state and condition in which we find Bud Robinson at this time made him about the most humble of all human instrumentalities of the Lord's choosing. No one but an Omniscience God would have done what was done on the night of his conversion. No human being had the power to perceive what was wrapped up in this unfortunate lad. But on the night of his conversion the Lord called him to preach.

There has been some conjecture relative to the extent of his illiteracy. His father was not an ignorant man. His mother was reputed to be a great reader. However, Buddie claimed that at the time of his conversion that he could neither read nor write. We will let it go at that. His

description of the clothes he wore perhaps was correct. "The knees were out of his trousers, the elbows were out of his sleeves, the toes were out of his boots and he had no socks on." There are those who claim that he had other clothes. Perhaps he had come to service on this night dressed as he had described.

You will remember that up to the time that he arrived in Texas that his mother had made all the clothes that he had. He had never bought clothes. He was now working for himself and although his salary was small (50c per day) yet that was ample to have purchased for himself a new outfit of clothing. But not having ever done so before I seriously doubt his ever thinking much about the matter of buying clothes. In fact as long as he lived it was always a proposition to convince him that he needed new clothes. "These will do. These are good enough for me," was his usual remark regardless of what condition his clothes were in.

Soon after he was converted Bud Robinson felt definitely called to preach. The Lord had called him the night of his conversion, while lying under the wagon and he agreed that he would preach. Now he felt an urge to execute the agreement made back there. Little did he know of the city churches, furnished parsonages and paid utilities. His was the religion of the range. About all he knew of church life was brush arbors, country schoolhouses and the people who lived in the great open spaces of the west. No young man has had less to begin with than did he. First he had had no training for the task which lay out before him. He was not versed in the doctrines of the Church, nor in the art of soul winning. He had never read a book on sermon making. In fact, he had never read a book. His newly acquired library consisted of a New Testament and one "Prayer and Praise" song book. But he never for once sat down and mourned over what he did not have. But he resolved to put to the greatest use the things he did possess. Therefore, he began his laborious task of learning to read the New Testament. His philosophy of life included this bit of reasoning: "What's the use to learn a thing if you are going to forget it?" As he struggled through the pages of the New Testament he trained himself to remember what he had learned to read. His was not a career of wishful thinking. But he spent hours, days, weeks, months, and many years of study until he had memorized almost one-fifth of the Bible and many hundreds of church hymns.

The lack of learning was not his only handicap. He had an impediment of speech, he lisped quite badly. He also stuttered so badly that at times he was unable to tell his name, where he was going, or to make people understand what he was trying to say. To be sure, people laughed at him at times and some folks made all manner of fun at him to the extent that the average person would have given up and would have never made another attempt to preach. But not so with Bud Robinson. He often utterly failed and knew that he had. At times he was discouraged. But he prayed until he had the courage to attempt another service and he kept everlastingly at it in spite of all his mistakes. He rode over those rolling hills and preached wherever he had opportunity. The success of Bud Robinson is largely attributed to about three things. One was his simple faith in the Lord's ability and willingness to help a fellow who would attempt to do something about the task waiting to be done. Another thing was his ability to be himself under all circumstances. He was not like other people. For him to have attempted to have been like them would have spoiled the effectiveness of his ministry. Another thing which contributed much to his success was his determined effort to put across, or his eagerness and urge of spirit to make a go of the thing he was trying to accomplish. Hundreds of miles meant nothing to him. Twelve to eighteen hours a day were not unusual. One to five services a day were common. Every day in the week, month in and

month out was his practice. His own definition of success was: "Not to try, try again," "but to keep sucking until you got the seed. If you got the seed you were a success. If you did not get the seed you were a poor sucker."

When he began his ministry he never for once excelled as the best dressed minister in the community. To begin with he purchased some cheap cotton cloth and his mother made his trousers, coat and shirt. He bought some cheap work shoes and paid the sum of twenty-five cents for a hat. His horse, bridle and saddle would hardly have sold on the market for any price. These with a Testament and one hymn book were his equipment. He was preparing to begin his life's work as a minister. He consulted a steward of the church who told him that he stuttered so badly and had so little knowledge that he would bring reproach upon the church and in the end he would do more harm than he would do good. This hurt him and he cried about it, but thought perhaps the man was right. Once more he attempted to unburden his heart to a man whom he thought was a good friend, but he said, "You will have to teach in the Sunday school and lead prayer meetings. For the Lord's sake, don't ever try to preach." Finally he found an old preacher who knew the Lord and understood the struggles of Buddie's own heart. He comforted him greatly and encouraged him much by his admonition and kindly attitude. He promised to put his case before the Quarterly Conference. When the presiding elder arrived at the conference and Buddie was called before him for questioning, he knew nothing whatsoever of the discipline. He had had no schooling, therefore, he could answer none of the questions about grammar. Believing him to be basely ignorant, hopelessly afflicted and without a chance in the world of ever succeeding in the ministry the Conference declined to grant him a license. The old minister who had presented his name to the conference arose and addressed the Conference and said: "Brethren, I feel that we have been too hasty in our decision. We are apt to discourage him in his experience. If God has called him, it would appear that we were fighting against God." After this speech the Conference reconsidered his case and voted to give him license. Most of them thought that this was but a passing fancy which would soon blow over. Little did they know what was in the heart of this lad whom they had indulgently granted a license to exhort

The first year that he attempted to preach the Lord gave him three hundred converts. At his first Quarterly Conference he tried to give his report but could not. The presiding elder came over, took his report and read where he had held twenty-seven prayer meetings. He had tried to preach fifty times. He had prayed in ninety-five homes and had about sixty people converted. This was a most unusual report and they extended to him some encouraging remarks. At his first District Conference they put him up to preach and he got up and cried and exhorted to the best of his ability and then called mourners and twenty people were saved. From that time onward he began to receive calls to preach. During the first four years of his ministry he received sixteen dollars by way of remuneration. That was four dollars per year.

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08 -- AN INWARD FORTITUDE

Bud Robinson was converted and there was no doubt about it. It was a clear cut, definite and so remarkable a transformation that his friends never questioned it. He started life in another direction. As he set out to explore this new route, for explore he must, he found many new

experiences awaiting him. Some of these were good and offered much encouragement to him. Many of these proved all but disastrous to him, as he struggled to find his way. He had everything to learn, and many of these he learned the hard way. There was so little information available to him. Much of his course was vague and obscure. He knew not where it would lead, nor what to expect en route.

His difficulties were twofold. There were the outward difficulties which were almost innumerable. They piled up around him like mountains for size. He had much with which to contend. There were many obstacles which he must overcome. He attempted many and failed, but in spite of his failures, he kept trying. Outside difficulties are not problems with God. The problems with which God is concerned is found in that inward condition of the heart which makes men unwilling to obey Him. This unwillingness on man's part rivals the ability of the Omnipotent God. As long as men are unwilling, God cannot help them. Bud Robinson had been saved. He knew that he had salvation. But Bud Robinson found something within his heart which rivaled God's place in his affections. He had not traveled this new way very long until he discovered that there were times, upon certain provocations, that anger would rise up within him. While this was in process, his religion was jeopardized and he suffered defeat. In spite of all that he could do, he found his best was not equal to this great need. Upon more than one occasion jealousy held the reigns of his life, diverted him from his course of travel and drove him over some troublesome paths. Often at the time when he needed the victory the most, he stood empty handed, having been robbed of his peace of heart and mind. "The sin which doth so easily beset you," would exert itself and from the field of carnal combat, invariably emerge a victor. But Bud Robinson never quit trying. He would always steal away to some secluded spot and pray until God would speak peace to his troubled heart.

For six long years he struggled with these carnal uprisings. No one of his acquaintances believed that there was any hope for anything different in this life. The only ray of hope held out to him was that when you died you were then and there released from this carnal warfare. He found little to encourage him to seek for a deliverance. The "up and down life" he was experiencing required so much time spent upon himself. It did seem that God surely must have something better for him in particular and for His people in general than the life he was living. His soul was hungering for something which only God could give. His heart was crying out for something which would enable him to live right, and to be a consistent Christian. He began to ponder over one of the old, old questions: "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Why then is not the hurt of the daughter of my people recovered?" Was this the best that God could do? It seemed to him that God surely must have something better for him.

It was about this time of his life when Dr. Godbey came to Texas and began a meeting not far from where he lived. It was noised abroad that a holiness preacher was in town. That he was preaching sanctification as a second work of grace. That a Christian could be delivered from this inward conflict; the sin principle could be uprooted; the Old Man of sin could be destroyed; his heart made clean; his affections purified and his love made perfect. That a man could have an establishing grace and live a victorious life even in this present evil world. His doctrine provoked much argument and discussion throughout the country. Many took issue with him and declared his doctrine unsound and the experience impossible. But in spite of all the arguments against the doctrine and the experience, many people were getting the blessing night after night. Bud Robinson

went to hear him preach. At first he thought that it was a good doctrine but that a man could not get it. He went to hear him again and he went away home saying, "That was the best doctrine that he had ever heard and it did seem possible for a person to get it." Once more he went to hear him and was convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that such an experience was not only desirable but that it was possible of attainment. He went away from the meeting resolved to have the experience or die.

For four long years he longed for that experience. He prayed for it, sought after it and hoped that he might get it. In later years he remarked that it was not necessary to seek for four years to be sanctified. He said: "If I had done the first day what I did the last day, I would have gotten the blessing the first day." His heart grew more hungry for it and he began to preach on the subject and to tell the people the need of this experience. He confessed publicly that he, himself, did not have it but that he was seeking for it. More than once he came to his own altar.

It had been ten years since that night when he was converted at the camp meeting. He had been endeavoring to preach, struggling all the while with his speech impediment, lack of knowledge and a stammering tongue. But he found that the inward handicaps outweighed the outward, causing him more distress of heart and mind. He besought the Lord longingly for the much needed help. Finally he became desperate about it. One day while alone, down in his cornfield, he laid his case before the Lord. He entreated the Lord with all the urgency of his being. That day he offered himself a complete sacrifice upon God's altar, yielding his all unto the Lord. God had respect unto His humble servant. He honored the sacrifice which he made. He accepted the offering which he gave. God cleansed his heart from inbred sin and sanctified him wholly. This definite experience enabled him to overcome these inward handicaps. It helped him to live an upright life among his neighbors. It gave to him an inward fortitude and stability of character, which helped him to become more consistent in his living and more effective in his preaching.

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09 -- DAYS AT SOUTHWESTERN

One of the strangest places to have found Bud Robinson was in the school room. But as strange as it may seem he did go to school. It was now a little over ten years since that night at the Bluff Springs Camp when Buddie was converted. The same length of time had elapsed since he left the cattle ranch and started life in another direction. He was no longer a mere lad but a man of thirty-one. For the past ten years he had been trying to preach to the best of his ability. Although he had had no training whatsoever for the work of the ministry; although he worked under extreme handicaps, yet his simple, every day method of presenting the Gospel, together with his fervor and zeal, made his ministry very fruitful. His accomplishments were unique. He excelled far beyond any of his brethren of the Conference in the art of soul winning. Some of the church officials reasoned among themselves that since he, without an education, was doing so much good if he could obtain an education his ministry would be much more effective. With this thought in mind some of the brethren prevailed upon him to attend the Southwestern University at the expense of certain churches of the Conference. He finally consented to go. It would not take much of an imagination to perceive that there were many difficulties in store for him in the matter of adjustments. A person with his background and lack of scholastic attainments would find college

life a most difficult undertaking. To say that he was at a disadvantage would be to speak lightly of it.

When he arrived at the University it is needless to say that he was unable and could not take any of the prescribed courses offered by the school. But at this time in the history of Southwestern a "Prep School" was being conducted. The boys who were not yet ready for college work were tutored in this preparatory school until such time as they were able to matriculate for the regular college work. But even here the faculty had to stretch a point and register him as a Special for he had had none of the foundation work which would qualify him for even a place in the "Prep School."

It was in September of 1891 when Bud Robinson entered Southwestern University at Georgetown, Tex. His handicaps and disadvantages are apt to occupy our minds to the exclusion of all the benefits he might have derived from being there. In spite of all his disadvantages there were some advantages enjoyed which gave to him an enlarged vision of the better things of life. There were personal contacts with some of the best people of both the church and the college. He was privileged to attend the chapel services and to listen to some of the outstanding speakers of his day. He had access to the college library and became fascinated with the abundance of good literature. Almost eleven years prior to this time, when he was converted and began his ministry, his library consisted only of a New Testament and a hymn book. But now he had access to all these books and he endeavored to make the best use of them.

Since he had been converted and more especially since that day in his cornfield where he was enabled to get a new grip upon God, he was possessed with a passion for souls. His coming to school in no way quenched this zeal. That was about all he knew to talk about and he became very active as a personal worker among the many students who were attending the college. His presiding elder was very much impressed with the earnestness of his spirit together with the positiveness of his testimony. After talking over his experience, the presiding elder said to the effect, "Pray for me, that is what I need." He was given an opportunity to speak in the chapel services and as it was his custom he exhorted and called mourners and seldom failed to fill the altar with hungry seeking souls. He found himself preaching at various places as often as four or five times each week. The University and even the town was being stirred over religion as it had never been before nor since.

As a few months rolled by the churches soon forgot about their promises to support him while at school and he found himself without means and unable to continue any longer at a student. His school days were thus brought to a hasty conclusion for this marked the end of the very few months of his life that he was privileged to attend school.

In the summer of 1892 while evangelizing with his presiding elder he chanced to contact the Salvation Army. The zeal and courage they manifested; the simplicity of their services together with the earnestness they exhibited greatly appealed to him. Their songs, music and testimonies of saving grace delighted his heart. In a remarkably short time he was wearing the uniform of the Salvation Army and was busy in all of their activities. Here he worked for about three months. The fighting was real. The battles were hard. Paul's message to Timothy to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," was applicable to their every day life.

While in Georgetown attending school there was organized a band of Christian workers who had banded themselves together and conducted cottage prayer meetings and held open air services. It was during these activities that Bud Robinson met Miss Sallie Harper, a refined, well educated young woman. Her father had been a Doctor, as well as a local preacher. He had moved to Texas from the state of Missouri. But back of him the Harpers enjoyed a bit of colorful history centering around Danville, Virginia, Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, and elsewhere. At the Chicago Centennial there was on exhibition a neckerchief belonging to Martha Washington. At the close of the Centennial this neckerchief was cut in pieces and divided among her relatives. The Harper family, being cousins to the Custiss family, were given a portion of this neckerchief, which portion Miss Sallie Harper kept among her prized possessions.

In the meantime trouble had arisen in both the school and church over a theological matter pertaining to one of the church's cardinal doctrines: The doctrine of entire sanctification. Some of the highest church officials had come to Georgetown for the express purpose of completely exterminating the doctrine. A bitter battle ensued. Many were put out of the church, including Bud Robinson. About the only place open to the more spiritual young people was the home of Miss Sallie Harper

Another strange thing happened, for it was during this time that Bud Robinson and Miss Sallie Harper became engaged. At the first suggestion the idea seemed to Miss Harper as ludicrous as it did to her friends and relatives. But the Lord spoke to her and assured her that this was in His plan. She at once said no she could not. The Lord seemed to have left her and darkness settled down around her. She began to pray for the Lord not to leave her, assuring Him of her fidelity to Him and His will. Once more the Lord gave her the assurance that this was in His will. It was an extremely costly move as far as her circle of friends were concerned. But the Lord gave her new friends many times over a hundred fold.

It was on January the 10th, 1893, that Rev. Reuben Robinson and Miss Sallie Harper were married. They continued to make their home in Georgetown. For some years they had the most difficult time to keep even body and soul together. For a while they depended upon the small income derived from the board and room of those students of the band of Christian workers, who otherwise would have had no place to have stayed.

His meetings did not always support him. Sometimes at the close of a ten-day or a two-week's meeting he would be presented with a sack of pecans, perhaps fifty cents and at the most a few dollars in money. But now his pastor would not let him preach in town and his presiding elder would not let him preach out of town. But actually he had neither pastor nor presiding elder. He had been tried and put out of the church. For a while he cut cordwood and hauled it into town and sold it. Then for a short time he ran a kind of a cleaning establishment and dye shop. It was while he was in this business that a man brought to him a suit of clothes which he wanted to have dyed black. It was dyed once under Buddie's supervision but it came out a beautiful brown. He dyed it again and still it was brown. Once more he dyed it and still it remained a lovely brown. But the man wanted it black. Buddie did not have the money to pay for the suit should the man reject it. That night he closed his shop and prayed for the Lord to help him. The next morning when he came to the shop there upon the rack was hanging the suit of clothes as

black as any man would desire. Buddie was very grateful to the Lord and the man was delighted with the suit, not knowing anything of the difficulties involved in making that suit black.

It was while here in Georgetown that their first child, Sallie Harper Robinson, was born. The Robinsons were in an extremely hard place financially. In fact, there were times when there was nothing whatsoever to eat in the house. Many times Mrs. Robinson became so weak through lack of nourishment that she was unable to be up and about her work. It was during these trying days that a black mammy proved to be one of her best friends she ever had. In spite of the fact that they were unable to pay her, she remained at her post of duty both day and night. From somewhere she would rake together a few crusts of bread and make some tea and would nurse Mrs. Robinson until she would regain her strength. She chose to remain with them as long as they were in Georgetown. Aunt Martha's husband ran a blacksmith shop. There were several times when he would slip up to the back porch, leave a few groceries and return to his shop. Black mammy would always say: "Some day the Law'd was gwine to bless Mr. Buddie," and she lived to see the day.

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10 -- HIS HEALTH AND HEALING

Bud Robinson was never very strong physically. For more than sixteen years he had gone through some of the most heartbreaking and discouraging times. He was afflicted with occasional epileptic fits. He would not only undergo excruciating pain but these spells or spasms would literally tear him to pieces. His arms would be drawn from their sockets at the shoulders. This occurred so many times that his arms would not remain in place. Each time they would slip out of place and had to be reset, this caused so much suffering that he finally chose to leave them out and spent more than fifty years of his life with his arms in this condition. There were but few people who ever suspected such to be the case. Upon close observation, however, the awkwardness in the use of his arms became apparent. Only with difficulty could he raise his arms above his head.

People began to pray for him wherever he was known that he might be healed. It was at this time of his life that his wife contacted Rev. D. L. Moody and Rev. A. B. Simpson, along with several others who believed in divine healing. They designated a certain time during which they would fast and pray. The object of their praying was the healing of Bud Robinson. They prayed through to definite victory. The Spirit seemed to have witnessed to their spirits that their prayers were heard and that God was disposed to do something about it. He did do something about it. Bud Robinson was divinely healed and delivered from those mental fears and physical sufferings. That was a great day in his life. It was a great joy and relief to his wife. It was a great blessing to the peoples of more than seventy-three denominations with whom he worked. No doubt more than forty years were added to his life. His ministry reached every State in the Union and many of the far-off places of the world.

However, there were but few of the eighty-two years of his life that it could be truthfully said that Bud Robinson enjoyed good health. There was always from one to several things wrong with him physically. But to a certain extent he accepted his condition as the norm of good health, and as long as things were no worse, to him, his health was good. Both from his chats and from his

profile one would gather that he enjoyed eating, and so he did. He was particular, in the main, to eat the right kind of food, and he usually found plenty of the acceptable variety.

In later years he was more particular about his health habits and was ever on the alert to keep his body functioning properly. Many were the times that the good women of the country had gone to all manner of trouble and had taken the utmost care to prepare something special for "Uncle Bud" only to find that he could not eat that, so he said, and he usually fortified his position with the remark: "No, I'd better not. But I would like to have a cup of bouillon."

Some seven or eight years before his death he had developed diabetes. He was more or less frightened by the discovery. To him some new, strange and rare disease had fastened itself upon him. Like Irvin Cobb's "Speaking of Operations," he found diabetes a new and fascinating subject to talk about. But everywhere he went he was beset on the right hand and on the left hand by scores of people suffering from diabetes, until he finally concluded that what he had was about the most common thing on earth.

I think that it was Colonel Roosevelt who in speaking of his father, the late Theodore Roosevelt, said: "My father never went to a wedding without wanting to be the bride, and he never went to a funeral without wanting to be the corpse." In that respect Bud Robinson and Theodore Roosevelt had something in common. He always liked to be the one who excelled. He never got to the place where he enjoyed other people surpassing his own achievements. Yes, he enjoyed talking about diabetes and the amount of insulin he had to take until he found somebody who was worse off than himself and found it necessary to take more insulin than he did. He liked to talk about his age when he was the oldest preacher in the audience. But whenever somebody surpassed his figures, immediately the prohibition cause needed a booster or the Democrats needed some corrective treatments, at any rate, he usually found something more interesting to talk about.

Yes, Bud Robinson had diabetes. He waited in the office for the Doctor's report on a test he was making. "Exceedingly high" were these words as we turned to walk out of the building. "Anything could happen" was his last remark to us. The next day we started South. We were going to Florida. The Lakeland Camp Meeting would soon begin. Following the camp a district tour had been arranged. Having ascertained the things best suited for "Uncle Bud's" diet, the District Superintendent, Rev. H. H. McAfee, had written ahead and arranged the meals. Everywhere we went we had fish, cornbread, and of course being in Florida, we had hominy grits. Grapefruit and oranges were enjoyed almost daily throughout the State.

After some two months' sojourn in this lovely State, he had another physical examination, and this time there was no trace of the diabetes. Since that time, although he took some insulin occasionally, he was never troubled again with diabetes to any marked degree. Just what had cured him, nobody knows. Here was fish, cornbread, hominy grits, grapefruit, oranges, and Florida's lovely winter climate. Beside all this there were other things which entered into the reasons why he recovered. In many of the cities he visited there were physicians who were interested in him and out of the goodness of their hearts they would prescribe some remedy and would suggest to him that he try this as per directions for a certain length of time. But the difficulty of this lay in the fact that the very next night he was in another town, and often was the case, he found himself armed with another prescription, vastly different from the first, as he emerged from

the building. But always wanting to get well he would give each a trial. He was more or less of the old school which taught that if a little did some good, a lot would do much more good. At times he would increase his doses to larger amounts. Having many kinds of bottles from which to choose he often made himself so sick that he would nearly die. The difficulty of such a procedure reduced itself to the uncertainties centering around just which of the remedies produced what. Since he was not sure it became necessary to repeat the performance at more or less regular intervals.

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11 -- FOUR LEAN YEARS

It had been announced over the country that a camp meeting was to be held at Waco, Tex. The Robinsons were in extremely hard circumstances. Their usefulness had been curtailed by the orders of some church officials. There was practically no income. But there was a deep hunger and a mighty urge to go to this camp. His wife said: "Well, we don't have anything here but the bare necessities of life. We might as well put our sack of meal in the wagon, together with what little bacon we have and go." Once more we find Bud Robinson in a little covered wagon and on the move. This time, however, with him was his wife and "Little Sallie," his first born child. In the wagon with them was their bedding, camping equipment and hay for the team. It was a long hot drive over those rolling hills before they arrived at the camp ground. Waco was quite a sizable little city situated on the banks of the Brazos River. The camp ground was some five or six miles beyond the city from their approach. The camp site consisted of a large tabernacle surrounded by a grove of young Post Oak and Black Jack saplings. In one section the horses and mules were kept. Located at various intervals were barrels of water. To each of these barrels was attached a tin cup tied with a twine string. These were the public drinking fountains. People had camped in every conceivable manner. Tent against tent, wagon against wagon. They cooked over an open fire. The people thought but little about the inconveniences incurred. They had come for another purpose. Campers were here from many of the adjacent counties. Mrs. Robinson was not very well. They were able to locate their tent just to the rear of the great platform where she could sit in her tent and listen to the singing and the preaching. Dr. H. C. Morrison, of Louisville, Kentucky, and one of the ablest preachers of all time, was one of the engaged workers. It was here that Bud Robinson was introduced to Dr. Morrison. It was here that Dr. Morrison introduced Bud Robinson to the public, and later through his paper, to the world. It was at Dr. Morrison's insistence that the Camp Meeting Board put Bud Robinson up to preach. The power of God was greatly outpoured upon each of the services. When his time came to preach the people were ready for him and he was ready for the occasion. It was easy to preach. The power of God swept over that great crowd of people. Dr. Morrison at a later date said: "Columbus discovered America but I discovered Bud Robinson." This was what he needed. Here was his field of labor beckoning to him. Out there awaited him success beyond his fondest expectation.

The great camp meeting closed on a Sunday night. Hundreds of people "returned to their own country another way." It might have been the same dirt road over which they traveled to reach the camp but many had a different look upon life. As Bud Robinson, with his wife and "Little Sallie" returned on their way to their home in Georgetown, they went feeling and believing that "God was upon His throne and the government was upon His shoulders.." They were blessed in their souls. 'Tis true, they did not have much to go home to; but they had a home and a never-dying

faith. They had been home only two or three weeks when their second child, Ruby, was born. This was the seventh of August of 1898. Bud Robinson was without a church home. The license to preach he once so proudly possessed was of no value now. His presiding elder, who at one time had come to him requesting him to pray that he also might have this "fullness of joy," had finally decided that the price was too great, had rejected the experience and now had become his bitter foe.

Bud Robinson appealed to the Methodist Episcopal Church for membership and was accepted. They in turn sent him to Hill County to organize the Hubbard Circuit. That sounds very interesting and like an adventure, full of many thrills and possibilities, but actually such was not the case. There is no doubt but that he did do some good while ministering in this capacity. There were some people whom he did help, but he was out of his element. Here he fared but little better than he had while in the Salvation Army in a financial way. Here were some good people, but most of them were untrained in the church's responsibility. There was little money in circulation and it was but little indeed which found its way to the preacher's home. They had but little to eat, and few clothes to wear. Their health had become impaired. Sickness invaded the parsonage. A persistent fever was sapping the life of both mother and child. This was his first and last pastorate. It was not the type of work for which he was suited. He all but wavered in his stead- fastness.

The Lord is ever mindful of his own. They were not forsaken nor forgotten. If He can have His way, He will never be too late. At this time a call came to hold a revival at Greenville, Texas. This he accepted and in May of 1899 began his meeting. Plans were then under way to establish a holiness school in the suburbs of Greenville. Here a community was soon built up which later became known as Peniel. It was while in this convention that Bud Robinson resolved to move to Peniel. This resolution was consummated on the last day of August of 1900. On this day he bade good-bye to the life of the circuit rider and he never again attempted to pastor a church. He hung up his saddlebags and kept them until a short time before his death, when they were presented to Pasadena College where they are kept in memory of those early pioneer days when the circuit rider played such an important part in the history of the church.

He left the Hubbard Circuit and moved his family to Peniel and for sometime they lived in the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. M. Hills. Dr. Hills had but recently come to assume the duties as President of the Bible School then known as The Texas Holiness University, but in later years the name was changed to Peniel College.

Mrs. Robinson, whom he affectionately called "Miss Sallie," owned a home in Georgetown. When they moved to Peniel she sold that property and with the money they built a big fourteen room house on the north side of the college campus. This home became more or less a sanctuary to the many Christian young people who were trying to obtain an education. Seldom was there ever a time when there were any vacant rooms. Much of the time there were two or three students to the room. In later years he claimed to have helped to educate more than a hundred young people. According to his way of thinking and to his own figures he had spent over eighty thousand dollars for this purpose alone. Such an investment in the lives of young people will continue to pay dividends and he shall reap from fields where he personally did not sow.

All through his life he seldom stopped to consider more than the initial cost of any undertaking. The matter of upkeep and maintenance of any project was never included in his original planning. It was his habit and practice, and he took great pleasure in expending his hospitalities with a free hand. Often this would get him into many more difficulties than he had anticipated. With many of the students who lived with him there was no financial agreement whatsoever. They were invited to live with him, and to eat at his table. He had a magnanimous spirit and a disposition to do things on a big scale. He loved this sort of thing. But there were times when he appeared quite puzzled and seemed not able to comprehend the reason why the groceries and other bills were so much more than they used to be. The relation of a home of four to one of twenty seemed hardly a sufficient cause.

But the year in which he moved to Peniel was the beginning of an enlarged ministry. Calls for revivals and for camp meetings began to come in from all over the nation. From that hour he never lacked for an opportunity to preach. His financial support was usually ample for all his needs, There were a few times however, when he felt that the cost of maintaining a home was too expensive. There was one time in particular when he decided that it was the part of wisdom to have his family, together with the students living with him, to take their meals elsewhere. This they did for a short time, but long enough to prove his fancy an unwise undertaking.

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12 -- LENGTHENED CORDS

Beginning with the year of 1900 his field of usefulness was enlarged. The boundary of his parish was extended beyond the state in which he lived. His revivals and camp meetings took him to almost every city of any note and to many hundreds of smaller towns and villages throughout these United States, and Canada. He often received enough calls each year to have kept him busy for several years. For almost a quarter of a century he was at his best in the field of evangelism. It is not my purpose in this account of his life to enumerate the men with whom he worked, nor shall I give space to the detailed account of his travels. According to his own statement, he had worked with seventy-three denominations. He had preached for and worked with the best and the most outstanding preachers the American churches could boast. You found him working side by side with men of rare scholastic attainments. The range of his intimate acquaintances included men from every walk of life. The ministers of America were known and named almost as freely as if he and they had grown up together. The president of one of the larger banks in the west would stop whatever he was doing and would talk for almost an hour whenever Bud Robinson would enter his bank. There were merchants, doctors, lawyers, college presidents, governors, senators, judges, in fact, you name the man and more than likely he could tell you when and where he first met him.

The community in which he lived had for its center a small, independent college. People were moving here from far and near in order that their children might attend this school. The need for a church was apparent. In 1908, this group of people was organized into a new church. Bud Robinson's name was found among the charter members of this local organization. In this general organization he held his membership until his death. Here was a challenge to build a church from its very foundation. Bud Robinson accepted the challenge and with untiring zeal set out to accomplish this task. I doubt seriously that any one man meant more to and contributed more

toward the success of Church of the Nazarene than did he. But he was not a sectarian. He proved that by working with seventy-three denominations. If a man was really trying to do something for the cause of Christ, regardless of what denomination he was affiliated with, he was ever ready to "give him a boost." Many thousands of his friends were outside of his own denomination. Many of the churches from other denominations felt they had some claim upon him.

When he moved to Peniel his field of service was not only enlarged to include all of the United States and Canada, but he entered a new field of activity. He began to write articles for and to send reports to various holiness papers. For a number of years he contributed regularly to one of these religious papers which was published locally. The financial end of the business was not paying dividends. Some of the stockholders were ready to quit. He purchased their stock share by share until he found himself owner of the controlling interest in this publishing concern. According to his own words, he had invested around ten thousand dollars in this publishing house. After the organization of the Nazarene Church it became necessary to have some means of communication for the purpose of unification, teaching and enlightening the people. For this purpose he turned over to the Nazarene Publishing House his local paper with its entire equipment as an outright gift. This paper was merged with another publication and the name was changed to the Herald of Holiness.

For more than twenty years he wrote for this paper and his "Good Samaritan Chats" were read with interest around the world. During this time his complimentary close invariably read "In perfect love, Uncle Bud." He always felt that he was personally responsible for the success of this paper. No man worked harder and did more to make it a success than did Bud Robinson. He worked for the Herald day and night. He talked it, preached it, boosted for it and literally lived to make it successful. The association of the ideas became so fixed that when you saw a copy of The Herald of Holiness you automatically thought of "Uncle Bud," or when you saw Bud Robinson you were at once reminded of The Herald.

A few days after he had passed away I came across a little note book in which he kept a record of all his subscriptions. According to his figures he had secured 53,038 subscriptions to this one paper, and he had turned over to the subscription department the sum of \$43,770.75 in money. He had established a record, as far as it is known, unequalled by any man,

For many years he wrote for The Pentecostal Herald, a publication edited by the late Dr. Henry Clay Morrison, of Louisville, Kentucky. Dr. Morrison was one of the Southern Methodists' most stately and greatest preachers. He was for many years President of Asbury College. He did much through his paper to encourage and to help get and keep Bud Robinson before the public. They became great friends and worked together in many conventions and camp meetings. For many years Bud Robinson wrote regularly for this paper in the column known as Bud Robinson's Corner. He often took subscriptions for The Pentecostal Herald but there is no record of his totals in this field. A number of his books were published by The Pentecostal Publishing Company. Toward the latter part of his life his contributions became more irregular. But he always had the greatest respect for Dr. and Mrs. Morrison and all those connected with this establishment.

He also contributed articles to and took subscriptions for a number of other publications among which were: The Way of Faith, The Christian Witness, and God's Revivalist. In addition to

the above activities in the field of writing he is credited with writing the following books and pamphlets: Sunshine and Smiles, Mountain Peaks of the Bible, Honey in the Rock, The King's Gold Mine, Pitcher of Cream, Walking With God or the Devil, Which? The Story of Lazarus, Bees In the Clover, Nuggets of Gold, My Hospital Experience, My Life's Story, Does the Bible Teach Divine Healing? My Travels in the Holy Land, and his last one, Religion, Philosophy and Fun. There were fourteen in all and over five hundred thousand copies were sold.

In 1912, after having been in California for some conventions, the Robinsons decided to sell their home in Peniel and move to Pasadena. There they purchased some lots on what was then a part of the Pasadena College Campus. Here they built another big home much better than the one they had owned in Texas. This is where they lived for the last thirty years of their lives.

In 1919, while in a convention in San Francisco, he was struck by a fast moving automobile and was broken up so badly that nobody thought it possible for him to live. He had so many broken bones and was mangled so seriously that the surgeons at the hospital thought it useless to operate so they rolled him into a room and left him to die. But the people at the convention prayed earnestly and persistently for his recovery, and there is no doubt but that their prayers prevailed, for God spared his life. Finally, after he would not die, the doctors attempted to do something for him. It is a long story. He has written an account of it. In spite of the fact that some have considered his story rather fanciful in part, nevertheless it was very effective and became a great blessing to many.

For years he had planned to go abroad and visit the Holy Land, but never seemed to get around to it. But in 1934 his plans materialized and the way opened for him to go. This was definitely one of the highlights of his life. One of his greatest joys experienced outside of getting religion was found in this journey across the sea to that little country of Palestine. Apparently nothing worthwhile escaped his attention. He toured its ancient highways, visited its sacred places, scaled some of its historic mountains, and came back with one of the most remarkable stories ever told of this bit of sacred territory. Taking Jerusalem for a center, he could describe to you practically every place in Palestine, how far it was from Jerusalem, and in what direction it was located. Not only that but he knew what the Bible had to say about the things which happened in each place.

The estimated value of the Dead Sea intrigued him. The facts and figures regarding the development of this country since the Jews had been given more freedom in the affairs of this country, thrilled him. Yes, Bud Robinson went to the Holy Land and he had the ability and power to make you see it as no other man could. He took great pleasure in talking about it.

The last twenty years of his life were excessively busy years. This marked a new epoch in his life in as much as the type of service he rendered to the church took on a different aspect. He was scheduled for an occasional revival and camp meeting but most of his time was devoted almost exclusively to conventions and to promotional activities. He was one of the greatest "drawing cards," in the movement. When and wherever it was announced that he was to speak, particularly in the mid-west and portions of the south and east, the difficulty from there on out was to find a building large enough to take care of the people. There were times when the church would be filled to its capacity. He then would preach for forty minutes or more, the congregation would

be dismissed and the church emptied. Then the building would be refilled by an entirely new congregation which had been waiting outside, and Bud Robinson would preach again.

The promotional idea began to spread like an epidemic until all of the districts, colleges, and various departments of the church would put on drives for many purposes. The question would arise: "Who could get a bigger crowd and put our project before the people better than "Uncle Bud?" The Home Missionary Board would use him to hold one day conventions to raise money to buy tents and to promote new churches. To be more correct, they would employ him for a certain period of time and during that time they would arrange a schedule to include as many churches as humanly possible to reach. This often would mean that he would speak from one to six times a day and seven days each week. The church colleges would call upon him for tours to raise money to pay off their indebtedness and to build new buildings. The District Superintendents would launch campaigns to purchase camp meeting grounds or to raise their quota of subscriptions to their church paper. When he left one district he was usually slated to begin the next night on another. Often he would travel five or six hundred miles, and a few times much farther, to reach his next appointment. Until he was past eighty years of age he would average in miles traveled from twenty-five to forty thousand miles each year and usually over four hundred sermons preached.

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13 -- OTHER HABITS AND CHARACTERISTICS

For more than a quarter of a century he lived with an open Bible before him. Long before the dawn of day he was out of bed, on his knees praying, reading and memorizing the Scriptures. There was one time in his life when he was able to quote from memory almost one-fifth of the Bible. Whenever he ran aground for something to say on any particular topic he was always able to fall back upon some Scriptural verse or lesson which was applicable to the subject. If by any chance the appropriate verse was not immediately available, he just quoted Scripture anyway. The fact that he had such an immense store to draw from was always of great interest to the people.

He was possessed of the ability to adapt himself to whatever circumstance or environment in which he was placed. He had the power to make a person feel at ease. There was almost an irresistible feeling when around him, that some who you were just a little closer to him than most people. He did not say so in those exact words, but from the way you felt, it was easy to read that interpretation into the things he did say.

Many declared him to be "The best loved man in America." Others have said. "He was everybody's friend." He was known as "Uncle Bud" by many people from every State in the Union. He often said of himself: "I guess that I am about everybody's uncle." Many felt that somehow he was kin to them and the pleasure of having him in their home was comparable to that of an esteemed relative. He was usually able to adapt himself to the life of the average home and thus alleviate much of the strain which often goes with entertaining. Invariably the people would find themselves convinced in their own minds, that in Bud Robinson they had not just a mere acquaintance, but a real friend.

There was no special age group which necessarily held an edge over the rest. The infant in its mother's arms and the children playing about the house were objects of much consideration. He gave them pieces of money and called them pet names, and the children grew up feeling that "Uncle Bud" was as near to them as many of their close kin. It mattered but little as to races involved. They all seemed to forget that he was Irish and the racial differences were laid aside momentarily for he was a brother to man.

Services were being conducted in a Florida village. There was a great lake almost at the back door of the church. A railroad employee attended the services. His family belonged to the church, but he, although interested, was yet unsaved. Being unable to go fishing that morning he promised to supply us with boats and to send two of his men to row for us. The day dawned and there, by the lake, stood two Negro men. One of the men took the local pastor and Bud Robinson, and Sam and I rowed away in the other boat. Our boats were separated by floating islands as we were seeking a good place to fish. We finally dropped anchor and Sam said, "I'll hum a little spiritual while you fishes." It was not long until my line began to sink and the rod bent almost double but soon with Sam's help a nine and one-quarter pound bass lay safely in the boat. Sam was so elated he could hardly wait for the other boat to arrive. He said: "I wants to see what 'Uncle Bud' will do and say when he sees dis here bass." Yes, there was something about him that made even Sam feel free to call him "Uncle Bud," although he had never seen him before and he lived in that part of the Old South where such was far from the custom.

It could be said of him that he literally made barrels of money. In most place the people enjoyed and counted it a privilege to give to him. Some of the poorest sections of the country often gave him the largest offerings. There were a few times, however, when he did not make expenses. This was rather an exception to the rule. But on the whole he was paid well. There was one thing about him which made him different from the average person. He never attempted to keep more than a very small checking account, and nothing whatsoever in saving accounts or in bonds. Usually he was more or less pressed by some financial obligation. He had invested money in camp grounds, colleges, local churches, hundreds of young people and to many other projects. This was not money put out on interest but money given for the interest of the Kingdom. He loved to make money. He enjoyed being paid well. In later life it rather irked him not to be paid well. While more than likely he would have turned around the very next day and given it to some worthy cause or spent it all for some good purpose. That was his habit of life. This was the way he wanted to use his money.

There were but very few days of the last forty years of his life that he spent at home. Part of that time his wife and two daughters traveled with him, especially during the summer months. But after moving to California he traveled alone as far as the family was concerned. He toured the United States and Canada as few men ever did. He worked this whole section of the world like a farmer worked a piece of ground, up one row and down the next. A man who has traveled two million miles could never have done that by staying in one place long at a time. Some years ten days or perhaps two weeks was the entire time spent in his home. One way he had in expressing his busy travels was: "When the rooster was crowing, I was up, shaking the sand out of my socks, getting ready for another run." He often stated that his motto was "Everlastingly at it." That motto seemed to have served as the norm of his life. Again in his own language: "I was as busy as a cow's tail in fly time, and her banner is everlastingly waving."

When he arrived at home it was usually but for a brief stay. But those few days were enjoyed not by sleeping long up into the day and then leisurely getting up and dressing to do nothing but relax. Regardless of the lateness of the hour he arrived home he was up at an early hour to talk and visit with family and friends. He loved to work in the yard. He was not a gardener in any sense of the word, but he would spend hours digging in the yard and pruning trees. He never took into consideration the plan of the garden or the plot of ground in which he was digging. If he chanced to dig into lily bulbs, regardless of how rare and choice they might have been, he dug them up, piled them into a pile and dumped them on the vacant lot. For years he had seen oranges and grapefruit groves but he apparently had never observed that the lower branches of the citrus trees would bear fruit. His idea was to prune the trees until you could stand erect under them. Then when nature tried to replace those limbs with new wood, he took special care to see that no new branches were allowed to form. It was difficult to keep shrubs of any kind, his practice was to dig them up and replace them with fruit trees.

Yes, Bud Robinson was home. Some of his neighbors had come to call especially to see him. The living room resounded with laughter and there was a constant stream of conversation which could be heard by the other members of the family as they were busy here and there with the various and sundry duties. Then suddenly all was quiet. Not a sound could be heard. Presently the front door opened and closed gently. Later when some member of the family walked into the room to see what had taken place and why the guest had departed so suddenly, no explanation was necessary. For there upon the living room couch lay the host, the Rev. Bud Robinson, fast asleep. Yes, a social error. But who ever expected Bud Robinson to adhere strictly to a social code and to abide by the forms and ceremonies recorded in a book on etiquette. He was not built that way. Nobody seemed to hold it against him. Yes, he was asleep. The wrong time to be asleep to be sure. Yet his ability to sleep was one of his greatest assets. There are scores of ministers who have traveled with him on certain tours for some ten days, two weeks, and a few have attempted a thirty day period. But at the end of this time there were many who felt that a nervous breakdown was inevitable, at least a few days of vacation were imperative. But Bud Robinson, like "Old Man River," went on forever.

One of the reasons for his being able to continue month after month and year after year was his ability to sleep. When his day's work was ended, he completely laid aside all his cares and responsibilities and went to sleep. It made no particular difference as to the time of day, he could sleep any time. It was of little consequence as to where he was, he could sleep anywhere. In traveling with him our schedule called for hundreds of miles of travel each day. Many seemed to marvel at his ability to travel so far, yet to be so fresh and to preach so well. Few there were who knew the secret. For he would sit in the front seat of the car and sleep by the hour. Upon arrival at our destination he would be entirely refreshed and able to preach as if nothing out of the ordinary had taken place. In fact, to him, this had become the ordinary.

It was bed-time. The custom was to pray before retiring. Each member of the family had prayed a short prayer. Now it came Bud Robinson's turn to pray. Yes, he prayed. He did fairly well for a while, but when he began to pray for the public roads and the post office we knew that he had gone to sleep.

He loved people and was never happier than when there was a crowd around him. He was very pleased to have his friends call on him in his own home. He often would invite many of his friends to accompany him as his guest to the Rainbow Angling Club for a great fish dinner. He was never quite satisfied with one or two but was very much happier when thirty or forty of the brethren would accept his invitation for an afternoon at the lake where they could catch an abundance of those rainbow trout, cook and eat them at those grills and spend some time together, with him doing most of the talking.

On his eighty-second birthday he wanted to have a few of his friends down to the house to share with him a birthday dinner. Plans were made accordingly. Each day when he would go up to the market, down town, or perhaps to church, he would see many whom he would invite to his birthday dinner. He made no note of the number of people who were to come, but kept right on inviting more. Suddenly it dawned upon those whose duty it would be to prepare this dinner that there was no way of knowing how many were to be there. That part of the program was a very minor detail as far as he was concerned. He was having a lot of fun inviting these friends down to dine with him. From his conversation we began to try to piece together the invitations extended in order to estimate the number of guests he was expecting. He had asked for a turkey dinner with all the trimmings. In spite of the fact that he kept inviting those whom he chanced to meet, and would telephone and write those whom he did not see, preparations were finally made without knowing how many were coming. That was a great night. Seventy-four of his friends sat down at the various tables which filled the dining room, living room, music room and study. Bud Robinson, although he was not very well at this time, was in his element. These were his friends. They were in his home. He was an extremely happy host. This was his last birthday. Nothing could have made him happier unless it would have been more of his friends to have shared with him the joy of this occasion.

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14 -- A RETROSPECT

Bud Robinson had finally reached the summit of "the great divide." Here he paused for a retrospective view of the life he had lived. Opened up before him were the pages of history he had helped to make. The record appeared to be complete. Here his successes were designated, and there his failures loomed before him. Here were mountain peaks he had scaled, and out there were the corresponding valleys across which he had traveled. Patches of bright sunshine were clearly visible, but checkered by shadows of canyons and clouds. This was no place nor time for supposition. When a person knows that at any moment now he may, and soon must, stand before his Lord, and there face the record of his life, with no possible chance to make amends for incompatibilities which may appear on that record, it is indeed, a time for serious consideration. In his usual characteristic manner, he made a thorough canvass of the past. His keen perceptive powers enabled him to take in the situation. He stood there surveying the field of facts, endeavoring to weed out all that appeared fanciful. He laid aside all claims to any place of importance and thus acclaimed his own worth as "A bundle of rags at His feet."

The only thing of importance now, was not what he, himself had done, but what Christ had done for him which would enable him to stand the test of a crucial hour like this. Here were statistics and figures piled up. What seemed so much to us from where we were, seemed too small

to him from where he was. With his eyes focused upon the world as it lay spread out before him, he remarked, "It seems to me, that I have done nothing at all." There he stood with no price in his hand, save the price which the Son of God had paid for the redemption of the world. Here he stood with no merit, save the merits of the shed blood. Yes, here stood a great man, but a humble soul.

Many have reiterated that old saying, "There never was but one Bud Robinson." Some have declared that there never will be another. It is no prerogative of mine to say what the future holds, but as we canvass the past and learn of men and their greatness, we do find that the place which Bud Robinson filled in life was, indeed, rather unique. People's faith in him became so strong and their confidence so unbounding that they seemed to feel that the place of his abode was ever above the timber line. The truth of the matter is, he was just a human being like you and me. With him, as with you, the tide both ebbed and flowed. The skies above him were sometimes dark and dreary. His struggles were often fierce and his battles were hard. Few there were who seemed to feel or to think of him in this respect. No, he did not always live on the mountain top. But his indomitable will to succeed carried him on, bore him up and brought him through. The humility of his attitudes, and the simplicity of his faith, together with his power of adaptation made him a desirable instrument in the hands of his Maker, Who in turn magnified his usefulness.

I sat by his bed and tried to comprehend his life as a whole. From his vantage ground the design of his life had been worked out to a completion. Like a jig-saw puzzle, the pieces had all been fitted into the whole. Like a tapestry of life, the threads were all tied and now he was viewing the product of his own making.

The cords of influence left by his travels seemed to occupy my mind. We find these cords firmly fastened at the four corners of the nation: from Old Orchard, Maine, to Los Angeles, California, and from Seattle, Washington to Key West, Florida. Each individual tour became an integral part of the whole design, and each made its contribution toward the perfection of the pattern. For more than sixty years he had gone up and down, in and out, 'round and 'round, and back and forth over the nation like a human shuttle weaving life's pattern. But now that pattern, which resembled a huge net interestingly contrived, covered the entire nation. There were a few cords extending around the world. Thus the influence of Bud Robinson was felt everywhere. I am reminded of the words of the Master when He said, "If you will follow me, I will make you fishers of men." Therefore this massive mesh of woven influence became a net with a nation-wide drag, designed to win men to the kingdom of heaven.

We were in the hills of West Virginia. We had driven some two or three hundred miles to reach this rather isolated village. Isolated from the rest of the district. The village, itself, amounted to little more than a wide place in the road. The building where worship was usually held was very small. The good pastor had arranged for the largest church building in the town some miles to the west. He had announced that Bud Robinson would preach on a certain night during the week. The people began to talk. There were but few who had ever heard him and that was many years ago. But neighbors began to hold conversations with neighbors. Several of them knew somebody who had heard him. We were assigned rooms in a little hotel. The wife of the owner of the hotel, to whom we were introduced, said in all sincerity: "Is this the real Bud Robinson?" "Why," she said, "I have heard of him years ago." The service was scheduled to begin at seven-thirty o'clock. At six o'clock every available space in the church was taken. The aisles and doorways were

jammed, and many were standing at the widows outside of the church. Only with great difficulty did the preachers gain entrance into the building. Some had driven more than three hundred miles to be in that service. The cords of influence left many years ago were still effective. Most of the congregation, who were so eager to hear him, had been effected indirectly. They had never seen nor heard him, but their lives had been touched by the threads of influence which he had exerted and kept alive by those who had heard him.

Every State in the Union, practically every city and town, and many of the rural communities have been touched by the influence of this man. Parts of the thirty-three thousand sermons preached have been passed on to many who did not have the privilege of hearing him. More than five hundred thousand of his books have been sold and distributed. His "Chats" in the Herald have been talked about around the world. His character, personality and achievements have been discussed by professors from various universities. The eighty-five thousand dollars invested in the lives of young people to assist them in their preparation for Christian service, cannot be evaluated and will continue to pay dividends for many years to come. Yes, a massive mesh of influence blanketing the whole nation, was the influence exerted by Rev. Bud Robinson.

Mrs. Sallie Harper Robinson's health was very poor. For several years she managed to keep going. When her condition definitely took a turn for the worse Bud Robinson was wired to come home. On Sunday morning, September 29, 1940, she reached the end of her earthly pilgrimage. Just as the first rays of the morning sunlight penetrated her bed room windows, she breathed her last. He, being used to extensive travel, was unaccustomed to seeing people suffer and die. This experience was bitter and the next two years were most difficult. He hardly knew what to do with himself. He had lived such an active life. But now, after the death of his wife, he found that his own health was failing.

In the fall of 1941 he developed angina pectoris, a most excruciating type of heart disease. He traveled for a while but it became evident as the weeks went by that he must quit the field of evangelism. This he was very reluctant to do. A person who has led such an excessively busy life is always faced with a very serious problem of adjustment when a crisis like this occurs. But under the doctor's care he was put to bed, and for several weeks he was not allowed to be up. Naturally enough he wanted to get well and once more be back at work. He did improve somewhat, and during the summer of 1942 he spent but two days in bed, in the rest of the time being able to be up and around. On September 8, 1942, he was taken seriously ill. Soon other complications set in and for eight weeks he suffered intense pain. There were times during every day when it seemed that he would not survive. But then he would rally, and during much of the time his mind was occupied with a two-fold consideration: A retrospective view, which we have already considered, and one of anticipation.

Much of the time during the weeks of suffering he seemed to be assured that a transition was in process and a translation in prospect. He looked up and said with a smile, "Well, so we are going to heaven!" When it became necessary to administer some prescribed remedy in order to give relief and relaxation from pain, he seemed always to be traveling, which was a natural thing to expect his subconscious mind to produce. Often when awakened he would ask: "Where am I now?" "When is there a train out of here?" "How far is it and where do I change for heaven?"

By far most of the time he was conscious. Practically every day he had something to say which was indicative of his trend of thought. How often he would say, "Heaven can't be far away." "I must be almost there." Finally he was heard to say, "I am on the banks of the river of life." His gaze had now ceased to be a backward look, but one which pierced the vale and allowed him to see beyond the river, "Whose stream shall make glad the city of God."

That was a long, long trail winding down the hills of Tennessee. For two million miles it extended across the great divide to the banks of the river of life. The time it required Bud Robinson to cover this distance was eighty-two years, nine months and six days. But now his traveling days were over. The destination toward which he had been traveling was in sight. The goal for which he had been striving was about to be realized. The laborer would soon be compensated. The warrior stood at attention and waited silently before his Great Commander to be honored for distinguished service. The servant of the Most High God stood before his Master anticipating a complete liberation and an eternal emancipation, freeing him from the effects of sin. The child of God awaited his Father's embrace. In the evening of November 2, 1942, at eight-fifty-three o'clock, the saint humbly approached the throne of God to receive the crown of life. He had fought a good fight, he had kept the faith. This was his coronation day.

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15 -- MEMORIAL SERVICES

For
Rev. Bud Robinson Native of
White County, Tennessee Born January 27th, 1860

Passed away
Pasadena, California
November 2, 1942

Service
November 5, 1942-2:00 P. M.

Officiant
Dr. Henry B. Wallin, Sermon
Dr. J. Russell Gardner, Obituary
Dr. H. O. Wiley, Scripture
Dr. J. W. Goodwin, Prayer
Dr. A. E. Sanner, Eulogy
Rev. Joseph Ransom, Song

Final Resting Place
Mountain View Cemetery

Dr. Orval J. Nease, Committal

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THE END