

725 The Paseo, Kansas City
Oct. 30th, 1920

Dr. T. B. Ray,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Brother Ray:--

I have not written you for a long time and will now "infilct" upon you one of my long rambling letters.

I went out here in Jackson Co., where my parents live at old "New Liberty" Church and held them a three weeks meeting. I went over there just after the Blue River Associational meeting--to be exact it was September 26th. We had the finest weather I think I ever saw for a meeting in the country.

The first week was hard pulling and the second was hard too, though the interest was fine. The last week was much easier as the interest was much better. We had no great stir--no big "hip, hup, hurrah; somebody head us off" meeting. But it was a real work of grace and folks got to praying and then the Lord did things for them. It was great, though hard on me, as they had no pastor, no singer, no anything much except "dry bones."

I just honored the Word, and then God honored me by giving me liberty and power, and there were 25 professed conversions. Several restorations. One old man 73 years old who had been excluded from the church more than 20 years ago, came and was restored to fellowship midst great joy on the part of all. On Saturday I baptized 13, almost all men and boys, and several of them heads of families. It was a great day we had. Then on Sunday I preached Missions to them, using Luke 24:46,47. This is my "trap" sermon for "Hardshells." I either got them or they just slip away without anything to say after hearing me.

By way of parenthesis, out in New Mexico I got \$500 for the Millions Drive from one of them last year just on the strength of that sermon.

Then at night I spoke for about an hour and a half to a crowded house on Mexico. I mean at the close of

the meeting I am telling you about. It was great. After the lecture, they came and shook hands with me and an old man said: "Twenty-five years ago I used to railroad out of Monterrey, and I can say you told the truth."

Well, on Monday after closing the meeting there, I came in here and Tuesday went to St. Joseph to the General Association. Saw and heard Dr. Love and I assure you I rejoice with you in the great program you are laying out for Europe and all the world. He said he wanted to have a talk with me but we did not get to talk any to speak of.

Last Sunday I preached for the Maryville church and I gave them a sermon on Missions at the morning hour, showing how it was linked up with all the rest of the fundamentals of the Christian religion. Oh, I believe in Missions. In the afternoon I preached Christ at the County Poor Farm near there and at night, my subject was: Nothing Between the Sinner and the Savior except his own stubborn will.

I came on home and left Tuesday morning for Marion, Kans. Now this is one of the most interesting things I ever experienced. Let me tell you about it. Some months ago the good people of that place got interested in the Mexicans working there on the Ry. They wrote all around and at last found out about us. We sent them literature and they would go out there to the box cars each Sunday afternoon and have a sort of Sunday School. One of them--the Mexicans--could speak quite a bit of English. They kept writing for some one of us to make them a visit. It was impossible on account of the distance and our overworked condition. But recently they wrote me again and I had these three days idle, so I went. We had services three evenings in a box car. Quite a lot of Americans attended and 18 or 20 Mexicans.

The last night I asked them to take a definite stand for Christ, and 14 men came and gave me their hand, several speaking a word as to their gratitude for the Gospel Message I had taken them. Many of them are from the interior of Mexico and will soon return for the winter.

In fact, several of them are going to leave next week. It seems that Providence lead me out there and so I just turned to the Americans and asked them if they ever saw anything like that before, to which they replied in the midst of their tears that they had not. I talked to them then for a few minutes on the subject of The Stranger within our Gates. You may be sure I laid the emphasis where it needs to be laid.

They were very kind to me and showed me their gratefulness by slipping into my hand a nice little offering which they wanted me to receive to use for the glory of the Master. They more than paid my expenses. It was a glorious experience. Several of these men are going to Torreon, others to Guadalajara, one to Leon and still another to Pénjamo, all on our fields, and I told them where to go when they arrive there, giving them the names of our pastors.

Praise the Lord for His goodness and the rich blessings He is piling up on His unworthy servant.

I leave this afternoon for Harrisonville in this State where I will speak in the morning and then in the afternoon at a country church, then at night at Pleasant Hill. Of course this will be on Missions especially in Mexico.

Next Friday I am to be at William Jewell College for Chapel, and then an address before the Ministers Club, including the Volunteers. I will be there all day and will talk privately with anyone who might be interested in giving himself or herself to Mission work. I am going to tell them we need men for Mexico.

Then a week from tomorrow I go to Sedalia to help the East Church in a meeting. Pray that we have the presence and power of the Lord.

I am invited to every part of the State, but as I must keep my boy Frank in college now that he is there and I am compelled to get hold of this money on the side, I can not take all my time for that kind of work. I will give a part of it, but will have to do some evangelistic work to make ends meet. I have not made a program for after Christmas, though I could have had every day taken for three months thereafter. I am just waiting to get caught up somewhat.

We are well. May the Lord lead us all.

Davis