

Bunyan was at home with my parents and there was no anxiety about them. I was well satisfied with my new work; ^{I knew} little of what I was to face in my chosen profession, but there was no uncertainty in my mind as to the main decision. The first three months went by almost as a dream. I wrote to my brother G. who lived near Hollywood, Alabama, and asked him to try to find a buyer for my young horse, which father had given me when it was little. It was now about three years old a good sized horse though he had never yet been worked. I soon had \$80.00 and some one else had the horse which I saw the next summer at Hollywood.

When Christmas came we had only one day off, and I spent some time in my room looking down from that upper floor on the life of Fifth Avenue. No doubt it was because I had spent the previous year with my parents that all my living brothers and sisters went back home that Christmas and I was almost unconscious of what was happening. They all seemed to know that my father's health was rapidly declining. It was about the first Sunday in January that a letter from G. was received with the news that I had better come home.

I reached home on January 6 and my father was conscious and seemed glad to see me and showed surprise that I had come all the way home to see him. When Bettie came and father was told that the children were all present he was heard to say "Thank God." We were staying close by his bedside and once we heard him say distinctly "farewell."

Just as the sun came up on January 11, the beginning of a beautiful day, father breathed his last.

I immediately went to the home of our nearest neighbor, Mr. Jimmie Robertson and asked him to take his wagon and team and go to Gurley and buy a coffin. He said he wanted no pay for his own time but would let us pay \$2 for the use of his team. The round-trip was forty or more miles over a rough country road.

Meanwhile some member of the family had sent word to Bro.W.W. Lee who lived near Stevenson and asked him to come and conduct the funeral at the home the next day, January 12.

Mr. Sam Isaacs, our neighbor across the river took the lead in preparing the body for burial. Brother Tom, who was practicing medicine at Hollywood was with father the last days.

The coffin came after night fall, and the pastor was present the next morning with the family and friends. Brother Virgil looked at the face in the casket and said "There are the scars of many a well-fought battle."

About 10:00 A.M. Pastor Lee read some verses of scripture in 2 Cor. 4 and 5 and talked about the "House not made with hands" and Bro. Bob Austell spoke about how John Bouldin lived in his children. Bro. Sam Butler, friend for about fifty years was present. The body was laid to rest Fanuary 12, 1904, about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile due north of where John Bouldin entered into rest.