

*Sam's Squire Hurst*  
*Elon College* *Wesley Squire*  
*Alfred Hurst*  
*North Carolina*  
*27244*

# THEY CALLED HIM "KIM"

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The Life and Work  
of  
Archimades Piper Hurst  
A Christian Minister for Sixty Years



Edited and Arranged by  
ALFRED WESLEY HURST  
his Son



Photograph of  
Archimedes Piper Hurst  
Elkhart, Indiana  
(1926)



In Albany, Missouri (1923).  
"Be it ever so humble,  
There's no place like home."

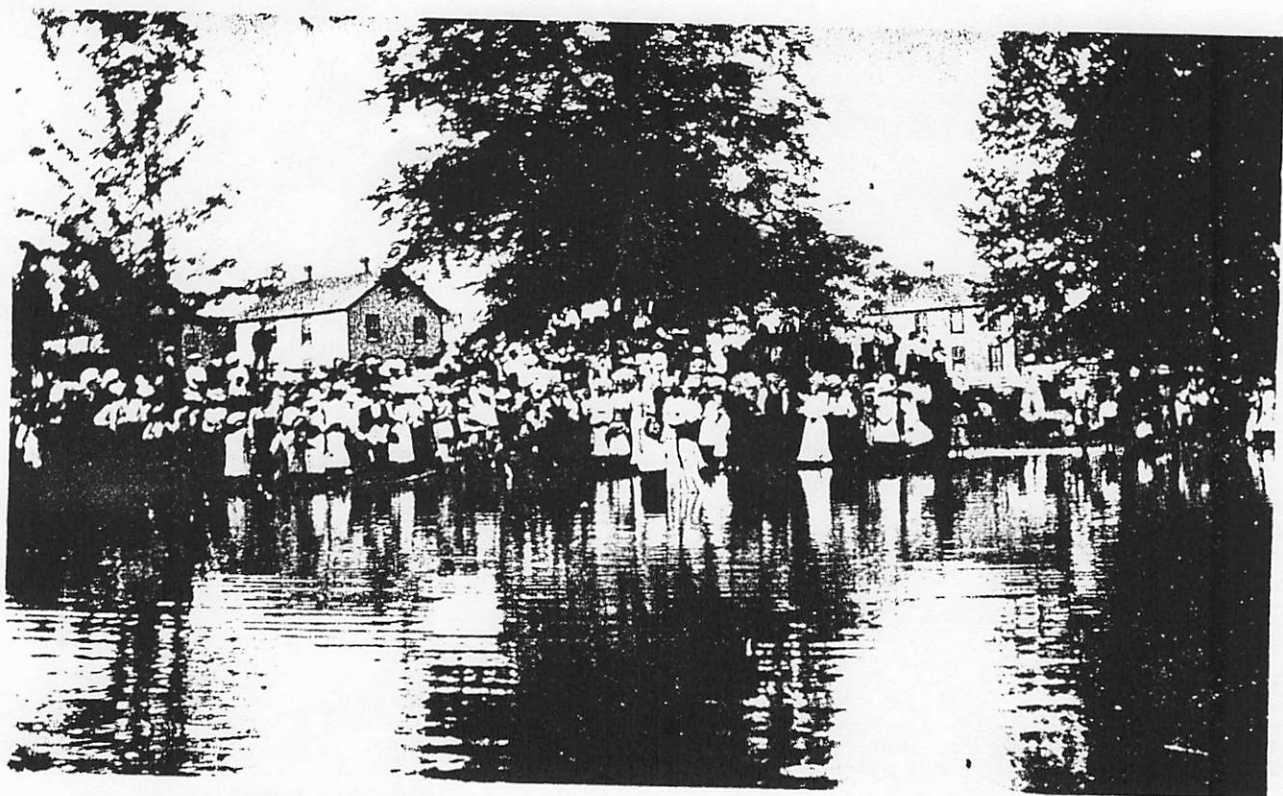


(1931)  
of his grandchildren.  
believe a man who has  
rest in children."  
(Charles Dickens)

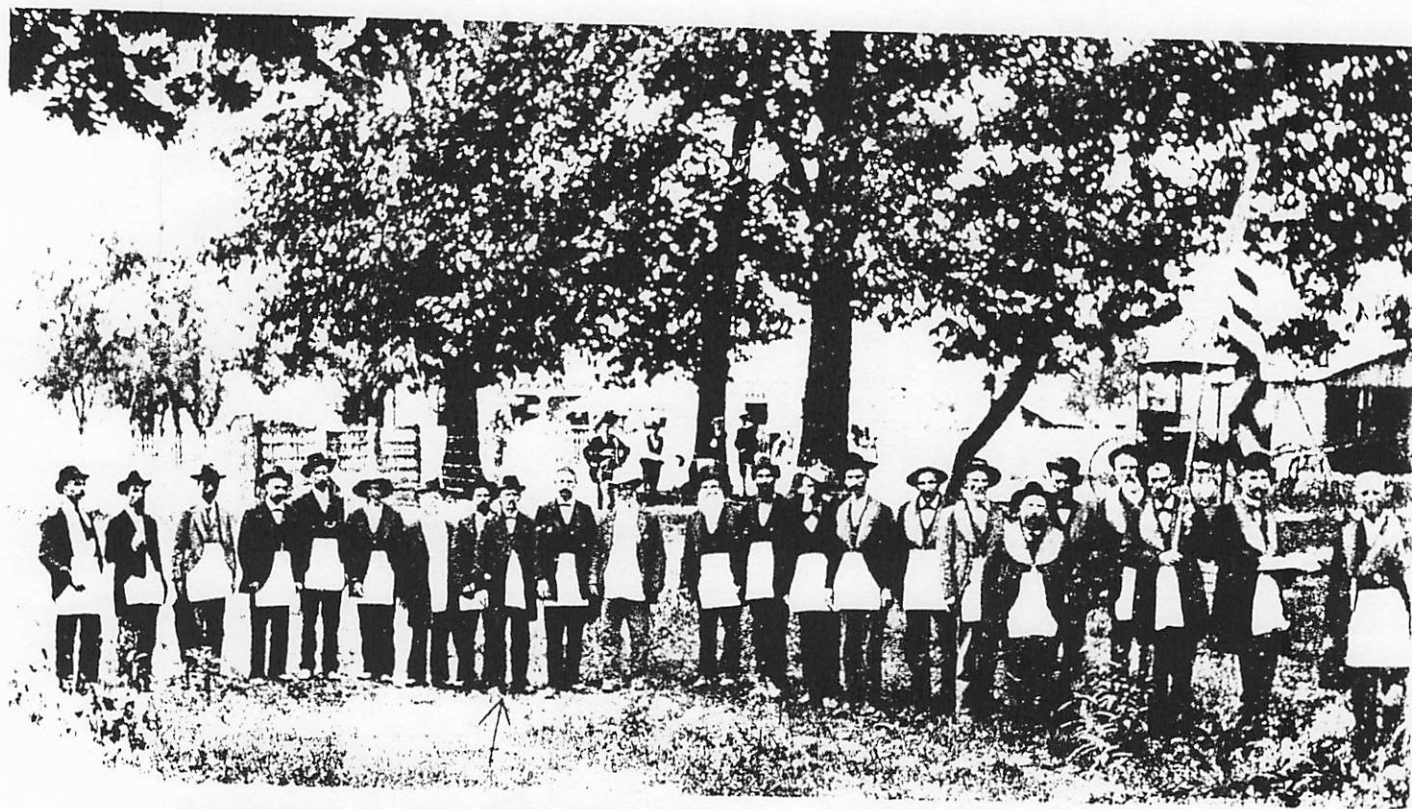
**REV. A. P. HURST**  
PASTOR OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

CHRIST THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH. CHRISTIAN OUR  
ONLY NAME. THE BIBLE OUR ONLY CREED. INDIVIDUAL  
INTERPRETATION OF THE SCRIPTURE THE RIGHT AND  
DUTY OF ALL. MOTTO: UNION OF ALL CHRISTIANS.  
CHRISTIAN CHARACTER THE ONLY TEST OF FELLOWSHIP.

A card, featuring the Cardinal Principles  
of the Christian Church, adapted for use in a  
number of places where Kim preached.

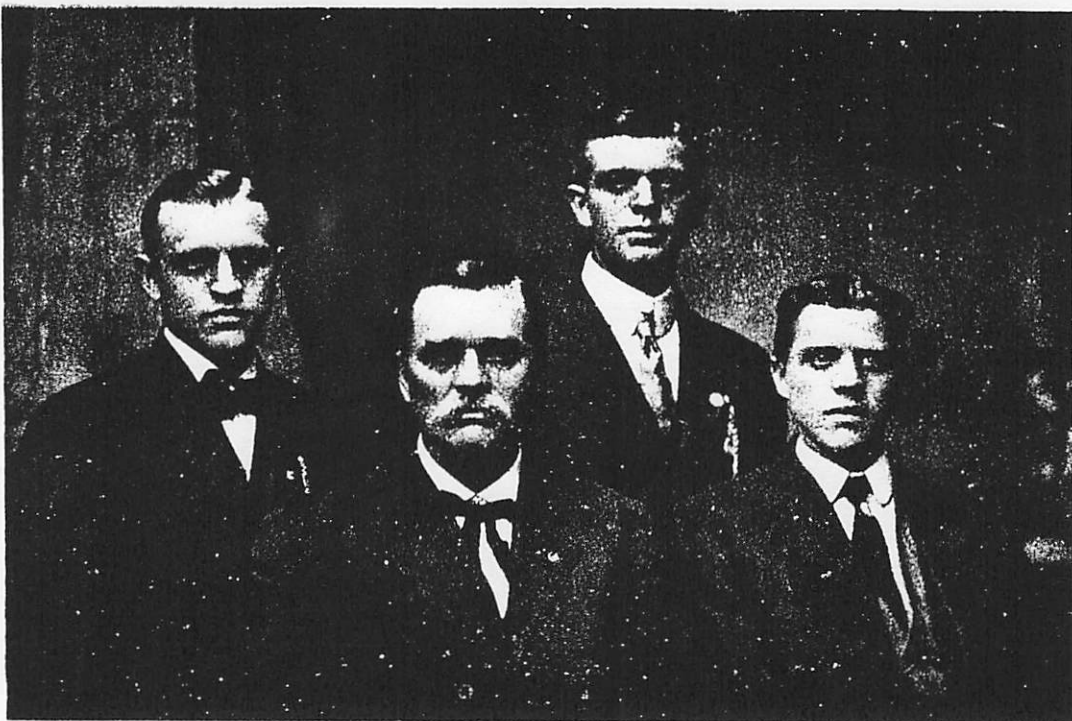


A baptizing near Olive Hill, Kentucky about the year 1900.  
Kim loved to baptize people, nearly always by immersion.



A Masonic Rally at Franklin's Mills, Kentucky in the 1890's.  
Kim is the ninth man from the left.

*Franklin's Mills is now Mt. Vernon*

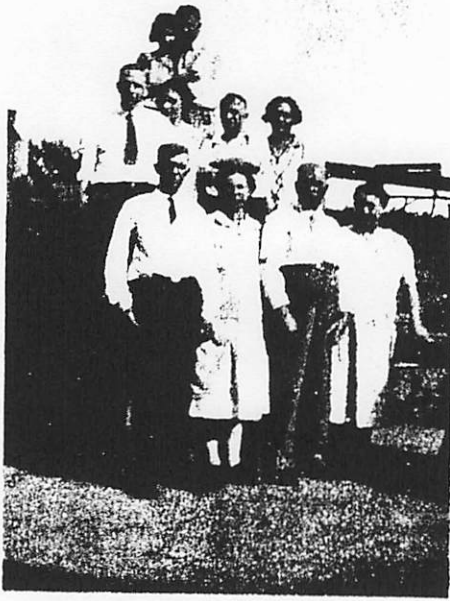


Kim Hurst with three of his older sons: (l to r) William Bassett, Arthur Grant, John Preston, taken in Emporia, Kansas in 1909. The family had been called together because of the serious illness of the older daughter, Minnie, who later recovered.

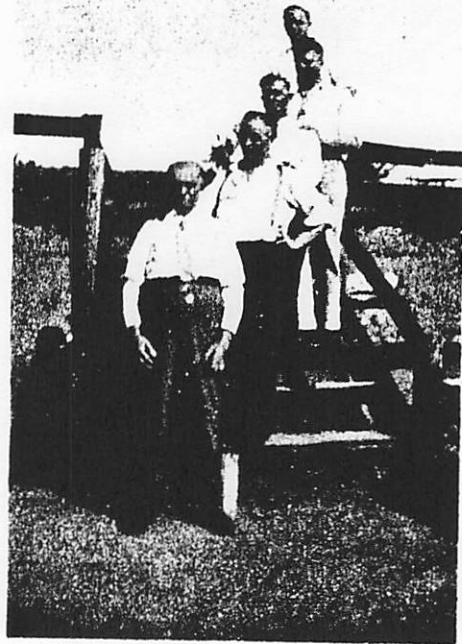


A baptizing Kim conducted for the church he organized at Cedarvale, New Mexico.  
(1911)





Kim and Mary with their four sons and their wives (1929).  
 "If a man leaves children behind him, it is as if he did not die." (Proverb)



Kim,  
 Willie, Arthur, Jack, Alfred  
 "A great happiness to see our children rising round us."  
 (Aeschylus)



A Homecoming occasion at the Woodlawn Church south of Sabetha, Kansas, where Kim preached for a time after moving from Kentucky to that state. He is right of center, second row, with Mary directly behind him. "Fellowship is Heaven, and lack of fellowship is Hell; fellowship is life, and lack of fellowship is death." (William Morris)



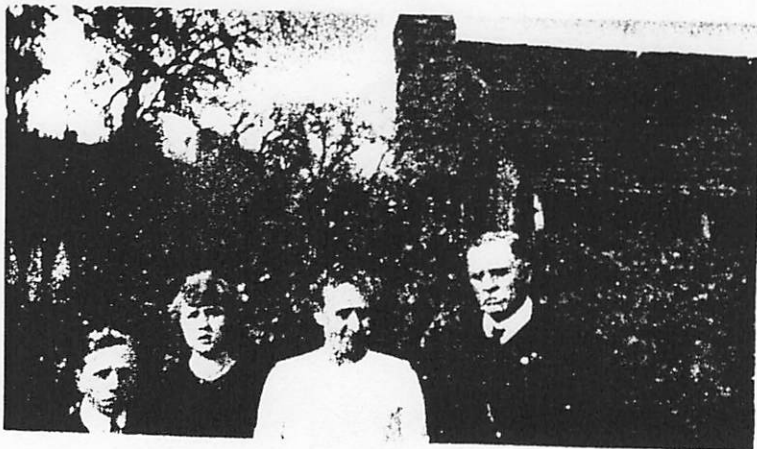
Kim and Mary with their four sons and younger daughter (1928). "A fine family is a fine thing." (Byron)



Kim with his four sons and son-in-law, Clair Velie. "He who is fortunate in a son-in-law finds a son." (Epictetus)

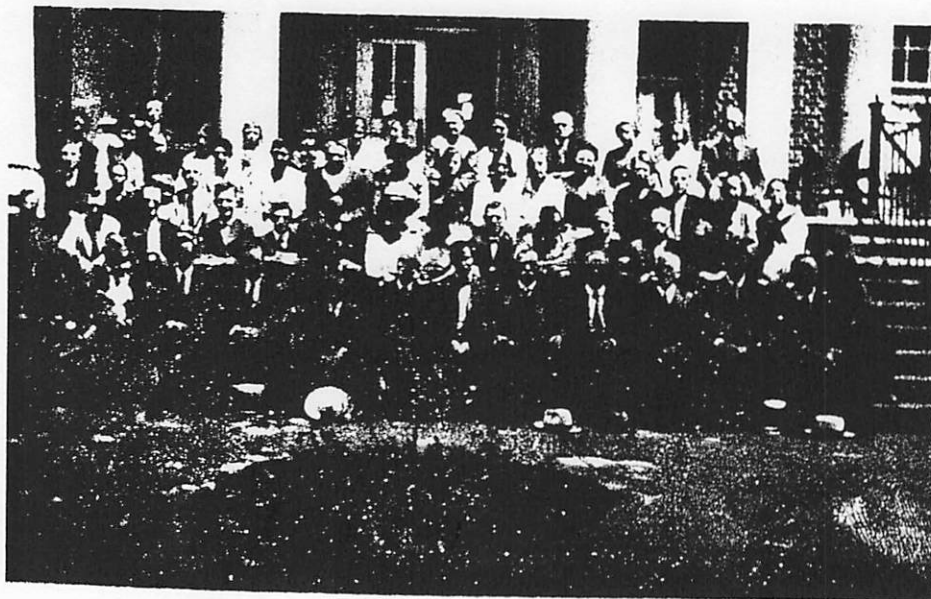
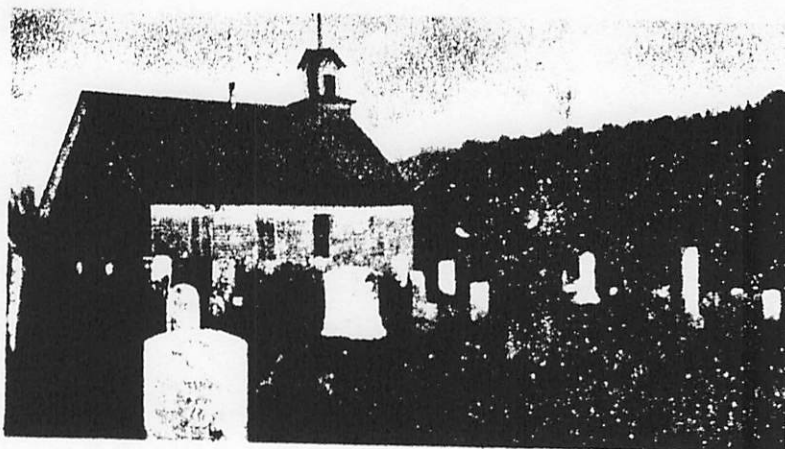


A snapshot taken in 1935 with nine of Kim's twenty living grandchildren. "Happy is he who is happy in his children." (Thomas Fuller)



(Left)  
Kim and his second wife, Mary Fultz, with their two children, Zenith and Alfred (1918). House at Muses Mills, Kentucky, where Kim grew up as a boy, is in the background.

(Right)  
The St. John Christian Church and cemetery, Muses Mills, Ky., first of the eight churches Kim organized during his ministry. Snapshot taken in 1918 when Kim and the family had returned to Kentucky for a visit.



(Left)  
Delegates to the Western Convention of the Christian Church at Palmer College, Albany, Missouri, June 1920. Kim is in the front row, the fifth man from the right.





A surprise birthday party on Kim's eightieth birthday on the lawn of the church parsonage in Elon College, N. C. (1932). Kim had marked the day by preaching at the Community Church.

To Rev. A. P. Hurst  
On Father's day

"When skies are blue,  
Or when they're gray;  
When things are wrong,  
Or come our way;  
When friends are many,  
Or when they're few;  
When failure comes  
When triumph's due;  
No matter what

We do or say,  
We'll still love you—  
Good times, or worst—  
And think of you,  
Dear Father Hurst."

June 14 '32



Kim shed his coat after the friends had left and posed for a picture with one of his birthday cakes. "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years . . ."

(Psalms 90:10)



## INTRODUCTION

This is the life story of Archimedes Piper Hurst, a minister in the Christian Church for sixty years. The essence of the story is taken from some recollections of the subject recorded in some "Big Chief" pencil tablets at various times during his advanced years. It chronicles some of the life experiences, adventures, confessions, fortunes and misfortunes of one who combined the qualities of circuit rider, preacher, pastor, revivalist, pilgrim, and servant of God and man.

"Kim", as he was affectionately called by countless friends in the many states where he served, recorded these experiences with the thought that they might be made available to interested persons after his demise. He hoped that they might inspire, encourage, and strengthen the faith of those who read them. To his youngest son has fallen the duty and privilege of editing the material and preparing it for publication.

Some of the experiences of father's early life made such an indelible impression upon him that in recounting his life story he returns to them again and again. "They stand out in my memory like statuettes of gold," he said. Some of them he describes in detail and with obvious emotion. Much of the narrative suggests nostalgia — a longing for his childhood haunts and home in his native Kentucky, and homesickness for his eternal home in God.

Father was of medium height (5' 7" ), and in his earlier years of slenderish build. In the middle decades of his life a developing rotundness vouched for his delight in his wife's southern hot biscuits and his relish of hot cornbread with homemade butter. His azure blue eyes and blond hair harmonized well with his fair complexion. His level square head and high broad forehead were underscored by prominent eyebrows. His full lips were sheltered by a broad nose, but his mustache made his coarse mouth less apparent. His winsome smile, sparkling playful eyes, and hearty laughter were an index to his jovial disposition.

It was said of Kim Hurst that he never met a stranger. He had a genius for friendship and retained warm relations with scores of people across the long years of his ministry. Out of the pulpit he loved to exchange yarns and humorous experiences with neighbors and friends. In the pulpit he normally wore a business suit, although for a number of years he wore a cutaway coat which was given him by a parishioner who may have felt that his preacher should dress in a more distinctive manner.

This homespun preacher from the hills of Kentucky was keenly aware of his shortcomings. He had little opportunity for schooling when he was growing up. School terms in the rural areas of the state were short, and even then many times he was busy working on the farm when he should have been in school. One might say that like Elisha he was called to the ministry from the plow and the ox goad. His knowledge of the Bible and theology was largely self-taught. Having been reared on a farm he continued this occupation after he began preaching, going to his appointments on weekends, and conducting revival meetings during the fall and winter months when farm work was slack. He had some knowledge of music and supplemented his meager salary by teaching singing schools. He was endowed with strong vocal powers and could preach and sing for weeks without becoming hoarse. He had a deep sense of commission, and preferred to devote his time to preaching and pastoral work, but the remuneration for this was so scanty that he was compelled time and again to return to teaching. Although he had limited formal education, he advocated learning and scholarship, and took deep personal interest in the colleges founded by the Christian Church. To him religion was a matter of both mind and heart.

Although Kim's parents were Methodists, he united with the Christian Church because of its broad and inclusive principles. He believed in giving complete liberty to the individual in matters of faith and practice of the ordinances, with Christian character the only test of church membership. He saw in these principles a platform broad enough for a united church, and was convinced that some day all churches would come to this position. Some day, he believed, they would break through every inhibiting barrier and spread like wildfire. He was puzzled at times why this had not already taken place.

Perhaps it is more apparent to us from today's perspective why the Christian Church didn't make greater growth and become a more significant force in the religious life of the nation and world. It remained a small body numerically with fewer congregations and members at the end of Kim's ministry than there were when he began.

My father organized, or reorganized, fourteen churches, but not as a part of any denominational strategy. This was typical of the early history of the Christian Church. Preachers were engaged almost solely in building churches wherever they saw a need, but when they moved on there was no leadership or organization to conserve and develop that which had been so nobly started. The churches were left as foundlings, and many of them perished. Those that did survive were widely scattered and were compelled to work in isolation with no team-work nor coordination of effort with other churches of the fellowship. They had only a vague consciousness of being a part of a great ongoing movement, and practically no organic sense of being related to a compact and forceful organization pulling together toward common objectives. The only thing binding these scattered congregations together were the six cardinal principles, and the majority didn't comprehend what was involved in those principles. Wherever Kim preached he made a determined effort to interpret those principles, but this cannot be said of the majority of the pastors.

The Christian Church had no uniform standards for the ordained ministry. Some conferences ordained men whose only concern was a place to preach and had no concern for the fellowship as a whole. Many of these pastors did little pastoral or organizational work in their churches and spent little time in their study.

The Christian Church was predominantly rural, and the local congregations were so weak numerically that they were unable to provide the equipment and personnel capable of doing effective church work. The urban trend toward centers of population left many of the country churches to dwindle and die. Of the nine churches father served at different times in Kansas, only two, Towanda and Matfield Green, are still in existence.

Some portions of these memoirs will seem strange to people born in the twentieth century. Some of the methods of church work which prevailed in Kentucky's rural churches in his day would be completely ineffective today. I say this with no intention of discrediting in the least the sincerity and consecrated achievements of those who labored in former generations. I feel sure father would recognize this if he were called to be a minister in this day. Many of the churches were little more than once-a-month preaching points served by non-resident pastors who went to their appointments on Saturday and preached Saturday night and twice on Sunday. They would return home on Monday if they didn't decide to return on Sunday night after the service so as to resume work on the farm Monday morning. Some of the neighborhoods where father preached had no organized churches or church buildings, and services were held in school buildings or in private homes.

Transportation was slow and difficult in eastern Kentucky in those days, but in spite of mud and swollen streams, snow and ice, or even the lack of a horse to ride, father missed but two appointments during the first five years of his ministry. He traveled by foot, horseback, horse and buggy, and steamboat.

A widespread habit among the rural churches for which father preached was the practice of "hiring" a preacher a year at a time. This contributed to a static situation. The churches couldn't grow under such a practice, and a pastor couldn't do his best work because he could lay no long range plans.

Following the practice of the rural Protestant churches of the time father utilized the revivalistic method during all of his ministry. The annual revival for the saving of souls and renewal of the faith of believers was a scheduled part of the program of nearly every church. Preaching services were held every night for two or three weeks, preaching being done by the pastor or a neighboring minister. New members received little if any preparation for church membership through pastoral instruction, or any adequate follow up to assure growth in the Christian life.

Father's sermons were of the expository type and were enlivened by illustrations drawn from farm and home so that they were warmly human. He preached with conviction and great zeal. Normally he ended his sermons with an impassioned exhortation as a way of bringing individuals to a personal decision for Jesus Christ. He loved to preach, and he could remember only two times when he went to his appointments reluctantly. It is not surprising that he didn't strike all the notes in the scale of the gospel in his preaching. Who can? He held to the central theme of God's yearning love for all men, and the saviourhood of Jesus Christ whom he knew in such a transforming way that he wanted others to know him, too. From this he took his pitch.

The conversion process, father recognized, is for many people sudden and startling, but for others undramatic and gradual. In the nineteenth century there was a widespread idea that the most trustworthy kind of religious experience came through instantaneous conversion as the climax of great emotional stress and long agonizing prayer. Some of the patterns of religious behavior in father's earlier revivals suggest the ecstatic demeanor of some pentecostal groups of our own time. Emotional demonstrations were common and were looked upon as signs of the presence of the Holy Spirit. There were occasions in Kentucky and southern Ohio when people became so deeply convicted that they fell prostrate, and for a period of time were unaware of anything around them. When they experienced a sense of forgiveness and acceptance with God, brother might fall on the neck of brother and weep, and sisters did likewise, then went home singing and shouting for joy. When father transferred his ministry to the middle west his services were usually more restrained, but at the same time deeply moving.

Father felt that emotion is important in religion, but he recognized that persons of different temperament react in dissimilar ways. When some converts expressed disappointment that they had experienced nothing striking, he suggested that the test of religious experience is the fact that one has experienced life on a new level of meaning. One has no memory of his physical birth, but still he knows he is alive. So one may not be able to point to a specific moment when his life was changed miraculously, but he may know he is spiritually alive to the things that are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.

A layman in Kentucky expressed concern that he couldn't shout like other people. He felt he was a Christian, but he just didn't feel like shouting. Father told him not to worry about that; that the important thing is to have the heart right.

Father's theology was simple and rather rigid, but he was not dogmatic. He shared the conventional religious outlook of his time: The Bible as sole authority and infallible guide for faith and conduct; God a personal, righteous, and loving Father; man a sinner, and the work of Christ for man's redemption; a judgment yet to

come, and the gospel as a way of escape for the soul from eternal damnation; heaven and hell and a personal devil; expectation of the second coming of Christ to usher in the millenium of peace as described in the book of Revelation. To him conversion was not the culmination but the beginning of the Christian life. When justified by the grace of God one should press on toward sanctification in fulfillment of the command of Christ, "Be ye perfect." However, father never claimed perfect holiness. Sanctification to him meant the consecration of one's whole being to Christ. A few times he had mystical visions and experiences which are reserved perhaps for those of particular temper. Some of them are described in this narrative.

Our father was a sociable person who drew old and young to him. At the same time when courage was called for, he was aggressive and fearless in manner. The first twenty-five years of his ministry were given largely to the people of the hill country of eastern Kentucky when many of the people were unrefined in thought and manner, and feuds were not uncommon. It is fortunate that he had an appetite for adventure since he had a number of hairbreadth escapes. With the apostle Paul he could have said, "in frequent danger of death, (once nearly stoned), in danger of rivers, danger from robbers, danger from false brothers, through toil and hardship, through many a sleepless night, through hunger and thirst, often without food, exposed to cold." The sheer physical hardships and obstacles are hard for modern people to imagine. Meetings were held under all sorts of conditions, in school houses, tents, in open fields and under trees, on river banks and once in a hotel.

At the turn of the century father transferred his labors to Kansas, moving by covered wagon. Along the way he conducted tent meetings and singing schools. He organized a new church in a boom town in the heart of the flint hills north of Eldorado, Kansas. In 1910 he joined the homesteaders who were moving like a tide to the west and southwest and filed on a claim of 320 acres in Torrance County, New Mexico. This was then genuine home mission territory, and he organized a few churches and Sunday Schools. However, the altitude in that part was too high for his heart and the doctors advised a lower elevation. When the three-year residence required of homesteaders was completed he returned to Kansas. For the next two decades he served as pastor of town and country churches and conducted protracted meetings in that state, and in Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, and North Carolina. On his 80th birthday he preached in the Whitl Auditorium of Elon College to an audience of townspeople who had come to know him not only as a retired minister, but as a neighbor and friend who wasn't above sitting on a "cracker barrel" in the village store swapping yarns and garden plans.

Our father passed away suddenly at the home of the undersigned in Chattanooga, Tennessee on January 15, 1936. Sustained by an unfaltering trust, I think he was completely raised above fear of death. He believed fully in the future recognition of loved ones in heaven, but he was sure he would give his first attention to his God and Christ who had done much more for him and his than all others combined. He was a Royal Arch Mason, but esteemed his church above all other societies. He baptized over two thousand persons by immersion, received almost three thousand into church membership in a dozen different states, married over two hundred couples, preached over three hundred funerals, travelled over 58,000 miles in his ministry, and taught 137 singing schools. He was elected to several different offices in the conferences to which he belonged. At various times he was offered positions in the business world at more pay than he could ever have hoped to receive in the ministry but he refused for the sake of the kingdom of his Lord. Other denominations offered him higher salaries, but the Christian Church suited him above all others, and he said, "I am not a Judas; I am not about to sell out."

I have not tried to give an appraisal of father's life and work, but have endeavored to record faithfully his own personal witness. He naturally shared the intellectual outlook and patterns of thought and conduct that prevailed in his day



and environment. Every passing generation sees inevitable changes in ways of thinking. Even though I may not express my faith in some of the concepts he used, I feel I am one with him in the deepest and most essential elements of the Christian faith. I hope that many who read this chronicle will also feel a deep identity between his faith and theirs. He warmed himself by an open fireplace, and we warm ourselves by a furnace register or radiator, but heat is still the abiding reality. We may use different categories and concepts than father used to express his faith, but the Christ he served is the same yesterday, today, and forever, whatever concepts we may use. I trust we shall be as faithful to Christ in our day with its peculiar challenges as he was in his day.

It has been a rewarding experience to prepare this account of my father's life and work. Living with the material for several years has instilled in me a wistful desire to savor some of the enraptured delight and jubilant joy which he experienced at unexpected moments during his life. If other readers find the story equally stirring and fascinating I shall be glad. This is my hope and prayer as I send it forth.

Alfred Wesley Hurst

Elon College, North Carolina

On the second Sunday afternoon of the month of June, in the year of our Lord 1876, Archimedes Piper Hurst and his bride of five months, Caroline Ham, made their way along a country road toward the Point Pleasant Schoolhouse. This was the school Kim had attended as a boy. The verdant foliage of the trees and shrubs, the variegated flowers along the roadside, and the azure blue sky above, infused the day with a festive air. Birds sang their springtime antiphones, and gaudy butterflies wavered over the wayside blossoms. It was a perfect day for a stroll in the country, but Kim and Carrie were not out for a leisurely walk. In his hand Kim carried a Bible from which he would read the text for his first sermon.

Walking was common in those days if people were going short distances. As Kim and Carrie made their way toward the schoolhouse they were joined by several neighbors, some of whom were his old schoolmates. One of them, Mariah Humphries, stepped up beside Kim and said, "Is it true that you are going to preach, Kim?" He turned to her with a smile and replied, "I don't know, Mariah, but I'm going to try."

"Well, I never thought about you being a preacher," Mariah declared. "Do you know what I'm going to do?" she continued with a mischievous look and tone.

"No," Kim replied good naturedly, "no one but the Lord knows what Mariah is going to do!"

"Well," Mariah continued, "I'm going to sit right in front of you, and every time you make a mistake I'm going to point my finger at you."

"Now, Mariah," Kim begged, "for one time in your life do be good."

"No," Mariah persisted, "that's just what I'm going to do."

When they arrived at the schoolhouse the small one-room building was crowded and many were standing outside. The announcement of the service had been out for two weeks and many had come through curiosity to hear Kim preach his first sermon. Although he was sure some were there for the good of the meeting, he had a feeling others were there to see him fail, or hoping he would.

Kim was trembling from tip to toe when he opened the service, but his ability to sing was a great help. He lined several hymns in the old time way and young and old joined in the singing. When he picked up his Bible to read the Scripture the old fear returned and he quivered so much it was with difficulty that he followed the words. After the reading he led in the singing of another hymn which expressed his heartfelt prayer:

"O for a faith that will not shrink though pressed by every foe;  
That will not tremble on the brink of any earthly woe."

Asking the people to bow in prayer he prayed audibly for the service, but inwardly he asked the Lord "to take away that man-fearing spirit." "He did it," Kim said, "and when we arose from prayer I was myself again. My fears were gone."

Taking his Bible again, Kim turned to the Gospel According to John and announced his text: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life. (John 3:14, 15) Soon after he began preaching Grandma Jackson, "a good old Methodist woman," slapped her hands and began to shout. "Glory to God for salvation and for answering prayer!" she exclaimed. This response encouraged the young preacher. About half way through his sermon he noticed to his surprise that some of his old associates were in tears. Suddenly he thought of what Mariah Humphries had said as they walked toward the schoolhouse, so he looked to see what she was doing. Although she was looking at him, lo, instead of pointing her finger big tears were running down her cheeks, too. That, too, gave him courage. In after years Kim thanked God that he had the pleasure of receiving Mariah and five of her brothers and sisters into church membership.

Kim preached extemporaneously for about twenty minutes and confesses that he doesn't remember much that he said, but he does recall that his fears had flown and that he was supremely happy. The service concluded with a parting handshake and an announcement that he would preach again at Point Pleasant on the second Sunday of July.

Kim was twenty-four years old when he preached his first sermon. He was born on June 19, 1852 on Triplet Creek seven miles north of Morehead in Fleming County, Ky. At the time Fleming was a large county, but six years later, because of poor roads and difficult communication, it was divided and the southeast third was given the name Rowan County. Kim's parents were living on a three hundred acre place which was mostly timberland. He was the fourth child and second son of Alfred and Susannah Swin Hurst. Alfred Hurst had a special interest in Mathematics and named his son for the famous ancient mathematician, Archimedes. "Piper" was given him as a middle name, but from childhood he was affectionately called "Kimbo" or "Kim."

## II

Kim Hurst's paternal greatgrandfather, James Hurst, was born near York, England. James Hurst's father joined John Wesley's Methodist movement, and James himself heard Wesley preach a number of times. In 1775 James Hurst and his four brothers left England for America. Before leaving England all five brothers were married, James marrying Malinda Martin. A sister, Charlotte Hurst Sutton, and her husband and three children also came to America. The five brothers enlisted in the Continental Army under George Washington and at the end of the Revolutionary War they all became citizens of the United States.

James Hurst was an "old line Whig." "Hence," Kim says, "the Whig 'disease' has been hereditary in the family ever since." Whig was the name applied in England to those who opposed the usurpation of power by the king. In the American colonies it was adopted by those who resisted the efforts of the king to nullify the commercial and political privileges and who favored independence. The term was practically synonymous with patriot. Kim was born only a few months before the death of Daniel Webster of Massachusetts who was a talented and influential voice in national politics and a leader in the organization of the Whig Party in the United States. Kim grew up in a family devoted to the Whig cause and came to admire Webster as one of America's greatest statesmen. Long known as the great expounder of the Constitution, Webster was unswervingly loyal to the principles upon which the nation was founded.

Following the Revolutionary War a general economic slump along the Atlantic seaboard started the population fanning out westward. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the west meant Kentucky and the country surrounding it. It was real frontier territory. Land was cheap and waiting to be occupied by people with energy and spunk. Most of the land was virgin timber. Restless waves of home-seekers rolled out of the northeast and southeast. Trials were many and toil burdensome as these pioneers set themselves to conquer the wilderness. Only people of dauntless spirit ventured into it. The land was hard to clear because it was first growth and was very heavy. It wasn't unusual for male members of the family to stay out until nearly midnight piling and burning the brush and stumps. After a few hours sleep they were up again by four or five o'clock to take care of the chores before going back to the clearing for another long hard day. The rifle was a constant companion for they were in danger daily from Indian attack. Some fierce Indian skirmishes were fought here. Hard toil and hard fare were their lot as they strove against poverty. People were on the move constantly. It wasn't unusual for settlers to plant their crops and move before harvest time in the hope of bettering their condition.

The Hurst brothers and their sister joined the endless procession of home seekers bent upon occupying the vast empty continent west of the Alleghenies as quickly as possible. Robert Hurst stayed in the east and settled near Old Richmond, Virginia. William Hurst went on to Tennessee; Samuel Hurst settled on Red River in the Sandy

region of northeastern Kentucky; and John and James went on down to Fleming County and settled on the Sand Lick Fork of Foxes Creek about seven miles south of what is now called Flemingsburg. The county was named for Colonel Fleming who first settled his colony there. The sister and her family also settled in Kentucky. She and the brothers all raised large families. Kim says he has met descendants of all in many states.

Some claim that Kentucky got its name from an Indian word, kentake, meaning "land of the future." Until (1792) it was a county of the state of Virginia. In that year it separated from Virginia and became the second state to be admitted to the Union after the first thirteen, the first being Vermont.

Kim's paternal grandfather, William Hurst, was the son of James and Malinda Martin Hurst. He wasn't an ordained preacher nor a professional politician, but was quite a debater on religion and politics. He was married four times and had twelve children. The records are largely silent as to the part the women played in the winning of the wilderness. William Hurst was first married to Amanda Gardner, and Kim's father, Alfred Hurst, was a child of this union. Other children of the first marriage were Nancy Hurst Seavor, Martha Hurst Hartley, Squire M. and Moses A. Hurst. In 1832 William's first wife, Amanda, died of cholera, and he later married Amanda's sister, Mahala Gardner. To this union were born Amanda, Maremma, John Wesley, Lucinda, Charles, and Aaron. After the death of his second wife, William married Mary Elliott, ("Polly"), daughter of John Elliott who lived at that time on a farm where the town of Muses Mills now stands. Following the death of his third wife, William married Amanda Conrad. To this union was born one son, McGuire Hurst, who was seventeen years younger than his nephew, Kim.

Kim's father, Alfred Hurst, was born June 14, 1822 on the old farmstead south of Flemingsburg. Alfred and his father were both born on the same farm. On June 14, 1844 Alfred Hurst and Susannah Swim were married at the home of her father, the Reverend Trumbo Swim, a Methodist preacher. They went to housekeeping one short mile from where Alfred was reared. Susannah's father was a Methodist circuit rider. Since ready money was scarce it was not unusual for a preacher to labor the six weekdays at a supporting trade. The Reverend Trumbo Swim was a blacksmith. Like the village smithy in Longfellow's poem, he had large sinewy hands and muscles like iron bands. An unusual physical trait was double teeth like jaw molars all the way around above and below. It was said that when he was in his physical prime he could take a cracker barrel in his teeth and toss it over his shoulder as if it were a mere nothing. He lived to the ripe old age of one hundred and two, and his wife who was a daughter of Major Peter Helphestine, lived to be one hundred and three.

Alfred Hurst lived his entire life in the county where he was born and moved only twice. He and "Susan" went to housekeeping on the old John Norris farm on the Sand Lick Fork of Foxes Creek near Flemingsburg. Here Kim's eldest sister, Charlotte, was born. Foxes Creek was named after an Indian chief of the Fox tribe. There is a tradition that the chief undertook to swim across the swollen stream when he was drunk and was drowned.

After their first year of married life, Alfred and Susan decided to move. They bought three hundred acres of fine timberland, mostly uncleared, from a Mr. Raphael Evans for a dollar an acre. This land lay along Triplet Creek about seven miles north of Morehead, Kentucky. This is where Alfred's and Susan's next three children were born: Trumbo, Priscilla, and Kim. Trumbo died in childhood. The place where Kim was born was still almost completely covered with forest. He names thirty-two different varieties of tree and nine different kinds of wild berry which grew on his father's place.

The family lived on this place for six years. When Kim was about two and a half years old his father sold this land and bought a farm of one hundred and sixty acres

1854

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living along the east fork of Foxes Creek a mile east of the present town of Huses Mills, Kentucky. It was Christmas Day when Kim's parents made their second and last move. A deep snow was on the ground and they moved the twenty miles on a big covered sled pulled by a team of horses, Puss and Jack. This move was Kim's earliest recollection. "Along the way," he recalled, "I wanted a drink and father stopped and gave me some snow to eat. I remember cuddling close to some rocks father had heated in the fireplace and placed in the sled box to keep us warm. When we arrived at our new home I wanted to go back. I was so homesick that I cried myself to sleep. The house was too empty. Perhaps it is due to this experience that I have had a dislike of empty houses all during my life. However, when I awoke I felt much better. A good warm fire was aglow in the fireplace, the furniture was in place, and supper was ready. Soon it seemed like home. When I grew to manhood I lived in eight different houses in that county, some of them much better, but none has seemed as much like home as the one in which I grew up. This I say in spite of a very painful experience when we children were playing in the house and I fell forward into the fireplace burning myself severely on the live coals. No modern heating device can take the place of the old open fireplace with its broad hearthstone. By this fire daily prayer and praise were heard."

Alfred and Susan Hurst had six children: Charlottee who married William Huse; Priscilla; William Trumbo who died in childhood; Archimedes Piper; Clay Northcott; and one daughter unnamed who was stillborn.

There wasn't much buying or selling in the community at that time. All experience the same abundance or scarcity. The roads most of the time were very poor. It took two or three days for the trip to the nearest market at Limestone, later called Maysville, a small town on the banks of the Ohio River. Kim was a grown man before the roads were greatly improved in the county. The first improved roads were crushed rock turnpikes connecting the county seats and the larger towns and cities. Flat boats floated down the Ohio River carrying cargo.

Farmers allowed their hogs to run in the timber until near the time for butchering and they became very fat on the acorns, hickory nuts, and chestnuts. Two or three weeks before butchering time they would bring the hogs into a pen and feed them corn so as to make the meat more firm and the lard more solid. The cattle and sheep became very fat in the summer and fall feeding on wild peavine and fern. Some of the farmers butchered their beef and mutton right off the range, and Kim claimed that the meat of stock fattened in this way was usually very sweet.

The creeks and rivers had an abundance of fish in those days for the streams hadn't yet become polluted. Since the young orchards were surrounded by timber the fruit crop seldom failed. In addition to apples, peaches, pears, cherries, and plums, they also had the benefit of many kinds of wild berries for canning and table use. Another source of food were the wild animals which were plentiful in the timber: deer, bear, squirrels, rabbits, wild turkey, pheasants, quails, and pigeons. Some wild animals which infested the grain fields and orchards were very destructive and would catch and kill the sheep and pigs. The catamount, panthers, timber wolves and foxes were especially bad. Most of these animals were hunted for the pelts. The state paid a dollar for each pelt as an inducement to hunters and trappers. At the time mink and raccoon pelts and beeswax were legal tender for the paying of taxes and debts. Many young men bought their marriage license in this way. Occasionally a prospective groom was baffled when he discovered the pelts he had brought to the clerk's office were not worth enough to pay for the license and court fee. He then had to go back and catch another 'coon or mink, or bring some more beeswax. It wasn't long usually until the young man would return with the necessary amount. One couple that didn't have enough beeswax conferred at the door a few moments; then the girl turned to the clerk and said, "Say, Mister, can't you marry us as far as the beeswax goes?" The clerk laughed and consented to marry them with the understanding that the rest of the wax would be forthcoming. In a short time they returned with the rest of the beeswax.

The first dollar Kim earned came from the sale of a mink fur he caught and sold. Up to this time he had only worn a cap which his mother had made of homemade brown jean cloth, a twilled cotton cloth used mainly for making overalls. Kim very much wanted a hat, and his father promised to get him one if he would let him use the dollar he had received for the fur. The following fall his father got a Mr. Waltz to make three hats, one for Kim, one for Kim's brother, Clay, and one for himself. The hats cost a dollar each and he paid for them with sorghum molasses which Mr. Waltz credited at twenty-five cents per gallon. At the time Kim couldn't see the fairness of his father using the dollar he had received for the pelt when Clay didn't pay a cent and he had done more to raise the sorghum than Clay had.

Fleming County was in the foothills between the rolling lush blue grass region in the central part of the state and the mountainous coal fields in the east. Work on the farm was hard because much of the soil was rocky and farm implements were pretty primitive. Turning plows were rough and heavy. Usually they were single shovel mold-board of heavy cast iron bolted to heavy pieces of timber for the upright beam. The plow was pulled by one or more horses, or by oxen by means of a wooden single or double tree bolted to the plow with a U-shaped clevis. Horses were trained to go by the spoken command -- "gee" for right turn and "haw" for left. Some horses learned to work without line or rein. They were also taught to go, stop, or turn at the motion of the lines fastened to the horses bridle. The man behind the plow held the lines in his left hand and guided the plow with the right hand. Oxen were taught to respond to the same commands, by the cracking of a whip, or by the use of a goad, a pole with a sharp spike whose proper use would discipline the stubborn animal to pull. Kim says he got many a hard jolt in the side as he walked between the plow handles and the plow caught on a root or a rock.

In the summertime the farmers were in the fields by sunup, and hands who worked by the day toiled twelve to thirteen hours a day. Kim says his father fed his harvest hands five times a day: breakfast at five, lunch at ten, dinner at noon, lunch at three-thirty, and supper at seven. It was his rule to pay the men each evening so they would have the means to meet any family needs. Some men living in log cabins didn't farm but would hunt and trap and fish for their meat, and would work occasionally by the day for a bushel of corn to have ground for meal. Corn in those days sold for fifteen to twenty cents per bushel if it were shelled.

The main crops were corn, oats, wheat, flax, hemp, and barley. Timothy and red clover were raised for hay. When corn planting time came the rows were marked off about three and a half feet apart with a single shovel plow. The rows sometimes were crossed at right angles so they could be cultivated each way on the level lands. Hillside land was plowed only one way to prevent the washing of the soil. The marker who ran the plow was followed by a dropper who dropped three grains of corn in each hill where the rows crossed. A third man followed with a hoe to cover the seed. If the soil was very rough it took two hands with hoes to keep up with the plow and planter. It was a very slow process compared with the mechanical methods used later. Small grains were broadcast by hand and then covered by means of a wooden harrow or a heavy green brush pulled by a horse.

In the fall the corn fodder was cut a hill at a time with a heavy steel knife made by the community blacksmith and placed in a shock at the center of a sixteen-hill square. Wheat and oats were cut with a hand sickle or a cradle whose long curved teeth which projected above and parallel to the scythe laid the grain in bunches as it was cut. Hay, also, was cut by muscular power with a mowing scythe. "O, how slow and how laborious the task!" Kim deplored. "How tired the men would be from toiling all day long in this way. I have seen my father in the hay or grain field whetting his scythe as the sweat ran in a stream from his chin and elbows. He had not a dry stitch of clothing on him and he would tremble like a man with the palsy." Kim has among his keepsakes a hand sickle which five generations of the family have used to cut grain. Kim and his sons used it just enough to keep up the tradition.

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When Kim was a boy the small grain was threshed by hand with a flail which consisted of a short wooden staff from the end of which another wooden piece hung free. By striking the grain with the flail the grain was separated from the hull. On a day when the wind was strong the grain was poured from a half-bushel measure to cleanse the grain of dirt and chaff. In later years the memory of this reminded Kim of the word of the Psalmist: "The wicked are like chaff which the wind driveth away."

Kim's parents were poor and all the family had to work hard in order to have food and clothing. They grew the corn and wheat and had it ground on a water mill. The first mill in that part was about six miles from their home and was run by a Mr. He Seavor. Kim's father would put three bushels of wheat into a homemade linen sack and load it on the family saddle mare, Puss. Then he would set Kim on the sack of grain and start him off to the mill. Sometimes he would have to wait several hours for his grist and he would become very hungry. He recalls that "sometimes dear old Ann Seavor (I surely will see her in heaven) would come over to the mill and take the little white-headed boy across the road to wait by a warm fire and eat a good dinner. I surely did appreciate it."

Some of the people were too poor to own a horse and had to carry the grain to the mill on their shoulders. Or, if they had a little hand mill with small burrs, they ground their meal each day by hand. Some years later Mr. J. B. Muse put in a mill about a mile from Alfred Hurst's home. The neighbors were so anxious to get the mill that they turned out in work squads to help build the dam and mill without charge for their labor. "Would they do it now?" Kim asks in a doubting tone of voice. "I trow not." At a moment of intense yearning he said, "I long for the biscuits baked from the home grown and home made flour, baked in a skillet on the hearthstone of the old fireplace so sweet and so good, especially with the good homemade butter churned by hand in the cedar dasher churn and with homemade maple syrup or wild honey. So good!"

In the fall season the family had to prepare for winter. The corn was husked and put in the crib, and the fruits and vegetables were gathered for canning, drying, and storage. Pumpkins were dried in the fall for winter use and Kim says that as a boy he ate so much of it he has despised this orange yellow vegetable ever since.

In the winter the main business was feeding the stock and chopping and hauling wood for the big open fireplace which was the only source of heat in the house. Kim's father kept a small flock of sheep most of the time. Kim was the shepherd boy whose duty it was to look after the sheep while other members of the family did other chores. Kim recalls that on two occasions he went very reluctantly to feed and water the sheep. "One morning," he says, "I was mad about something, and instead of feeding the sheep I went and stood behind the barn about the length of time it would have taken to feed them. Then I returned to the house, washed, and sat down at the breakfast table. I ate a hearty breakfast but really didn't enjoy it as much as usual. There I was amply supplied with a good warm breakfast, and I couldn't forget the hungry sheep. There I was enjoying a warm fire and wearing some good warm clothes made of wool which the sheep had grown. This was on my mind all day. I could hear the sheep bleating and I knew they were helpless. I really longed for evening to come so I could be about my chores. When four o'clock came I went cheerfully and quickly to the barn to feed the sheep. I saw where the poor helpless animals had rooted and pawed in the snow trying to eat the old corn stalks from which the good fodder had already been eaten off clean. The corn fodder was just over the fence in sight but they couldn't get to it. I was so ashamed that I vowed I would never treat a dumb animal so again. After giving the sheep plenty of fresh fodder I went back to the house feeling much better. I know that I would not have slept well that night had I not fed those sheep."

This experience came to Kim's mind years later when he had become a preacher to re-enforce his duty to humanity both temporally and spiritually. "How many of the Lord's sheep are hungry and thirsty," he thought. "The strong, high fence of sin and unbelief bars them from the food and water of eternal life. Somebody must take the

gospel to them and help them to look to the great Shepherd who never neglects his sheep. As I was ashamed that I neglected my earthly father's sheep, so on at least two occasions I was distressed that I had gone to my heavenly Father's business in a cool and half-hearted manner. But the Lord forgave and has led me to delight in his service ever since."

When Kim was old enough he did his share of the shearing of the sheep which came about the middle of May. Thirty were about as many as he could clip in one day. After the wool was washed and dried it was picked apart carefully to remove any burrs, dirt, or sticks which would hinder the working of the wool. Many times Kim sat up late at night with other members of the family to help get the wool ready for the carding factory. There it was worked into rolls about the size of one's forefinger and about two feet long. It was then spun into yarn on a spinning wheel and woven into cloth on a wooden loom, all by hand. Kim recalled that his sister, Charlotte, spun eight cuts of yarn on her eighth birthday. To spin a cut of yarn, which contained 120 threads each 12 feet long, required uncounted steps. In later years Kim commented on a widespread contention that if children are allowed to work while they are young it will undermine their health and shorten their life span. "Well," he said, "sister lived past her eighty-first birthday, raised a large family, and worked all her life. Possibly she would have lived much longer had she not fallen and broken her hip which injury paralyzed her leg. It wasn't work that killed her."

Although Elias Howe had already patented a device to take the place of hand sewing, no sewing machines were yet in general use. At first there was considerable opposition to the machine and its general use was slow in coming. There was little time for recreation. Socks and stockings were knitted by hand. Women would knit as they walked over to call on a neighbor, knit while they were visiting, and knit on the way home. There was no time to idle.

Hemp and flax were both profitable and useful crops. The lint and seed of the hemp sold well. At the time Kentucky stood first among all the states in hemp production. After an arduous breaking process the rough fiber was tied into bales for market where it was used in the making of ropes and twines, carpet thread and yarns, sailcloth, and coarse grades of woven goods such as sheeting and toweling. When flax was grown for seed it was allowed to ripen before cutting. By a process called hackling the bolls of seeds were combed off of the stalks, crushed, and the seeds cleaned of the chaff. If the flax was cultivated for the fiber it was pulled by hand, root and stem, before ripening. The flax straw was then soaked in water and later dried until the hard parts became brittle. To free the fiber from the stem required pounding with a mallet to break the hard portions to pieces, a process called swingling. The flax was then laid over the end of an upright board and struck with a flat wooden blade to knock off the woody matter and leave the fiber free. The fibers were again hackled or combed to separate the "line" of long fine fibers.

The flax fiber which is found on the inner side of the bark next to the central woody core, possesses remarkable strength, fineness, and silky luster. The long fibers were made into fine linen for sheets, towels, table cloths, ladies dress skirts, and men's summer Sunday trousers. The tow fibers were made into coarse linen and used to make straw mattresses and grain sacks. When combined with wool it was used to make linsey homemade trousers and work shirts for men and linsey dresses for women and girls. Linsey was very durable and was well adapted to the hardships of pioneer days. Most of the women wore linsey dresses to church as well as at home, although a few who were in better circumstances wore black silk dresses and bonnets to church. Kim indicates something of the intricate process of flax cultivation when he says, "I have sowed flax seed, pulled flax, threshed flax, watered flax, broken flax, swingled flax, hackled flax, spun flax, woven flax, worn flax, and made flax into ropes and bed cords."



### III

Kim's first school was a subscription school which his father taught for two seasons. The school term began about the first of August and lasted only two or three months. The larger boys received little benefit from it because most of them were kept out of school to work. The teacher was paid thirteen dollars a month for the three months fall term. The school building was about twelve feet square, a log structure chinked with mud. The floor was dirt and was heated by a five-foot fireplace. During recess the pupils and teacher cut and carried the wood for the fireplace. The only window for light was a square opening cut in the side of the building and covered with greased foolscap writing paper to keep out the wind and rain. The doorway was so low that the teacher and larger pupils had to stoop to pass under the overhead log. The rough board door was hung by large wooden hinges that screeched so loud in opening and closing that it could be heard a hundred yards away. The writing desks and seats were broad boards sawed at the water mill, and the seats were so high that the small boys and girls couldn't touch the floor. Kim wondered why they failed to put the soft side of the slab up! Pokeberry ink was the writing fluid, and at first a goose quill pen was used, but a little later the steel pen was introduced. Slate pencils were made of soapstone taken out of the creek bed and trimmed down to the size of a small crayon. There were no blackboards in school buildings then. Students walked to school, some as much as three or four miles each way.

Kim's father was a very strict teacher. Pupils were not allowed to whisper with each other without consent. The hardest whipping Kim ever received was from his father while in school. On the day General Grant was elected President, Alfred Hurst went early before school and voted for Grant. At the noon hour Kim wanted to go over to the J. B. Muse house where the people were voting. His father gave him permission to go, but another boy named Charley followed him. Kim told him he should go back and get the teacher's consent, but he refused and followed anyway. When they returned to school, the teacher called Kim on the floor ("no carpet then!") and wanted to know why he had coaxed Charley to go with him. When Kim denied coaxing Charley, his father said, "Peggy tells me that you did." "I don't care what Peggy says," Kim replied, "I did not ask Charley to go with me." Kim thought Charley was "afraid of his own hide and was speechless. So I got a severe flogging as they called it then, all on account of Peggy's lie. I must admit that I never liked that girl after that."

One day at school during the noon play period the children were playing on the ice on a nearby stream. Suddenly the ice began to break and the boys got off as quickly as possible. Just then another boy, Calvin Ham, came running toward the ice. Kim caught him and warned him that they had come off because the ice was cracking, but Calvin laughed and said, "You are just a bunch of cowards." As he jumped on the ice it broke and he went under. Kim crawled out on the ice and, catching him by the hair of his head, dragged him to shore.

A larger school building of native logs was erected in 1868. This served for ten years when the school district was divided and the people were asked to donate materials and labor toward a new building in Muses Mills. By that time Kim was a grown man and owned a small tract of land. He gave the trees on his land to be sawed into lumber for weatherboarding and sealing the building. This building was twice as large as the one in which he went to school as a boy.

Kim's father taught only the two terms of school because he couldn't afford it financially. His time was worth much more on the farm. However he did teach a winter term for the benefit of the larger boys who missed out on the fall term. Kim had little chance for schooling. When he should have been in school he was working on the farm driving oxen. He received the greater part of his education at

home where his father was a great help to him. So eager was he to gain knowledge that he would sit up late at night studying, and on days when it was too rainy, cold, and stormy to work outside, he would get out his book and slate and pencil to study.

The issue of slavery was fearfully alive when Kim was a boy. One-eighth of the population was colored slaves. For years politicians had been saying, "A state half slave and half free cannot exist." The population increasingly was in the throes of emotion, suspicion and hatred. Great sectional interests were in conflict between the North and the South. These two regions were no longer speaking the same language. Daniel Webster had stood for "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" Although from an early day he had condemned Negro slavery as a great moral and political evil, he favored concessions to the South and supported the Compromise of 1850. It was hoped this measure would allay strife, and it did postpone the war between the states for a decade, but extremists, North and South, urged that the Union be divided into two nations. Southerners were openly talking of secession, and Northern Abolitionists denounced the "Southern-dominated" Supreme Court which had rendered the Dred Scott Decision of 1857. John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry in 1859 increased agitation and fanaticism on both sides.

The Lincoln-Douglas Debates in Illinois thrust Abraham Lincoln into the forefront of the nation's life. Kim was nine years old when Lincoln was elected President. The United States was entering its darkest hour when Lincoln took the oath of office on March 4, 1861. Within six weeks North and South were locked in bloody conflict. The whole nation was torn apart and the war turned into a fearful ordeal. The call to arms took large numbers of men away from their homes and thousands died horrible deaths. Kentucky at first tried to remain neutral in the war but both Union and Confederate armies invaded the state and it became the scene of some important battles. The Union Army was victorious at the Battle of Perryville and saved the state for the Union.

Very few of Kim's family were secessionists. Most of them favored the freeing of the slaves. A number of them joined the Union Army and carried their muskets and carbines. Among them were his father and grandfather, two uncles, and many other relatives. His father lost his health sleeping on the damp cold ground and standing picket in the cold rain and snow. A number of times the women of the neighborhood took the children to the woods to spend the night for fear of being molested by enemy soldiers.

Kim was twelve years old when an assassin's bullet struck Lincoln down on the night of April 14, 1865. The war came to a close when General U. S. Grant and General Robert E. Lee met to work out the terms of surrender, April 9, 1865. When the war ended chaotic conditions prevailed in the nation. Although Kentucky was split by the war, the division was healed more quickly than in some of the other states. Consequently there was little of the "carpetbagging" problem in the state during reconstruction. Radical Republican leaders branded the Democratic Party as the party of treason. Kim grew up with this belief. The hero of the war was General Grant, although in later years historians assessed him as woefully naive in politics. That Grant was also Kim's personal hero is indicated by his naming one of his sons Arthur Grant Hurst, thus joining the names of two Republican Presidents.

#### IV

One of the familiar figures when Kim was growing up in Kentucky was the farmer-preacher. The preachers were from among the people themselves, men who lived and worked exactly as the lay members of the church, clearing the ground, splitting rails, planting corn, and raising hogs on equal terms with their parishioners. Often the preacher's education was meager because there was no means of training except the school of experience. It has been said that these pioneer preachers were graduates of "Brush College" whose curriculum consisted of the Bible, the Methodist Book of Discipline, and a song book carried in the saddlebags. These preachers carried the gospel into remote and secluded neighborhoods where no churches had yet been erected and where services must be held in schools or private homes. Numerous communities had no churches and little interest in establishing any. Removed from cultured society and battling against great hardships, the people tended toward uncouth manners and loose morals. Strong drink was so much in evidence that it was rare to find a teetotaler. The widespread drinking of whisky was attended by drunkenness, gambling, fighting and yelling. The result was a great deal of idleness, poverty and looseness of morals. Profanity was general. Nearly everybody, including preachers, used tobacco, and many women smoked corncob pipes. Men were quick to fight and sometimes the altercations were bitter and brutal. Illiteracy was common and many children were raised in complete ignorance. Spiritual poverty was equally appalling. Sometimes rowdies, determined to break up religious services, would come to the meetinghouse equipped with knives, horsewhips and guns, and a liberal supply of raw homemade whisky. When asked to sit down and cease the disturbance they would rudely refuse and even curse the preacher when he tried to take the matter into his own hands.

To make Christians out of the raw material of the frontier was no easy task. The religion which appealed to the frontier had to be based on simple doctrines. Preaching was expected to be with zeal, and the man who delivered it must be fearless and aggressive. To deal with the general lack of moral standards the church gave increased emphasis to personal discipline. The church was like an island of order in an ocean of disorder. The Methodists had a definite moral code in their Book of Discipline. To make sure there were no mistakes there was a list of the evils which Christians were to shun. These included taking the Lord's name in vain; profaning the Lord's Day by doing unnecessary work, or by buying and selling; treating the church building with contempt and improper conduct in time of worship; fighting, quarreling, taking unlawful interest, drinking spiritous liquors, lying, harmful gossip, stealing, adultery, horseracing, dishonest business dealings such as selling an unsound horse, frolicking and dancing, and any diversion that could not be engaged in for the glory of God. Since whisky flowed freely everywhere discipline was necessary in the interest of common decency.

The churches which dealt most effectively with these frontier needs utilized the revival as the most effectual means of bringing Christianity to the great mass of religious illiterates. The preacher stressed individual decision for Christ, and the appeal was largely on an emotional basis. Songs were based upon the daily experience of the people and the words were set to catchy tunes which people could learn to sing easily. The themes of most of these songs were death, judgement, future punishment, and heaven. Premillennialism was an effective revivalistic doctrine stressing as it did the bodily return of Christ to the earth when, with his saints, he would rule in person for a thousand years. It was based upon a literal interpretation of certain passages of Scripture, especially Daniel and Revelation. Conversion was frequently attended by highly emotional demonstrations. It was not unusual for seekers to lie prostrate, and to sing and weep and shout for joy when they found release through forgiveness. Outdoor camp meetings held once a year were a high point in the social as well as the religious life of the people. No one wanted to miss them. At these meetings many professed "converting grace" and even sanctification.

Kim testifies that he was born of good Christian parents. He says "they were Methodists of the John Wesley kind who believed in the gift of the Holy Ghost, and that men and women are brought under conviction and to repentance under the preaching of the gospel and prayer. They believed that men are saved from sin by faith in Jesus Christ; that if a person lives a holy consecrated life he should pray for others as well as himself, should attend all the means of grace, and should testify to the saving grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." Kim remembers his parents as being very strict about speech and manners. He never heard them swear or use a byword even. He was taught his letters in the old family Bible, and was taught to read and pray at his mother's knee. Like most others church families they held daily devotions with Bible reading, singing, and prayers. They loved to sing hymns. One of the hymns he often heard them sing was "Come, O Thou Traveler Unknown" found in John Wesley's collection of hymns adapted for use in the Methodist Church.

"Come, O thou traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!  
My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with thee:  
With thee all night I mean to stay,  
and wrestle till the dawn of day.  
  
I need not tell thee who I am;  
My misery and sin declare;  
Thyself has called me by my name,  
Look on thy hands, and read it there;  
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?  
Tell me thy name and tell it now.  
  
'Tis love! 'Tis love! Thou diedst for me;  
I hear thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal love thou art;  
To me, to all, thy mercies move,  
Thy nature and thy name is Love."

Kim says his parents were "real sticklers for Sabbath observance. They taught their children to reverence the Sabbath, the Lord's work, and the Lord's house. The children were not allowed to whisper or talk in church unless it was to ask a question. They were expected to sit quietly until the service was over and then walk softly out."

Alfred and Susan Hurst lived between two churches, the Brushy Fork Methodist and the Point Pleasant Christian. Services were held at each church once a month with preaching on Saturday night, Sunday at eleven, and Sunday night. Alfred and Susan belonged to the Methodist Church but attended both churches. He was a class leader and steward in the church from the time Kim could remember, but he and his wife would work anywhere the people believed in the operation of the Holy Spirit. Susan Hurst was a great worker at the altar. At one time, during a revival when several seekers were at the altar, a member of another denomination said, "Now, Susan, just have your pastor take those seekers down to the creek and baptize them and it will all be over." Susan slapped her hands before the woman's face and said, "I thank God for a Holy Ghost dry land religion!"

Susan Hurst was the daughter of Trumbo Swim, a Methodist Episcopal circuit rider. Kim remembers that his grandfather Swim was a kind man. It was never too cold or stormy for him to go to the assistance of anyone in distress or to his appointments. He was very tenderhearted, and yet high tempered and positive, a man who would not take an insult. Sometimes he acted too much on the impulse of the moment. One time, however by so doing, he saved his life. It seems he had preached with great urgency



against the sin of theft and pilfering. Two men who were present became very angry. On the way home after the service they slipped up and drew a gun on the preacher. Pointing the weapon at his face one of the men said, "Trum, if you have anything to say, now is the time for I am going to kill you." The stalwart preacher grabbed the gun in a flash and jerked it aside just as it fired. Jumping at his attacker he struck him a stunning blow and at the same time kicked him in the stomach sending him to the ground. In the melee Swim jerked the gun away. The attacker began to beg for mercy. "For God's sake, Trum," he pleaded, "don't kill me! I believe I am going to die." "No, I'm not going to kill you," Trumbo assured him. He then helped the man up, took him to his house and dressed his wounds. The man was never well after that and in a few days he sent for Trumbo Swim to come and pray for him. The preacher took his Bible and hymnbook to the man's home, read Scripture and talked and prayed with him. The man went to church and was converted, and when at last he took to his death bed he sent for Grandfather Swim who stayed with him day and night until he died. The man told his family and neighbors not to hold anything against Mr. Swim for he himself was the cause of it all. Grandfather Swim made the man's casket without charge and conducted the man's funeral.

Trumbo Swim's son, William, became a minister in the Kentucky Christian Conference, and father and son held many meetings together. Both were deeply spiritual and were good revivalists. A favorite hymn which they frequently repeated and sang before preaching confronted the congregation with the fact of the brevity of life and the certainty of death.

"What will, O what will become of me?  
What will, O what will become of me?  
What will become of me  
If death my portion be,  
And the Saviour not found in my heart?"

Kim's mother, who was the Rev. Trumbo Swim's daughter, was strong in the faith. Kim felt that her prayers had followed him all during his life. He often said that his mother first ordained him to the Christian ministry. He was about eight years old and his mother had been critically ill for some time. The night she died a number of relatives and neighbors had come in. It was a sad time for all and especially for the little boy who may have wondered how his mother could be so happy. She asked those who were in the room to sing some of the songs she had sung with them many times in church. Finally she asked them to sing, "We will cross the river of Jordan, so happy, so happy; we will cross the river of Jordan, so happy in the Lord." As they sang she shouted the praises of God. Then she bade all goodbye and kissed her husband and children, asking them all to meet her in heaven. She then turned to Kim who was leaning on her bed and motioned for him to come to her. As he stood at her side she took his hand in her's, laid her other hand on his head and prayed that the good Lord would take care of her little boy and make a preacher of him like his grandfather. Then, looking heavenward she said, "Now I must go." Holding her hands aloft and smiling she said to her husband, "Alfred, William Trumbo has come to go to heaven with me. Don't you see him? And angels are all around me. I must go." She crossed her hands on her breast, closed her eyes and mouth as if she were going to sleep, stopped breathing, and all was over."

Kim recalls that his mother was buried in a plain but nice coffin and a white shroud. "I can see the sweet smile on her face and her beautiful white hands as she lay in her casket. I thought it awful that people had to be put in the ground when they died. When they started to lower the casket into the grave I said, 'Papa, I don't want mother to be put down into that black hole.' It seemed that my poor heart would burst, and father comforted me as best he could. Later at home he explained how it was thus intended, and that by and by our blessed Lord would bring us all up from the grave to see all our loved ones in the glory world."

12

About two years later Kim's father married Mary I. Jackson at Blueford Kirks on the Rocky Fork of Triplet Creek. To this union six children were born: Lewis Douglas, ~~Squire Morgan~~, Mary Elizabeth who married George W. Wheat, James Wesley, and two daughters stillborn who were not named.

George W. Wheat's farm joined  
our farm on Ba Ridge Road. E.P.W.

Notwithstanding the pious training he had received from his parents, Kim says he went astray and became quite reckless. He was always careful not to use profane language about the home in the presence of his father and stepmother, but when he was with other boys, some of whom were pretty wild, he felt he had to keep pace with them. He engaged in conduct which he had been reared to believe was wrong, and which his conscience told him was wrong - profanity, card playing, dancing, and a little drinking. His parents talked to him and prayed for him. He couldn't sit under the preaching of a sincere sermon without inner conviction and sometimes he shed tears. Two or three times he left the church in an effort to drive away his conviction. "One time stands out in my memory," Kim says. "A Rev. Mr. Barr was holding a meeting in a large barn belonging to a Mr. Gaines McKee. As I recall, the Reverend Barr was a good gospel preacher who preached to the point and right at his audience. I was seated near the wall and the preacher was handing it out about right. It seemed he was preaching right at me. I was so deeply stirred that I couldn't restrain the tears. I choked and it seemed my heart would burst. I really wanted to go forward to the altar but something said, No, not now. I wanted to leave but didn't want the preacher or anyone in the audience to see me. I noticed that near where I was sitting one of the perpendicular boards was off the side of the barn. The opening looked plenty large, so I decided to slip through. I soon discovered, however, that I had overestimated the dimensions of the opening. Moreover, my clothing got caught on a nail and I became fastened as in a trap. I was sure the preacher and the entire congregation saw my predicament. At last I freed myself and returned to my seat."

Following his sixteenth birthday Kim says he was happily converted on October 9, 1868 in a revival meeting at Carpenter's Chapel, a Methodist church about eight miles from his home. It was a union meeting and was being held by a Rev. Mr. Lashbrooks, the Methodist pastor, and Rev. G. W. Gulley, a Christian minister. Kim was working a while for his grandfather Hurst that fall and decided to attend the meetings. His Uncle Samuel Gooding, husband of his Aunt Maremma Hurst Gooding, went with him. He says he went to the meeting with no thought of being converted and not under any special conviction. He helped with the singing and was glad when some of his old associates went to the altar and were saved. Some urged him to go forward but he said he didn't feel like it then.

The next night Kim and his Uncle went back to the meeting. "When we got to the church," Kim says, "the service had begun. The Sexton met us, took us forward to the third pew from the pulpit, and gave us a song book. As they started a song darkness came over me such as I had never experienced. I choked when I tried to sing. I wished I hadn't come and vowed this would be the last night I would attend the meeting. Pastor Lashbrooks preached and then called on the Reverend Gulley to follow with an exhortation. As he spoke it seemed that he was looking at me more than at anyone else in the audience."

"The preacher gave an impassioned invitation to all who wished to be saved to come to the altar. 'Don't wait for me to stop talking; come on to the altar,' he pleaded. People began to go. Someone said to me, 'Come on, Kim,' but I declined and said to myself, 'I will not go to that altar.' The preacher then said, 'Everybody stand and sing.' I tried to down my conviction by singing but instead my sense of guilt grew worse. I decided to leave, but when I started, instead of going toward the door I found myself standing at the altar where others were kneeling pleading

forgiveness for themselves or praying for others. I decided again to leave and turned toward the door, but the last I knew I was falling. I lost sight of everything and felt as though I was doomed. Everything was so dark and I knew nothing of what was going on around me. As the awful thoughts of my lost condition filled my mind I began to plead for forgiveness. I was completely shut in from the world by the power of divine conviction and desire for my salvation. The trouble was that there were some things the Lord wanted that I didn't want to do. One was to be a preacher, and the other was my unwillingness to forgive two men whom I hated with a perfect hatred. I had said I would not forgive them even if they asked me. I hadn't spoken to them for some time and don't think I would have spoken to them if they had spoken to me because I felt deeply that they had wronged me. The more I contended the darker it got. The fight was on. I wanted the victory, but I wanted it my way.

"At last I said, 'Yes, Lord; anything you say do I will do; only save.' It seemed I had been bound under the chain of conviction for months and that I could stand it no longer. When I yielded and said Yes to Jesus, and was willing to let God have his way with me, the darkness was lifted. I knew that the work was done. Everything was so delightful. The people standing over me were beautiful. They had picked me up and laid me on one of the seats, although I knew it not. Uncle Samuel was leaning over me, slapping his hands and saying, 'Give it to him, Lord; he needs it. Give it to him, Lord; he needs it.'

"I could keep still no longer, so up I came, leaping and laughing and praising God. Others said I laughed for an hour at the church. On the way back to Grandfather's house I thought it was the most beautiful night I had ever seen. My soul was so full that I loved everybody. I really wanted to see the two men I had hated so bitterly. I had no hatred in my heart toward anyone." Kim and the two men did become reconciled. Years later Kim saw one of the men fall from his horse in a drunken stupor, and he took the man to his home and cared for him until morning. When the second man became critically ill, Kim sat up with him and helped to nurse him until he passed away.

When Kim got back to his grandfather's place the night of his conversion he put his horse away and entered the house quietly. He says, "I thought I would go to my room upstairs quietly so as not to disturb my grandparents, but just as I started upstairs I broke into hearty laughter. Grandfather called to me and said, 'Young man, I think you got quite a dose tonight.' I said Yes and went on upstairs where I laughed most of the rest of the night. The clock struck four just before I dropped off to sleep. I dreamed that I was in a new country where many happy people were moving about singing and enjoying each other's company like a big happy family."

For about two years Kim lived a faithful Christian life. He led prayer meetings, testified to God's saving power, led the singing in regular and special services, took the offerings for the visiting preachers, and waited on the sick. The Lord blessed him in this service and he was very happy. But all the time the Lord seemed to be saying that this wasn't enough. It was good as far as it went, but the Lord wanted him to preach the gospel. Like Moses and Jeremiah and many others he made excuses. He was timid and was afraid to launch out for fear he would fail.

"The fight was on again," Kim says. "At last the devil began to get the better of me. I got in with some reckless boys, stopped praying and soon backslid. Instead of going to church and Sunday School I would stroll off with some of the boys, or we would get on our horses and ride around, anything to pass away the time for I wasn't satisfied at home or away. I was seeking pleasure in the wrong direction, a prodigal away from Father's house. I went to dances, played cards, became very profane and drank a little, not much but that much too much. The church bore with me and entreated me to return to the church, but to no avail. When I went to the dances everybody was lively except me. I tried to be happy, but my conscience was grinding me. I was miserable because I felt I had left my Christ."

14

Kim attended many dances for this came to be his first love. He had a strong ear voice, and he could call and dance at the same time. He was invited to prompt r balls near and far. He never saw anyone dance a step he could not perform. He n the prize at one dance over a young man from another county who was considered champion. They paced each other on a ragular hoedown for an hour without stopping d it looked like a draw, but at last Kim broke into a step that Yarns, his opponent, .dn't know, and he just stopped and watched. Kim then changed to a double triple uffle. Yarns threw up his hands and gave up. The boys picked Kim up and carried him out the house cheering because he had won out over the prize dancer from another untly. He became very popular and much eulogy made him vain, another sin he had to vercome at last.

"For four years," Kim says, "I lived in sin. Friends prayed and cried for me, ver me, and after me. Preachers of the Methodist and Christian churches hunted me p and talked to me in kindness trying to show me how bad it was to go back on Christ nd how much better it was to live the Christian life. My parents talked to me and rayed for me, but O, the stubborn heart and will! I never lay down in peace at ight for fear I would die in my sin before morning. My conscience was telling me ll the time that I was doing wrong."

Kim remained at home with his parents and worked on the farm most of the time until he was twenty-one. One fall and winter he went to Ohio and worked on a farm several months. When Elias Muse, one of his schoolmates, opened a store in Muses Mills, Kim helped to place the goods on the shelves and helped mark them up. It was the first general store in the town. The year following his twenty-first birthday, considering that in a legal sense he had achieved adulthood and should launch out on his own, he rented his father's farm for his father was no longer able to tend it. He was fortunate in raising a good crop, mostly corn. But he was finding no real enjoyment. One night after a dance the clock was striking two as he entered the house. He heard his father praying for his wayward boy, and this got such hold of Kim's conscience that he vowed he wouldn't go to another dance. But the next morning he remembered that he had already promised to call for one more dance. When he went to the breakfast table his father said, "Son, don't you think you have sowed enough wild oats? I fear you won't like the reaping." Kim told him he had promised to call for another dance on Saturday night at Salt Lick in Bath County and that it would be his last.

On Saturday Kim prepared for what he had decided would be his last dance. That afternoon he went to see Caroline Ham, the girl to whom he was engaged. As soon as he arrived she begged him not to go to the ball because the town where it was to be held was one of the worst in that area for drinking, fighting, and gambling. Her sister joined in trying to dissuade him; they were afraid he would get hurt or even killed. In order to show them he was ready for any eventuality he showed them the short gun he had brought to defend himself. As he shifted the gun in his hands he accidentally pulled the hammer back slightly, and the gun fired, tearing his left hand and wrist terribly. Fortunately the gun wasn't pointed toward either of the women. The blood poured from his hand. The closest doctor was eleven miles away, and by the time he got there Kim was so weak from loss of blood that he couldn't walk alone. He felt he was ruined, but that he could blame no one but himself. As he lay in bed he suffered not only from the wound but also from the horrors of a condemned conscience. He was away from home and ashamed to go back even if he were able. He could see his father at home praying for him, and he thought of his sainted mother who had gone on to the glory world. How he wished he had been obedient to their admonitions.

This was New Year's Eve. When the alarm went through the community the house and yard were soon full of folks offering to help. Kim's brother, Clay, and Caroline Ham, his fiancée, were his nurses along with others who came in from time to time.

By Wednesday Clay and Caroline were worn out for they hadn't slept since the accident occurred. Kim hadn't slept either for fear he wouldn't wake again. "I didn't want to die in sin," he says, "with an awful hell before me and a heaven I could miss if I died then. My sins were so great." Some other young people came Wednesday night to relieve Clay and Caroline. It was said to be the coldest night in years, twenty-three degrees below zero. The only source of heat in the house was the open fireplace and they kept Kim as far from the heat as possible because of the high fever in his hand and arm. To reduce the fever the doctor suggested that they keep cold wet cloths on his hand and arm, and to change them frequently. Finally Kim closed his eyes and dropped off to sleep. The new attendants decided not to remove the cloths for fear of waking him. Instead they poured water on the cloths, not realizing that the surplus water would have to go some place. The water ran back under his body until his clothes froze to the bed sheets. His blood pressure was so low that he chilled and began to groan. Clay and Caroline heard him and came to him from the adjoining room. They feared he was dying. In fact, he was freezing to death. When they tried to lift him up they found he was frozen to the bed. He realized what they were doing but he could neither help nor speak. They got him up before the fireplace, held blankets about him so his clothes could be removed, and the men bathed him all over with brandy. He could see them working but couldn't feel their touch. They tried to give him some of the brandy but couldn't get the spoon between his teeth. They wrapped him in hot blankets and in about an hour the circulation started. Kim thought he wouldn't have suffered more if he had been stuck with a thousand needles.

When he was able to speak Kim assured them he wasn't going to die. His assurance was the result of a dream he had had while he was in the frozen condition. He dreamed that he was dying by degrees as he stood out in front of the house and that he was dressed for burial. A large crowd of people were watching him but were unable to help. They told him that he had only three more steps to take and he would go into eternity. It seemed that the very dungeon of hell opened before him with demons ready to drop him down. Horror swept across his soul because of his sin and disobedience. When he thought of asking God to forgive him and take him to heaven he decided it wouldn't be right to ask a just God to save him in those last moments. Instead he asked God to spare his life and give him another chance. By his help he would try to live a Christian life and preach the gospel or do anything else God wanted. Just as he raised his foot for one of the last three steps he heard Jesus say, "I will spare your life." The awful groan Kim gave as he thought he was taking his last steps was what brought Clay and Caroline to his assistance.

The next day an old Army nurse, a Mr. Callihan, came and washed out the wound and fixed a medicine of different kinds of bark. The old man stayed with Kim all day and came again and again until the blood poison disappeared. He declined any pay when Kim offered to reimburse him. "I never forgot that man," Kim says, "and I hope I may see him in heaven."

Scores of prayers had gone up for Kim's recovery. In about four weeks he was able to return home. His father was sick in bed, but how glad he was to see his wayward boy home again.



## VI

Kim and Caroline decided that as soon as he recovered from his painful accident they would be married. The wedding took place on February 17, 1875. At the time Caroline was living with her sister and her husband, Margaret and Richard Brammer, and it was in their home that the wedding took place. At high noon Nancy Caroline Ham became the bride of Archimedes Piper Hurst. Caroline's attendant was Melinda Ham, Kim's second cousin, and William Albert Muse, son of the Rev. F. R. Muse, a Christian minister, was best man. About twelve couples were present for the ceremony which was performed by Mr. J. P. Lewman, Esq. After the wedding they all mounted their horses and rode two miles to Kim's father's home where they were served an infare dinner of turkey and all the trimmings. That night about sixty of the men and boys gave the newlyweds a charivaree. Kim knew they were coming and was prepared with candy, maple sugar, cookies and apples. After the treats had been passed the men played some music on their violins, cornets and drums.

Kim's wife, whom he called "Carrie," was admired by many as a beautiful lady. She was small of stature and quick and light of movement. She was the eldest child of Alexander Ham of Carter County, Kentucky where her grandfather, Joseph Ham, emigrated in an early day from Virginia. Her father was a farmer and shoemaker, and was a soldier in the Union Army during the war between the states. Her mother, who was from Aberdeen, Ohio, died when Caroline was only eight years old. Caroline was converted when she was thirteen and joined the Christian Church. As a farmer's daughter she had learned to work. This was especially fortunate for Kim because they continued to live on a farm and had to work hard. Kim says his wife dressed neatly and took great pains to keep her house tidy. He often wondered how she could keep her house in such orderly appearance since they were poor and had so little furniture. At the beginning there were no carpets or rugs. Later it was a little better.

For eight months Kim sought reclamation, reading the Bible and praying. He went to church and asked others to pray for him. At times it seemed his heart would break under the burden. He and Carrie established a family altar for daily Bible reading and prayer. This made him feel better for he felt he had done his duty at least. His young wife was pleased with this, and he believed God was pleased even more. But the burden wasn't gone yet.

On the fifth of September, Kim and Carrie had been working hard all day and Kim had been praying as he worked. When they retired Carrie went to sleep in a short time, but Kim was determined not to sleep until he had clear evidence of his acceptance with his Saviour. Lying on his back, he raised his hands aloft and prayed, "Lord Jesus, I do want it settled now if possible. I believe you will forgive the past. Dear Father, I ask it in the name of your dear Son." Just then, Kim says, "it seemed that a light from heaven came into my soul. It was as visible to my spiritual eye as a shooting star is visible to the natural eye. It came to me directly. Then, O what joy and peace! I shouted 'Hallelujah!' and woke my wife. 'Is it all right now?' she asked. 'Yes, thank God!' I exclaimed. I shouted in bed and then got up and shouted." Kim could never doubt that he had been restored, but he warned others who had been converted never to backslide. "It is a horrible life," he says, "but the Lord will take the backslider back, as the father did the prodigal son, if he will repent and do the heavenly Father's will."

Kim had a deep desire to share what he had experienced with others, but he realized how unprepared he was for so great a work. He was aware of his inadequate education and said for a long time, "Lord, I can't preach; the people won't hear me and won't believe me." But the call was so insistent that at last he said, "All right, Lord; give me favor in the sight of the people and help me in preparation. With the Holy Spirit to lead I will do what I can."

17

Kim never lost sight of his promise that if the Lord would spare his life he would do whatever the Lord wanted him to do. He said his call to the ministry was as real to him as his conversion and reclamation. Aware of his need of better preparation he studied as much as time would permit. He had few books and was too poor to buy many. He carried a small New Testament in his pocket and if he sat down to rest, or to let his team rest, while at work on the farm, he would read a few verses or perhaps a whole chapter. He studied until late hours at night and spent many hours on his knees in prayer when others no doubt were asleep. He prayed, "Lord, help me to know thy will and Word," and ultimately he heard the assurance, "My grace is sufficient."

It was in June of the following year that Kim preached his first sermon. Many friends encouraged him in his preparation for the ministry, but others tried in various ways to hinder him. Some of his relatives even said that the Lord called somebody else and Kim answered the call. Some of his old associates made sport of him and said hard things about him. But in later years he had the pleasure of seeing many of them converted in his meetings and of baptizing many who had made light of him.

## VII

The same summer that Kim preached his first sermon the Kentucky Christian Conference gave him a license to preach and improve his talent. The Kentucky Conference was the oldest conference in the Christian Church. The Christian Church was the oldest indigenous religious body to appear in America. It was the result of the confluence of three independent movements which arose in geographical separation at the close of the eighteenth and the opening of the nineteenth centuries. The first in North Carolina and Virginia was led by a small group of Methodist clergymen of independent temper who affirmed the right of the individual and yearned for freedom from the bishopric and episcopal appointments. At first the issue was not doctrinal but governmental. In time, however, it came to mean the right of the individual "to read for himself, think for himself, interpret for himself, and act for himself, as well as give an account for himself." In this new movement all ministers were to be on an equality and laymen were to have the balance of power in legislative matters. Executive business was to be left to the church collectively.

The second stream which later flowed into a united body of Christians arose among some Baptists in Vermont who proposed to build a church nonsectarian in name and in freedom from sacramental and creedal requirements. Christian character was declared to be the only valid test of fellowship and membership in the church. They were convinced that on no other basis could all followers of Christ be incorporated in one visible fold. They held that Christian unity is possible without uniformity of belief and practice, and that no church should erect a test that excludes any follower of Christ.

The third tributary arose in Kentucky where some Presbyterians rebelled against "the rocky stones of ecclesiastical doctrine" and agreed to take the Holy Scriptures as their only rule of faith and practice. For a time they continued the Presbyterian form of government, but soon concluded that even this savored too much of ecclesiasticism and that each church should be autonomous. The Last Will and Testament of the Springfield Presbytery deserved careful study. It declares in one paragraph, "We will that our power of making laws for the government of the Church, and executing them by delegated authority, forever cease." Again, it was determined "that the Church of Christ assume her native right of internal government," and "that each particular church, as a body . . . never henceforth delegate her right of government to any man or set of men whatever."

Thus, the Christian Church descended from a Methodist ancestry in the South, from Baptist forbears in New England, and from Presbyterian parentage in Kentucky. At first these three movements had no knowledge of each other, but state and regional conferences were held as early as 1804 in Kentucky, 1807 or 1808 in Ohio and New England, and 1814 in Virginia. These early conferences had no authority and were careful not to violate the liberty of churches or members. When in session they advised, debated, discoursed upon, gave reasons for and against, but they neither legislated nor commanded. They feared organization of any kind and sometimes went so far as to destroy the records of their meetings lest they become binding enactments.

The founding fathers of the Christian Church, in their respective sections of the country and periods in time, had in common a dream of church union. Perhaps Christian unity would define it better. They were convinced that sectarianism is a sin. Their object was not the formation of another denomination but restoration of the Apostolic Church. They were more desirous of furthering the cause of Christ and propagating their principles than in building a denomination. These Principles in substance affirmed that (1) Christ is the only head of the Church; (2) Christian is a sufficient name for the followers of Christ; (3) The Bible is our only rule of faith and practice; (4) Individual interpretation of the Scriptures is the right and duty of all; (5) Christian character is the only test of Church membership; (6) Union of all the followers of Christ. The Christian Church had no formulated statement of doctrine but held to the substance of these six basic principles all of which they believed were Scriptural. The sixth principle was thought to be dependent on the other five.

With many of the Christian churches and ministers there was an apparent indifference as to the future connection of the churches they organized so long as they adhered to these principles. However, bonds of fellowship were established by many of these churches in those areas where they were most numerous, and this led to the creation of conferences and regional conventions. Gradually the desire arose for a general conference that would extend the boundaries of acquaintance and fellowship. In 1833 a group of ministers sent circular letters to several conferences inviting them to join in forming a general convention. At least eight conferences responded and the General Christian Convention was formed. The union was real but quite informal. It was universally agreed that no conference or convention could arrogate to itself authority which had not been specifically vested in it by vote of delegated representatives of the churches, nor could it hand down a directive to the churches. In some instances churches and whole conferences developed an ultra-independent personality and temper. It was assumed that conferences and conventions were wholly within their rights when acting for the churches on matters of mutual concern. The missionary boards were not separate and autonomous corporations but direct organic expressions of the missionary concern of the churches. But no church or minister could be punished for noncooperation.

Although gradually through the years the Christian Church became much like other denominations, there was a running debate as to whether the Christian Church was a denomination. Increasingly, by reason of integration and coordination of enterprises and organizations, there was a denominational function if not consent to that title.

When Kim was converted he decided to join the Christian Church at Point Pleasant, although his parents were members of the Brushy Fork Methodist Church. He asked his father if he had any objection to him joining the Christian Church, and his father said, "Of course not, son; whichever church satisfies you best and wherever you feel you can do the most good."

In September 1881, Kim was ordained as a Christian minister at the annual meeting of the Kentucky Christian Conference in Plumville, Kentucky. He was examined by a committee on the ministry among whose members were the Rev. G. J. Tole and

*Point Pleasant is located between Plummers Landing and Muses Mills near the mouth of Big Run Creek. S.P. Ward + Now Rameys Chapel*

*Since Jesus Came into my Heart*

the Rev. R. H. McDaniel, the latter minister the author of the well-known gospel song, "Since Jesus Came into My Heart." The ordaining council was composed of the Reverends Zechariah Tyree, A. B. Manchester, and D. C. Yazell. During the nearly thirty years he belonged to this conference he served ten years as vice-president and four years as president. At a number of sessions of the conference he was asked to deliver the annual address. He also served terms as vice-president and president of the Kentucky State Christian Conference.

Soon after their marriage, Kim and Carrie bought a small farm of thirty-seven acres near Muses Mills. They lived here several seasons, and while living there two children were born: Minnie Anna, and a son, Marion. The son died when he was about two years old. Kim and Carrie had to work hard for the support of their family. He continued preaching at Point Pleasant and supplied other churches on a part-time basis, but income from his ministerial work was small. He worked on the farm during the week and went to his appointments over the weekends. He would ride or drive as much as twenty and thirty miles on Sunday night after preaching in order to be home the next morning to go to work on the farm. Only so could he meet his obligations.

After a few seasons Kim decided to sell his small farm and went into the bark and stove business in partnership with a Mr. William Bassett. The business did very well for a time, but he trusted his partner too far. While he was away preaching, his partner skipped the country and left Kim to pay the debts he had incurred in the name of the firm. Kim sold the business to pay off some of the debts and took a job of draying and freighting in an effort to pay off the rest. Some of the creditors refused to wait for their money, so he had to sell his team and wagon to meet their demands. "So I had nothing to bother me," Kim says, "for both money and debts were gone."

The next problem was a place to live. He went to see his aunt, his father's sister, and arranged to rent a house from her at Hillsboro, Kentucky in the same county. With the house were some other small buildings, fourteen acres of ground, and a fine orchard. Kim continued preaching on Sundays, walking to his appointments, and worked during the week wherever he could find a job. His Grandfather Hurst gave him quite a bit of work since he lived near by. His grandfather also loaned him a horse so he could put a crop into the small acreage where he was living. That first year he raised about two hundred bushels of corn for his share of the crop, and a fine garden provided plenty of potatoes and other vegetables for canning. The orchard produced a bumper crop of fruit, and chickens provided eggs and much of their meat. A neighbor sold him a cow and calf on time, and later he sold the calf at a profit so that, before the year was over he had paid for the cow. Another neighbor also loaned Kim a horse to ride to his appointments. However, this proved in the end to be less than fortunate. One Saturday he rode this horse to his appointment at White Oak in Greenup County. The horse was old and poor and slow. Kim says he could have walked faster then. When he reached White Oak he turned the horse into a pasture with some other horses. The next morning, when he went to get his horse, he discovered that the horse had fallen over a cliff and was dead. Kim came home with seven dollars he had received as an offering at White Oak. The owner valued the horse at fifty dollars, so Kim kept one dollar and paid six dollars to the owner of the horse with a promise to pay the balance as rapidly as possible. He worked for the man at fifty cents per day to pay part of it, painted a picture and a house to discharge more of the obligation, and gave the man a calf to cancel the rest of the debt.

Kim's father didn't recover from his illness and died at a relatively early age. He was a consecrated Christian, a great believer in prayer. Kim recalls that "the night he left this world he bade all goodbye with a smile and asked all to meet him in heaven. When he looked wistfully at me I went to him and said, 'What is it, papa?' He only said, 'Be good, warn others, and meet me in heaven.' Soon he

was gone to the land of the happy and blest. I recall that my father didn't want anything dark about his casket. He had saved lumber which Mr. J. B. Muse had sawed at his mill from a large yellow poplar tree cut on the home farm. He put the lumber away in the garret and requested a Mr. Thomas M. Humphries, a carpenter, to make his coffin when the time came. Mr. Humphries took a lot of pains with it, and I thought it was beautiful. It had no paint or varnish at all."

Kim and Carrie lived on his aunt's place about five years. While they were there another son was born and they named him William Bassett. Kim then rented a larger place at Hamburg, Kentucky a few miles further. During their stay here Arthur Grant and John Preston were born.

In October <sup>1881</sup> following his ordination Kim conducted a revival in his home town of Muses Mills. Rev. R. B. Conley assisted him in the meetings. Since there was no church building in the town the meetings were held in a school house. During the meetings a number of young people and many heads of families were converted. In December of that year he organized his first church on the Principles of the Christian Church, taking the name St. John Christian Church for its local designation. Eleven members were on the charter roll. The application for membership in the Kentucky Christian Conference in Kim's own hand reads: "Know all persons by this, that on the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1881, there was organized at Muses Mills school house a Society of believers in Christ consisting of 11 members, for which they take the name Christian to the exclusion of all Party or Sectarian names, Christ the Head of the Church in all things, the Bible their only Rule of Faith and Practice, Christian Character the only test of fellowship and Church Membership, and Private Judgment the right and duty of all. This organizing done by the Reverend Catherine Hampton and the Reverend Archimedes P. Hurst, regular ordained ministers of the Kentucky Christian Conference, set apart to do such work in the Church. We the undersigned members of the above organization extend a cordial welcome to all who will come and take membership with us, the Bible to adjust all difficulties." The application was signed by seven lay members of the church.

Kim became the first pastor of the church. A building committee and a finance committee were appointed promptly. The site selected was at first "a wilderness of brush and briars" and had to be cleared. An extensive area was reserved for a cemetery. Kim describes the building which was erected on the site as "thirty-six by forty-eight feet, well seated and lighted. Two good stoves were installed for heating, and a nicely crafted Bible stand was made by one of the members. The Reverend Doctor George W. Mefford of Ripley, Ohio preached the dedication sermon before a large audience. The church building and land were deeded to the Kentucky Christian Conference." Kim was able to announce that the building was paid for with a small balance in the treasury. A "love-gift offering" received for the visiting minister was so generous that Dr. Mefford returned some of it to the church.

Kim took great delight in the first church he was instrumental in founding, partly because it was the first, and also because some of his relatives, including his oldest sister Charlotte, were among the charter members. He pleaded for the unity of all God's people. "The church grew like a young plant in rich soil," he says. "Inside two years the membership increased to one hundred and thirty. During the nine years I served as pastor over three hundred members were received to fellowship, some two hundred and fifty were baptized, one hundred funerals were conducted, and nearly two hundred marriages were solemnized. The church became a religious rallying point for people over a wide area and a favorite place for the Kentucky Christian Conference to hold its annual sessions. Many wonderful meetings have been held in this house, some of the ablest ministers have preached here, scores of people have been saved, and some of the most wonderful manifestations of God's power were witnessed here."

# Now Goddard E.P.W.



It was not thought strange in those days for a minister to ride horseback to his appointments in that part of Kentucky. Since there were few bridges, they would draw up their feet on the saddle when they came to a stream and swim the horse across. If they were walking they would undress and wade across, then don their clothes again and continue their journey. Kim did this several times. If some ladies were in sight he simply removed his shoes and socks and waded the stream with the rest of his clothes on and just let them dry as he continued on toward his destination. One time in late winter he was on his way to the Crooked Creek Church in Lewis County. He was afoot and the mushy ice was running down the North Fork of Licking River. He waited a while but no one came along to set him across, so he took off his clothes and waded across, the water coming up to his arm pits and the floating ice scratching him some. The water was ice cold but he dressed again and went on singing "Happy on the Way," a song he often sang in those days. He preached that night after walking thirty miles from his home and felt repaid because they had a good meeting.

As he was walking home from an appointment at the Olive Church on the Licking River Kim stopped at the Town of Nepton hoping to spend the night in a rooming house or hotel, but some special attraction had brought many people into town and no vacancies were available. Kim bought a lunch, picked up his grip and started on, hoping to reach Johnstown Station where he was sure he could put up with some friends. As he walked up the railroad track he discovered that two negro men were following him. When he increased his speed they accelerated their pace. Not liking their appearance, he decided when he came to a curve in the road to slip up a bank and hide himself in a thicket of bushes behind a rail fence. When the men came abreast of where he was hiding he heard one of them say, "That fellow must have gone like hell." In a few minutes they returned and went on toward town. Kim was of the opinion they suspected him of having some money and were planning to rob him. "They didn't know I was a preacher," he twitted, "or they wouldn't have followed me for that purpose." Kim slipped back into a pasture and lay down on the blue grass, using his grip for a pillow. Soon he was sound asleep. The next morning he walked to the depot and caught a train for home, arriving in time for dinner.

Kim always thought it paid to go to his appointments even in the stormiest weather. One week he had an appointment at White Oak in Greenup County about sixty miles away. About six inches of snow were on the ground which made it troublesome walking, but he started out. He had in mind a Mr. Bailey's home about half way where he knew he could stay the first night. It was dark when he reached Harrison's Tan Yard and he had several miles yet to go. It was raining and freezing and the bright lights in the cheerful homes were very inviting. He stopped at two or three places and asked to stay over night, but they all said they didn't keep travelers. When he reached Mr. Bailey's home he was welcomed cheerfully. His feet were wet and cold, and his ice-coated hat was as heavy as two or three hats. When he took off his coat it was frozen so stiff it stood alone when he put it on the floor. "How I did enjoy the cheerful old time fireplace," he says, "and the good hot coffee with hot corn cakes, backbones, and potatoes! After prayer I tumbled into a feather bed. How good it felt!"

The next day Kim went on to his destination where he preached Sunday morning and Sunday night in a school house. There was no organized church there then. On Monday he started back home and stopped over night with the Reverend Wesley Fultz at Wesleyville. Kim always cherished the memory of the dear old brother for all he did for him, for the aged preacher saddled two horses, one for Kim and one for himself and took Kim over half way home. He found all well when he reached home but had little of monetary value to show for his trip. He had received only two dollars in cash and a home knit pair of socks, but there were several converts and Kim felt it was worth the effort in spite of some unpleasantness. Later he held a revival at White Oak that was so successful the people were ready to organize and erect a church building. On the way home he stopped again to see the Reverend Wesley Fultz, this time riding

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horseback. The aged preacher was in the woodyard chopping some wood. When he looked up and saw Kim approaching he said, "Well, Brother Hurst, did you do any good?" When Kim said he hoped so the old man put down his axe and said, "Then get down off that horse and tell me all about it. Are you going back any more?" "Yes," Kim replied, "and I want you as President of the Kentucky Christian Conference to go with me and help organize a church." "Do you have enough to organize a church?" he asked. "Possibly so," Kim replied with evident pleasure; "about sixty, I think." "Mercy!" the aged minister exclaimed, "You must have given them some powerful preaching." "No, the Lord did it," Kim retorted. The old minister went with Kim the following month and they organized the White Oak Christian Church with sixty-seven charter members. Shortly a commodious building was erected and White Oak became one of the most active churches in the Conference. In the years that followed five young men from this church became ministers of the gospel.

During the first five years of his ministry Kim missed only two appointments. Regardless of the weather he made it a rule never to miss an appointment if he could avoid it. On one trip to Plumville his eldest son, Willie, went with him. They were riding Binsy, the family mare, and since Willie was a small boy he rode behind on a small sheepskin. It rained all night Sunday night and the waters were very high when they started home on Monday. When they came to Mud Lick Creek, a tributary of Licking River between Burtonsville and Foxport, the bridge was under water and the mouth of the bridge was clogged with lumber, logs and trees. Kim decided to go upstream a ways and let the mare swim across. As the horse swam across Willie paddled his feet in the water, utterly unafraid, and said, "Binsy's a good swimmer, isn't she, Pa."

The following winter Kim was due to begin a revival meeting at Crooked Creek Church on Saturday night. When Saturday morning came a deep snow which covered the ground was badly drifted. The church was about thirty miles from his home, but he felt he must keep his promise and start the meeting. Sometimes the snow was so deep his horse could hardly get through. The horse was sweating freely from fatigue and twice Kim had to get off and dig the snow away so the horse could lunge her way through. Kim finally arrived at the church but no one came. "The snow was too deep for anyone to come to church," Kim says, "although the preacher had gone thirty miles to be there." The next day the meeting began and the people came, using any means of conveyance available — sleighs, sleds, buggies, wagons, carts, horseback, and on foot. "We held services day and night," Kim says, "and God blessed the effort. Over sixty were converted and took membership in the church, and the older members were greatly revived. Thank God, the snow laid on until the meeting closed."

Kim and Carrie decided they should move back to Muses Mills close to one of his churches. He bought three lots in the town and built a house, doing most of the work himself. He ran the engine for Mr. Ferguson's sawmill to pay for the lumber. When the house was completed the family moved from Hamburg to Muses Mills. Kim rented a water mill for a time and did very well with it. He continued as pastor of a number of churches, once a month at each place. Since he lived many miles from most of the churches it was difficult to treat his pastorates as little more than preaching points. However, he was always ready to respond in emergency situations.

After a brief time in town Kim again felt the pull toward the farm, so he bought thirty-two acres of land with some improvements and moved. The house in town was rented to a man who unfortunately failed to pay his rent. For some time Kim was unable to force him to move. When the man did vacate, the house was rented to another family that did pay the rent regularly each month. It wasn't long, however, until he had a chance to trade his town house for a seventy-five acre farm which became their home during the remainder of their years in Kentucky.

+ New Goodard

## VIII

Kim was endowed with a resonant voice whose ringing tones sounded rich and full whether he was speaking or singing, indoors or out. His singing voice was well adapted to solo work or the leading of congregational singing, and his spoken words carried clearly to the most distant listener. His strong vocal powers enabled him to preach and sing night after night for weeks without becoming hoarse. He devoted seven years almost exclusively to evangelistic work and he confesses that he enjoyed this much better than regular pastoral work. Much of the preaching in mild weather was in tents and out-of-doors.

Kim had learned the rudiments of music so that he could read music readily and could chord on the organ and piano. Since he received little financial remuneration in his preaching, he frequently conducted singing schools in communities where there had been little opportunity for such training. In these schools he taught people how to read music by use of the syllable names of the different tones in the scale — do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do. Scarcely more was done than to acquaint the pupils with the simple facts about musical terminology and notation so they could sing uninvolved hymn tunes — kinds of notes, treble and bass clefs, sharps and flats, tempo signature, et cetera. During his active ministry Kim conducted over one hundred such singing schools, mostly in rural communities. He found it a great help in his ministry. Sometimes he would teach one or two terms of singing school and follow up with a protracted meeting, using the singing school pupils as a choir in the meeting. Some of the pupils were converted in the meetings and became useful members of the church. Ten of his pupils became singing school teachers and others became choir directors. The small fees Kim charged were a very helpful supplement to the meager income he received from the churches he served.

In one of the revivals Kim conducted he was singing one of the revival hymns that were in use at that time. A man stood up in his place and said, "Preacher, I don't like your song." When Kim asked him why he didn't like it he replied, "Because it gets into my bones. It makes my bones hurt." Kim paused a moment and then said, "I believe you are mistaken about the ailment, brother; it likely is your heart instead of your bones." The audience laughed but the man did not.

When not holding revivals or conducting singing schools Kim worked at hard manual labor in order to gain means for the support of his family. Sometimes this opened doors for his ministry which otherwise would have remained closed. For a brief period he lived and worked with the coal miners in southeastern Kentucky, and at the same time did some preaching among the miners, "thank God, to good effect." On a Saturday night, while holding a meeting in a log school house, a man who was a boyhood chum came to hear him preach. The man was working in the timber some miles distant. When he heard that a man by the name of Hurst was holding a revival meeting, he wondered if it could be the Kim Hurst he had known as a boy and came to see. They had not only played together as boys, but on one occasion Kim had saved Dos' life in the river hills near Vanceburg, Kentucky. A drunken man attempted to plunge a knife into Dos, and Kim pushed the man over an embankment at a rock quarry.

"Well, Kim, it sure is you!" Dos Littleton exclaimed, "and you a preacher!" "Yes," Kim replied, "and I wish you were too. Are you a member of the church?" When Dos told him he wasn't Kim laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Don't you think it's about time to begin? I want you to listen while I preach." Dos did listen very attentively as Kim preached from the text, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted that your sins may be blotted out." Several times he noticed tears in Dos' eyes. Dos returned to the services Sunday morning, and on Sunday night he brought his brother, James with him. Both went forward to the altar and were converted. Shortly after, Dos Littleton felt a call to the ministry, and years later served as president of the Kentucky Christian Conference.

Kim continued the revival for twelve nights with many converts. At the conclusion of the revival he organized the converts into a church with "Christian" their only name, the Bible their only rule of faith and practice, Christian character the only test of fellowship, and private judgment the right and duty of all. The church was named Miller's Chapel. A Methodist preacher by the name of Sexton joined and about seventeen Methodist members followed him into the new church. Another Methodist layman became very angry about it. Standing up in the meeting with a revolver in his hand and said, "You better take that old devil away from here, and that other man, too, (referring to Kim and the former Methodist preacher) if you want them to live any longer." "Instead of us being killed," Kim says, "the Lord helped and many precious souls were brought into the kingdom. And as for the bully he thought he was, he was locked up in the county jail, not for what he did to us but for killing another man."

Kim was surprised when he was invited to dinner by some folks he had been told were angry because some of their relatives had joined the Christian Church. Some others were invited, also. Although the woman met him and took his hat and coat, he thought he detected a coolness in her attitude. When there was an opportunity another lady who was a member of the Christian Church warned Kim to partake only of such things as the others ate and drank, so he was careful. When he was served a cup of coffee, the lady who had warned him shook her head. He caught an odor that was unpleasant, and he thought he detected a strange color on top of the coffee. So he passed it on to the man of the house who was seated next to him. Quickly the woman took it away and poured it out. Later he was told that this woman was "laying for him" because it was her son who had threatened the preachers, and she supposed Kim was going to be a witness in the case when her son was brought to trial for alleged murder. "God brought me through that as well as through many other episodes," Kim says. "It seems that somehow the Lord will provide."

One of the converts who became a member of Miller's Chapel was a seventy-two year old man by the name of Stone. He told Kim that his father had taught him to "cuss" as he called it so that he had become a very profane man. After his baptism he said to Kim, "Preacher, I'm afraid." "You don't need to be afraid now," Kim assured him, "it's all over now." But the old man said, "I'm afraid I will cuss. What if I do?" Kim smiled and said, "If you do, Brother Stone, go down on your knees and ask the Lord to forgive you. Then ask him to help you not to swear anymore." Kim went away for a month. When he returned for services, as was his custom, he conducted a testimony meeting. He was a great believer in having new converts give public testimony. After two or three had testified, Mr. Stone got up. Pointing his finger at Kim, he said, "Just as I expected, Preacher; I cussed." "Oh," Kim said, half exclaiming and half questioning; "tell us about it." "Well," he sighed; "I was rolling a backlog into my fireplace and I caught my thumb between the log and the jamb rock, and I said, 'Damn the thing!'" "And what did you do then?" Kim asked. "I went down on my knees just as you told me," he explained with deep seriousness, "and asked the Lord to forgive me. I said, 'I said, Lord, don't let me cuss anymore.'" "Have you?" Kim asked. "No I haven't, and I haven't even thought of cussing since that time," he said, his face brightening. Kim says that "the old man lived a devoted Christian life for two years, and when he died left a bright testimony of acceptance with his Lord."

Kim served as pastor of Miller's Chapel for two years, riding or driving sixty miles to his appointment each month. A number of older people were converted in the regular Sunday services. One was a ninety-six year old man by the name of Roberts who said he hadn't been to church for fifteen years. When Kim gave the invitation, the old man went forward and knelt at the altar. "He prayed earnestly," Kim says, "the tears streaming down his cheeks and his white locks waving as he shook his head and looked up pleading for forgiveness. He was gloriously saved. I shall never forget how he stood before the congregation and gave an exhortation, his eyes fairly dancing with joy."

Another convert at Miller's Chapel was a Mrs. Hammond who was one hundred and one years old. After her conversion, Kim says, "she jumped and shouted like a girl. She lived only about two years and went home to glory."

Because of the distance from his home Kim urged Miller's Chapel to call someone else to be their pastor. It took too much time and energy for him to drive one hundred and twenty miles round trip each month. The year after he concluded his pastorate he was called back to preach four funerals, all on a Sunday. On his way on Friday he stopped for the night at Bullseye Springs near Fontana, Kentucky where he had previously held a very successful meeting. There he was told that Flora Buck, the thirteen year old daughter of a wealthy merchant, was sick and not expected to live through the night. The next morning Kim decided to stop by the Buck home before going on to Miller's Chapel where the funerals were to be held. As he approached the door he met the doctors coming out and asked about Flora's condition. "Just alive, and it won't be long now," they agreed. "If you want to see her go on in, it won't hurt that dear girl." Then one of the doctors added, "That girl is a puzzle to me. She is happy all the time."

When Kim went into the room, Flora looked up, smiled and reached her hand. Kim took her hand and said, "How are you, Flora?" She responded, barely above a whisper, "O, I'm all right, Brother Hurst; happy as I can be all the time. I am so glad you have come. You'll stay with me until I go home, won't you?" "Why, Flora Kim replied, "you are at home now." "O, yes," Flora agreed, "I know I'm at papa's home, but I mean until I go home where Jesus is." When Kim suggested that no one knew when that might be, and that it might not be soon, Flora said, "No, I am going home tomorrow night at two o'clock." Kim told her that he was on his way to Miller's Chapel to conduct four funerals the next day and that it would be a great disappointment to the folks if he didn't arrive in time. "Then you must go ahead," Flora agreed, "and preach those funerals, but I want you to come back Monday and preach my funeral. Have them carry me up and set me at the head of Grandmother's grave by the big cedar tree. I would like you to stand there and preach my funeral at two o'clock Monday." Kim promised that he would. He went on to Miller's Chapel and preached the four funerals, two in the forenoon and two in the afternoon with dinner served on the ground. When he returned to the Buck home on Monday he was told that Flora had passed to her heavenly home the night before as the clock struck two. As the hour approached she told them all goodbye and then asked them to bring her baby brother, Jimmie, from an adjoining room where he was sleeping so she could kiss him goodbye. "Meet me in heaven," she whispered as she waved her hand and passed away. They carried out the funeral as Flora had requested. Flora had been converted in a meeting Kim had held in the community two years before, but none of her family was a Christian until after her death. This experience turned the rest of the family, Kim says.

Kim was called to preach many funerals all over the area. One time he was called to preach the funeral of a woman on Bards Creek in Carter County. The woman had belonged to the Christian Church in her youth but after her marriage had moved to a section where there was no church of this denomination. Still she held to the principles of the Christian Church and left the request that a Christian minister conduct her funeral. One of her grown sons refused to come to the funeral to hear Kim preach. In time, however, he changed his attitude. Kim had the pleasure of receiving five of the lady's children and thirteen of her grandchildren into church membership. Two of the sons, including the one who had refused to attend his mother's funeral, became ministers in the Christian Church.

Kim was called to Greenup County to preach the funeral of a man who had fallen into the pit at a saw mill. His body was sawed in pieces and flesh was thrown against the walls and roof of the shed. The man had never made a profession of religion. Kim preached on the resurrection and left the man "in the hands of a just

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and merciful God. Although from childhood Kim had abhorred the thought of anyone dying "out of Christ and going to hell," he says, "I am persuaded that we shall see many people in heaven that we didn't expect to see there, and may not see some we felt sure would be there. I am glad we have a merciful God or none of us would be there."

During Kim's pastorate at the Mt. Zion Church in Nicholas County, a devoted member, a Mrs. Nicholas became critically ill. She was a leader in the Sunday School and was loved by everybody. The doctor could do nothing for her and she told the family that by the next evening she would be in heaven praising God. She asked her husband to send for Kim to preach her funeral. She wanted her body to be interred in the cemetery near the church she loved and where she had worshipped so long. She said, "I want Brother Hurst to get here in time to sing for me the song that was sung for my mother just before she passed away." This community was about twenty-five miles from Kim's home. A young man came on horseback to bring Kim the message. Kim saddled his horse and rode as swiftly as possible to the home. Friends were anxious and didn't think he would get there in time to sing the song, but the dying woman said, "Yes, he will; I see him now riding horseback. He's coming very fast along Peck's Ridge." The folks thought she was delirious and didn't know what she was saying. Previously he had always driven horse and buggy and they assumed he would come that way this time. Again Mrs. Nicholas said, "He will soon be here. I see him on this side of the river."

When Kim arrived he went into the house at once. About twenty of her relatives and friends were there. Mrs. Nicholas appeared to be very happy. "God bless you, my dear Pastor, and keep you faithful," she said as she reached her hand. "My work is done and the dear Lord is calling me home. Rest a little, then I'd like you to sing the hymn, 'How tedious and tasteless the hours when Jesus no longer I see; Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, have all lost their sweetness to me.'" Kim sang the hymn and read a passage of Scripture. Then, at her request, he administered the Lord's Supper. It was an impressive and happy occasion. Although Mrs. Nicholas was weak, she joined in singing one verse of another hymn which was widely used then, "I Will Meet You in the Morning, Over There." "Then," Kim says, "she folded her hands on her breast, closed her eyes and mouth, and went to sleep in Jesus." Kim preached the funeral from the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." (Rev. 14:13).

One Sunday night while he was pastor of the Mt. Zion Church, Kim noticed some people who took their seats in the very front pew. One of the ladies was dressed in black and wore a black silk bonnet. He learned later that she was blind. Kim preached on the account of Jesus' trip with his disciples to Jericho where a blind beggar sat by the roadside. When he heard that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by he cried out, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." When Jesus asked the blind man what he wanted the blind man said, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." And Jesus said to him, "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole." And immediately the man received his sight. Kim hadn't preached long until the lady in black began to sob. He didn't understand at the time, but did later. When he gave the invitation at the close of the sermon, the lady came forward with her right hand extended as she pushed the bonnet back from her face with her left hand. "Do you want to confess Christ as your Saviour?" Kim asked as he took her by the hand. Then she indicated that she did, he took her confession and led in prayer. He then extended the hand of fellowship to her and invited others in the congregation to do likewise. Kim says he never saw a greater "melting time" among people than at that time. He baptized her in the Licking River near the Upper Blue Licks and says he never baptized a person with greater ease. Her name was Anna Perott. When Kim first saw her she was dressed in black, but was dressed in white when she was baptized. A few years later Kim preached her funeral and again

she had asked to be dressed in white. Before she died she said to Kim, "Brother Hurst, I never got to see you here, but I will see you in heaven. For thirty-two years I have been unable to see the light of day, but I shall see in heaven."

On his way home from an appointment in Lewis County some folks came running toward the road from a farm house screaming and wringing their hands. They called to Kim and said, "Our daughter is dying and wants someone to pray for her, and none of us can pray." Kim got out of his buggy and went into the house. The girl had turned toward the wall and was praying earnestly for God's mercy. She seemed to realize she was nearing the end. Kim allowed her to pray for a few moments. When he spoke she turned toward him and cried, "What will I do? Please pray for me!" Kim prayed for her until, as he says, "she was blest and went home praising God." He says they had a dance in their home nearly every week but didn't go to church. Kim conducted the funeral and after that the parents joined the church and changed their manner of life.

While preaching at Cory Chapel a twelve year old girl was converted along with many others. When he was about to close the service he spoke a special word to the young converts. "When you get home," he said, "before you retire, get your Bible and read a chapter. Then ask permission of your parents to pray before you go to bed. It might prove a blessing." The twelve year old girl did this, and the next night her parents and a brother and a sister older than she came with her to the services and were converted. Her prayer had won them. Kim remembers vividly the baptismal service for the whole family in Tiggert River east of Olive Hill, Kentucky. (See photograph)

At the Cedarleaf Church across the Ohio River from Manchester, Ohio Kim conducted what he later referred to as his "pumpkin pie revival." During the meeting an old man by the name of Cox, somewhat over eighty years of age, became convicted and wanted to be saved. He invited the preachers to go home with him for the night so they could pray for him. The Reverend James Tumlén was assisting Kim in the meeting. While Grandpa Cox was putting his team away his wife and daughters welcomed the preachers into the house. One of the daughters said, "You had a good meeting. We had a prayer meeting here at home, and we felt in our souls that you were having a good meeting." "Yes," Kim said, "we did have a good meeting. Grandpa got under conviction and came to the altar." "Praise God!" the women said almost in unison as they clapped their hands.

When Grandpa Cox came into the house he said to his wife, "Liza, I went forward tonight, but I'm not saved yet. I brought the preachers home to pray for me." After a season of prayer together Grandpa said, "Eliza, do you have some of those good pumpkin pies?" When she said she had, he said, "Then bring out some for the preachers for I think they will have to stay up all night to pray for me. And bring them some good sweet milk, too." After they had had the pie and milk, Mr. Cox said, "You are going to have to pray for me again, Preachers." The Reverend Tumlén prayed and Kim sang a couple of songs. Both ministers talked with the old man and quoted Scripture which gives the assurance that if we repent of our sins God will forgive. When the clock struck one, Grandpa Cox said to his wife, "You'd better fix the preachers' bed; they must have some rest."

The preachers retired, but about four o'clock a familiar voice called, "Preachers, you'll have to get up and pray for me again." So they got up and dressed. When they went into the room, Grandpa Cox said, "Eliza, give these preachers some more pumpkin pie," but they excused themselves and went to prayer until daybreak. After breakfast they returned to the church for the forenoon services. During this service, Kim says, "the old man was gloriously saved. Kim baptized him and several others in the Ohio River."

As he drove or rode to his appointments and returned home Kim was confronted with unexpected opportunities to be of some help. On one occasion, as he was passing a Mr. Crawford's place, he saw that the house was in flames. He stopped and helped the man carry as much goods out of the house as possible, but the house and much of the contents were reduced to ashes. Kim also helped to save the barn from burning. He was glad that he could be of some help. The rest of the family was away and Mr. Crawford was alone.

On another occasion Kim was coming home from an appointment at Rice's Chapel in Carter County. Heavy rains made traveling difficult. Suddenly Kim saw an object which appeared to be struggling in the mud. His horse shied at the object, so he got out into the mud which came almost to his boot tops and discovered that the object was a two-year old child gasping for breath. He wiped the mud from the child's mouth and nose and eyes and carried the little fellow to the door. When the mother came to the door in response to Kim's call and realized what had happened to the child she became desperately excited. "He's all right now," Kim said. "All he needs is a good cleaning." Kim went in and washed, then went on his way rejoicing that he had been able to rescue the child. The father and mother, who were good Christian folk, could never cease thanking Kim for saving the child's life. In after years Kim moved from that area and he often wondered what became of the curly-headed boy and whether he grew to manhood.

In one of Kim's meetings the Indian wife of a white man was converted while sitting in her seat. The next night she was back at the service rejoicing in her newly found faith. In his sermon Kim declared that "King Jesus has the victory and will give it to all who trust him." When he said this the Indian woman began to laugh. With her eyes fairly dancing in her head, she waved her hands and shouted, "Hurrah for Jesus! Hurrah for Jesus!"

One night when Kim was preaching in a school house an elderly woman who was somewhat deficient mentally spoke out while he was preaching and said, "If you was the man you ought to be you would kick those men out of the house who are spitting their tobacco juice on the floor of God's house." The people understood, but some thought this woman was more proper than the brighter people who were guilty of such conduct.

In the midst of one of Kim's services a man who was quite tipsy made his way up the aisle and stopped in front of the pulpit. Looking up at Kim he stammered, "I like you. I'm one of your converts. Don't you think I'm a Christian?" Kim replied, "You do look a lot like one of my converts, but you don't act or smell much like one of the Lord's converts." The man turned and retraced his winding way to the door. Kim thought the Lord did a better job than that when he saved a man.

Early in his adult life Kim became a member of the secret order of Free and Accepted Masons, Fleming Lodge No. 112, in Flemingsburg. Kim felt that Masonry with its emphasis on union and brotherly love had been a great help to him in his ministerial work as well as in times of sickness and in travels. To those who felt they couldn't live a true Christian life and belong to a secret fraternity such as the Masons Kim said, "If this is the way you feel, you ought not think of joining it, but my observation is that as a fraternal order it is helpful to members and their families as well as to the community at large. Masonry should not take the place of the church. It has its place in helping people fraternally and morally in this world, but the church has its distinctive place in preparing men for a spiritual life and an eternal home above."

## IX

Usually Kim was well received wherever he went, but there were times when he met considerable opposition. At one time he was preaching in a part of Lewis County which was noted for drunkenness, thievery, profanity, and other disgraceful conduct on the part of both men and women. Kim preached some strong sermons against sin and immorality. A couple of preachers had been driven out of the place, and some got so angry at Kim that they said they were not going to allow him to continue preaching there. One night he went home with a Civil War veteran who seemed fearless. When they retired Kim went to sleep promptly as was his custom. In about an hour he awoke suddenly as if someone had touched him. He listened and thought he heard someone at the window. Turning over he saw the forms of two men outside. With light step he went to the bed where his host was sleeping and in a low tone said, "Brother John, some men are outside the house." "Keep cool, Brother Hurst," he replied. Reaching up over the doorway he took down the gun he had brought with him from the Army. As he opened the door and stepped out the men ran. Two shots rang out over their heads and they were not disturbed the rest of the night. Someone reported later that he had seen two revolvers in Kim's saddle pockets, something Kim hadn't carried since he accidentally shot himself. "The only weapon I carried," he says, "was the sword of the Spirit, the Holy Bible."

On another occasion Kim went to the Crooked Creek Church to hold a revival. When he arrived he was told that some "toughs" had gone to town to get some whisky to embolden them to break up the meeting. They were determined that no one was going to hold a meeting there. Two Civil War soldiers, a Mr. Redman and a Mr. Canady, told Kim to do the preaching and they would do the fighting. "Wait until I call for help before you do any fighting," Kim adjured them.

Soon after the service started two rough looking fellows stalked in and strode down the aisle. One of them took off his old flop-down hat and struck a man over the face. "Get up from there and let me sit down," he ordered. Kim politely requested their attention, but they began to curse and threaten. When they continued to cause a disturbance, Kim stepped down and caught one of them by the coat collar. Pulling him out of his seat he led him to the pulpit and set him down. "My friend," Kim said, "I want you to sit here and watch the door. I have been told that some men have gone to town to get some whisky and have threatened to come back and break up the meeting. I want you to watch the door and let me know if they come in so I can take care of them." Kim says the fellow shook like Belshazzar shook when he saw the handwriting on the wall. He sat there until Kim had finished his sermon, then asked if he might go. "Yes, you may go," Kim said, "and both of you be good." The next night this same fellow came to the church, not to break up the meeting but to seek a better life. He went to the altar when Kim gave the invitation, joined the church, and became a faithful member. The other fellow went to a dance the following Saturday night and was stabbed during a fight. He died cursing and swearing. Kim preached his funeral the following Wednesday. The man's widowed mother went insane over the way her son had died and died in the asylum.

Some months later Kim had a frightening experience when he had gone to this same Crooked Creek Church to fill his appointment. He had preached on Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night to large crowds. The offering of forty dollars was the largest he had received up to this time. Although he was thirty miles from home, he decided to return home after the Sunday night service. A man who was a stranger asked him if he was going home that night and, if so, whether he would go by way of Tolesboro. Not suspecting anything, Kim replied in the affirmative.

Kim was riding a little brown pony that was very swift. He was thinking about the services they had had when he came to a narrow road which ran through two miles of timber. Almost as soon as he entered the timber five men on horseback suddenly appeared, three from one side of the narrow road and two from the other. A feeling of horror flashed through Kim, for he felt he was in the hands of ruffians. He breathed a prayer for the Lord to take care of him, and he says, "I believed he would." Two of the men rode on ahead and three stayed behind. It seemed any way of escape was closed. Once he considered trying to pass the ones in front, but decided it might be wiser to ride along until he came to a plain road on the farther side of the woods. He took a new watch which his brother Clay had given him recently and slipped it into the leg of his left boot. The pocketbook which contained the forty dollar collection, and which his family at home needed so badly, he slipped in the other boot. He heard the two men in front talking in a low tone but he couldn't understand much that they said, but he heard one of them say, "I don't know, but I'll find out." The two men dropped back, one on each side, and rode up so close they were pressing his saddle pockets. "Please don't crowd me so," Kim said in the tone of a command. "Where are you going?" the man on the right inquired. "Home," Kim replied, "and how I wished I were there already," he exclaims as he records the incident. "Would you care to tell me your name?" the man on his left asked. "Not at all," Kim replied. "I'm not ashamed to tell my name anytime or any place." "I believe I have heard that name before," the man responded. "I know you have," Kim retorted; "you heard me preach this evening, you and Tote both." By this time he had recognized the two men riding beside him. "You are mistaken," the man countered. "My name is Owens, Jerry Owens." "Your name is no more Jerry Owens than mine is," Kim insisted. "I know Jerry Owens very well."

Just then they came to the plain road and Kim reined his horse around to pass them, but the two men swung around in front of him while the other three men galloped up close. The way of escape seemed closed, but Kim prayed, "Lord, I'm still trusting." Suddenly there was a rumbling of horses hoofs, first far away and then coming nearer. It sounded as if they were coming up the road, although they proved to be just inside a large pasture near the road. Kim shouted, Come on boys; you got here just in time!" At the approach of the horses and Kim's shout the men swung back quickly into the edge of the woods. Kim's pony wanted to go and he gave him the rein to go as fast as he liked. Kim was an experienced rider and liked to ride swiftly. It wasn't long until he reached Foxport and finally home. Later, as he recalled how the five men fled at the sound of horses hoofs he thought of the Scripture, "The wicked shall flee when no man pursueth." He was confident that it was God's providence that sent those horses to rescue him from danger, and he praised God for his deliverance.

The next time Kim went to his appointment at Crooked Creek he was told of the tragic sequel to this event. At a neighborhood dance Tote and George had a falling out and Tote stabbed George in "the brain of the arm." George died the following Wednesday of lockjaw, and Tote ran away never to come home again.

During one of Kim's evangelistic meetings at Kinniconick, Kentucky, in Lewis County, two men drove up and asked how long he planned to continue the revival. One of them ran a "bottle house" and both were tipplers. "When will this meeting close?" they asked. "I don't know," Kim replied; "whenever the Lord says quit, I reckon." "Well, we want you to quit now, because we don't like your preaching," one of them said sternly. "I know it," Kim said, and neither does your father," but one of the men thought to correct Kim. "You are mistaken, my father is dead," he said. "O, no he isn't," Kim insisted; "I'm well acquainted with him for I used to work for him. Jesus said, 'You are of your father the devil, and his works you will do.'" The man began beating his team of mules and said, "If you don't stop that meeting, I will." "But," Kim says, "he did not."



One of the churches Kim was instrumental in organizing was at Crain Creek about six miles from Muses Mills. He was invited to come and preach in an old school house. When he arrived he was told that three young men inside had vowed there would be no preaching there that day. They would see to that. Two of the men were sons of a distiller of whisky and brandy. However, Kim went on with the service without any interference. When he had concluded his sermon one of the young men stood up and said, "Are you coming back to preach again?" Kim replied that he would come back if the people wanted him. The young man, who was one of the distiller's sons, strode up to the front and threw down a twenty-five cent piece on the stand table and said, "Come on, boys, if you want him to come back." The boys responded with about three dollars. Kim did go back, and that fall he held a revival meeting which resulted in the organization of the Crain Creek Christian Church with thirty-three charter members. During his ministry there he had the joy of baptizing and receiving to membership the sons and the daughter and wife of the distiller.

One time Kim was conducting a singing school in Morehead, the county seat of Rowan County. On Saturday he started on horseback to his appointment at Crain Creek. A Reverend Mr. Button, a Disciples of Christ minister was pastor of a church in the same direction, rode along with him. The Disciple minister was also principal of the High School in Moorehead. When they came to Triplet Creek they found it very full because of heavy rains the night before. A stranger, who obviously was quite drunk, was waiting on the bank for someone to put him across. Kim was riding a small saddle mare and the other minister was riding a bigger horse. Kim suggested that he would cross first, and if he made it across all right the other minister might take the stranger on behind and cross. Kim's mare swam across easily. Then the Reverend Button helped the stranger on behind. They crossed without difficulty, the extra passenger holding on to the minister for dear life. When he slid off behind he drew a bottle of whisky from his pocket and offered the parsons a drink which they refused. They went on their way with wet feet and legs, the Disciples minister to Big Brushy, and Kim to Crain Creek.

There were only thirteen persons at church that trip because of the high waters. All of the young men were in their teens and none of them had ever made a public profession of religion. When the time for the service arrived Kim said, "Well, boys, it looks like nobody else is coming but I am willing to preach if you will stay." "That's what we came for," they replied. Kim invited them to help him sing some songs and then he preached, using as his text Psalm 119:9, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." He tried to show them that the only way was to obey the word of God. During his ministry at Crain Creek he had the pleasure of receiving all thirteen into church membership, and two of them became preachers. He always thought it was worthwhile going to that appointment even if he did have to swim his horse to get there.

While Kim was pastor of the Crain Creek Church they held a "basket meeting" with preaching in the forenoon and again at three in the afternoon. After he had eaten dinner he walked about a quarter of a mile to see an elderly member who was sick. After a short visit and prayer he returned to the church and found that six young men, all intoxicated, had arrived ahead of him. One of them was pretending to preach, and others were using abusive language. Some of the women were trying to get them to leave, but they refused to go. Kim stepped into the house and said, "Here, here! what goes on here? Why all this disturbance?" One of the women said, "These boys are acting something awful to be in a church house." Kim took one of the boys by the arm and said, "You boys go up some dark hollow and whoop and holler as loud as you can" Then he turned to the others and said, "Now everybody out of the house so the janitor can lock the door. I will be back for my next appointment, but there will be no more meeting here today." Late that evening two of the boys came

to see Kim about the disturbance and he advised them to go to the sheriff and guilty of disturbing the service. They did as he advised and the judge reduce fine to one hundred dollars each. Kim says he never knew the boys to be drunk that.

X

For seven years Kim devoted much of his time to evangelistic work. Some preaching was in southeastern Kentucky during the terrible feuds between the and Hatfields in Knott County, the Underwood quarrel in Rowan and Carter coun the Hargis and Jones trouble in Floyd County, and the Toliver and Logan broil Rowan County. Kim says, "Those were troubled and frightening times. Twice when gun cracked I heard a bullet, whistle by closer than I wanted it to. One day I was riding along a man on horseback approached in a gallop. When he saw me he his horse off into the bushes. Kim could see him with his gun and called out, "Are you doing out there? Come here." As the man rode out of the bushes Kim said, "Are you going my way?" "I don't know," the man replied evasively. "O yes," Kim said, "Come and ride by my side." As they rode along the man spoke quite freely "I don't believe I know who you are," he said. "You ought to," Kim said, "I know who you are. Your name is Caudle. You have heard me preach." The Caudles were runners, although Uncle Bill Caudle was a Baptist preacher and a good Christian. "O yes," Caudle said, "you are Preacher Hurst. I didn't know at first who you and I came near shooting you. I'm sure glad I didn't." "I'm glad, too," Kim replied with a characteristic smile. The next day he reached Martinsburg where he preached over Sunday.

One fall there was trouble in Rowan County over the election of a sheriff. On his way to Salt Lick, just over the line from Rowan in Bath County, to hold a meeting for a Methodist pastor, the Reverend William Childers, Kim crossed the Licking River at Moores Ferry and walked up the river bank. At the top of the bank two men were seated with their guns. They didn't observe Kim at first, but when he cleared his throat they jumped to their feet and raised their guns to their faces. "Halt!" they ordered. Kim stopped about thirty yards from them and said, "Boys, I have lost my halter." When he started again, one of them shouted, "Stop!" and replied, "I've lost my stopper." "Are you Cook Humphrey?" the first man asked. When Kim assured them that he wasn't Cook Humphrey, one of the candidates for sheriff, they lowered their guns and Kim walked to them. He told them who he was and where he was going to hold a meeting. As he started on he invited them to attend the meetings. "We just might do that," one of them said. "Anyway we are glad we didn't shoot." One night during the meeting these two men with ten others came to the church, and Kim thought they looked everyone present in the face. They helped with the singing and stayed until the invitation hymn was announced. Then they filed out of the building. In a few minutes Kim heard what sounded like a pistol shot some distance from the church. "Notwithstanding the trouble," Kim says, "we had a good meeting in which several men and women were saved."

Kim was invited to hold a revival about twelve miles back in the river hills from Quincy, Kentucky and he asked a young minister by the name of Penrod to go with him. They traveled by steamboat up the Ohio River about eighty miles to Quincy, then walked the twelve miles back into the river hills. It was night, but the stars were shining so they could follow the plain county road without difficulty. However, when they came to a cross road they turned the wrong way at the top of a steep hill. The road ran through a timber and they soon got lost. Being quite tired, Kim suggested that they sit down to rest, and soon he dozed off to sleep. The young preacher roused him and said, "Let's be going." When Kim asked him where he said, "I don't know, but I'm afraid here." Kim thought it would be better for them to

lie down on the leaves until morning, but Penrod said he was afraid of the bears and panthers and snakes that were reputed to be in the hills. So they started on.

"I'm not sure, but I think we are about a mile from Brother Logan's place," Kim said. "If so, I can tell in a minute. Old Major, the Logan's dog will bark." So Kim yelled at the top of his voice and a dog barked in the distance. "That's old Major," he said. "There's a deep canyon between here and there, so we must be careful." Down the hill they went through brush and briars, over boulders and through wild grape vines. Suddenly Kim fell over a precipice and lit about fifteen feet below brush and briars. Luckily no bones were broken but he was severely bruised and scratched. A wild cat squalled in the nearby woods. Kim called to young Penrod to bear to his right and feel his way down. This he did, stumbling over boulders and feeling his way. Soon they were down to a farm road which led down a branch to Uncle Abe Logan's farm. The dog kept barking and met them at the gate. Kim petted his chubby head and the dog went with them to the door. The Logans were expecting the preachers and Aunt Patty Logan had supper ready and waiting for them.

After a good time laughing and talking about their experiences they retired about nine o'clock. The two preachers had to sleep in the same bed with the Logan's son, Sam. Kim slept behind next to the wall, Sam on the outside, and Penrod in the middle. Soon Penrod was asleep and dreaming the wild animals of the forest were after him. He started to jump out of bed, but Kim caught him and persuaded him to lie down. Kim had just gotten to sleep again when Penrod, with a loud groan, jumped out of the bed and ran to the door as if to lock it. Kim got him back in bed where he slept until morning. Kim thought Penrod looked and acted a bit strange the next day, but he stayed and helped with the meeting. "We had a splendid meeting," Kim says, "with some forty converts, and the wild cats didn't get us either! If I had been afraid of the wild cats and other animals of the forest I should have missed many of my appointments, for there were many wild animals in Kentucky at that time. But I must say I am more afraid of some two-legged animals than of the four-legged ones."

In the month of May, 1889, Kim went to West Virginia to conduct some singing schools and some revival meetings. He stopped overnight in the town of Powelltown and was directed to a home where a widow had facilities for putting up transients, and also served meals. When he was settled in his room he went into the parlor to wait for supper to be served. In a few minutes the lady came back into the parlor and asked, "Have I ever seen you before? Where are you from?" When Kim informed her she smiled and said, "I'm from Kentucky, too, near Flemingsburg." When Kim told her that he was from Fleming County, too, and that his name was Hurst, a Christian minister, her face brightened and she asked, "Was your father's name Alfred Hurst, Uncle Billy Hurst's son?" Kim replied that they were his father and grandfather. "Then that's why I thought I had seen you," she said. "I knew both of them. I must call my sister, Lizzie Brooks, and have her come over to visit with you while I get supper ready."

Kim says they had a good visit. In the course of their conversation he asked Mrs. Brooks if she was a Christian. "No," she said, "but I wish I were. I have thought for some time that I ought to be. My father and mother were such devoted Christians, and my sister here is a loyal church worker, always at Sunday School and Church." "Well, why not start now?" Kim suggested, and she said she would like to.

Mrs. Brooks sister had come in from the kitchen and had heard some of the conversation. "My supper can do without me for a while," she said. Let's have the minister pray with us." So Kim led in prayer, and then each of the women prayed. "God heard and answered prayer," Kim says, and Mrs. Brooks accepted Christ as her

aviour. Her face fairly shone. 'Christ can save so quickly and so easily when we are ready and allow him,' she said. We all were overjoyed. After dinner we went to the midweek prayer meeting at the People's Church and Kim told the Pastor of Mrs. Brooks confession. The Pastor called her around and received her into church membership."

The next morning Kim took breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Brooks and he decided he would like to join the church the next Sunday.

Kim went on from Powelltown to Kentuckyville where he preached on Saturday night. On Sunday morning while he was dressing there was a knock at the door, and he was told that someone wished to see him. When he went out a young man handed him a note. Kim unfolded it and read, "Rev. Hurst, will you please come to Powelltown and preach my wife's funeral at two o'clock today?" The note was signed, "George Brooks." Of course, Kim went. He learned that on Friday morning Mrs. Brooks arose as usual, dressed and prepared breakfast. Her husband kissed her goodbye as he left for the office and left her singing. About nine o'clock she suffered a heart attack. She called her sister and asked her to call her husband. When Mr. Brooks came she said, "George, I can't last long. Be sure you fix everything up between you and the Lord, be good and meet me in heaven. Have the Kentucky preacher to preach my funeral. Tell him I am all right and I shall see him up yonder."

Kim said that it seemed all the people of the town and surrounding area were at the funeral. When they brought the coffin into the house, Kim said, "Friends, it appears that there are more people outside than are inside. If the family doesn't object we will move the body over to that orchard and I will conduct the service there." Mr. Brooks gave his consent, and Kim stood at the head of the casket and preached on the text, "Blessed are the dead in the Lord." In the sermon he recounted the story of her conversion and said how glad he was that she accepted Christ when she did. "But," he said, "think of the enjoyment one misses by not starting in the Lord's service early in life." Kim thought he had never seen more tears shed at a funeral.

Kim went back to Kentuckyville to resume his work there. Within a few days a heavy rainstorm flooded the whole valley. Kim thought it was the most terrible rainstorm he had ever known. In about twenty minutes Armstrong Creek, a large tributary of the Kanawha River, came rolling down, a wall of water as much as fifteen feet deep. It was the time of the destructive Johnstown flood when a retaining dam east of the city of Johnstown, swollen by the heavy rains, burst and released an enormous body of water that practically destroyed that city and killed over two thousand persons.

Kim was staying at a hotel which stood on an elevation not far from the river. People fled to higher ground from the low-lying parts of the town, leaving their homes and belongings to the mercy of the waters which had no mercy," Kim says. "Women came wading the water carrying their young children and crying for help. Men held onto their wives and children, pulling with all their strength for safety. Houses, lumber and livestock floated by toward destruction. The hotel was crowded upstairs and down, and the water was lapping at the first floor of the hotel, so that for a time the hotel was threatened! A large oak tree had fallen across the river against a beech tree and debris had piled up against the log. The rushing water began to cut away the sandy bank very fast. Kim said, "Someone must cut that log to free the debris or we shall all be lost. Who will go with me?" A Mr. Brooks Bluffington, who had been a cowboy in Kansas, had an axe. He said, "I'll go with you." So he and Kim went out on the driftwood. Kim stopped and began chopping a large beam that was holding the tree while Mr. Bluffington went on across the flood. The water was rapidly cutting under the front pillars of the hotel. Suddenly the beam gave way and the big tree and its load of debris broke loose. Kim says that it seemed as if the whole earth was giving way. Jumping into the water Kim caught hold of a picket fence

and clambored to safety. Mr Bluffington was marooned across the river and climbed a big beach tree. There he sat until the water lowered and they could get to him with a large draft horse and bring him to shore.

When the waters subsided a horrible spectacle was disclosed. Just a few days before Kim had traveled from Mount Corbin to Kentuckyville, a distance of about twenty-five miles. He thought he never saw finer crops and truck gardens. Powelltown was a coke center which shipped thousands of tons of coal and coke, and Kentuckyville was a lumber center which manufactured and shipped millions of board feet of the finest lumber. The flood had swept away the gardens and crops; trees were broken and uprooted; livestock was strewn about, some dead, some with broken legs and not yet dead, and some lodged in trees. The railroad was demolished from the head of the creek to the mouth, and the big lumber mill was completely destroyed.

"But," Kim says, "we were all happy that none of the inhabitants of the town was lost in the flood." Mr. William Penrod, owner of the big lumber mill who had lost all his lumber and logs, began to sing. "How can you sing," someone asked, "when you have lost so much?" "That loss is nothing compared with the lives that might have been lost," he replied. "I am happy that we are all alive." He then asked Kim to distribute his song books, and Mrs. Penrod went to the piano. Everybody joined first in singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." After they had sung a number of hymns, Mr. Penrod said, "Brother Hurst, preach us a sermon now." So Kim preached a brief sermon. "Several came forward and confessed their Saviour," Kim says, "and many prayers of thanksgiving were offered to God for his love and care."

## XI

Kim's wife, Carrie, was a great source of encouragement to him in his ministerial work. She always had his clothes ready for him to go to his appointments and welcomed him home again with a cheery smile. Nearly the first words she would speak on his return were "Are you well? Did you have a good meeting?" Kim felt she was an exceptionally good mother. She was of quiet disposition and devoted much time to instructing the children in the Christian way of life. She kept the children neat and clean, ready for church and Sunday School.

Kim and Carrie lived together happily for almost twenty years when "the Lord took her to himself." Kim says he doesn't think Carrie had an enemy in the world. "I never knew her to have a contention with anyone. She was kind to her family and to all of her neighbors. She died in the fullest hope of a home in heaven. She said the only thing she hated about leaving this world was leaving her family. She insisted that I not try to raise the children alone and that in a reasonable time I seek a good companion that I thought would be good to the children. She wanted me to be careful to pick a Christian lady from a respectable family because she wanted the children to be trained aright, and she knew I would need a Christian companion to help me as a minister."

The death of his wife left Kim with four living children. The oldest child was Minnie and not long after her mother's death she married Charles Walker Fultz and left the parental home. For a time Kim tried batching with the three boys. Willie was eleven, Arthur was eight, and Preston was six. He continued preaching regularly, and when he went to his appointments he would get someone to keep the house and look after the children, or he would leave the boys with his sister, Charlotte Muse or one of the neighbors. But sometimes the people with whom they stayed were not professing Christians; they didn't have family prayers and were not the kind of example he wanted for the boys. He tried boarding the children out for a time, but this cost him more than his income and, too, they were being taught things he didn't

approve. He took them home and tried batching with them again, but when the time came for him to go to his appointments he faced the same old problem. So he began to think more than ever of the biblical truth that it is not good for man to be without a helpmeet. While thinking this over, Kim says, "my God-blessed sister, Mrs. Charlotte Muse, said one day, 'Kim, you can't get along this way. You must get out and find you a wife to help you in the care of those dear boys.' I told her I had been thinking about it but wondered who would have a preacher who was gone so much of the time and three growing boys to care for. She said, 'Ask God to direct you, be careful, and you will find the right one.'"

"Others advised me the same. Some would pick out a wife for me. Some of them were good pious women, but something seemed to say, Not that one. Some were widows with children, and it didn't seem good to put two sets of children together. Some young women, sixteen and eighteen years of age, were cited to me, but it didn't seem wise to put such a young wife over boys soon to enter their 'teens. I felt I needed someone old enough to instruct and care for them, so I decided to make my own choice, God being my helper. My chief desire was a companion who was a devoted Christian like my first wife who had been such a great help to me in my ministerial work."

Finally Kim was attracted to a mature young woman who played the organ for the services at the Bethel Christian Church near Wesleyville, Kentucky. He had conducted a singing school there in February, and she was one of the pupils. Also, he had preached at the Bethel Church a number of times. Mary Ann Fultz was the daughter of John Wesley and Malvina Danner Fultz, and the granddaughter of the Reverend Wesley Fultz, a Christian minister and a charter member of the American Christian Convention, the general convention of the Christian Church. Mary was one of ten children and was in her twenty-sixth year. Kim had noticed her kindness to her parents and her brothers and sister; in fact, her kindness to everyone. She had a good singing voice and played the organ quite well. She was always at church and when he was entertained in the Fultz home Kim discovered she was a good cook. He became convinced that Mary was the one for him, but he didn't know whether she would have him or not. When he returned home from an appointment he wrote her and asked if he might correspond with her. This she granted, and after a brief correspondence and several visits he proposed marriage. They talked the matter over pro and con. Kim told Mary that he would have to be away a great deal of the time because he had dedicated his life to God and couldn't think of giving up his preaching. He told her, however, that he would take her with him whenever possible.

Kim succeeded in getting Mary's consent, but her father and mother objected. They said they had no objection to Kim as a man, but they didn't want their daughter to marry a man with a family. It became clear that if they were to marry they would have to leave her home for the ceremony. So, in keeping with previous arrangements, Kim went after her, taking with him a young man to convey her trunk to the town of Olive Hill where they were to be married.

When they arrived in the town they went to a hotel to dress for the wedding. They then went to the home of the Reverend Zechariah Tyree for the wedding ceremony. The Reverend Tyree was a Christian minister who had assisted in Kim's ordination. He was also deputy Clerk of Carter County. Although he was in his ninety-second year he didn't use glasses in filling out the license. The license was dated the 13th day of December, 1893.

The wedding couple were gone from the hotel about two hours and when they returned a large crowd of people, both transients and town residents, was waiting for them. A runner had gone out over the town to announce that the preacher would be back to the hotel in a short while with his bride. Kim had taught singing schools in Olive Hill and, also, had preached there. Mary had many friends there



since she had lived in the county all her life. So it was like a gathering of home folks. It was a complete surprise to Kim and his wife and they were grateful for the friendship and hospitality shown.

The next morning Kim and his bride left by horse and buggy for their home at Muses Mills in Fleming County. It was a distance of about twenty miles and they stopped for a noon meal with some friends along the way. They arrived in Muses Mills a little after dark. As they passed through the town Kim wondered why there were so few lights in the houses. He thought it strange that the people had gone to bed so early, but soon they discovered the reason. When they arrived home about a mile and a half west of town the yard was lighted with lanterns hanging on the trees and shrubs, and the yard was filled with people waiting to welcome them. It was a complete surprise. Mary said, "Well, Kim, I see you haven't outlived all your friends yet," and Kim said he hoped he never would. Dr. and Mrs. Campbell who were in charge of the affair said there were over a hundred and fifty people there. A sumptuous dinner had been prepared. Kim thought "no grander reception could be this side of heaven nor truer friendship shown."

Kim appreciated the reception especially because he was pastor of the church at Muses Mills at the time. He thanked God for Christian friends and took courage, but he was thankful most of all that he had his little family at home with him again and a companion to make the family circle complete. Kim says, "I have never had reason to regret the hour we stood before the altar and took the solemn vow to love, cherish, and care for each other as long as we both should live. If Mollie has ever regretted it she hasn't let me know it yet. Some of the time we have experienced hardships, but she has been a faithful companion. She has stood by me through poverty, adversity, and affliction as none but a true wife would have done. She proved to be the very one I needed to help rear the children. No mother could have treated her own children better than she treated her stepchildren. People who were not acquainted with the situation thought they were her own, although some remarked that she seemed young to have such large children. All the deprivations, poverty, and hardships sink into oblivion under the sunlight of love and care for each other and under the blessed light of the grace of God. This has brought joy sufficient to cushion all disappointments and to cure all ailments."

Kim and Mary didn't return to her parental home for eight months, but when they did return they were given a warm welcome. He and father and mother Fultz became the best of friends.

Although Mary's grandfather, Wesley Fultz, was a minister in the Christian Church, her father and mother were Methodists, and Mary was reared in that church. After her marriage she united with the Christian Church at Muses Mills. One Sunday afternoon Kim was baptizing some candidates in Foxes Creek below Muses Mills and he was surprised when his wife presented herself at the water's edge to be baptized along with the others. Although she had been sprinkled in the Methodist Church, she wasn't satisfied and wanted to be immersed. Kim, too, had been sprinkled as a child in the Methodist Church, but after he was ordained to the ministry he decided he would like to be immersed. He was baptized by Elder A. C. Burns in the waters of Crain Creek near the village of Nisi, Kentucky. *Head of Crain Creek.*

Kim loved to baptize people who were earnest. He was convinced that immersion symbolic of the death and resurrection of Christ, is the proper mode of baptism, although he didn't believe that burial in a stream of water would wash away one's sins. He says, "I know as well as I know that I breathe that I was saved and was happy in the Saviour's love before I was baptized. I believe that a man may be saved before, after, or in the act of water baptism, but I believe that the one who is saved before baptism is more apt to stick with it. Not by righteous acts but by faith in the precious blood of Jesus are we saved."

Kim says he has immersed many people who had been sprinkled or poured previously and were not satisfied with that form, but he knew of no person who expressed dissatisfaction with immersion. Consequently he concluded that immersion is the true way.

During one of Kim's baptismal services a Mr. Littleton came down to the water's edge with tears flowing freely and asked to be baptized. When Kim reminded him that he had never made a Christian confession he said, "No, but I believe Jesus is the Son of God." Kim said, "Amen, brother," and led him into the water to be buried with Christ in baptism. Mr. Littleton proved to be a true man of God through the remainder of his life, Kim says.

On another occasion, when he was pastor of the Crain Creek Church, Kim preached a sermon on baptism. At the conclusion of his sermon he invited all who wished to be baptized to come forward. Nine came, and three of them were Methodists. "Aren't you members of the Methodist Church?" Kim asked. "Yes," one replied, "but our preacher doesn't believe in immersion, and we want you to baptize us."

*Richard Brammer's home is opposite the Harry Ward home.*  
While conducting some meetings at Muses Mills Kim was spending the night at *Laura B* the home of Richard Brammer. They sat up rather late visiting, then had prayer *was John* and went to bed. About one o'clock Mr. Brammer knocked at Kim's door and asked *+ Avery* him if he would baptize him at that hour of night. He said he hadn't slept a wink *Fergus or* yet and would like Kim to baptize him. "All right," Kim replied. So they got up *mother* and dressed, and the Brammer's son went to invite the Dawson Brammer family to meet them at the creek for the service. When they arrived at the selected place *Dawson* Dawson Brammer and his daughter, Laura, were there prepared for baptism. So Kim *Brammer* baptized the four. The next night the experience was related at the evening *owned the* service, and Kim says there followed a grand time of handshaking and fellowship. *st. Ward* *farm*

On several occasions Kim baptized people who were ill. One was a young man by the name of Henry Littleton. During his illness he sent for Kim to come and pray for him. Kim went and prayed until he was saved. He asked Kim to preach a sermon the next afternoon and baptize him. Kim announced it and the next afternoon a large crowd was at Henry's home when the time arrived for the service. After the sermon some men carried Henry out to a creek that ran through the farm and Kim baptized him. Henry's grandfather was the Reverend F. R. Muse. When Henry died about two weeks later he said his mother and grandfather had come to go to heaven with him. Henry Muse, an uncle of Henry Littleton, took sick and asked Kim to baptize him. Kim preached a sermon for him and took his confession of faith. Then two friends, Dawson Brammer and John Brammer, carried him to the creek where his father, the Reverend F. R. Muse, had baptized scores of people. There Kim baptized him. He lived only a brief time, Kim says, but "was happy in the faith." The two Henrys lived only about a mile apart.

A man by the name of "Coon" Henderson, who lived near Muses Mills, had been sick for some time when he sent for the preacher. Kim preached a sermon and took his confession of faith. They set him in an arm chair and carried him to the creek about a hundred yards away. In baptizing him Kim just tilted the chair back until the candidate was under the water. Mr. Henderson recovered from his illness, Kim says, and lived a happy Christian life for many years.

When Kim was doing some baptizing in Bard's Creek, a large crowd of people was gathered on both sides of the stream. A lady stood on the bank holding her baby snugly wrapped in a blanket. When Kim baptized her sister and raised her out of the water, the young mother on the shore began to shout and dropped the baby over the bank which was about three feet high. A young man who was standing near stepped off the bank and picked up the baby. When the woman stopped shouting the young man handed the baby to her. Kim says the baby didn't wake when it fell. "The Lord who said 'Suffer the little ones to come to me' takes care of his own."

While Kim was preaching on White Oak Creek in Greenup County he gave an invitation for any who wanted to confess their Saviour to come forward. Nine older ladies responded along with several younger folk. The youngest of the older ladies was seventy-two years of age. It was a beautiful day and a service of baptism was set for the next day (Monday). However, it snowed Monday, but they went ahead with the service. A large crowd gathered on the creek bank. Kim suggested that he baptize the oldest ones first so they could go back to the house, but when the last ones had been baptized he noticed that the older ones were still there. Kim didn't scold them, but he did say, "You sisters didn't go to the fire as I suggested." "O, no," one of them replied, "we wanted to see our children and grandchildren baptized." "That's the kind of soldiers Jesus wants," Kim said.

## XII

~~When~~ Kim was pastor of the Bethel Church in Carter County, he rode a small saddle mule as far as Oliver Hill and stopped there for the night because it had rained all day. The rain stopped about midnight and it turned very cold so that he found the road frozen hard and very rough the next morning when he started on toward Bethel. Suddenly, as he was riding in a lope, the mule's foot caught in a track in the frozen ground and pitched him on his head. Kim was wearing a stiff derby hat such as most ministers wore in those days. He turned a complete somersault and punched his head down into the hat. It came near breaking his neck and he was unable to turn his head for several days. The hat, of course, was ruined, so that he had to get a new hat in Wesleyville to wear to church.

One day Kim was riding along Tigert Creek in Carter County and was accosted by two young men. "Howdy, boys," Kim said. "If you call us boys," one of the men said, "where did Lincoln get his army?" Kim laughed, but they did not. Taking Kim's horse by the bridle they swore they were going to give Kim a whipping for the things he had been preaching. "O, I reckon not," Kim said. "Yes we are," they insisted. "Then I suppose you will wait until I tie my horse," Kim proposed. When they said they would wait he got off and hitched his horse to a tree. "Now, fellows," he said, "I suppose you are game enough to wait until I pray." "Game enough for anything," they assured him. Each of them had a good sized stone in his hand. Kim knelt down on the ground and prayed, "O Lord, here are two boys I never had aught against and didn't know they had aught against me. Forgive them for stopping your servant on the highway and challenging him to a fight. In this fight give me strength and victory. And if I should kill one of them, forgive me and save his soul. I only ask that you give me the victory, and I know you will. Amen."

When Kim arose from his knees, he looked them in the eyes and said, "Now, boys, I'm ready, live or die." As he confronted them they dropped their rocks one at a time. Then one of them said, "I reckon we'll let you go this time, but if you preach anymore like you did Sunday night we really will whip you." "All right, fellows," Kim replied, "if you want to postpone it to another time it may be best for us all." Kim got on his horse, told the young men goodbye, and rode off singing, "Hold the fort for I am coming, Jesus signals still."

Some twelve years later Kim was called to the McGlone neighborhood to hold a meeting. As he walked down the aisle he saw one of the men who had threatened him

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now somewhat older, sitting on the end of the pew. He arose smiling and said, "Do you know me?" "O yes, Dan," Kim said, "I'll never forget you." "I'll never forget you either," Dan assured Kim. "One time in my life I wanted to fight you, but now I want to hug you." "All right," Kim said, and they put their arms around each other in a real bear hug. In the intervening years Dan had been converted and had become an active member of the church. He was a great help to Kim in the meeting. They both were glad that it all turned out as it did and had a delightful visit together.

### XIII

Kim held a number of revival meetings in rural churches of the Southern Ohio Christian Conference. Ministers of this conference and of the Kentucky Christian Conference exchanged pulpits frequently, and the annual sessions of these bodies found ministers from both in attendance. The theological temper of the two bodies was similar and if it hadn't been for the Ohio River the churches of the two areas would have constituted one body. Church services in both areas were characterized by extraordinary emotional demonstrations, especially during revival meetings.

Kim held what he considered one of his most successful revivals at the Oak Grove Christian Church near West Union, Ohio. The pastor of the church was the Reverend W. Van Miller. In his letter inviting Kim he had asked that he pray much for the meeting. "Come with all the spiritual power you can command," he said, "for our church is dead." At first Kim hesitated to accept the invitation, but after earnest prayer he felt led of the Holy Spirit to go. When the time came he harnessed his horse, kissed his wife and children goodbye, and drove off toward Ohio.

It was a beautiful morning as he drove along the Tolesboro Pike. He was praying for the meeting for he had found in his experience that if he prayed and allowed the Spirit to lead he had good success. He could preach better and the people responded better. He had been preaching about twenty years with considerable success, but there were times when he felt the need of something he had not received. He had just closed a fairly good meeting, but it seemed there was a lack of real consecration. "I thanked God for the many hundreds I was permitted to lead into the light of the gospel," he says, "but up to this time I felt the need of more power. Sometimes I was almost prostrated while in the pulpit but I didn't understand why. The trouble was that I wanted part of the say as to how things were to be done. I realize now that if I had let Jesus have his way with me I would have been thoroughly sanctified, something that was necessary to my effectiveness as a preacher of the gospel.

"As I thought and prayed about the meeting that was ahead there came a sudden impulse to get out and pray. I was just as anxious to pray as I ever was for a drink of water when extremely thirsty. I got out of the buggy and knelt down beside a little rail fence covered with bushes. I prayed that the Lord would take me in hand and fit me for whatever work he had for me to do. Lord, take me and sanctify me completely to thy service. Suddenly it seemed that a heavy load was lifted. A power surcharged my entire being as real as a shock of electricity. With light heart I got back in my buggy and resumed my journey, but I seemed to lose sight of everything. When I came to myself I was singing the song, 'Saved to the Uttermost.' I looked across the way where a lady was standing in the doorway laughing at me, but I didn't care."

Kim says that his sanctification as a second work of grace was as real to him as the sunshine on a clear day. "A sense of power played over my being for three days and nights. I didn't care to eat or sleep, and if I chanced to doze I was in the sweetest state of ecstasy and peace. Everything glittered like the brightest.

gold. At times the sweetest music such as nothing but heaven could give thrilled my soul. While I knew I was on earth, it seemed as if I could fly to the very heavens. O, what joy and peace flowed through my soul."

It was a long drive to West Union, Ohio but Kim's horse was "a fine stepper," and he had a full stock LeGrand whip which he used only with a light tap to get the horse moving with a lively trot. He crossed the Ohio River on a ferry and drove to West Union on the Manchester Turnpike. The Oak Grove was in the open country about five miles from West Union.

Kim stopped for the night with the Reverend Thomas Walmsley in West Union. When Mr. Walmsley greeted Kim at the door he sensed immediately that Kim was a changed man. He called to his wife, "Come here; Brother Hurst is here and he is sanctified!"

The revival started on Saturday night, and from the very beginning, Kim says, "The Lord's power fell on both preacher and people, saint and sinner. I found I could sing, pray, and preach with ease. It seemed I had only to tell the old story of the Cross and God did the rest. Stalwart men fell from their seats as if dead. Several nights people lay prostrate over the house as if slain in battle. As the prophet said, 'The slain of the Lord were many.' Sinners cried for mercy and saints pleaded for a better and cleaner life. Backsliders were reclaimed and several professed a deeper work of grace. Old grudges were fixed up and people shook hands who hadn't spoken for months. Some who hadn't spoken for years took each other in their arms, forgave each other, and wept and praised God together. Old men who had opposed the church for years were saved. Men paid long-standing debts and stolen property was returned to the rightful owners. A deacon in the church had had a falling out with his sister-in-law. She had sought reconciliation but he declared that he would never speak to her again. During the meetings God convicted him to the point of prostration. At last he surrendered and peace was made. Many other things were fixed up and souls were made happy."

One night early in the meeting Kim was led to speak on Holy Living. He said, "We want a religion that makes better people; a religion that will keep men away from ether men's smokehouses, chicken houses, and corn cribs, and if by chance they should find another man's pocketbook they would return it to the owner." Kim says, "I must say, if the Lord ever helped me preach, he did that night."

At the conclusion of the sermon Kim announced a hymn and gave an invitation for seekers to come to the altar. About twenty came. He didn't think ever in his life he had a greater sense of conviction resting on an audience. A man in the front pew sang for a while, but at last fell on his knees and began to plead for forgiveness. Kim knelt down and prayed with him until he rose and said there was no use praying until he fixed up some things.

The next morning Kim went into town, and as he walked up the street he met a local merchant who said, "Are you the man who is holding the big meeting at the Grove?" When Kim answered that he was conducting some services there the man said, "Well, you are doing some good. You caused a man to give up a pocketbook he has been trying to steal for three weeks." Kim hadn't heard of it before, although he had mentioned a similar case in his sermon. It seems that a man in the community missed his pocketbook containing fifty-eight dollars. He had published his loss in the paper and had offered a reward but it hadn't been returned. The next night the man who had found the pocketbook came back to the meeting and confessed the whole thing. He prayed again and Kim says he never saw clearer evidence of the forgiveness of sins. The man then became a great worker in the meeting.

One night while Kim was preaching a child about a year and a half old crawled down from her mother's lap and toddled down the aisle. When the mother started to

get her Kim said, "Just let her move around; she won't hurt anything. She belongs to Jesus anyway." The mother let her go, and she went on down the aisle looking up wistfully at the preacher as if she wanted him to take her. Kim held out his hands and she went right to him. Taking her in his arms he went right on preaching. Holding her before the congregation he said, "This is what Jesus did. He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not.' 'Except ye be converted and become as a little child ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' Don't you wish you were as innocent and pure as this little child? If so, come to this altar." Almost the entire congregation was in tears, Kim says. "Hardened sinners wept aloud and there was a rush for the altar. Some didn't get all the way, until they were on their knees praying for pardon." Kim says that he had tried several times before to get this child to sit on his lap but she wouldn't make up with him until that night. This experience, he thought, led into one of the greatest revivals ever known in that part. He always believed that God sent that little child to him for that very purpose verifying the saying that "a little child shall lead them." "God's ways are best," he says. "Some were regenerated, some reclaimed, and others were sanctified. To God be the glory."

During the revival at Oak Grove, Kim says, some people who had sicknesses of long standing were healed. The pastor's wife, Mrs. Van Miller, had been confined to her home and bed. During the meetings she asked to be taken to the church that the people might pray for her recovery. Kim preached on the power of God to heal the sick according to the Apostle James and invited those who had this faith to come and kneel at the altar. Mrs. Van Miller was seated on the rostrum. Quite a number came forward including the deacons and some ministers who were in attendance. Kim had provided a small vial of oil for the anointing.

Before they entered into prayer Mrs. Van Miller said she had a confession to make. "All right," Kim said, "say on, Mrs. Miller." Mrs. Van Miller then said she believed this affliction had been sent because of her disobedience. She said the Lord wanted her to preach and she had refused. "Then," Kim said, "if the Lord will forgive and heal you, are you willing to obey his will?" "Yes," she replied, "I will do anything he wants me to do." Kim reminded her of the biblical promise, "As thy faith is, so be it unto you." Kim prayed and then poured the little vial of oil on her head. "All was as still as death," he says, "as Mrs. Van Miller began to tremble. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and looked around at the people, her face aglow. Then she clapped her hands and said, 'Thank God, it is done! I haven't a pain in my body. I know I am perfectly well. Thank God!' People stood up all over the house and looked at her in amazement. 'The Lord wants me to preach,' she exclaimed. 'Go at it then,' Kim said. 'She must have talked for three-quarters of an hour,' Kim says. 'I never saw a happier soul in my life. People knelt at their seats and in the aisles, and others came forward and bowed at the altar while she was talking. It was a wonderful night to me and to many others.' Some, however, said Mrs. Van Miller would be back in bed the next day and her husband would have to cook his own meals. On the contrary, the next day she did her washing and came back to the church each night during the revival. Kim says she lived and preached for many years.

A number of others were healed during the meetings. A man suffering from a bad case of eczema claimed to be healed. A man who was paralyzed asked the ministers to come to the house and pray for him and administer the Lord's Supper. The ministers took some of the deacons with them. Kim preached a short sermon and then spoke of how Jesus healed people in his day. "He has just as much power today as then," he declared. The man then asked that they pray for his recovery. "His faith was strong," Kim says, "and the Lord heard. The man got well and came the three miles from his home to the meetings."



Kim attributed much of the success of the meeting to the condition of the preacher at the time and the experience of sanctification he received on the way. "People can tell when we have gotten nearer the Lord," he says, especially can they tell it in the preacher and his preaching." On his way home after the meeting closed at Oak Grove Kim stopped to preach Monday night at Ellsberry, Ohio where the Reverend E. R. Glasscock was pastor, and where Kim had previously served as pastor. Mr. Glasscock also believed in sanctification as a second work of grace. Soon after Kim started preaching the pastor said out loud, "Glory to God! He's got it! God has sanctified him." And he laughed aloud. "The power fell on the people while I was preaching," Kim says, "and we had a great service. After dismissal an 'sainted' mother took me by the hand and said, 'You have more religion than when you preached here before. You preached with much more power.' People know when we are living close to God."

The next day Kim resumed his journey home. On the way he overtook a young man walking and he invited him to ride. When the young man got into the buggy Kim talked with him about a number of things. Then as he was thinking of the meeting and the many souls saved he said "Glory!" as the wellspring of his soul bubbled up. It startled the young man so that he started to jump out of the buggy, but Kim caught him and said, "Don't be scared; I'm all right. I'm just happy over a meeting just closed." He then asked the young man if he was a Christian. When he said he wasn't, Kim asked him if he would like to be. "Yes," he said. "My mother is a Christian, but she is the only one the family who is." Kim quoted a few passages of Scripture and prayed for him as they drove along. When they came to the place where the young man was to leave the main road to go to his uncle's home he got out of the buggy. Kim told him that he was going to start a revival meeting in his home church at Muses Mills the next night and invited him to come. He promised to come.

Kim reached home just before dark. His wife informed him that it had been announced the revival would start that night and that the people were expecting him to preach. So Kim went on to the church which was about a mile down the road. Although he had no opportunity to make special preparation, he preached. The next night, to his surprise, the young hitch-hiker was at the meeting. He had walked eight miles, but was well repaid. "When the invitation was given," Kim says, "he came to the altar and was happily converted. When we shook hands after the service he smiled and said, 'I'm not afraid of you now.'" Kim never saw the young man after that but heard that he went home and with the help of his mother and the Lord the entire family was converted.

The Reverend R. B. Conley assisted Kim in the revival meeting at Muses Mills. This was the first church Kim had organized. "The power of the Lord came upon the people," Kim says, "and a most wonderful revival broke out. Sinners were convicted and converted. The power was so great that hardened sinners wept and quaked like an aspen tree. People were saved at their homes, along the highway, and in the fields, but the greater number at church. Among them was Dr. Campbell who had been a surgeon in the Civil War. The night he was converted twenty-two came to the altar all adults, heads of families. Shouts of the saved went up in praise to God for his wonderful grace and love. As many as thirty or more were shouting the praises of God at one time."

One night during the revival Kim and the visiting preacher went home with Mr. Wash Blair and his wife, both of whom had been at the altar for two nights but "hadn't got through." Soon after they arrived at the home Mrs. Blair said, "I want you to pray for me." "Both of us prayed for her," Kim says, "and Mr. and Mrs. Blair prayed, but still the blessing didn't come. After singing a song I suggested that perhaps we should go to bed because Sister Lindy is tired. 'No,' she said, 'I am not tired of anything but these sins.'"

The Blair house was small and they all slept in the same room. The preachers were in one bed by the wall, and Mr. and Mrs. Blair across the room in another bed. "We were just dozing off to sleep," Kim says, "when suddenly both of us turned on our backs and beheld a grand and unusual sight. Upon the wall was a circle of light about a foot in diameter. Near the center was the form of a dove no larger than a summer sparrow, the very specimen of innocence and peace. O, such rapture, such blessedness, settled over and around me. Brother Conley exclaimed, 'Glory to God, Brother Kim, look at that beautiful light.' I assured him that I saw it too. Just then the light moved in the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Blair. It fluttered like a bird across the room until it reached their bed. Mrs. Blair then shouted, 'Glory to God, Wash, look at that great light!' Then she said, 'Blessed Jesus, I want to thank you for taking my sins away and for this wonderful blessing. And I want to thank you that Wash is in the way going to heaven with me.' Then she began to sing, 'Then we hear the music ringing in the bright celestial dome.' She lived a happy Christian life and is now in heaven."

The meeting at St. John Church continued for several weeks. Kim called it "a sweeping revival. The fire spread all over the countryside, house to house and church to church. About seventy were saved during the meeting and the fruits of it were still in evidence years after."

Kim was used of God in the healing of many people by the prayer of faith. One was a Mrs. James who was in such critical condition that three doctors who had consulted on the case had given her up and said there was nothing more they could do for her. She asked the family to get Kim to come and pray for her, and the doctors said to go ahead if it would give her any satisfaction.

When Kim entered the room Mrs. James couldn't speak above a whisper. "Sister Laurie, do you know me?" he asked. She gave a slight nod. "You are quite sick," he continued, "but Jesus can heal." She looked at him wistfully. "Would you like to get well?" he asked, putting his ear close to her face. "Yes," she whispered, "so I can help George raise the children until they are old enough to care for themselves." "Then let us pray about it," Kim said. He turned to the others in the room and asked all who believed in the power of prayer to join him. He says he will never forget how the children prayed, they were so anxious about their mother. Kim prayed, holding her right hand and placing his left hand on her forehead. In his brief prayer he asked the Lord to grant her request and raise her up from her affliction. In his mind's eye he seemed to see her in church walking back and forth speaking to the audience, and Kim says he took this as an omen that God would grant her request. Mr. James asked Kim why he had stopped praying. "Because the work is done," Kim replied. "Yes," Mrs. James said out loud smiling, "I am all right now." It was the first time she had spoken out loud for days. When Kim asked if she wanted anything she asked for a drink of water. Then she asked the girls to get her clothes so she could dress. Kim and the others left the room, and when she came out dressed she was radiant with joy. The family, of course, was happy beyond expression.

This was on Thursday. On Sunday the entire family was in church, and Kim had testimony meeting. Mrs. James arose and began to tell her experience. She walked back and forth as she spoke just as Kim had visualized her while he was praying. "I didn't have to preach," Kim says. The people melted in tears. When I gave the altar call several came forward. Two of the doctors who attended her made no profession of religious faith and were quite profane. They said her healing was no work of theirs; that it must have been the Lord's work."

Mrs. James lived about ten years when she succumbed to typhus fever. Kim went to see her and asked, "Sister Laurie, you are quite sick again. Would you like us to pray for your recovery?" "No," she replied. "My request was granted once, but

the children are now old enough to care for themselves. For this I am very thankful. Now I am ready to go when Jesus calls, and it may not be long." She rested a few moments and then said, "I hope, though, that you will pray. I always love to hear you. Pray for George and the children. I do thank you for all you have done for me and the family. Keep on with your preaching and be faithful."

Mrs. James prayed that when her time came she might go in her right mind. She took medicine only to satisfy her family. Her final words were, "Soon I shall be with Jesus," Kim says, "and she looked as if she could almost fly." He preached her funeral to a large crowd of her neighbors and friends.

While Kim was pastor of the Crooked Creek Christian Church he was handed a note at the Saturday night service from a practicing physician, a Dr. Hampton, who was a member of the church. Dr. Hampton had become disgusted with the medical profession and had come to believe that Christian people should trust the Lord for their healing. The note read: "Dear Pastor, for some time I have been quite sick. I have been in such pain that I could not rest day or night. Would you and the deacons please come to my home tomorrow about two-thirty and pray for my recovery. I have a vial of oil ready for the anointing. If you prefer you may have a private service, but you may invite others to come if they wish. Your brother, Dr. Hampton."

Kim announced that there would be a healing service at Dr. Hampton's home on Sunday afternoon at two-thirty. When the hour arrived a large crowd had gathered, some believers, some unbelievers. Kim and some of the deacons led in prayer, and Dr. Hampton's wife, who was an ordained minister in the Kentucky Christian Conference also prayed. Kim then poured the vial of oil on the Doctor's head and all was quiet as he lay with closed eyes. After a few moments he opened his eyes and said, "It is done." "Thank God!" was the response from many in the house. He sat up and praised the Lord while Kim led in singing the hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

Dr. Hampton dressed and walked with others the mile and a half to the church that evening. He was sixty-eight years of age at the time and lived past four score years when, Kim says, "he peacefully went home to God."

"One thing I have noticed," Kim says, "is that whenever a work like this is done, there follows a good revival spirit and souls are saved."

During a revival at the Enon, Ohio church a number of persons were converted and some professed sanctification. Many who rose from the altar were shouting the praises of God. One woman who was converted arose from the altar with radiant countenance and began to whirl very fast. A young man who was present scoffed at such a display, Kim says, and said he could do any of those things, and he went to the altar grinning. "Two or three who knelt with him soon discovered he wasn't there to pray but to ridicule. Suddenly he jumped to his feet and started whirling much like the woman he thought to mimic. He continued this until he fell against the door and said, "Let me out!" Kim opened the door and the man went out whirling. They put him in a buggy and took him to a doctor, but the doctor could do nothing for him. He never recovered completely and died a short time after that, "without hope," Kim thought. "Be careful," he said. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

During the meetings Kim went home one night with a family by the name of Boone, relative of the Daniel Boone, famous pioneer of the colonial period in Kentucky. Mr. Boone was the church janitor, but neither he nor his family were professing Christians. When Kim retired he began praying for the meeting, and in his anxiety must have prayed louder than he realized. His host heard him and came to enquire if he was sick. Kim answered, "No, I was just praying for the meeting and for you and your family. I am sorry to disturb you." The man went back to bed, but said the

next morning that he didn't sleep much. At the next service he and his wife and laughter were converted and became active members of the church.

One time while Kim was preaching at the Fnon Church his wife, Mary, accompanied him. They had eaten Sunday dinner and spent the afternoon at the home of a Mr. Tomlin. When night came Kim and Mary started to the church, but it was so foggy and dark that the horse missed the road and went over an embankment into the river. When the horse sensed that he was going over he gave a snort and plunged over the twenty foot embankment. Luckily the buggy landed right side up. Giving a lunge, the horse broke the harness and went out, leaving the buggy and its occupants in the river. Mary couldn't swim and was always afraid of water. Kim got out into a hole of water and took his wife to dry land. In a short time some folks came with lights and a rope. By tying one end of the rope to the buggy and the other end to the horse's harness they pulled the buggy to shore. Kim and Mary then went to the home of a Mr. Scott to change their clothes. Kim borrowed clothes and some boots that were about two numbers too big for him. Word was sent on ahead to the waiting congregation. One of the deacons called the meeting to order and said, "We have received word that the preacher has been delayed. He has had an accident, but will be here as soon as he changes his pants!" Kim preached that night and says there were six conversions.

Kim assisted the Reverend Z. T. Thacker in a meeting at Irvine, Kentucky, in Estel County west of Natural Bridge. One night the preachers were invited to stay with a Mr. Roberts. Mr. Roberts was a hard drinker, and although he had had considerable means at one time, he had squandered most of it in his reckless manner of life. In a number of drunken brawls he came near killing others and barely escaped being killed himself. The preachers sang some songs and prayed before retiring, and Mrs. Roberts, who was a Christian, prayed also. Her husband was deeply moved and began to pray for the Lord to save him. After they retired Kim could hear the man praying and pleading for mercy. At about four o'clock he leaped out of bed and shouted at the top of his voice, "It is all over now; the burden is gone; I am saved!" Suffice it to say, none of us slept any more that night," Kim says. "We sang and prayed and testified to the power of God to save. Mr. Roberts went to the meeting that night and testified there. Over and over he said, 'O what joy! Why did I not do this long ago!'" Kim says that Mr. Roberts installed a family altar in his home and became a leader in church and Sunday School. Later he was a delegate to the annual meeting of the Kentucky Christian Conference. "To God be all the glory!"

Sectarianism was rife among the churches in Kentucky at that time, and debates on the fine points of theology were common. Each denomination cherished the conviction that it held the proper position.

One time Kim was called to Raccoon Furnace to hold a meeting in a union house of worship. When he arrived he was informed that there might be some opposition to the meeting. Kim had brought the Reverend J. R. Wiggins with him to serve as the evangelist to do most of the preaching. At the conclusion of the first service a Methodist Protestant minister arose and announced that the pulpit was his for the rest of the week and over Sunday. Kim asked who had given him permission, but he ignored the question and said his announcement was out first. Some disputed this and said they hadn't heard the announcement, but the minister insisted that the building was his for the week. A man in the congregation arose and said, "Since this is a union house of worship why can't we all work together and you preachers take time about preaching?" But the Methodist Protestant preacher wouldn't agree to this, and said the Christian Church could hold their meeting later. Kim replied, "Although we are a hundred miles from home, we can go home, but this is the only time I have open for a meeting soon."

The people insisted that Kim go on with the meeting. When they arrived the next night a large crowd had gathered but the door was locked. Across the road from the church was a school house, and a school trusted who was present invited Kim to hold the service there.

The next day Kim was in a room alone praying for the Lord to direct him. Like a flash there came to his mind the words, "My grace is sufficient. Lo, I am with you, even to the end of the world." He decided that would be a good text for his sermon that night and closed his prayer with, "Thy will be done." He lay down across the bed and slept about an hour. "During that time," he says, "I dreamed that the Saviour was with us in the meeting. The Saviour said, 'Get the people together and I will do the rest.' So I asked Brother Wiggins to help arrange the people at a long table covered with a white cloth with a purple border. Jesus put on a long white apron and asked Brother Wiggins and me to help him serve the people. Then I awoke. O, the joy that filled my soul! Everything was so lovely I could hardly refrain from shouting. When I went into the living room Brother Wiggins said, 'Brother Hurst, you have been praying; I can see it in your face.' 'Yes,' I replied, and I told them my dream. When I had finished describing it, Brother Wiggins exclaimed, 'Victory! Victory! Bless the Lord!' That night there were twenty-eight converts. We continued the meetings, although the weather turned so cold that the Little Sandy River froze over, and people came long distances for the meetings. At the conclusion of the revival the church was reorganized and we served the Lord's Supper. The Methodist Protestant minister held his services for two nights and then decided to call off his meetings since only about a dozen were present."

When the ministers started home at the conclusion of the meetings they ventured to cross the river on the ice, but the ice was getting rotten and broke through. The horse went down to his mid-sides and was unable to recover his footing on the ice. Kim got out of the buggy and walked across the river. With a heavy pole he broke the ice ahead of the horse and shoved it out of the way. Part of the time Kim was in the icy water up to his armpits. When he finally got yhe ice out of the way Mr. Wiggins drove the horse across. About two miles farther on they stopped at a farm house where Kim was loaned some dry clothes to wear while his were drying before the open fireplace. The man of the house fed Kim's horse and the lady fixed the ministers a meal. After they had eaten and Kim had changed back into his own clothes, the preachers prayed God's blessing upon these friends and then drove on toward home.

#### XIV

Kim and Mary were married for seven years before a baby arrived to bless their union. At last, Kim says, "the longed for time came and God gave us a dear daughter whom we dedicated to the Lord for life service. She was born on February 22nd and we named her Zenith Washington. In just eighteen months God gave us a dear boy, and we likewise gave him back to the Lord as a life recruit. We named him for his two grandfathers, Alfred Hurst and John Wesley Fultz."

Kim was a firm believer in divine healing, although he didn't rule out the use of medicine and surgery. He looked upon all as expressions of God's healing purpose. He prayed with a number of sick people, some of whom recovered at once. However, he was never able to understand why he could have faith for others but could never have enough faith for his own healing.

While conducting some meetings at Wesleyville in Carter County Kim was taken sick with typhoid fever and had to return home. His condition became so critical that the doctors held little hope for his recovery. When they broke this news to

his wife, Mary, she went into secret prayer for his restoration. Kim didn't know she was praying for him, but he says that "suddenly a peculiar sensation went over me from head to foot. At the same time, Mollie told me, there came to her the inner assurance that her prayer was heard. When she came into the room her eyes were full of tears. She planted a kiss on my forehead and said, 'Dear, God isn't going to let you die now. I have been praying for you.' I told her I thought so, too, and that I felt better."

When the doctor came into the room and stood at the foot of the bed Kim gave him the Masonic sign which, he says, "doesn't hurt to give at such times." Two older physicians, Doctors Campbell and Huff, and a younger man, Dr. Gaines, had been in consultation earlier and had agreed that Kim's chances for recovery were slim. Dr. Huff was surprised to see the apparent change in Kim's condition. He said, "Brother Hurst, you seem better today. I believe you are going to get well after all." By this time Dr. Campbell had arrived and took Kim's temperature. He found it normal. That evening Dr. Campbell came back to see Kim. When he found the temperature still normal he turned to Mary and said, "You may throw out the medicine. I'll fix Brother Hurst a tonic, and you may fix him some small servings of roast potato, roast apple, toast and hot milk." The doctor also left some whisky. Kim says, "I was very weak, but I gained rapidly after I was able to take enough nourishment. I partook of all the doctor prescribed except the whisky. I didn't take that and got well without it. Don't you think that strange?"

The rumor had spread to some of the other counties that Kim had passed away. When he was able to ride a horse he went to his appointment at the Bethel Church in Carter County. When he was about two miles from the church he saw a Mrs. Parrish approaching on horseback. Suddenly she reined her horse around as if to go in the opposite direction. Then she turned her horse again. By this time Kim was close enough to speak to her. Seeing that she was breathing excitedly he said, "What is the matter Sister Parrish?" "We heard that you were dead and buried," she explained, and I thought I was seeing your ghost." The next day Kim preached and prayers of thanksgiving were offered that the pastor's life had been spared and they were together again.

About the first of June, 1902, Kim was walking home from Gates Station in Rowan County and suddenly came upon a big rattlesnake, a golden diamond, lying across the road. He had come quite close before he saw it. The venomous viper had a thick body at least six feet long. Kim took out his pocket knife and cut a forked stick about as long as the snake. Kim says, "The snake raised his head and licked out his forked tongue as much as to say, 'Just touch me if you dare.' Now he did sing when I put the fork of the stick over his neck pinning his head to the ground. How hard he tried to release himself." When Kim grew tired of holding the snake down he crushed the snake's head with the heel of his shoe. He cut off the rattler and took it home to add to his collection of keepsakes.

During his twenty years of ministry in Kentucky Kim preached at least once in about one hundred different churches. Two of these were in West Virginia and several in southern Ohio. Over two thousand professions of faith were made in the various meetings he held as pastor-evangelist. He lists no less than forty ministers with whom he was associated during this period. Most of them, he says, "were well grounded in the principles of the Christian Church. They accepted nothing but the Bible as their guide. They were godly men who preached under the power of the Holy Ghost. Under their preaching men and women were brought to repentance and confession, and were saved, shouting the praises of God." Besides the St. John Church in Muses Mills, Kim had the pleasure of organizing seven other churches and reorganizing four others which had been inactive. These included the Crain Creek Church, near Muses Mills, White Oak in Greenup County, Sardis on the Clear Fork of Triplet Creek, and Miller's Chapel in Lawrence County. All of them were based on the cardinal principles of the Christian Church which he believed were of divine origin.



In the year 1903, while Kim was still preaching in Kentucky, he had a vivid impression while praying that he should leave his native state and go west. He had long believed in the power of prayer, and he had been praying for the Lord to direct him in his responsibilities. "While I was praying," he says, "suddenly a strange sensation came over me. For a few moments I was completely silent. Then the call came: 'Go west.' 'Where, Lord? Where?' I asked. And the Lord said, 'Where I lead.' Then I said, 'Lord, I will go. Be thou my guide and strength.'"

The next Sunday Kim went to the St. John Church and told the people of his call which was so real. "When I presented my resignation as pastor," he says, "it was a time of sadness and tears. I had organized and help build the church, and had been their pastor for many years. I had married the majority of them, had baptized and received scores of them into church membership, and had preached a funeral for someone in nearly every family. We had shared each others joys and sorrows and had lived as neighbors for all those years. It was a hard battle, but the hardest part was taking my dear wife and children away from a comfortable home to start a journey whose destination was unknown. But we just left it with the Lord, believing he would lead aright, and that it would work out for the good of all and for God's glory. I believe it has. To God be all the glory."

Kim announced a public sale and disposed of all their farm implements, live stock, and furniture. Shortly after this he sold the farm and house. On June 2, 1903 he and his family left Muses Mills for "the great west" in two covered wagons. There were nine in the party — the older daughter and her husband, Minnie and Walker, the three older sons, Willie, Arthur, and Preston; Kim and Mary, and their two young children, Zenith who was two, and Alfred nine months.

Kim took with him a large tent for use in protracted meetings when ever opportunity presented itself along the way. Heavy rains and bad roads impeded their progress. They pulled through mud, climbed steep hills, contended with high water, crossed rivers, and, of course, attracted attention as they drove through cities, towns and villages in their covered wagons. As a rule people were very good to them while traveling through, although occasionally they encountered some smartalecs who Kim bluffed by putting on a bold front. He made it a rule not to travel on Sundays. He aimed, if possible, to attend church and sometimes he was invited to preach. If he couldn't attend church he read from the Bible and taught his own family. A few times they camped with other travelers which gave him an opportunity to speak and sing and pray with them, often to good effect.

When the family reached Seelyville, Indiana they prepared to stop for the night. Kim went into a store to buy groceries and was asked by the proprietor, "Going to give us a show?" "No," Kim replied, "it isn't a show tent, but a gospel tent." "You might hold us a meeting," the man said; "I know you won't find a place that needs it more." Kim was interested immediately and asked if there were a good place to set up a tent. He was directed to the postmistress who owned a large lot with plenty of shade and drinking water, and when Kim talked with her she said she would be glad for him to camp there and put up his tent for a meeting. "A wonderful revival broke out," Kim says, "and scores were saved." The revival lasted four weeks. Fortunately the older boys and Walker were able to get work with their teams and wagons which paid them good wages. At the conclusion of the meeting, one of the local churches which was without a pastor at the time tried to persuade Kim to become their pastor at one hundred dollars a month. Although he needed the money, he felt the Lord was leading him on, and he declined the call. Twenty years later, when Kim was preaching in northern Indiana, he met a man and his daughter who had attended the meeting in Seelyville. They said that the revival spirit continued for months after Kim left, and that the fruits of the meeting were still in evidence after all those years. "Thank the good Lord," Kim says, "for his discreet leading."

Kim held other meetings along the way, but the one in Seelyville was the only one whose effect was outstanding. He received some remuneration which helped to meet expenses on the trip.

Kim stopped at Effingham, Illinois to visit his youngest brother, James Wesley Hurst, and while there he taught a singing school with a large class. The proceeds from this were a great help in meeting the expenses of the trip. The superintendent of the school tried to persuade Kim to remain in Effingham to teach music in the public school. The salary offered, one hundred dollars per month, was considered a good salary for teachers in those days, but he turned it down and went on west to find a place to preach. "I found it," he says, "at fifty dollars a month. If I had my life to live over, I would do as I have done, allowing the Lord to lead regardless of finances or ease. My Lord did more for me than I could possibly do for him. Bless his dear name forever."

On the fifth of September Kim and his family landed in Holton, Kansas, about thirty miles north of Topeka the capital. Aside from the fact that his brother, Clay and his wife, were living there, it is a bit puzzling to understand why Kim decided to settle in northeastern Kansas since there were no congregations of the Christian denomination in that section. There was quite a settlement of Kentucky people in Nemaha County north of Holton, and perhaps it was natural for him to gravitate there because he had known some of these people in Kentucky. Since he had been successful in organizing a number of churches in Kentucky he may have looked upon Kansas as virgin territory that would offer opportunity for establishing some Christian Churches.

At any rate, soon after his arrival in Holton, Kim conducted a revival meeting with some success in the Pleasant Valley neighborhood a few miles west of Holton. However, no church organization was effected. The following spring he rented a small farm at Capioma in Nemaha County. The two older boys, Willie and Arthur, and the son-in-law, Walker, secured jobs with the Rock Island Railroad in Horton, Kansas. Preston started school, but soon became discouraged and dropped out of school because he found that the rural schools in Kentucky hadn't prepared him for the Kansas schools. He left home in search of work, but soon found that as a minor it was difficult to secure steady employment. Finally he went west to Montana where he got a job to his liking on a cattle ranch.

Kim's family had suddenly been reduced to four. Zenith was three years old and Alfred was eighteen months younger. The children had as a constant companion a beautiful shepherd dog named Carlo which the family had brought through from Kentucky. Kim made a harness for the dog so he could pull the little wagon with the children as passengers. One night not long after they moved to Capioma several greyhounds invaded the place and Carlo was killed in the fight that ensued. It was like losing a member of the family. The children's Uncle Clay said that if he had been there "he would be killing greyhounds yet."

Kim held a revival meeting in the nearby village of Woodlawn and preached wherever opportunity offered. The following year the family moved back to Holton. The children played mostly in the back yard where they had a swing, but sometimes they ventured outside the front gate. If it happened to be a Saturday, spring wagon loads of Indians from the Potawatomie Reservation south of town drove by on their way into town. When the children saw them coming they would scamper into the house for fear of being scalped. Kim was living here at the time of the San Francisco earthquake in 1905. The tremors of the earthquake were so intense even as far away as Kansas that a tin cup was jarred off the kitchen range water reservoir.

In the summer of 1906 Kim attended the Southern Kansas Christian Conference. While there he learned that the Orient Railroad was building a railroad grade from Emporia to Wichita, and that the little town of Cassody was booming. It seemed this was the opportunity Kim had been looking for. He rented a few acres northwest of Cassody and moved his family there

Cassoday was in the heart of the prairie section of Kansas. It was too rough for general farming but was excellent for grazing. Trainloads of Texas longhorn beef cattle were shipped to Kansas for summer grazing on the range. This breed of cattle was developed from stock introduced into North America from Spain, but is now nearly extinct. The prospect of transporting cattle from Texas for summer pasture on the prairie grass was the chief incentive for the building of a railroad. The only road for general use through the area was a winding dirt road. Whenever people traveled this road they had to get out of their vehicle and open and close gates between the ranches. This was hazardous since the cattle were usually gathered about the gate. A number of times when Kim was driving from Cassoday to his appointment at Matfield Green eleven miles northeast of Cassoday, the cattle stampeded and Kim had to whip his team into a dead run to avoid having his buggy upset by an infuriated steer.

Kim set up his tent in the east edge of Cassoday and conducted a revival which resulted in several conversions. A Christian Church was organized and a building erected. The building was a one-room frame structure with pews, a portable pulpit and Bible stand, and a parlor type cabinet organ such as was common in country districts at that time. The organ had pedals to force the air into tubes, and a row of knobs could be pulled out to vary the tone. A bell installed in the belfry was rung by the pulling of a rope below to summon the people of the countryside to worship.

The prospects in Cassoday were so attractive that a number of relatives followed Kim and Mary to become a part of the sudden prosperity of this prairie town. Kim's brother, Clay, resigned his position at Holton as a rural mail carrier and opened an ice cream and candy parlor in Cassoday. Mary's sister, Florena, and her husband, Charles Hanson, and four of the Fultz brothers and their families, came from Kentucky. Florena and Charles built a home on a small acreage on the west side of town. Waldo, who was interested in printing, launched a weekly newspaper under the masthead of The Cassoday Times. Andrew rented a farm several miles east of Cassoday in the Cottonwood River Valley. Nathan worked with Andrew, and Fred settled in the county seat town of Eldorado.

The Cassoday church grew slowly and was unable to support a minister on more than a fourth-time basis. During the summer of 1907 Kim was called to be pastor of the Christian Church in Towanda, Kansas ten miles west of Eldorado on a half-time basis. He moved to Towanda in time for Zenith to start school as a first grader in September. The school superintendent was Reuben Ham from Kentucky, a first cousin of Ella Hurst, Clay's wife. Kim continued preaching once a month each at Cassoday and at Matfield Green. He drove a horse and buggy to his appointments which entailed a monthly mileage of one hundred and forty miles on dirt roads. He conducted a revival meeting at each of the three churches during the year, but at Towanda had the assistance of another pastor, the Reverend H. Vernon Winter, who did the preaching.

In the fall of 1907 Mary's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wesley Fultz, came from Wesleyville, Kentucky for an extended visit with their children. On Thanksgiving Day the family met east of Cassoday at the home of their son, Andrew, for a family reunion, said to be one of the most enjoyable and complete family reunions ever held in Butler County. The company included six brothers and two sisters. It was reported that the parents of "this large and fine family" were "much pleased with Kansas," and would probably locate in Kansas near Cassoday. However, Mother Fultz became ill and after a few months the aging couple decided to return to their Kentucky home.

Towanda was near the whitewater River, and Kim often took his young son, Alfred, with him fishing. The river was well stocked with catfish. The common bullhead catfish would bite any kind of bait and Kim thought it was very good for food. However, in the hope of catching a channel catfish he would go to the river some-

times in the evening and set his hooks in a sheltered place where the fish had a habit of caring for their young. Then he and Alfred would get up about daylight to inspect their lines. It wasn't uncommon to catch a fish weighing six to ten pounds, but one channel cat weighed eighteen pounds.

Since Kim and his wife both had a keen interest in music, they were eager to have their daughter's musical talents trained and developed. Soon after moving to Towanda they bought a piano so Zenith could take lessons. It was a Bailey Upright of dark walnut finish. Also, soon after moving to Towanda Kim bought a two-seated surrey, a light four-wheeled carriage with two seats facing forward, and with a fringe on top. This enabled the family to ride with him without crowding. The one horse which Kim retained when he moved from the farm pulled the surrey by means of shafts. One day the family climbed into the surrey for a drive. Zenith and her mother were in the back seat, and Kim and Alfred in the front seat. When Kim tapped the horse with his whip, the high-spirited animal kicked over the dashboard and sent Alfred's cap into the back seat but didn't touch his head.

It was rare in those days for anyone to own a motor car, but the town physician, Dr. Johnson, drove one. The doctor lived across the street from Kim, and his daughter and Zenith were good friends. Zenith and Alfred had the excitement of their first ride in an automobile when Margaret Johnson invited them to take a ride with her father for several blocks around town.

It was the custom then for children to "speak their pieces" at various programs. For the children's day program Kim composed an eight-line verse for his five-year old son to recite.

I am but a little man,  
There isn't much I know;  
But I have had my troubles  
As all of you shall know.  
I had a little chicken  
Which just began to crow;  
But when the blessed preacher came,  
Poor chicken had to go.

A member of the church in Matfield Green was Mrs. Mary Mitchell, a rather fat, pipe-smoking widow whom everybody called Aunt Mary. She ran a variety store and often sewed for people. About once a year she would hitch up her horse and drive over to Kim's place, bringing a suitcase full of cloth goods, shirts, and dresses. The children were always excited when they saw Aunt Mary coming for they knew she would have some presents for them. A pipe-smoking woman was highly unusual in that part of the country, and to see Aunt Mary light up her pipe excited the children's curiosity.

An active layman in the Towanda Church was Michael Orban, Jr. who lived on a small farm a few miles out of town. Mrs. Orban was the daughter of a pioneer Christian minister in Kansas, the Reverend Isaac Mooney, who founded the Towanda church. Although Mr. Orban wasn't a wealthy farmer, he and his wife were generous givers to the church from what they had. A few years later, when an oil field was opened in the area, some of the richest wells were put down on Mr. Orban's place. In a few years he and his family moved to southern California where he invested much of his new wealth in the lumber business and a cattle ranch. In 1923 he donated fifty thousand dollars to Palmer College, a junior college of the Christian Church in Albany, Missouri for the erection of a classroom addition to the college's administration building, and also donated one hundred thousand dollars to Elon College in North Carolina for the erection of a Christian Education building. It was the first building on any college campus to be devoted exclusively to Christian education, and was dedicated in memory of Mrs. Orban's father, Rev. Isaac Mooney.

Following these liberal contributions to two of the church's colleges, Mr. Orban donated eighty-five thousand dollars to his old home church in Towanda, Kansas to make possible the erection of a modern plant, and the church was dedicated as the Mooney Memorial Christian Church. Kim's friendship with this family continued through the years, and hardly a Christmas passed that he didn't receive a letter from Mr. Orban with a monetary gift enclosed. He knew that rural ministers in the Christian Church were poorly paid.

Kim remained in Towanda only one year before he moved his family to Beaumont in the same county. Zenith and Alfred attended school only two or three weeks before they transferred to the elementary school in Beaumont, Zenith in the second grade, and Alfred in the first. Soon after the children entered school in Beaumont some of the older boys learned that the new pupils were preacher's kids and couldn't resist the temptation to play a prank. When school recessed for the day some of the boys climbed up in the belfry above the entryway and pelted Alfred with rotten eggs as he came out. Zenith was angry enough to have strangled them if she could have put her hands on them; but she was even more incensed at the teacher who simply laughed and did nothing to rebuke the boys. For some time Zenith felt obliged to run interference for her little brother.

There was no organized Christian Church in Beaumont, but a union house of worship was used by the Christian Church and the Disciples of Christ on alternate Sundays. Kim continued preaching once a month at Cassoday, and once a month at Matfield Green.

Since there was only one church in Beaumont people of all denominational backgrounds attended church and Sunday School there. The Christians and the Disciples both practiced immersion baptism, and a problem arose when a sixteen-year-old girl who was converted in one of Kim's services wanted to be sprinkled. She had been reared in a Methodist family and she didn't want anyone but Kim to baptize her. Although he had never sprinkled anyone because he felt immersion to be the proper form, he yielded in this instance and sprinkled the young woman. So far as is known, she was the only person he ever baptized by this mode.

Kim rented a house about a block and a half from the Frisco Railroad Station, and frequently penniless vagrants (the colloquial term was "tramps") who were hitching a ride on the freight trains would come to the door for a handout while the freight was switching cars. Mary never turned anyone away, but neither did she ever invite them in. She believed some were worthy but was suspicious of most of them.

A Christian minister, the Reverend David R. Drake, lived across the street from Kim. Mr. Drake hadn't served a regular pastorate for several years and worked as a boilermaker at the Frisco roundhouse where the locomotives were repaired and stored. It was probably through Mr. Drake's influence that Kim went to Beaumont, and he and his family were a constant source of encouragement. It was hoped for a time that a Christian Church might be organized there, but this never materialized.

Soon after moving to Beaumont Kim bought for the children a little "rat terrier" breed dog. It was so small that it was hard to distinguish it from a big rat when it was playing in the grass. The children named him Trixie, and Zenith and Alfred and the neighbor children spent many happy hours playing with him. Tragically he was killed when he was nipping at the heels of a horse that was grazing in a nearby lot. The children, all of whom were sincere mourners, arranged a funeral service with music and sermon. Zenith was the choir director and Alfred was the minister. A grave was dug in an adjacent lot, and Trixie's remains, stiff as a board, were interred to the accompaniment of profuse tears and great reverence.

One Wednesday evening in the summer of 1910 the family walked to the church for the midweek prayer service and looking up saw a comet in the western sky. It was Halley's Comet which astronomers have determined appears every seventy-six years. This heavenly body is estimated to contain twenty-five million tons of matter. The bright star-like portion is thousands of miles in diameter, and the tail as much as one hundred million miles in length. It was visible in the sky only a few nights. It is predicted that it will be visible on the earth again in 1986.

Kim supplemented his meager salary by painting a number of buildings in the town. He had a large garden in which he raised vegetables, and the place he rented had a number of fruit trees. Mary had learned early in life to can fruits and vegetables and thus was able to save a great deal on the food budget. She baked lightbread regularly as well as pastries for the family, and kept enough chickens to supply the table with eggs and meat. Once a year the people of the churches surprised the preacher with a "pounding" and brought gifts of food and clothing.

## XVI

In the late winter of 1910 Kim became interested in the possibility of homesteading in New Mexico. A friend, John Humphries, who originally was from Kentucky and later was Kim's neighbor in Nemaha County, Kansas, had gone to New Mexico for his wife's health. The mild, dry, invigorating climate had made New Mexico increasingly a popular health resort, especially for any suffering with lung trouble. Mrs. Humphries was confined to the bed with tuberculosis, and her doctor told her husband that her days were numbered if he didn't take her to a higher, drier climate. Kim's second son, Arthur, also became interested in New Mexico and filed on a homestead of three hundred and twenty acres adjoining Mr. Humphries place.

About the same time a distant cousin of Kim's, Jack Hurst, who lived near Matfield Green, talked with Kim about the possibility of homesteading in New Mexico. Kim talked it over with Mary and decided to go with Jack Hurst to look the situation over. Kim liked what he found. New Mexico was a territory of the United States at that time and much of the public land had been opened to settlers under the homestead law. The blue skies, the golden sunshine, and the plains covered with nutritious gramma grass, impressed Kim as adequate for meeting the simple needs of life. The elevation was between six and seven thousand feet above sea level. Great flocks of sheep grazed upon the undulating plains which spread out between the mesas and the mountains.

New Mexico was known as the Land of Sunshine with only about twenty-three cloudy or rainy days a year, and no extremes of heat or cold. Although it had some snow in winter, the average winter temperature was only 35 degrees, and the mean summer temperature only 71 degrees. The cactus and yucca plants were abundant. The tree cactus contained a large amount of tissue adapted to the storage of water, and cattle and goats with horns often satisfied their thirst by eating the pulp after rubbing the branches to remove the thorns. The Yucca, also called the "soap weed" locally, was the state flower, and its root was used sometimes as a substitute for soap.

Although little of the land was as yet under cultivation, it was being rapidly pre-empted by homesteaders from various states. He decided this was not only a promising area for dry land farming, but an area of religious need among the settlers. Perhaps this might be the answer to his call to "go west." So, on April 8, 1910 he went to the land office in Estantia and filed on a claim of three hundred and twenty acres adjoining Arhtur's place. It was located three and one-half miles south of Progresso in Torrance County, and about seventy miles south east of Albuquerque.

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Kim returned to Beaumont and made preparations to move. During the summer Kim's oldest son, William, who was employed as a boilermaker at the Burlington Railroad Shops in Havelock, Nebraska, visited his parents. Having heard of Kim's plan to move to New Mexico he wanted to learn more about it. At the time the boilermakers union was on strike for higher wages and better working conditions. When Kim told Willie that another claim joining his claim on the east was still open for homesteading, Willie decided not to return to his job in Havelock but to go with the family to New Mexico.

Kim leased a freight car from the Frisco Railroad in which to ship the major portion of his belongings, including the furniture and a team of horses. When livestock was shipped it was necessary for someone to accompany it so as to feed and water the animals. The rest of the family left Beaumont by train on October 5th and Willie accompanied them so he could file on his claim before someone beat him to it. Kim rode the freight car and was on the way nearly a week. One time his car was sidetracked for nearly two days before it was picked up. The family stayed at the Humphries' home until Kim arrived.

The first requirement was a place to live, and the claim had no improvement on it yet. Kim had brought with him the large tent which he brought from Kentucky, and which he had used for evangelistic meetings. He pitched the tent on his claim for shelter until he could build a house. He divided the tent in half, reserving one side for living quarters and the other half for the horses and a cow which he purchased soon after arrival so as to have milk for the family. Since there was no well on the place, and none of the close neighbors had yet put down wells, it was necessary to haul water several miles for house use and for the stock.

Willie and Arthur drove the team and wagon to the Manzanita Mountains about forty miles west and secured a load of lumber at a saw mill to build the house which Kim was eager to complete before the winter set in. The house was twelve by twenty-four feet in dimension and two stories high. The downstairs was divided into two rooms of equal size, one room doubling as kitchen and dining room, and the other as a living room and bed room. The upstairs was undivided and was used as another bedroom and for storage. The upstairs was reached from the kitchen by means of a ladder. Kim dug a cave near the house in which to store the canned fruit and vegetables which Mary had put up during the summer.

It was becoming almost too cold to live in a tent by the time the house was completed. Kim and the older boys did all the work. They cut cedar and pine tree poles in the nearby forest to erect a temporary shelter for the livestock. They roofed it over with the limbs of the cedar trees, and placed the perpendicular poles close together so as to keep out the wind and weather. The climate was relatively mild and this shed actually served as a fairly adequate barn during the three years Kim was on this place. The older boys excavated dugouts on their claims for living quarters. The dugout was the first improvement which many of the settlers provided on their claims. It was roofed over with poles covered with mud and sod, and sealed inside overhead with heavy building paper. About the only furniture in the boys' dugouts were a stove, table and chairs, and a built-in bunk. Willie also built a small shed for a barn.

Kim's place was only a mile from the forest where there were many wild animals. The chief fur-bearing animals were the badger, coyote, skunk, lynx, and bob cat. Since Kim needed to tap every possible source of income, he bought some steel traps and caught a number of animals during the first winter. One night while they family was still living in the tent the dog, Sambo, got into a fight with a big wolf, and Willie and Arthur ran out in their bare feet with their revolvers hoping to shoot the wolf, but every time they started to shoot the dog would get between them and the wolf. The wolf got away, and the next morning they saw the tracks of what appeared

to have been a "lobo", a large timber wolf which was very destructive of chickens and young calves. At the time the government was paying fifteen dollars bounty for the pelt of a lobo.

There was considerable demand for furs. It is important to catch the animals during the coldest weather when the animals are provided with a thick covering beneath the long hairs of the fur. This extra covering was what made the pelts of value. Kim baited his traps with rabbit meat and went the rounds of his traps regularly because he didn't want the animals to be tortured once they were caught. As a young man in Kentucky he had learned how to skin the animals and knew that great care was required to prevent any cut or other damage that would lower the value of the pelt. After skinning the animals he stretched the pelt on a board of the proper shape and tacked it with the fur inside so the skin could dry. He shipped the furs to the Funsten Fur Company in St. Louis, Missouri, which was the largest American center for the processing of raw furs.

Much of Kim's time during the winter and early spring months was given to cutting, hauling, and setting cedar posts around his place. The posts were set about a rod apart, and on them two strands of barbed wire were stretched. It took several hundred posts to enclose three hundred and twenty acres, and to partition the pasture away from the cultivated area.

The few families in the community were faced with an educational problem, partly because of the widely scattered population, and to some extent because of the bilingual character of the English- and Mexican-speaking residents. Toward spring of that first year four families formed a subscription school for three months with one of the mothers as teacher. Mrs. Guy Beedle was engaged as the teacher, and the school was held in her mother's dugout. Mrs. Beedle was a graduate of the Kansas State Normal School and was an excellent teacher. The following summer some of the men went to the Galinas Mountain and hauled logs to build a school house. The one-room building was erected on a "school section" which had been reserved by the government for support of the public schools whenever they were established. The floor was of dirt, and the room was heated by a wood-burning heater. Again it was a subscription school with Mrs. Beedle as the teacher. About a dozen families were involved in the payment of the teacher for a term of six months. Each family made desks for their own children, and Mrs. Beedle taught all the grades in the one room.

A year later a new district school was opened at Progreso in a one-room building with one teacher. All children, both white and Mexican, attended the school. In good weather Zenith and Alfred walked the three and one-half miles to the school and carried their books and lunch. In the coldest winter months Zenith roomed with the teacher about a half mile from the school, and Alfred rode horseback. The school term was for eight months.

Progreso was on the New Mexico Central Railroad which ran from Santa Fe in the north to Torrance where it made a connection with the Southern Pacific-Rock Island Lines southeast. A box car station and water tank stood beside the tracks, and there was one train each way a day. Progreso had a country store and a post office which was in the store run by a Mr. Boone, a white man whose wife was Mexican. In addition to the store and school house the "town" was composed only of three or four Mexican ranch homes at the foot of the Rattlesnake Hills. Most of the trading was done in the town of Willard, thirteen miles northwest of Progreso which had business establishments such as are usually found in a shopping and marketing center — a department store, two or three groceries, a hardware and lumber yard, a hotel, a bank, and a couple of restaurants. Willard was the junction point of the New Mexico Central and the Santa Fe railroads.

The road from Progreso to Willard led by a salt lake such as are found in many lower areas in New Mexico. They are temporary lakes formed by water from the melting snows, and in the summer the water evaporates leaving barren mud beds incrustated with salt. A common sight in the area between Progreso and Willard were the prairie dogs which are members of the ground squirrel family. They are about a foot long, are grey-brown color, and live in colonies in underground burrows which are large enough to store fodder and accommodate the family. In digging their burrows they throw up a mound of earth which prevents water running into their home in time of heavy rains. Rarely was it possible to shoot one without it falling back into its burrow. The prairie dog was very destructive of crops.

In the spring of his first year in New Mexico, after the fence was completed, Kim spent most of his time clearing the acreage for cultivation, cutting and grubbing scrub cedar trees, cactus, and soap weeds. The sod had never been broken by a plow and perhaps never should have been broken since the sandy soil soon becomes eroded by the winds. In early April Kim and Alfred planted a watermelon patch in the low-lying draw. The main crops — a flinty short-season corn, maize, millet, and beans — were not planted until the latter part of May for fear of frost. The rainfall that season was greater than usual and the harvest was encouraging. Kim took first prize for some of his products at the county fair. The watermelon patch was so productive that he hauled wagon loads of melons and fed them to the pigs.

There was no Protestant Church in the community, but there was a Roman Catholic Chapel at Progreso. The dominant religion among the Mexicans was Roman Catholic. This is not surprising since the early settlements were due largely to the efforts of Franciscan missionaries. Kim was invited several times to preach for a Methodist Church in Willard. During the summer and early fall Kim held services in his home on Sunday afternoons, and had a watermelon cutting each Sunday as a fellowship feature. After the log schoolhouse was built he conducted services there and a Sunday School was organized with Charley Sheehan as Superintendent.

At Christmas time Kim invited the neighbor families to his home for a Christmas program the first winter he was in New Mexico. He cut a cedar tree about eight feet tall not far from the house and set it up in the corner of the kitchen next to the ladder. Mary and Zenith popped cord and strung the white pops to decorate the tree. A stocky neighbor, Frank Dawson, was the Santa Claus. Santa came down the ladder from the upstairs to give out the presents.

Kim felt that New Mexico was a fine country, but his primary hope was that he might do some good and help establish the cause of God's kingdom. "O, I do love to preach the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ," he said. In addition to the Sunday School which was organized at Progreso Kim started preaching at Cedarvale, a village twelve miles east of Progreso. He felt there was a wide open field for the Christian Church in New Mexico. "The Principles of the Christian Church take here so readily," he said. "But the people can pay only about half enough to support a pastor. If we could have a number of consecrated ministers supported by the Home Mission Board such a great work could be done. Other churches are sending their missionaries to work here, why not the Christian Church, also?"

Kim conducted a two-weeks revival at Cedarvale, and as a result of a number of conversions and reconsecrations he organized a Christian Church with twenty-three charter members. He conducted a baptismal service at a pond on the side of the Gallinas Mountain south of Cedarvale. A basket dinner was served and a large crowd was in attendance. In June of 1912 a special Children's Day program was given at Cedarvale and also at Progreso. Kim felt both programs were successful and that the missionary offering was generous. The program at Progreso was held outdoors at the foot of the Huames Mesa about five miles west of Kim's home.

A mesa (pronounced maysah) is a land formation found especially in the southwestern part of the United States. It was once a plateau which through a long period of time has worn away by the action of wind and streams leaving the elevated range with steep sides and flat top. After the Children's Day program some of the young people and children climbed the steep side of the mesa and found that the top was a broad level area covered with grass and bushes.

The mesa was a favorite retreat for the mountain lion or puma. One night one of these animals invaded one of the ranches at the foot of the mesa and threatened the owner's ranch animals. While the mountain lion is ferocious, it is ordinarily reluctant to attack man. The rancher got his gun and with the help of his dog chased the lion up a tree where he shot it. Neighbors from all around came the next day to see it. It was full grown, about five feet long exclusive of the tail which was two feet long. The animal was a dull yellowish-brown color, but the throat and belly, and the insides of the legs were white. The body was slender, and the head was round and rather small. In attacking a sheepfold this ferocious animal is not content to kill one sheep, but with blood-thirst, makes away with a hundred or more.

The raising of sheep was an extensive business with the Mexicans. Kim says it was not uncommon to see as many as ten thousand sheep in one great herd. Two or three shepherds were able to take care of them with the help of a couple of dogs. The shepherds usually slept out on the ground winter and summer.

One winter two Mexican shepherds came to Kim's house in search of some sheep which had scattered and become lost in a snow storm. It was toward evening, and Kim invited them to have supper and spend the night. The next morning Zenith played several pieces on the piano, and the Mexican guests were so pleased that they gave her some money — her first paid performance!

Before the homesteaders fenced their claims the Mexicans could graze their sheep and cattle on the wide open range without cost. Consequently some of the Mexicans resented the intrusion of the white people into their territory. Kim thought he could detect a suspicious expression in the eye of a Mexican "like that of a coyote" as he looked into the face of a white man. However, Kim got along well with his Mexican neighbors one of whom brought him a supply of vegetables he had raised in his irrigated garden. One cabbage head weighed eighteen pounds.

Most of the Mexicans lived in adobe houses constructed of unburnt sun-dried bricks. Adobe was used because of the cheapness and ease of construction, and also because adobe houses are always cool. The soil was sandy loam, and when it was moist it was very plastic and could be molded into any shape. The stiff mud was molded into bricks of various sizes, and then baked by exposing the bricks to the sun for ten days or two weeks. During this time the bricks were turned every day. When they were dry the adobe bricks were almost unbreakable.

When the Mexicans didn't use adobe bricks in constructing their houses, they often stood poles close together and plastered them inside and out with adobe mortar. Floor and roof also were of adobe. The interior walls were whitewashed with blanka earth which was white as chalk.

Most of the Mexican homes were plainly furnished. The women liked to wear silk dresses and beads, but the Mexican men dressed like other American men in that section. Usually they wore broad brimmed hats and cowboy boots. They liked to ride fast horses and break wild broncos. They were fond of horseracing, bullfighting, and cockfighting. When drinking their usual way of fighting was with a knife. Mexican young people married young and raised large families.

During his residence in New Mexico Kim took a number of excursions into various parts of the territory. He visited Albuquerque and brought back glowing reports of the crops grown there in the valley of the Rio Grande River whose waters were diverted for irrigation. While there he visited a Navaho reservation. He found the Navaho Indians an industrious people who supported themselves mainly by the raising of sheep. The wool which the sheep grew was worked into yarn and then woven into skillful designs on rather primitive looms. The Navaho Indians are noted for the beautiful blankets they weave, and Kim brought home a rose colored blanket with a border of black stripes at each end. The Navaho women made pottery, baskets, and silver ornaments in their homes which were round huts made of adobe-covered logs. It is said they learned their art from the Pueblo tribe.

Kim remembered that a boyhood chum from Kentucky, Joseph Seavor, was living in Capitan, New Mexico about one hundred miles south of Progresso, and he decided to drive down to see him. The trip took him over several mountain ranges and through some of New Mexico's six national forests. The New Mexico mountains were rich in coal and mineral deposits — gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, and zinc — and also stones from which precious gems were made. He visited a number of mines and brought home some rocks as souvenirs.

The forests through which Kim traveled were composed principally of pine, cedar, and pinion. The pinion tree is a variety of pine which bears small edible nuts.

In the foothills and the valley east of the Tucalote (or Owl) Mountain Kim traveled through fertile pasture lands where herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were grazing. Water was abundant here at a depth of about two hundred feet.

Kim spent several days in Capitan and had a good visit with "Uncle Jo" Seavor. While there he was invited to preach at the United States Marine Hospital at Fort Stanton. He was warmly received by the patients.

New Mexico was organized as a territory of the United States in 1850. It made several attempts to gain admission to the Union but failed until 1912 when it was admitted as the forty-seventh state. The residents had voted on a provisional constitution in 1911. Kim was proud to be a citizen and to have the privilege of voting in the first election after New Mexico became a state, at the same time voting for "Teddy" Roosevelt on the Progressive ticket. To Kim's great disapproval and regret Woodrow Wilson was elected in the three-way contest between Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, and Wilson.

The year New Mexico was admitted to the Union, Kim hitched his team to a springwagon and took his family to Gran Quivera national monument for a Fourth of July celebration. Gran Quivera was about twenty-five miles south of Willard. It was the site of a legendary city named Humanas, but in historic times it was first occupied about 1300 by the Aztec Indians from Mexico. It contains the ruins of two Spanish churches built in the seventeenth century about the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth on the other side of the continent.

Kim and his family spent the first night with friends about fifteen miles south of Willard. Kim had been invited to deliver an Independence Day address the next day, and in keeping with the patriotic occasion he decorated his team with bunting of red, white, and blue, the streamers running from the horses collars back to the dashboard of the vehicle.

The Gran Quivera ruins stood on a high hill and was reached by a road cut up the north slope. It was about all the team could do to climb it with a light

spring wagon. Those who were driving lumber wagons had to get out and walk up the steepest part. From the top of the ridge, Kim says, "the broad valley below was a delightful scene with its evergreen trees, mostly cedars and pinions, and the encircling mountains and hills covered with cedars and pines."

Kim and his family joined others in an unorganized walk through the ruins of the monument. The oldest community house of the early Indians was located on the south slope of the ridge. This marked the time when building styles changed from individual family houses to community houses with several families living side by side. This house was constructed about 1300. By 1600 this area had become a large village. Later the Spaniards came and renamed it Pueblo de las Humanas.

The first Spanish expedition into New Mexico was that of Coronado in 1540. The Spanish crown set itself to Christianize the natives as a means of inculcating Spanish ideals. The agents for accomplishing this task were the Franciscan missionaries who visited the Pueblos, introduced Catholicism, and established missions. In 1629 a very fine church was built and dedicated to San Isidro. In 1659 a larger church was dedicated to San Buenaventura. By 1675 the pueblo was abandoned. A severe drought, accompanied by famine, pestilence, and raids by the Apaches, had destroyed much of the population.

Kim found many interesting things about the Pueblo and mission ruins, among them pieces of pottery, arrow points, petrified bones and horns of large animals, and a mold for casting religious medals.

A large crowd gathered under the trees to eat their picnic lunches and to join in the celebration. Kim led some songs before he spoke. He was deeply stirred by memories of significant events which had occurred here, and of "the people of the past whose very presence seemed to echo among the surrounding hills." He spoke of the feeling of awe and reverence to be standing on the very battleground where General Zachary Taylor's army fought the Spanish and the Indians. He spoke of the days "when some dear brave boys endured hardships and some even died to gain this land for the United States." On February 2, 1848 this territory had been added to the United States as part of the Mexican Cession. If Kim felt that the United States was in any way guilty of any immoral acts in the Mexican War he doesn't say so.

As Kim and his family turned their faces homeward, they descended the hill and stopped by a well to get a drink and water the horses. In this semiarid region water had always been a problem. A Mr. Dowie, said to be a relative of the noted evangelist and faith healer by that name, dug some wells 15 to 25 feet deep in the sandy valley about three-quarters of a mile west of Gran Quivera. Mr. Dowie's old residence stood beside the old Spanish trail leading from Santa Fe to Capitan and Fort Stanton. Along this trail rode Kit Carson, famous American frontiersman and cool-headed army scout and Indian fighter.

As Kim started north he passed a dry lake bed which once provided water for the early inhabitants, but the winds of many years had filled it almost level with sand. He was still stirred by the meaning of this Fourth of July in which religious and patriotic ideals were mingled. He was clearly convinced that the Mexican War wasn't an inglorious adventure because it opened the way for the United States to become a nation of continent-wide proportions.

Early in the spring of 1913 Kim was deeply moved by news of a disastrous flood which swept over the city of Dayton, Ohio where the headquarters of the Christian Church was located. During his ministry in Kentucky and southern Ohio he had come to know some of the people who were involved. The flood affected great sections of Ohio and Indiana, but the greatest destruction was in the city of Dayton where levees on the Miami River gave way and sent a mighty wall of water, twelve to fifteen feet deep, with resistless force through the streets of the city. One of Kim's dear



friends, Reverend J. F. Burnett, described it in part as follows: "Every loose thing began to float down the streets, horses were swept off their feet, wagons were overturned, houses were washed from their foundations, great blocks of pavement were torn up, plate glass was smashed into bits, families clung to rafters in their attics while others broke through the roof and sat all night in total darkness in the rain, shivering in the cold. The worst sight of all were the many fires that broke out. All night long the lurid flames could be seen shooting heavenward. Buildings collapsed, and we knew that within those crumbling walls were many precious lives which could not possibly survive the awful catastrophe. It was an indescribable tragedy. For three days and nights some were without fire or food. Many were separated from loved ones for days not knowing whether they had perished as the waters tossed and tumbled about in their merciless embrace of human life and property."

For about six weeks the city of Dayton was under military government. The Publishing House of the Christian Church, and the First Christian Church, suffered great damage. Eighty-six thousand persons were in the bread lines for two weeks. Twenty-six other towns and cities were affected by the flood. Many lives were lost, and property damage in the two states was estimated at five hundred million dollars, one hundred million of that in Dayton alone. Kim's heart was full of sorrow. "We are two thousand miles away in the far west," he wrote, "and cannot help the perishing. Yet our prayers go up daily in their behalf. I do thank God for those who are helping in this awful time of need."

#### XVIII

The summer of 1913 was a very discouraging one in New Mexico because of a seven drought. It was so dry that the seeds Kim planted didn't even sprout. The only thing that seemed to grow in spite of the lack of rainfall was the sunflower. With keen foresight Kim cut and stacked great loads of the sunflowers in the hope that they might help carry the stock through the winter. Perhaps this kept the cows and horses from starving. Because of the drought Willie and Arthur went to Kansas to work in the wheat harvest.

In August, only a few months after he had proved up on his claim and received title for it from the government, Kim suffered a heart disturbance. His doctor didn't know the primary cause, but believed that the high altitude might be a contributing factor. He was advised to change to a lower altitude as soon as possible. So, late in the month, Kim left by train for Kansas while Mary and the children set about disposing of the furniture. They were able to sell most of it to a Mexican family that lived about half way between Progresso and Cedarvale. The unsold things were left in the house.

By this time Willie had returned from Kansas. He took charge of things so Mary and the children could join Kim in Kansas in time for school. Arthur decided not to return to New Mexico and got a job in northeastern Kansas husking corn. Until late autumn Kim and the family stayed with Minnie and Walker Fultz in Emporia where Zenith and Alfred enrolled in the Century Public School, Zenith in the sixth grade and Alfred in the fifth.

In November Kim accepted a call to preach for the Christian Churches at Hatfield Green and Cassoday, half time at each place. He had served these churches before and it was like going back home. He moved the family to Cassoday where he rented a four-room house. Cassoday had long since become a ghost town. The Orient Railroad had abandoned the plan to build a railroad through this area. Consequently, this community which had experienced such sudden prosperity just as suddenly became a mere hamlet with nothing to show for its experience but a trackless right-of-way, a number of vacant buildings, and a couple of dozen houses.

The Methodist Church in Cassoday was one of a circuit of two churches served by the same minister. The Christian Church had no more than twenty members and paid Kim only two hundred dollars for the year. The Matfield Green Church was some stronger and had a number of prosperous farmers in its membership. In addition to some cash salary the members gave their pastor some produce from the farm, and Mary kept some hens which provided eggs and an occasional roast. A member of the Methodist Church in Cassoday whose daughter belonged to the Christian Church gave Kim a quart of milk each day which Alfred picked up each morning in a half gallon bucket. Minnie and Walker sent a barrel of used clothing, and Kim cut wood in the country for fuel to tide the family through the winter.

During the winter of 1913-1914 Kim conducted revival meetings in both of his churches as was his custom. One night, when the family returned from the services in Cassoday, they were surprised to find Kim's brother and his wife, Clay and Ella Hurst, waiting at the door. They had come to Burns by train and had hired someone to bring them on out to Cassoday. They had come for a few days visit and to see if they could be of some help in the meeting. Clay and Ella were Methodists, and Clay and Kim had many earnest discussions about religion, especially about baptism. Kim was convinced that immersion was the proper form while Clay marshalled evidence in favor of sprinkling and expressed doubt that the three thousand who repented on the day of Pentecost could have been baptized. Neither was persuaded to change his views, but neither esteemed the other less because of his contrary views.

Early in the spring of 1914 Kim returned to New Mexico to help Willie dispose of the stock and the rest of the furniture and farm implements. He sold his claim to Jack Hurst whose place joined Kim's on the south. Willie decided not to remain in New Mexico and he and Kim drove a team of horses through to Cassoday. After a few days visit Willie drove on to Holton where he worked for a brief period with his Uncle Clay in an ice cream business which Clay had started. Willie and Arthur later sold their claims to John Humphries and thus closed the New Mexico chapter in the family's homesteading experience.

When Kim returned from New Mexico he planted a garden which provided fresh vegetables for the table and for the canning of green beans and tomatoes to run the family through the winter. During the summer he and Alfred went fishing in the Walnut and Cottonwood Rivers which helped to provide meat for the family diet. At a Fultz family reunion a 23-pound carp (buffalo) was caught in the Walnut River. An odd characteristic of this fish was a row of "pearl" teeth in its throat. Kim extracted them with plyers and kept them for some time as a rare curio.

One of the memorable events in Cassoday that summer was a Children's Day program in June. The young people, under the leadership of Miss Lillian Bridenstein, picked wild flowers from the prairie and decorated the church for the occasion. Long time residents said they had never seen a church in Cassoday more beautifully decorated. The program was typical of that era with recitations, songs, and drills.

In July war broke out in Europe and soon engaged many nations in a titanic conflict. Some students of the Bible thought it might be the great battle of Armageddon spoken of in the book of Revelation. Jealousy, hatred, fear, and mutual distrust between the nations had been building up to a threatening degree, and for many years the nations had been storing up munitions in preparation for a possible conflict. The spark which set off the explosion was the assassination of the Austrian Crown Prince and his wife by a Serbian. The Austrian government held the Serbian government responsible, and in this Austria was supported by Germany. Austria's ultimatum was so severe that Serbia, which denied responsibility for the incident, felt she could not meet the demands, and on the 28th of July Austria declared war. Surrounding nations believed their interests were involved and began

lining up on either side. The war spread and on August 4 Germany invaded Belgium. England declared war on Germany, and France tried to stop the German forces on the western front. In the east the Russian and German armies confronted each other, and before many months Italy and Turkey entered the war. The world was engulfed in fear, but the United States was determined to maintain the strictest neutrality.

The latter part of August Kim attended several conferences of the Christian Church in Kansas, the last being the Southern Kansas Christian Conference of which he had been a member since soon after his arrival in Kansas from Kentucky. The sessions were held at the Neola Christian Church five miles northwest of Turon. The Neola Church had just erected a new building and the new edifice was dedicated during the conference. The president of the conference was detained because of illness, and as vice-president Kim presided in his absence.

The Neola Church was linked in one pastorate with the Pleasant Hill Christian Church eleven miles east of Turon. During the conference it was announced that the pastor, the Reverend Russell L. Raybourne, had resigned the pastorate, and that Kim had been called to succeed him, half time at each church. Each of the churches promised to pay Kim three hundred dollars, a total of six hundred dollars for the year. He returned home after conference and prepared to move his family to Turon where he would be located between his two churches, and where Zenith and Alfred could attend school.

When Kim returned to Cassoday he learned that he had been nominated to run on the Republican ticket for Justice of the Peace in Sycamore Township of Butler County. In view of his anticipated removal from the bounds of the township he had to decline the nomination.

Kim shipped his scanty household goods from Rosalia, a railroad station south of Cassoday, and the family reverted back to the mode of transportation used a decade earlier when they emigrated from Kentucky. Kim had brought a team of gray percheon horses and a wagon from New Mexico, and he had kept the canvas and bows for the covered wagon, so he loaded his wagon with miscellaneous luggage and again turned westward.

The distance from Cassoday to Turon was about ninety miles, and it took two days and a half for the trip. Kim had already rented a house temporarily until he could decide about permanent living quarters.

Turon was a town of about six hundred inhabitants with two railroads, an elevator and flour mill, the usual number of stores and professional offices, four churches, and a water tank to supply water to all residents who could afford to have the necessary plumbing installed. A few months after his arrival in Turon Kim bought a three room house in the northeast part of town. The lot which was 75 x 150 feet had a shed for the horses, a henhouse, some fruit trees, and a good well of water which was never known to go dry. Kim had to buy the place on the installment plan because he had spent most of the proceeds of the place in New Mexico for living expenses. There was an oral agreement that he would pay six hundred dollars for the place, twenty-five dollars every three months, and that in the event he was unable to meet the payments the owner would accept the team of horses and carriage as part payment for the place. Kim did have a little over a hundred dollars in the bank and the bank cashier persuaded him to invest it in some oil stock in Oklahoma from which he never received any dividends.

Kim continued driving his team and carriage to his appointments. Occasionally the family went with Kim to his appointments, but usually they attended church in Turon with school friends. The first year they attended the United Brethren Church where a lovable old gentleman by the name of Hinshaw was minister. He had whiskers



and wore a long frock coat. Everybody called him "Uncle Hinshaw." At the end of the conference year Uncle Hinshaw retired and was succeeded by a woman minister. Since the Methodist Church had a stronger Sunday School program with a graded curriculum, and because more of the children's friends attended there, they decided to change to the Methodist Church. At the beginning of their third year in Turon one of the high school teachers, Miss Stella Tremaine who was superintendent of the Sunday School at the Disciples of Christ Church, invited Zenith to lead the singing for the Sunday School assembly. So Zenith and Alfred transferred to the Disciples Church and attended there every Sunday they were in town. The only church they did not attend during their residence in Turon was the Catholic.

The first winter in Turon Kim developed double pneumonia and was unable to meet his appointments for over a month. After he had recovered sufficiently he conducted revival meetings at his two churches, doing the preaching himself. Five new members were added at Neola and nineteen at Pleasant Hill. Two of the converts at Pleasant Hill felt a call to the ministry — Burly Cole who was a grandson of the Reverend Henry Cole, pioneer Christian minister in Kansas, and Kester Mock, a senior in high school. Mr. Cole became active in the local church and in the affairs of the conference, but didn't seek ordination. Kester Mock pursued a college education and later became an ordained minister in the Church of the Disciples of Christ in the county seat city of Hutchinson.

The 1915 sessions of the Southern Kansas Christian Conference were held in August at the Christian Church in the town of Towanda where Kim had been pastor briefly several years earlier. He especially enjoyed seeing many of his old parishioners from various churches during the conference sessions. At the close of the conference he visited a number of friends in the area and in Wichita and Fureka. He then went on to northeastern Kansas to see his brother Clay in Holton, and his sister, Elizabeth Wheat and her family, in Sabetha. While there he preached several times at the Woodlawn Church south of Sabetha where he had preached for a time soon after he arrived in Kansas from Kentucky. At Woodlawn he saw a niece, Berta Humphrey, daughter of his brother Squire Hurst. He visited many old Kentucky friends here and at Netawaka. Most of these had been converted in his meetings in Kentucky, and he had united many of them in marriage. Kim enjoyed this visit immensely and felt they had "a glorious time together."

While he was in this area Kim decided to go on to St. Joseph, Missouri to see his son, Preston, and his family. While he was in St. Joseph he visited a boyhood chum, Dr. Scott Morrison. It was the first time they had met for forty years.

Kim was also invited to preach at the little Christian Church in South St. Joseph. At the Sunday morning service he had an uncommon experience. Before the service began a young couple handed him a marriage license and asked if he would marry them. Kim told them he would, but suggested that they wait until after the service. A large crowd was present. "The Lord helped the preacher," Kim says, "and the Holy Spirit descended on the people so that we had a good meeting. Several came to the altar, and among them was the young lady who was to be married. For the time being I think she forgot all about the wedding as she prayed earnestly for her salvation. It did me good to hear the young man of twenty-one pray for his intended. He was a sanctified young man and had a New Testament in his pocket — a strange thing for a young man to have in his pocket on his wedding day! Many a young man would have had a bottle of the devil's slop."

Kim says the girl was "gloriously saved." When the altar service was over he informed the audience that the young lady just saved and the young man by her side wished to be joined in holy matrimony. Before he performed the ceremony he stated that if all men and women would do as this couple had done, "get saved first," there would be fewer divorces and more happy marriages. He then solemnized the marriage and the congregation filed by to extend congratulations.

Kim returned home after two weeks absence. In September he wrote in his diary, "Glad to be home with my dear wife and babies. Who would not love 'home, sweet, home'."

All through the winter and summer of 1915 the guns thundered across Europe. In an effort to gain the upper hand, Germany started using poison gas as a weapon. The conscience of America was outraged at this and at the way Germany was mistreating noncombatants. The neutral sentiment of America was beginning to feel the strain. The United States offered its good offices to help end the conflict, but with no success. The British established a blockade against Germany, and Germany began to torpedo neutral ships. Several American ships were sunk by German submarines, and in May the passenger ship, Lusitania, was sunk with a loss of 1198 lives, 112 of whom were Americans. Many urged the declaration of war against Germany, but President Wilson continued to urge that America remain neutral, although it was becoming increasingly difficult. He tried to persuade Germany to give up the use of the submarine, but it seemed that his appeal fell on deaf ears.

Kim engaged to serve the Neola and Pleasant Hill churches another conference year. In November he invited the Reverend Alonzo A. Thomas of the Northern Kansas Conference, to assist in revival services at both of his churches. The meetings at Pleasant Hill were quite effective with ten new members added to the church. When the services started at Neola the weather turned very cold, and there was so much sickness that the meeting closed after a few nights.

Soon after the New Year of 1916 Kim received word of the death of his little grandson, John Preston Hurst, Jr., in St. Joseph, Missouri. Kim went to be with the parents and to assist in the service. While in St. Joseph he preached twice at the South St. Joseph Christian Church. He then went to Superior, Nebraska to assist the Reverend Alonzo Thomas in a meeting at the Olive Hill Christian Church. A heavy snow had fallen, there was much sickness, and the people were so disturbed by the war, that Kim felt the meetings were not as effective as he hoped. When the meeting closed he went on to Lincoln, Nebraska to see his son, William, who was manager of a grocery store for the Basket Stores Company which operated a chain of stores in Lincoln and surrounding towns.

The churches Kim was serving paid the amount they promised — three hundred dollars at each place — and in addition gave him donations in kind worth about one hundred dollars, but it wasn't sufficient to meet the needs of his family. He found it necessary to supplement the small salary by painting some houses.

In the spring of 1916 Kim's son, Arthur, came home with his bride, the former Sibbet Stauffer, whom the family had known some years before in Holton. Kim and Arthur advertised as the Hurst Paint Company to do job painting of houses and barns. They painted several houses in Turon, and painted a number of houses and barns in the Pleasant Hill community. During the wheat harvest season they continued their painting, and Mary got a job cooking for the harvest hands and threshing crews. Before the summer was over Arthur became ill from lead poisoning and had to give up painting. Before the summer was over he and Sibbet returned to Holton temporarily and then rented a farm near Leon, Kansas in Butler County.

One weekend at Pleasant Hill Kim was entertained in a home where they had a pot of rhubarb greens for Sunday dinner. Kim ate a few bites, but left the rest on his plate because he didn't think they tasted just right. The man of the house, however, bragged on how good the greens were, and ate two or three generous helpings. It wasn't long until the man became deathly sick, and the next day he died. The people didn't know, apparently, that only the rhubarb stalk is edible, and that the leaves may be poisonous, especially if they have been frosted.

- The Southern Kansas Conference met at the Matfield Green Church in August 1916. Kim took his youngest son with him so as to acquaint him with conference activities. When they returned home Kim began his third year of service with the Neola and Pleasant Hill churches. He felt that the members of these two churches had been very kind to him and his family, and that they were a very loyal people.

All during the spring and summer of 1916 the war in Europe raged on with no let up. Over a half million German soldiers had been killed, and France had suffered heavy losses. Day after day the Germans were being pushed back, but they fought stubbornly. On all other fronts the Allies were on the offensive. A new weapon of war appeared with the British use of the tank, but soon Germany developed her own type of destructive weapons.

- In the Presidential campaign of 1916 President Woodrow Wilson was renominated by the Democrats, and the Republicans nominated Charles Evans Hughes as their standard bearer. Wilson used the slogan, "He kept us out of war", with telling effect, although there was a growing feeling that American involvement in the war was inevitable. The Republicans waged a strong campaign, and Kim was happy that Theodore Roosevelt had returned to the Republican Party. It was thought for a time that Hughes had won, but late returns from California changed the electoral tally and Wilson was declared elected by a narrow margin. The President pledged to continue his efforts to preserve "peace with honor."

- The latter part of October Kim conducted a series of meetings at the Neola Church. They were fairly well attended until the eve of the national election when the people seemed to lose interest. Their minds, he thought, were more on politics than on Christianity. However, there were eight additions to the church's membership. The meeting at Neola was followed by a two-weeks meeting at Pleasant Hill. There were only seven conversions here, but Kim felt the meeting was a success because "several betook themselves to prayer and testimony who had never before taken part publicly." At this time the church suffered a great loss in the death of Mrs. Lona Shipley who had been secretary of the church for thirteen years.

Many of the people Kim received into the church during his sixty years of ministry felt loyalty and affection for him personally. In February 1917 a member of the Pleasant Hill church, Harry Shackelford, came to Turon in his car and took Kim and his family over to his home for a few days visit. Mr. Shackelford was a native of Bath County, Kentucky, and since Kim was raised in that area, and had preached in Bath County, they felt very close to each other. Moreover, Kim had received Harry and his large family into the membership of the Pleasant Hill Church.

In March Kim attended a revival meeting that was being conducted in the nearby town of Arlington. The evangelist was John P. Carrier. Kim was deeply impressed with Mr. Carrier's personality and his ability as a singer and preacher. Kim extended an invitation to the evangelist to hold a meeting at the Neola Church and the invitation was accepted. The meeting lasted nearly three weeks and Kim says it was "a grand meeting" with forty-two additions to the church. The meeting might have continued longer had it not been for a painful accident which Kim suffered on Sunday night the eighth of April. Kim had ridden home with some friends from Pleasant Hill who had attended the service. As he was getting out of the car the vehicle started again before Kim had both feet on the ground. He was thrown backward, and his back was wrenched so severely that he was under the doctor's care for twelve weeks. "I suffered untold agony," Kim says, "and had it not been for the help of the good Lord I could not have stood it. But the most disagreeable part of the experience was something that happened to cause me to lose confidence in the evangelist and in the people of the Neola Church whom I had served as pastor for nearly three years."



Kim lost confidence in the evangelist and in the people because while he was flat of his back the church invited the evangelist to replace him as their pastor. The church then beat him out of some of his salary, Kim says. "I wouldn't have cared so much had it not been that my family needed it to live on. I shall never doubt that it was the prospect of a regular salary that led the other minister to do this. Losing the confidence of those brethren hurt me more than anything else I ever met in all my ministry. For days I could neither eat nor sleep. I prayed God to forgive them all, and left it in his hands, knowing that he will deal justly with all men."

Kim expressed the hope that no other minister would ever be guilty of undermining another minister for the sake of a place for himself. It seemed to Kim that this minister didn't appear to be as effective in his preaching after this incident. The Pleasant Hill Church stood by him, Kim says, until the end of the conference year in September, and paid him even more than they had promised.

While Kim was pastor of the Pleasant Hill Church he conducted several baptismal services. As we have noted, he loved to baptize people who were sincere and earnest in the profession of their faith in Christ. But, in all his experience, he says, "there are two baptismal services which have meant the most to me. The first was when I baptized my wife, Mollie, in Foxes Creek below Muses Mills, Kentucky. The other was when I baptized Zenith and Alfred in a lake one Sunday afternoon near the Pleasant Hill Church. I do thank God for the privilege. Those scenes I shall never forget."

At the beginning of 1917 there were many who believed that the war in Europe would come to an end before the end of the year with the Allies victorious. Although the United States had maintained her neutrality, Germany protested the United States selling munitions to the Allies. At the end of January the German ambassador handed a note to the Secretary of State withdrawing a pledge not to sink any merchant ships without warning, and that on February first Germany would resume unrestricted submarine warfare. During February and March several American vessels were torpedoed by Germany. War seemed to be imminent.

On April 2, 1917 President Wilson called Congress into special session to consider the serious situation. Instead of asking Congress to declare war against Germany he asked Congress to declare that a state of war existed between the German Empire and the United States, and that provision be made for prosecuting the war to the end that the United States might help "make the world safe for democracy." The President's call stirred the nation to a white heat of patriotic sentiment. The Senate passed the joint resolution on April 4th, and the House on April 6th.

There was a great patriotic response among the people. Within three months over a million men volunteered for service in the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps. Congress passed a selective service draft law which called all men fit for duty between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one. In July the first contingent of American troops arrived in England and France and were placed under the command of General John J. Pershing. The training was to be completed on French soil.

During the three years Kim had been pastor of the Neola and Pleasant Hill churches he had received 122 members and was grateful that he had had the privilege of serving with them. However, he felt that the time had come for him to conclude his ministry there.

The last summer in Turon Kim planted a big garden. Since it was a very dry summer the garden had to be irrigated. This he did by digging trenches between the rows of vegetables and pumping water by hand. Alfred wasn't there to help because he had gone to Leon, Kansas to work with his brother, Arthur, on his farm. Mary canned over two hundred quarts of vegetables from the garden and packed them in barrels ready to move as soon as Kim received a call.

The latter part of August 1917, Kim attended the Des Moines Iowa Christian Conference. While there he conferred with the delegates from the Pleasant Valley and Oak Hill churches which were without a pastor. By the end of the conference he had agreed to serve these two rural churches if the members voted to extend him a call. Since the two churches were only a few miles apart he stayed over a Sunday and preached at Pleasant Valley Sunday morning, and at Oak Hill Sunday evening. Both churches voted to extend him a call, and Kim returned home to make arrangements to move.

The team of horses and buggy which Kim had used to transport him to his appointments were applied to reduce the mortgage on the house and lot in Turon. The household goods and barrels of canned fruit and vegetables were shipped by rail to Afton, Iowa where Kim planned to live.

Kim and family left Turon for their new home the second week of September. They went first to Leon, Kansas by train to visit Arthur and Sibbet and to get acquainted with a new grandchild, Caroline, who was born on Alfred's birthday, August 13. Along the way they also visited Mary's sister, Flora Hanson, and her family in Eldorado, Kansas; Kim's brother, Clay, and his wife in Holton; and Kim's son, Preston, and his family in St. Joseph, Missouri. When they arrived in Afton, Zenith and Alfred were a month late entering high school.

Afton, Iowa was a town of about twelve hundred population and was an important trading center for a large farming area. It was located in southern Iowa, and at one time was the county seat of Union County. The old court house was still in use for offices and community events. The school was considered excellent in a state which took pride in its educational system. The main transcontinental trunk line of the Burlington Railroad ran through Afton, although only two local trains stopped at Afton daily.

October found Kim and his family settled in Afton, "like Paul," Kim says, "living in our own hired house." The household goods had arrived, but what sinking of heart they experienced when they opened the barrels they had carefully packed with canned fruit and vegetables. They were empty save for the packing materials, the contents having been stolen en route.

Kim says he found the Pleasant Valley and Oak Hill churches were both very loyal to the principles of the Christian Church and a splendid people to work among. However, the churches were about fifteen miles from Afton, and Kim had neither horse nor buggy for transportation, and he could not afford an automobile. Each Saturday he rode the train to Thayer, the next station east of Afton, where he was met by some parishioners and taken to their home for the weekend.

The last of October Kim conducted a revival meeting at the Pleasant Valley Church. The interest and attendance grew rapidly and fourteen were added to the church membership. The meeting would have continued a few nights longer, but Kim suffered a sudden attack of pneumonia. When one of the members brought him home he was suffering from chills and pains and was running a high fever. This was his second attack of pneumonia in three years. For about ten days his breathing became increasingly difficult and he developed a hard dry cough. Two capable physicians, Dr. Wright of Thayer, and Dr. Lander of Afton, stood by Kim "like brethren indeed." They were both church members and Masons, men of recognized standing in their communities.

When Kim's condition was at its worse the family became gravely concerned that he might not recover. One day at noon Alfred came home from school and knelt by his father's bed and prayed. "He was just in his fifteenth year, Kim says, " but he put

his hand on my head and prayed for me with such wonderful faith and earnestness. As I sanctioned his prayer with a heartfelt Amen, I felt a thrill pass over me. For the first time since I became ill I felt easy. When the doctor came he said I had passed the crisis, but that I would be very weak and should stay in bed a few days longer, eating only light food. I loved those two doctors for the way they stood by me, and I told them so afterward." The doctors didn't send Kim a bill, and both refused payment when he offered it.

Kim greeted the New Year 1918 with a prayer that he might do more for the Kingdom than in the year that had just closed. He was sixty-five years old. "My general health now is fine," he said. "I eat and sleep well and am really enjoying life."

The winter of 1917-1918 was the most severe in years. There was a great deal of snow, and in January and February there were thirty-one days when the temperature was down to zero. Sometimes it was as much as twenty to twenty-six degrees below zero. Kim met his preaching appointments, but attendance was small on some Sundays. He recorded one convert at Oak Hill, a Mr. Green, on one of the Sundays - "bless God.

Afton, along with the whole state, was experiencing wartime prosperity. The rich black soil surrounding Afton was only slightly less productive than the soil in the north central part of the state. The chief crops were corn, oats, and hay for the feeding of hogs and cattle. In the late winter Kim counted thirty truck loads of hogs in one day as they passed his home on the way to market. He figured that they brought the farmers at least nine thousand dollars at three hundred dollars per load. "Of course, the preacher doesn't have any of it," he commented, "but the Lord has supplied us with food and raiment to the present time, and hope of heaven when done with this world."

The snow melted when March came, and the ground which was frozen about three feet deep began to thaw. People became busy, some moving, some hauling corn and timothy hay to town, and others hauling wood and coal. At Kim's suggestion the men of the Pleasant Valley Church bought lumber and built a woodhouse. They hauled several loads of logs with their teams, and one of the men brought his wood saw to the church grounds and sawed the logs. "Now," Kim said, "we have enough good oak and hickory wood to run the church for a year, and it won't be necessary to buy coal. Since the Lord has given us the timber, why shouldn't we use it for his glory?"

In March both of Kim's churches observed foreign missions Sunday. He preached a missionary sermon, and offerings were received to help support the missionary work of the Christian Church in Japan. In addition to this, Zenith and Alfred drew the outline of a church on a large poster and sold bricks at twenty-five cents each to help build a new chapel at Santa Isabel, Puerto Rico. In the same month the two churches, with the help of others in the communities, raised over seven hundred dollars for the war work of the Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A.

In the spring of 1918 the Germans launched an all-out offensive to occupy Paris. The Allies were driven backward steadily until their backs were to the wall. It was a dark hour for the Allied cause. Kim was finding it increasingly difficult to carry on church work on account of the disturbance caused by the war. He was praying for a peaceful world, but as a loyal American he was praying also that God might give the Allies the victory over the Kaiser and his forces.

Spring was late in coming, but by the last of April people began planting their war gardens. America faced the problem of producing enough food to supply every citizen at home and abroad, and to provide vast quantities for the suffering of Europe. The people of the United States gave themselves with enthusiasm to support the troops overseas and the other Allied nations. Wherever women were, at home or in groups, they could be seen knitting garments for the Army and Navy. Workers turned

out over fourteen million knitted garments, a quarter of a million surgical dressings, twenty-two million hospital garments, all under the direction of the Red Cross branches and auxiliaries. The American Expeditionary Forces of two million men were at the front for two hundred days, and were in thirteen major military operations in France.

Kim's war garden was very productive, and Mary was again able to can over a hundred quarts of vegetables for use during the coming winter. During the summer Alfred work twelve hours a day at the Williams Grocery store, and Kim bought a cow which supplied milk and butter for the family.

Mary often accompanied Kim to his appointments, but usually Zenith and Alfred attended the United Evangelical Church in Afton. The minister was the Reverend E. Skogsberg whose son and daughter were about the same ages as Zenith and Alfred. They became very close friends as they worked together in the church and Sunday School, the young peoples Christian Endeavor Society, and midweek prayer meeting.

In August Kim attended the annual sessions of the Des Moines Christian Conference and while there accepted a call to become pastor of the Christian Church in Truro, Iowa. He also decided to transfer his ministerial membership from the Southern Kansas Conference to Iowa. After completing his year's work at the Pleasant Valley and Oak Hill churches, Kim returned home and completed arrangements for moving to Truro.

Truro was a village of about three hundred population located about thirty miles south of Des Moines. It had a public high school, a bank, several stores, and two churches — Christian and Methodist. The Christian Church had a very nice parsonage with furnace heat and a bath room with stool and tub, the first time in all his ministry that Kim had had a parsonage provided. The two churches in town alternated services so that Kim was free to preach half time for another church. A call was extended to him by the Pleasant Ridge Christian Church five miles north of Afton and he accepted. The Pleasant Ridge church paid him four hundred dollars for the year, and the Truro church paid six hundred dollars. His total salary, including parsonage, was twice what he had received for a number of years.

Kim had just started well in his work when an influenza epidemic forced the closing of the schools and all public meetings, churches included. Since he was not permitted to conduct services, Kim decided to take his family to Kentucky for a visit. This was his first visit to his native state since leaving there fifteen years before. He had a good visit with many friends and relatives, but was disappointed that he was unable to conduct any services because of the legal restrictions.

Late in the summer of 1918 the Allied nations launched a counter-offensive against the invading German forces and Germany was turned back. Paris was saved, northern France was cleared of the foe, and then mile by mile Belgian soil was reclaimed. The American forces played an important part in the closing days of the war. On October 3rd the Germans began to seek a cessation of hostilities and notified President Wilson that a German government of the people was ready to discuss peace. The Kaiser bowed to the inevitable and abdicated. While Kim and his family were in Kentucky it was announced that the German high command had capitulated, and at 11:00 A. M. on November 11th hostilities ceased. The First World War was at an end.

The Allied War Council set about arranging for the Peace Conference which was to meet in Paris. The appalling loss of manpower in all belligerent nations during the four years of the war was over thirty-four million. The total losses of the Allies in manpower amounted to twenty-one million, including five million killed in action or victims of disease. Corresponding losses of the German powers amounted to nearly thirteen million, of whom three million were killed or died of other causes.

Kim and his family arrived back home the night before Thanksgiving in the midst of a snow storm. The next morning six inches of snow was on the ground. Kim was kept very busy after his return. He was able to resume services at the churches, but the scourge of influenza hindered in all departments of the church. He went to the bedside of all he knew of who were sick or dying. He was called to conduct many funerals in Truro and surrounding towns. The high death rate from the disease was partly due to complications created by pneumonia, bronchitis, mastoid, sinus infection, and other ailments which accompanied the disease in a large number of cases. It was reported that over three million persons died of the disease during the winter. Kim escaped the disease until spring, although Mary and the children all had it.

In April Kim was called to Arthur's home in Kansas to pray with him and his wife concerning their spiritual welfare. He then went to Holton, Kansas to be with his brother, Clay, who was seriously ill. While in Holton he was called to Lincoln, Nebraska to the bedside of his oldest son, William, who was thought to be hopelessly ill. While there he was called to St. Joseph, Missouri because of the death of his granddaughter, Twila, child of his son, Preston. William did recover and accompanied Kim to Truro where he recuperated for a month before returning to his work in Lincoln.

Not long after his return home Kim took to his bed with headache, chills, fever and aching joints which were typical symptoms of influenza. "The disease served me roughly," Kim says, "but thanks to the Great Creator and Preserver I recovered and was able again to be about my Father's business. I verily believe he will preserve any who do their duty."

Unlike most other places Kim had lived and preached it was possible in Truro for the family to attend the church of which he was pastor and to participate in the various activities of the church. Mary was active in the Ladies Aid and the Woman's Missionary Society, and Zenith and Alfred were active in the Christian Endeavor Society of which Zenith was elected president. The children both sang in the church choir, and the entire family attended the midweek prayer services each Wednesday evening. Kim conducted a ten-day revival meeting which resulted in six additions to the church. In the spring, as soon as the snow had melted and the ground was dry enough, Kim plowed and planted his early garden. He was able again during the summer to raise enough vegetables for table use and for canning.

During the summer it was announced that Palmer College, a junior college of the Christian Church at Albany Missouri, would reopen in September. It had been closed for a year and a half during the World War because most of the male students and faculty members were drafted. Frank G. Coffin, an alumnus of the college, had been elected President. Dr. Coffin was to speak at the annual meeting of the Des Moines Conference in August. Kim arranged to take his family with him to the conference which met at the Hill of Zion Christian Church, Orient, Iowa. After talking with Dr. Coffin, Kim decided to resign his pastorate at Truro and move to Albany so that Zenith and Alfred could attend the college. He and Mary felt they wanted their children to "live at home under the care of their parents while attending school." Although they hadn't yet completed their high school education, Palmer then had an academy for secondary grades as well as two years of college.

In addition to the desire to have Zenith and Alfred enter a college of the Christian Church, two incidents in Truro contributed to the decision. One was the result of an experience Zenith and Alfred had following an ice cream social sponsored by the Christian Endeavor Society. After everyone had gone from the church and the church was locked, they and one of Zenith's girl friends had occasion to return to the church. When they arrived they found that some fellows had broken into the basement and were busy consuming some of the ice cream that was left over.

Hastily, and perhaps rashly and imprudently, they reported the incident to the town marshall and gave him the names of some of those who had broken into the church. Although the fellows had gone when the marshall arrived at the church, they pled guilty the next day and paid their fines. During the rest of the summer some of the rougher element in the community made it unpleasant for Zenith and Alfred to say the least. One night Alfred was chased home by a rock-throwing gang.

The other unpleasant incident involved a middle-aged man who was accused of statutory rape. The man sang in the church choir and had led the singing at prayer meeting. A high school girl played the organ at prayer meeting for the singing of the hymns, and after the meeting the man always saw the girl home. He was accused by a neighbor of forcing his affections on the girl, and for a time the whole community was perturbed. Some of the men of the community became so wrought up that they gathered about the man's house and threatened to hang him. Although the girl and the man both admitted that he had shown his affection for her, they denied the accusation of rape. At the trial Kim was called as a character witness and testified that he had never observed anything that would cause him to distrust the man. Kim talked with the deacons of the church and urged the Christian duty of forgiveness. Some agreed with their pastor, but others did not.

When everything was weighed, Kim felt it was best to resign and move. However, the people didn't willingly give him up. The pastoral committee voted not to accept his resignation and reported their action to the church. At a called meeting the members present voted forty-two to two to sustain the action of the pastoral committee. They said, "We can not keep you from going, but we will not say we want you to go." "It seemed almost heartrending," Kim says, "to leave Truro where we had been treated so kindly by friends we had come to love." Still, he felt it was best to leave. At Christmas time the following year the ladies of the Truro Church sent Kim and his family as a remembrance a "brick" quilt on which the names of the church members were embroidered and on which many of the women had worked. Kim was grateful that he had never preached any place that he didn't leave many friends behind who were glad to welcome him back. Like the Apostle Paul, he was always glad of the opportunity to visit the brethren again.

Kim and his family left Truro for Albany by train on October 1, 1919. They lived in a rented house for a few months until Kim had opportunity to buy a house for only a little more in monthly payments than he was paying for rent. The fact that it was only a block from the campus made it especially attractive. The house had a living room, dining room, three bedrooms, a large kitchen, and a building for laundry and storage connected to the house by a breezeway. There was a large lawn, a good garden spot, chicken house, cave, and a well of good water.

Albany was a county seat town of some eighteen hundred population about sixty miles northeast of St. Joseph, Missouri. It was a trading center for a large rural area and had very little industry. At one time two church colleges were located there, one sponsored by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the other by the Disciples of Christ Church. Both schools had closed, and one of the campuses in the east part of town had been occupied by Palmer since 1912.

The Christian Church from its beginning was sympathetic to education. Although it was a small denomination numerically, it had established twenty-five or more schools and colleges, many more than it could support financially. One of these colleges was formerly located in Iowa and was called Le Grand Christian Institute. In 1912 Le Grand was relocated in Albany and was renamed Palmer College in honor of one of its chief benefactors, Francis Asbury Palmer of New York City. Kansas Christian College at Lincoln, Kansas, another college of the Christian Church, had closed, and the resources were used to erect a girls' dormitory on the Palmer campus. It was named Kansas Hall.



Kim was elated over the prospects for Palmer College with the new leadership. He was confident that a new day had dawned for the school and that it would play an increasing role in the work of the Christian Church in the west. "We love to see more than a hundred bright-minded American youths preparing for their place in life that they may complete the great plan designed on the great trestleboard of God's mind, and laid out by God's mighty hand," he wrote. "Long live Palmer College!"

Zenith and Alfred registered promptly. In addition to the academic courses, they both registered to take piano with the new piano instructor, Clarence J. Velie from Salamanca, New York. Reverend Abram W. Sparks of Argos, Indiana, was the new dean and professor of Bible.

Kim continued preaching half-time for the Pleasant Ridge Church near Afton, Iowa, and accepted a call to return to the Oak Hill Church south of Thayer for half time. He went to his appointments each Saturday, and usually returned home on Monday. The fourth week in November he went to Pleasant Ridge early so as to be present for a community Thanksgiving dinner and service at the home of William Symington whose son was thinking of enrolling at Palmer the following year. Kim enjoyed such social occasions immensely. "I think I never saw people enjoy themselves more," he said. "The sweet and beautiful music, the talks given, and the sincerity of hearts invoking the blessing of God upon the nation, filled one's heart with gratitude and delight."

During the fall Kim held revival meetings at both of his churches. Three new members were received at Oak Hill, and both churches seemed to be greatly revived. While at Oak Hill he preached the funeral of an eighty-year-old man, Thomas Jefferson Lamb, one of the early pioneers in Iowa, a Civil War veteran and Master Mason. Kim used as his text, "If a man die, shall he live again?" a text he frequently used on such occasions. After the sermon the Masons conducted the final rites at the cemetery.

The first Christmas in Albany was made enjoyable by the arrival of Kim's brother, Clay, and his wife from Holton, Kansas, and his oldest son, William, from Lincoln, Nebraska. In addition to a number of presents from family he received a monetary gift from one of his former parishioners at Towanda, Kansas, M. Orban, Jr. of Whittier, California. During the Christmas holidays Alfred and some others at the college attended a student volunteer missionary convention in Des Moines, Iowa. The theme of the convention was "The evangelization of the world in this generation. Alfred returned home deeply impressed that he should go into some church-related vocation, perhaps either the ministry or some aspect of missionary work.

The latter part of February Kim conducted a meeting at the Pleasant Ridge Church north of Baring, Missouri. Since he was unable to fill his appointments at his churches in Iowa he asked Alfred to supply for him. Alfred preached his first sermon at the Pleasant Ridge Church north of Afton on Sunday, the 29th of February, a rare juxta-position of day and date. The following Sunday he supplied the pulpit at Oak Hill. At the time the Pleasant Ridge Church near Baring, and the Christian Church in the town of Baring, were both without regular ministers. They urged Kim to continue preaching for them, but he felt duty bound to complete the conference year with the churches in Iowa, so he arranged for Alfred to supply the two churches in northeast Missouri until August. Kim was pleased that one of his sons had felt a call to the ministry. "I hope the call will continue to follow up in our family," he said. "My Grandfather Swim was a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church for many years, and my mother's brother, William Swim, was a preacher in the Christian Church. A number of other Hursts were preachers, and I am sure that is better than for them to be horse thieves!"

With the first hint of Spring Kim plowed his garden and planted his potatoes. He had a fine garden, and he took delight in sharing some of his early vegetables with the dining hall at the college. Mary set some hens and before many weeks some young roosters were "ripe for the frying pan." Kim took his son fishing in Grand River and caught a nice mess of fish for the frying pan.

The Commencement time at the college was especially enjoyable because the Western Convention of the Christian Church held its annual session immediately following Commencement, and many of the pastors and laymen from Missouri, Kansas, and Iowa, came early for the Commencement because they were alumni of the college. When the Convention ended, and the students and faculty had returned to their homes, Kim noted "how lonesome it seems; but the summer will soon be gone and the college work will begin again. We long for it."

Kim continued his preaching at the Pleasant Ridge and Oak Hill churches during the summer. An all-day service with a community dinner was held on the Fourth of July at the Pleasant Ridge Church, and the Ladies Aid Society of the Oak Hill Church held an ice cream social on Saturday night to raise some money for the church. After the social Lucian Edgar Follansbee of Des Moines, a Christian minister and well-known Chautauqua and Lyceum lecturer, delivered a lecture on "Life and Its Duties."

On the second Sunday afternoon of July a baptismal service was conducted at Grand River near the Oak Hill Church. It was a full day for Kim. He had preached at Oak Hill in the forenoon; went to the Pleasant Valley Church five miles north for a service at three in the afternoon; returned to Oak Hill for the service of baptism at five o'clock; and concluded the day by preaching again at Oak Hill at eight-thirty in the evening. The weather in July and August was dry and sultry, and Kim held some of the evening services outdoors on the church lawn.

The second Sunday in August Kim arranged for a pulpit exchange with his son and Claude Callihan, another ministerial student at Palmer College. Mr. Callihan's home was at Baring, Missouri, and he supplied the pulpit there for Alfred so he could visit his parents; Kim filled Mr. Callihan's appointment at the Lone Chapel Church, Hamburg, Iowa; and Alfred supplied for Kim at Oak Hill.

Kim attended the Des Moines Christian Conference in September, his church at Oak Hill serving as host to the sessions. During the sessions it was voted to consolidate with the Southwestern Iowa Christian Conference under the name, "Western Iowa Christian Conference." Dr. Follansbee presided over the sessions, but declined re-election to the position of President for another year. He had served as President of the Des Moines Conference for many years, and felt it was time for new leadership. Alfred terminated his supply work at Baring, and accepted a call to preach two Sundays each month for the Oak Hill Church near Gravity, Iowa. He travelled to his appointments by train on Saturdays, and returned to college on Mondays. Kim concluded his work at Oak Hill and Pleasant Ridge in Iowa in order to begin work with the Pleasant Ridge and Baring churches in northeastern Missouri. It was a long distance for him to travel, and railroad fare was high, "but that is all right," Kim said, "if I can only be instrumental in saving some souls."

The fall semester at Palmer College opened in September. Zenith and Alfred registered for their second year at the college, and Zenith, in addition to her academic courses, became assistant to Professor Velie in the music department. Dr. and Mrs. Daniel B. Atkinson of Jireh, Wyoming joined the faculty, he as professor of Education and Bible, and she as professor of Mathematics and Dean of Women. The Atkinsons and their three daughters had come from Wyoming where he had served several years as President of Jireh Christian College, another college of the Christian Church which was forced to close for lack of adequate financial resources. Dr. Atkinson had been for many years a prominent leader in the Christian Church, and was currently Vice-President of the American Christian Convention. He and Mrs. Atkinson added great strength to the faculty at Palmer.

"It was a beautiful September day when the fall semester opened at the college Kim says. "Flowers were in full bloom, and the plants, trees, and green grass bear the handiwork of God and his loving and tender care. As the days passed and petals and leaves began to fall, I was reminded that sometime in the near future we shall all fall and fall and go back again to earth, for the Divine has said, 'From dust thou art, and to dust (earth) thou shalt return.'"

The last Sunday in September was a fifth Sunday, and Kim had the joy of attending church with his family at the college auditorium where the President of the college Dr. Frank G. Coffin, preached to the students and faculty. It was the first Sunday Kim had been home for over a year. His health was quite good for one of his age except for a stomach disorder which had afflicted him periodically for years. The ailment was attended by a muscular contraction of the esophagus when swallowing food or liquids, causing him to choke. Still he kept his sense of humor, and after he had dislodged the food or drink, he would wipe the tears from his eyes and say with a smile, "Well, as the frog said when the wagon wheel ran over him, 'That's kinda hard on the eyes.' Then, in a more serious vein he would say, "Although I am not in perfect health, I feel fine spiritually, and my hopes of heaven are bright."

The following Sunday Kim began a revival at the Baring Church. During the revival one of the Deacons, a Mr. Henry, took Kim for a drive in his Model T Ford. As they were driving up a river hill on a dirt road the differential gear broke allowing the car to run backward down the hill. The car turned over and the driver and Kim were pinned under the car until someone came along to free them. Kim's right shoulder was crushed, his collar bone and five ribs were broken, and his left knee and right ankle were dislocated. The doctor set the bones and bandaged him up as well as he could, but he was so sore he couldn't get up and walk without help.

The accident happened on a Monday. Another minister preached for Kim that night and informed the people of the accident. The next night two men came for him and told him that it was important for him to conduct the services that night if he possibly could because several people wanted to join the church. The men got on each side of him and led him into the church all bandaged up. After two hymns and a prayer Kim preached about twenty minutes, leaning on the Bible stand for support, and gave the Invitation. Nine came to be received into church membership. Before pronouncing the Benediction Kim announced that the meeting would have to close. He was helped back to his place of stay where he remained till Saturday. On Sunday he filled his appointment at Pleasant Ridge, preaching morning and evening. On Monday he returned home by train. How glad he was to be home.

In about a month Kim was able to travel again and resumed his work at Baring and Pleasant Ridge. In the late winter he conducted a revival for Alfred at the Oak Hill (Gravity Iowa) Church which resulted in twenty-eight additions to the church. Later he returned to Oak Hill and baptized fifteen of the converts.

At Christmas time Kim wondered if his son, William, might come for a visit as he had done the previous Christmas. He didn't arrive, but a few days after Christmas Kim received word that Willie had celebrated this Christmas by getting married. He and Mrs. Ethel Johnson were married on Christmas Day. Ethel and her children were living on a farm which she owned a few miles from Lincoln, Nebraska, and she and Willie had met when she was marketing in the store of which he was manager.

During the college year Zenith and Professor Velie ("Clair") began dating, but because it wasn't thought proper for a member of the faculty to keep company with a student they kept their interest in each other secret. At the end of the school year they were married in a private ceremony at her parents' home by Dr. Coffin, President of the college. The couple left for the west coast to visit friends and relatives in California and Oregon, and returned to Chicago for the rest of the summer for study.

As usual Kim planted a large garden. The Ladies Aid Society at Pleasant Ridge donated eighteen hens and some setting eggs for the minister's wife, so she was able to raise a brood of chickens. The Ladies Aid of the Baring Church presented Kim and Mary two nice quilts.

In September Kim attended three conferences — the Western Iowa Conference at Madrid, Iowa; the North Missouri Conference at the Indian Grove Church near Brunswick, Missouri; and the Western Ozark Conference at Weaubleau, Missouri. Kim felt he had had a very good year with his churches. Twelve new members had been added to the Pleasant Ridge Church, and thirty new members at Baring. One of the new members at Baring felt a call to the ministry. Both churches wanted Kim to continue with them another year, but because of the money panic they felt they couldn't increase his salary. They had paid him six hundred dollars at each place, but he had traveled over five thousand miles during the year and spent over a third of his salary on railroad fare. Because of the expense of travel he decided not to accept the work there for another year. However, he did conduct a two-weeks revival at Baring later in the winter.

Kim didn't accept regular work for a while. Following the Western Ozark Conference he conducted a fifteen-day meeting at the Galmey Church near Wheatland with a number of converts and a greatly revived church. He returned home for a month and then held a fifteen-day meeting at the Indian Grove Church with seventeen additions to the church. At the conclusion of the meeting he agreed to preach for the church one Sunday a month for the rest of the conference year. He also held a meeting at the Pleasant Valley Church near DeWitt, Missouri, and promised to supply their pulpit one Sunday each month. The church at Indian Grove presented a Bible to Kim and in it inscribed the names of many of the members who had contributed toward its purchase. He used this Bible more than any other during the remainder of his life.

Kim spent Thanksgiving at home with his family and attended a Thanksgiving Day service in the college auditorium. In the evening he did some writing while he and the rest of the family listened to Professor Velie ("Clair") play on the piano. Kim expressed thanks for the many blessings of the past and "the blessing of a pleasant and peaceable home."

Early in December the men of the town and surrounding area brought teams and plows and shovels to level the athletic field between Kim's home and the college on the hill. It was a beautiful fall day, and Kim thoroughly enjoyed watching as the project went forward. As he looked at the stately buildings at the college his mind reverted back to the log building where he first attended school, and was thankful that his younger children were enjoying vastly improved facilities.

In addition to revival meetings in his two churches and at the Baring Church, Kim conducted a three-weeks meeting for Morris Butler, a ministerial student at Palmer who was serving as student pastor of the Lone Chapel Church, Hamburg, Iowa. The meeting resulted in twenty-nine additions to the church's membership.

Clair and Zenith went to New York City for some special study during the summer. When they returned for their work at the college in September they brought Kim's granddaughter, Iva Fultz, from New Jersey. Iva enrolled as a freshman at the college and became a part of Kim's family during the school year.

Kim had served the Indian Grove and Pleasant Valley churches for most of the conference year and felt he had a good year at both churches. He had received twenty-seven new members at Indian Grove, and nine at the Valley. He had celebrated his seventieth birthday on June 19th and was thankful that he was still able to continue working for the Kingdom. However, he decided again not to take regular work for the time being, and hoped there would be opportunities for him to conduct some meetings.

Soon after the annual meeting of the North Missouri Conference which Kim attended, he was called to Holton, Kansas because of the critical illness of his brother, Clay. He stayed a month and helped care for his brother until Clay passed away. Clay was four years younger than Kim. Soon after his marriage to Amanda Ella

Ham he and his wife had moved to Holton where he spent the rest of his life and was engaged successively as mail carrier, builder, and merchant. He and Ella were faithful members of the Methodist Church. Kim says that "no one ever left a brighter testimony of his acceptance with his Master than he."

The quadrennial meeting of the American Christian Convention was held in Burlington, North Carolina in the fall of 1922. Frank G. Coffin and Daniel B. Atkinson attended as President and Vice-President, respectively, of the Convention. A number of students from Palmer, including Morris Butler, Lester Proctor, and Alfred were in attendance. An important action of the Convention was a change of name to the General Convention of the Christian Church. Another was the integration of the departments of Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, and higher education into one Board of Religious Education. Featured speakers were leaders in the field — Walter S. Athearn and Henry F. Cope, and on Saturday afternoon at Elon College, H. Shelton Smith who was completing work for his doctorate in Christian education at Yale University. Alfred was at the convention when his Uncle Clay passed away.

Kim enjoyed Christmas at home with the family. He thought he had never seen a prettier Christmas day. It was so warm men went about in their shirt sleeves. Kim thought people enjoyed this Christmas above any since the close of the World War. A note of sadness was injected into the day for Kim in the recollection that his brother, Clay, who had spent the two previous Christmases in Albany, "had been called to the bright world above to be with him whose birthday we are celebrating, Jesus Christ the Son of God."

Soon after Christmas Mary and Kim received word of the death of her father, John Wesley Eultz, and Kim's step-mother, both in Kentucky. He also received word of the passing of many other friends.

"Friends we have known falling left and right,  
But we shall meet again in heaven bright."

Kim was confined to the house for some time with the 'flu and with another attack of stomach trouble. When he recovered he arranged to supply the Christian Church at Nodaway, Missouri two Sundays per month. His health continued to improve and he was able to carry the work there until Conference. He had a good garden and Mary was able to do a great deal of canning.

The fall semester at Palmer opened in September with a larger enrollment than usual. Clair and Zenith began their fourth year in the Music Department at the college. News that a man in the East had given ten thousand dollars to the endowment fund of the college increased Kim's confidence that Palmer was facing more promising days. Alfred had become student pastor of the Riverside Christian Church in Elkhart, Indiana and had transferred to Defiance College in Ohio, another college of the Christian Church, for his senior year.

Kim was in much better health than the previous year, and he expressed his gratitude to him who is "King of kings and Lord of lords." During the fall months he held three revival meetings — one at Morrisburg, Iowa; another at the Oak Hill Church at Gravity, Iowa; and a third at the Riverside Christian Church in Elkhart where Alfred was pastor. There were thirty-one conversions and reclamations in these three meetings.

On New Year's Day a heavy snow fell. The silent loveliness inspired Kim to write: "Snow, so pure and white, bespeaking the purity of the hand from which it came, our God, so pure, so holy. How can he stoop to come to a poor lost sinner like me and fill me with his love? How can he be so merciful when I have been so ungrateful to him so much of my life? Yet I do thank him for his unending love to me. I find him as precious to me as ever this second day of the Year of our Lord 1924. Glory! May the Lord bless us all the year through and help us to do more in his service than last year."

Through the generosity of Michael Orban, Jr. of Whittier, California, Palmer was enabled to construct an addition to the administration building which provided six new classrooms and a library reading room. Mr. Orban was also contributing liberally each year toward the operation expenses of the college. The town of Albany seemed to be prospering with the erection of a number of new business houses and several new residences.

Kim continued his work at the Nodaway Church when he wasn't engaged in revival meetings. On the eleventh of June Alfred graduated from Defiance College, and the next day he and Ruth Lamb, whom he had dated previously at Palmer, met in Chicago where they were married by Dr. Coffin. Clair Velie, who was studying for the summer at Chicago Musical College, was best man, and Winona Kyle, one of Alfred's classmates and a long-time friend of the bride and groom, was Ruth's attendant.

During the summer, Clair Velie resigned his position as professor of music at Palmer and accepted a position as piano instructor at the Olds Conservatory in Lansing, Michigan. Kim and Mary decided to sell their home in Albany and join Alfred and Ruth in Elkhart. The Riverside Church had bought a six-room house for a parsonage, and Alfred and Ruth were planning to live here while he continued graduate work at the University of Chicago. Kim and Mary sold their home in Albany and most of their furniture, and shipped their books and a few other things to Elkhart.

Before leaving for Elkhart, Kim and Mary decided to spend the month of September visiting relatives and friends in Kansas. He preached several nights at Metfield Green Church where he received fourteen new members.

Kim and Mary arrived in Elkhart on the last day of September and joined Alfred and Ruth in warming the new parsonage of the Riverside Church. After a few days they went to Kentucky for a short visit, the first visit to their old homes since the fall of 1918. While in Kentucky Kim preached in two of the churches he had organized during his earlier ministry in that state. They visited Kim's home place at Muses Mills, and Mary's home at Wesleyville. They saw many old time friends at both places.

After their return to Elkhart from Kentucky, Kim accepted calls to preach during the conference year at the Booneville Church near South Whitley, Indiana, half-time, and once a month each at the North Webster and Murray churches. All three churches were members of the Eel River Christian Conference. Almost immediately Kim began a revival meeting at the Booneville Church which resulted in twenty-five additions to the church.

At Christmas time Clair and Zenith came from Lansing, Michigan for the holidays. While they were there Clair gave a piano recital at the Riverside Church. However, a heavy sleet and snow storm cut the attendance.

The following June Kim and Mary went to Nebraska to visit their son, Willie, and his family who were living on their farm near Lincoln, and their other sons, Preston and Arthur, and their families, in St. Joseph, Missouri. While in Nebraska they visited one of Kim's boyhood schoolmates, William Muse, at Auburn, Nebraska. Kim and William hadn't seen each other for forty-eight years, and they had much to talk about.

Soon after Kim and Mary returned home from their visit in the west they received word that their daughter, Minnie Fultz, in New Jersey, was in a hospital for a gallstone operation. She had not been well for some time, so they decided they should be with her. They boarded the train for New Jersey and stayed with Minnie until she had recovered. They then visited historic places in New Jersey, including the place George Washington used as headquarters after the British burned the Courthouse at Millstone. West of Minnie's house was an embankment which had been thrown up by Washington and his men. They drank water from the well where Washington and his men



drank just after a big fight at Princeton. They saluted "the flag we love so well" at the place where it was first unfurled by General Washington. As Kim viewed those places and thought how those men suffered to purchase the freedom we enjoy, he wondered whether ever half of the American people really appreciate what they did to make possible our privileges.

While they were in New Jersey, Kim preached at the Pillar of Fire Tabernacle at Zaraphth, New Jersey, one of several tabernacles established by a pentecostal type movement founded by Alma (Mrs. E. G.) White, formerly of Kentucky. The Tabernacle was located on the grounds where Washington's forces had their engagement with the British.

Kim and Mary also went into New York City sightseeing. They were especially impressed with the Woolworth Building which then (1925) was said to be the tallest building in the world. On their way home they stopped in Salamanca, New York to see Clair and Zenith who were visiting his family there. They learned while there that Elon College had invited Clair and Zenith to join the music faculty, and that they would begin their work there the first of September.

In the spring of 1925 Kim and Alfred went to Dayton, Ohio for the dedication of the new Christian Publishing Association building located at the corner of Court and Ludlow streets. Hon. O. W. Whitelock of Huntington, Indiana, a leading layman of the Christian Church, was the Chairman of the building committee. The editor of The Herald of Gospel Liberty, Alma Martin Kerr, delivered the dedicatory address. The Herald was said to be the world's oldest religious newspaper, and Dr. Kerr's address was an impassioned appeal for a wider readership for the church's publications.

At the annual meeting of the Eel River Conference at Winona Lake, Indiana, Kim and Alfred both transferred their ministerial standing from the Western Iowa Conference. Kim reported that he had received sixty-seven new members at his three churches, and had received twelve hundred dollars salary. The Boonville and North Webster churches asked him to continue another year at an increase in salary, which Kim says was "very acceptable." In November he conducted revival meetings at both churches. Seven new members were received at North Webster and two at Boonville.

Kim had a life-long love of fishing, and wherever he lived, if fresh water was accessible, he delighted in the sport. During the fall of 1925 he went fishing a number of times just north of the dam on the Elkhart River. Each time he caught a nice string of red-eye perch and pickerel. Kim had a strong liking for fish of any kind. He liked to catch them, and he liked to eat them, and he never decided which he enjoyed more. When Mary saw him coming with a good catch of fish she knew it was time to get the biscuits ready for baking, for no fish dinner was quite complete without hot biscuits and butter.

While Alfred was in school in Chicago, Kim assisted with some of the pastoral work in Elkhart. In the absence of the pastor he called on the sick and conducted a number of funerals. One of the funerals was of a charter member of the Riverside Church, Frank M. Douglas. Mr. Douglas was an older brother of the well known minister and author, Lloyd C. Douglas, who later wrote a number of best-selling novels. Kim called on Frank Douglas several times during his last illness and conducted the funeral service when he passed away.

The second Christmas in Elkhart was brightened for Kim and Mary by the arrival of Zenith from Elon College to spend the holidays. Clair was detained in Elon with some responsibilities at the college. A member of the North Webster Church sent a dressed eight-pound duck to her minister for Christmas dinner, and another member sent a dressed hen for New Year's dinner. Ruth's parents, Roy and Anna Lamb, and Ruth's sister, Joy, from Delevan, New York, arrived in time for New Year's dinner. Mr. Lamb was a farmer who had always been interested in the work of the church. He had finally decided to give up farming to devote all his time to the church, and was on his way to Missouri to become supply pastor of a charge of Methodist churches.

The last Sunday in January was a fifth Sunday and Kim was at home with his family. He attended services at the Riverside Christian Church where he sang in the choir at the morning service, and also sang in a male quartet.

On April 9th the family celebrated Mary's fifty-ninth birthday. While Ruth was preparing the birthday dinner Kim and Mary walked to town (40 blocks) to do some shopping and returned the same way, although they could have ridden a street car. Kim would be marking his seventy-fourth birthday in June. Alfred arrived home from Chicago in time to join in the birthday festivities.

Kim concluded his work with the North Webster and Boonville churches in August and attended the annual meeting of the Eel River Christian Conference at Winona Lake. One of the guest speakers at the conference was John Franklin Burnett of Dayton, Ohio who had been Secretary of the General Convention of the Christian Church for thirty-two years. For Kim it was a time of reunion because he had been associated with Dr. Burnett in the Southern Ohio Christian Conference before he left Kentucky for Kansas. When it was learned that Kim and his wife were planning a visit in Kentucky Kim was appointed a fraternal messenger to the Kentucky Christian Conference which would be in session while he was there. The Kentucky Conference was organized in 1804 and was the oldest conference in the Christian denomination. The 1926 sessions were held at the St. John Christian Church in Muses Mills, the first church Kim organized after he began preaching. During the conference he had the privilege of helping to ordain Herbert Stallard, one of Mary's cousins, to the Christian ministry.

Kim didn't accept any regular work during the fall and winter because of poor health. The first Sunday after his return from Kentucky he did supply the pulpit for Alfred at the Riverside Church, preaching morning and evening. For several weeks he was afflicted with muscular rheumatism and became bedfast. When the medical doctors were unable to relieve him he decided to call a chiropractor whose theory is that disease is caused by pressure on the spinal nerves blocking the normal flow of nervous energy. Through adjustment of the vertebrae by hand pressure the chiropractor seeks to correct the position of the displaced vertebrae, thus permitting the health energy to flow freely. After a few adjustments by Dr. Denlinger Kim began to improve.

At Christmas time Zenith and Clair came from Flon College for the holidays. Again, one of Kim's former parishioners sent him a dressed duck for Christmas dinner, and his son, Arthur, sent a dressed hen. On Sunday morning the Riverside Church dedicated a new hymnal, and Clair introduced a number of new hymns and led in a hymn-sing.

Kim hoped that when spring came he would be able to take up some regular church work, but the opportunity didn't occur. When he got to feeling better he and Mary decided to try their hand at baking rolls for private customers. She did the baking and Kim did the marketing. It was some time before Alfred and Ruth learned of their project because they were away in school all week, Alfred in Chicago and Ruth at Defiance.

The last of May 1927 Dr. Coffin resigned as President of Palmer College, and the Board of Trustees invited Alfred to succeed him in this position. It was a difficult decision for Alfred and Ruth because they had assumed that as soon as he completed his work at the Divinity School they would either stay in Elkhart and devote their best efforts to the strengthening of Riverside Church, or move on into another pastorate. But, in a sense he was a product of the Western Christian Convention, and they were both alumni of Palmer. Since those who knew them best had invited them, perhaps it was their duty to accept. So Alfred went to Albany at Commencement time to deliver the Alumni Address and to meet with the Board of Trustees. He accepted the invitation to become President of the college beginning September first.

Kim and Alfred attended the Eel River Conference at Winona Lake in August, and then returned home to make preparations for moving. Kim and Mary decided they would

spend a few weeks in Kentucky visiting relatives and friends before moving farther away from their native state. Alfred and Ruth got settled in the President's home on East Daniel Street in Albany in time for him to assume his duties September first. Soon after the opening of the fall semester a service of Installation was held for the new President. Dr. Coffin and the Reverend C. G. Nelson, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, returned for the Installation. In October Alfred and Ruth drove the college car to Dayton, Ohio for the annual meeting of the boards of the General Convention of the Christian Church. They returned home by way of Olive Hill, Kentucky and picked up Kim and Mary.

Kim didn't have any regular church work during the fall, but did serve as supply a few Sundays. He supplied the pulpit one Sunday for Frederick Cooper at Truro, Iowa where he had been pastor 1918-1919, and also at Nodaway, Missouri where he had preached before going to Indiana. Large crowds were present at both places, and Kim had a good visit with many former parishioners.

At Christmas time, when the college wasn't in session, Alfred and Ruth, and Kim and Mary, decided to drive to North Carolina to see Clair and Zenith. The trip took them through the Blue Ridge Mountains which Kim found awe-inspiring. As he looked at the mountain peaks towering so majestically above the clouds he exclaimed, "O, how wonderful to look out on top of the clouds and behold the silver brightness! What a wonderful God is the God of all beauty and all good."

Kim was delighted to see another of the colleges of the Christian Church. Elon had recently completed a rebuilding program following a disastrous fire in January 1923. Kim was especially glad to see the beautiful Christian Education Building which his former parishioner, M. Orban, Jr., had donated to the college in memory of Mrs. Orban's father, the Reverend Isaac Mooney. Christmas dinner was in the home of the College President, William Allen Harper. Dr. Harper was a prominent layman in the Christian Church and the author of a number of widely read books on churchmanship and religious education.

In February Kim received the sad news of the death of his daughter-in-law, Preston's wife, Annie, in St. Joseph, Missouri. Preston was left with three small boys. Willie and Ethel came from Lincoln, Nebraska for the funeral, and before returning home decided they would move to St. Joseph and help Preston (Jack) care for the boys. Willie got a position as manager of a local outlet for the Basket Stores.

Kim preached one Sunday at the Presbyterian Church in Albany for the Reverend J. W. Mays. In March he conducted a ten-day meeting at the Record Mission in St. Joseph with "souls revived, backsliders reclaimed, and a real shout in the camp." He also preached several times at the Woodlawn Church in Kansas while he and Mary were visiting there. During the summer he held a brief revival at the Monarch Church in the North Missouri Conference with good attendance and considerable interest, but he felt that the national election had perturbed people so much that it was hard to keep people's interest focused on religious matters. Many were for Herbert Hoover, and others for Al Smith, but it seemed the majority were opposed to Smith because of his Catholic religion and his opposition to Prohibition.

In November, after Kim had voted for Herbert Hoover and others on the Republican ticket, he and Mary left for south Missouri where he held revival meetings in three different churches. For seven weeks he preached every night, and on Sundays he preached twice and taught a Bible class. Eleven new members were added to the church in Iberia, twelve at Mt. Gilead, and fifteen at Meta. "I held up fine for a seventy-six year old boy," he says. "I attribute it to the Lord's help. As Paul said, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me.' O, how I love to preach the gospel and tell the story of the cross of Jesus!"

Upon his return from south Missouri, Kim was pained to learn of the deaths of two trusted and beloved leaders in the Christian Church — Dr. J. F. Burnett and Dr. Alva Martin Kerr, both of Dayton, Ohio. Kim had been associated with Dr. Burnett in the Southern Ohio Conference of which the latter was President for many years. Dr. Burnett was the author of a series of pamphlets on the history and principles of the Christian Church, and had been a national official of the denomination for a third of a century. Dr. Kerr was editor of The Herald of Gospel Liberty for a decade following the First World War and was considered one of the great religious editors of his day. Kim was a delegate to the quadrennial meeting of the American Christian Convention in Conneaut, Ohio in the spring of 1919 when Alva Kerr was elected editor of The Herald.

In January word was received of the sudden death of M. Orban, Jr., the chief benefactor of Palmer College, in Whittier, California. Alfred was in Kansas at the time in the interest of the college and left by train to attend the funeral. In the death of Mr. Orban Palmer College had lost its chief financial supporter, and the continuance of the school was left in doubt. When the Board of Trustees met at Commencement time Alfred submitted his resignation effective at the end of August. Daniel B. Atkinson, who had been Dean of the college for several years, was elected Acting President.

Immediately following Commencement at Palmer, Alfred took the train to Elon College where he delivered the baccalaureate sermon. While there he was invited to become Pastor of the Elon College Church and Professor of Bible and Religious Education at the college. He accepted the post effective the first of September. He returned to Albany and spent the summer visiting schools, churches, and conferences recruiting students for Palmer College.

Although Kim and Mary looked forward to being located at Elon College near Zenith and Clair, they regretted leaving their other children. Preston and Willie were just sixty miles away in St. Joseph, and Arthur was about seventy-five miles west of St. Joseph at Holton, Kansas. On May 30, 1929 Kim had performed the marriage ceremony for his son, John Preston, and Amelia Viola Hart, at the home in Albany.

While Alfred and Ruth were packing and getting ready to move, Kim and Mary went to Kansas for a visit. On the third Sunday of August a family reunion was held in Krug Park in St. Joseph. Arthur and Sibbet and their family came from Holton for this final get-together. The night before the reunion a telegram was received from Clair and Zenith in Salamanca, New York, announcing the birth of Mignon Yvette, their first child.

It was a happy family situation in Flon where Sunday dinners were shared alternately at the parsonage and at the Velie household. Kim had no regular church work, but he did supply pulpits of some nearby churches occasionally. One Sunday he was substitute teacher for a class of junior boys, and he made it so interesting for the boys that they asked that he be their regular teacher. The village post office and stores were only a block from the parsonage, and Kim's sociable disposition caused him to spend some time each day visiting with town residents whom he met there.

On January 16, 1930 Alfred's and Ruth's first child arrived, and they named him, James Emerson. The two families purchased a cow in partnership to provide milk and butter, but especially milk for the two babies. A barn and fenced area back of the parsonage were rented for the cow, and Kim did the milking while Mary cared for the milk and churned the butter. It was an ideal arrangement.

Kim discovered that he could plant some garden earlier in North Carolina than he had ever thought possible farther north and west. Some local gardeners planted peas in February. Kim had a large garden spot plowed near the parsonage, and he had a good supply of cow manure from the barn for fertilizer. Care of the garden and cow, and an occasional preaching appointment kept him busy during the spring and summer.

The Board of Trustees of Palmer College met in May to determine the future of the college in view of the financial stringency. The college had had an increased enrollment, and Dr. Atkinson felt the college had had a very good year from an academic standpoint, but in order to meet the payroll it had become necessary to use endowment funds, and the Trustees felt this must not continue. Therefore, it was decided to close the school and transfer all records and assets to Defiance College, a sister college of the Christian Church, in Ohio.

In June, Alfred went to Chicago to take additional graduate work at the University, but Kim and Mary, and Ruth and the baby, stayed in Elon. In September, Clair's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Velie of Salamanca, New York, came to spend several months in Elon. The two sets of grandparents spent many pleasant hours together and with their grandchildren. Ruth accepted a teaching position at the Shallowford School two miles north of Elon College as a means of supplementing the family's income at a time when it seemed that the economic reverses in the nation might turn out to be more than a temporary recession. However, in October Alfred became ill with typhoid fever, and Ruth took leave from the school in order to nurse him until Christmas. He was confined to his room for three months, but was able to resume his teaching and preaching at the beginning of the second semester. Ruth also started her teaching again.

The General Convention of the Christian Church met in Seattle, Washington in June of 1931 in parallel and joint sessions with the National Council of Congregational Churches. The family drove to Chicago where Alfred joined other Christian Church delegates on a special train to Seattle via the Canadian Rockies. Ruth drove the car from Chicago and took the rest of the family to Missouri and Kansas for a visit with relatives and friends. Following the Seattle meeting Alfred rejoined the family for some visiting and for the return trip home.

During the meetings in Seattle the General Convention of the Christian Church and the National Council of Congregational Churches voted to unite on the basis of Christianity as primarily a way of life, and under the name of the General Council of Congregational Christian Churches. Gradually the denominational boards, and the churches and conferences, merged their interests, and The Congregationalist and The Herald of Gospel Liberty were combined in one publication with Hermon Eldridge, Frank G. Coffin, and Wilson P. Minton as associate editors representing the Christian Church. In the first issue of the combined journal pictures of a number of longtime readers of the two papers were featured, and Kim's picture was included as having been a subscriber to the Herald for fifty-five years. Occasionally he had contributed a devotional article to the Herald, and frequently reported progress in the work of his churches in the "News from the Field" department of the journal.

The economic depression that struck the nation in the fall of 1929 was becoming more critical. Elon college was in debt for some of the new buildings, and the future of the college was by no means certain. President Harper resigned, and a prominent pastor in Norfolk, Virginia, Leon Edgar Smith, was elected to succeed him. The new President was confronted with the terrific task working out agreements with the banks which held mortgages on the college's property and other assets, and also providing for the ongoing expenses of the college.

Clair and Zenith decided to take a sabbatical leave during the 1931-1932 year to take additional graduate work at Teachers College, Columbia University, New York City.

Kim had no regular church work, but did hold some revival meetings, and supplied the Berea Christian Church at Altamahaw for a few months. He accompanied the Reverend J. Frank Apple to his appointments at the Bethel and Pleasant Hill churches and preached morning and evening at each church to appreciative audiences. He preached several times for Dr. G. O. Lankford at the First Christian Church in Burlington, and

five times for the Negro Baptist Church in Elon. He was also called on to conduct a number of funerals. Wherever he went the people seemed to enjoy his preaching, and of course he enjoyed preaching and meeting the people.

President Smith served as non-resident head of the college until the summer of 1932. In the interest of economy there was a revision of the curriculum and a reduction of the faculty. Although Alfred was encouraged to continue as pastor and as assistant professor, he decided to resign. Dr. Smith was then asked to serve as Pastor of the Elon College Community Church in conjunction with his administrative duties.

On the 19th of June, Kim celebrated his eightieth birthday. The date happened to fall on a Sunday, and Alfred and the deacons of the church invited Kim to preach at the Community Church. This he did, using the same text he had used for his first sermon fifty-five years earlier in Kentucky — John 3:16-17. In the afternoon a large crowd of neighbors surprised Kim by gathering on the parsonage lawn to wish him a happy birthday. A number of people, including Dr. J. U. Newman, gave talks concerning Father Hurst's life in their midst, and Dr. J. O. Atkinson, prominent Christian minister and church official, led in prayer. Two birthday cakes were presented to him, one by the older people, and one by the young people at the Elon Christian Orphanage. The people surprised him further by "pounding" him with a generous supply of staple groceries, meats, fruits, and vegetables. Mrs. J. L. Foster, a teacher in the public school who had planned the affair, led a song service in which the people joined in singing some of the old hymns they knew Father Hurst would enjoy. Then Mrs. Foster read the following poem dedicated to Father Hurst on Fathers Day:

To Rev. A. P. Hurst on Father's Day

When skies are blue, or when they're gray;  
When things are wrong that come our way;  
When friends are many, or when they're few;  
When failure comes or triumph's due;  
No matter what we do or say,  
We'll still love you - good times or worst -  
And think of you, Dear Father Hurst.

(June 19, '32)

Kim was deeply moved by the whole affair. "I shall ever remember the occasion," he says. "For three years we lived in Elon College and many friendships formed. It was so sad to leave them, but such is life. I have lived and preached in a good many places, and it was always a sad time when we went to move."

On August 24, 1932 a second son was born to Alfred and Ruth. To him they gave the name Rolland Wood. His second name was selected because Ruth's mother's maiden name was Wood. While Ruth and the baby were in the hospital it became necessary for the family to vacate the parsonage in order to allow President and Mrs. Smith to move in. The college offered the use of the facilities of Ladies Hall which was to be closed because of an anticipated decline in student enrollment. Alfred moved the furniture into Ladies Hall, and on September 1st Ruth and Rolland returned from the hospital to these spacious quarters. Clair and Zenith came for a brief visit at the end of their official leave, but decided not to return to Elon. Instead, they continued their graduate work at Columbia University another year.

Alfred was now without regular employment and was uncertain where to turn. He preached at the Collegeside Church in Nashville two Sundays, and then went on to Indiana where he considered the pastorate of the Antioch and Elm Grove churches which formed a yoked parish near Frankfort, Indiana. If he had accepted this pastorate he would have taken additional graduate work at the University of Chicago. He decided against this, however, and returned to Elon.

The first of November the adults in the family voted by absentee ballot in the Presidential election, and left immediately for New York City to visit Clair and Zenith. While they were there the results of the election were announced bringing to Kim the disappointing news that Franklin D. Roosevelt had been elected. Roosevelt announced that one of his first acts would be to ask for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Kim was deeply concerned about this. He was a staunch Prohibitionist and for years had fought the liquor traffic as corrupter of good government, wrecker of homes, and enemy of moral character. He was convinced that the Prohibition laws had not been the failure its enemies alleged, and that the Eighteenth Amendment would never have been repealed had it not been for the heavily financed propaganda of the liquor interests that brain-washed public opinion.

The visit in New York City with Clair and Zenith was followed by a two-months interim ministry at the First Christian Church in Portsmouth, Virginia. The church in Portsmouth extended a call to Alfred to become their pastor, but he declined it in favor of a call to become pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Alfred was installed as Pastor of the Pilgrim Church on March 22, 1933. Dr. W. A. Harper, former President of Elon College and Moderator of the Kentucky-Tennessee Conference of Congregational Christian Churches, presided. Alfred and Ruth transferred their church membership from the Elon College Community Church, but Kim and Mary didn't transfer their membership. He said he had never been a member of any church but the Christian, and he didn't feel he wanted to transfer to a Congregational Church even though the two churches had merged into a national fellowship. So Kim and Mary became associate members of Pilgrim Church instead.

Kim had very little confidence in the Democratic administration in Washington and the National Recovery Act passed by Congress. "Yesterday was rally day for the Blue Eagle," he said, "but I don't find any more money in my pocket than before the Blue Eagle came. I am very sure it hasn't added any piety or spiritual power to my life."

In August Kim supplied the pulpit of the East Lake Congregational Church while the pastor was on vacation. He also spoke at some prayer services at the Calvary Baptist Church in North Chattanooga near his home on Pine Ridge Road. At one of these services three were converted. The pastor then invited him to preach on Sunday which he did to an audience of some three hundred persons. "I think I never preached to a more appreciative audience," Kim says.

→ In September, <sup>1933</sup> Kim's brother, Squire M. Hurst, passed away at Muses Mills, Kentucky, and Kim and Alfred drove to Kentucky for the funeral. When the minister, who lived at a distance, didn't arrive because of high waters, the deceased's brother and nephew conducted the service.

In September, Clair and Zenith moved to Maryville, Missouri where Clair had accepted a position on the faculty of Northwest Missouri Teachers College. Kim and Mary stayed in Chattanooga until November when they expressed a desire to spend the winter with Zenith and Clair in Missouri. Alfred took them to Sikeston in southern Missouri where Clair met them and took them the rest of the way to Maryville. Father and Mother Velie also came to Maryville to spend the winter, so Yvette had her four grandparents with whom to celebrate Christmas.

Kim and Mary remained in Missouri until the summer of 1935. They took a number of short trips to visit their sons, Willie and Jack (Preston) in St. Joseph, and their son, Arthur, and Kim's sister, Elizabeth Wheat, in Kansas. Kim preached several times at the Record Mission in St. Joseph, and also visited a boyhood schoolmate,



Calvin Ham, in Plattsburg, Missouri. This was the boy Kim had helped rescue when Calvin fell through the ice while skating at school. Calvin grew to manhood and moved to Missouri where he was employed by the Rock Island Railroad for many years. He served as Clerk of the County Court, and later as high sheriff of Platte County. Kim and Calvin had a fine visit as they recalled various incidents and experiences of their boyhood.

In March of 1935 Kim wrote the State of Missouri a letter of enquiry concerning provisions for old age pension. The state auditor replied that several old age pension bills had been introduced in the Legislature, but that none had been perfected and made into law. His letter of enquiry was placed on file with the promise that in the event provision were made they would advise him.

In the spring of 1935 Clair resigned his position at the Maryville Teachers College to accept a position in the public schools of Baltimore County, Maryland. Alfred and Ruth visited them in Maryville and took Kim and Mary back to Chattanooga with them to spend the winter. Kim was failing in health, but was able to be up and about, and enjoyed playing with Jimmie and Rolland.

Seated one day in his favorite chair near the east window, Kim reached back in memory's saddlebags and pulled out a rather mournful tune. The twilight matched well his own awareness that life's day was far down the western slope toward sunset. The song responded to the deep demand for emotional expression which seethed within his breast. He pitched the tune a trifle low, but his voice rang out with a surprising hint of youthful clarity and vigor.

How tedious and tasteless the hours  
When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
Have all lost their sweetness to me.

How well he remembered that period in his life when his vows of religious dedication had grown dim and he had plunged into a round of sinful pleasures. The next stanza was sung with increasing difficulty because of the sob in his manly throat.

The midsummer sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
But when I am happy in Him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

As he sang his son came into the room and took a chair near by. At first he seemed unaware of another's presence. His stooped form was silhouetted against the window, and his foot kept time to the music.

Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song,  
Say, why do I linger and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me to thee up on high  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

As the strains of the song died away, Kim turned to his son whose presence he had recognized and said, "Many are the times I have heard Grandfather Swim sing that song. He was a Methodist preacher, and a man of powerful physique and voice." With the recollection of his grandfather he straightened in his chair. Scatching around in the glowing embers of memory, this eighty-three-year-old pilgrim related much of the outline of the story here recorded.

At Christmas time Clair and Zenith, and their six-year old daughter, Yvette, drove to Chattanooga to visit during the holidays. Although he wasn't very well, Kim thoroughly enjoyed the family reunion at this special season, and seemed to forget his weakness and pain as he drew on his inexhaustible store of experiences and humorous stories. After the New Year, Zenith's family returned to their Maryland home, little realizing that they would be called back so soon for Kim's funeral. On the fifteenth of January, the day before Jimmie's sixth birthday, Kim suffered a sudden heart attack and collapsed. The death was immediate.

Zenith came back to Chattanooga for a memorial service conducted by the Reverend Marston S. Freeman, retired Congregational minister and former pastor of Pilgrim Church. Zenith and Alfred then accompanied their mother to Holton, Kansas for the final rites and interment. The Reverend Russell L. Raybourne, who was converted under Kim's preaching in Kentucky, conducted the funeral service. The body was laid to rest beside those of his two brothers, Clay and James, in the Holton Cemetery, the four living sons and two of his grandsons serving as pallbearers.

Kim wrote a number of poems to express his simple Christian faith. One of them entitled "At Sunset," carries the overtones of a sustaining and victorious faith. It hasn't found a place in any anthology of immortal verse, but it expresses a hope and trust that are immortal.

At sunset when I hear the voice of God;  
When all my weary lessons have been learned;  
When I have done my best and missed the mark,  
And failed to reach the heights for which I've yearned;  
When I have groped so blindly for the light,  
And sore perplexed have stumbled in despair;  
Ah, then my need of him will touch his heart,  
And he will lift the burdens and the care.

When I have tried so hard to do his will,  
And somehow failed to understand aright;  
When I have searched his Word on bended knee,  
And asked for faith that I might see the light;  
When I have let my life's weak taper shine,  
And looked to him for strength and guiding power;  
I know he will condone mistakes and I  
Can trust him at the sunset hour.