

312 E. Lincoln Ave.
Wheaton, Ill. U.S.A.

fam. reunion



Jesse Crosby,
Bartle,
Oriente Prov.,
Cuba.

Jesse Crosby,
Bartle, Cuba.

Dear Brother:

Your letter of May 13th was duly received, and I was so glad to hear from you again directly. I guess that it may be mostly my fault that I have not heard more from you during the last several months, as I am sure that I have not been fully up to my part of the correspondence. My rooming affairs have been quite a little broken up during the winter, so that I could not get my letters; but that has been straightened out for more than a month; but the catching up process has been quite retarded by several other matters, so that I am still somewhat in arrears.

To my great surprise the family letter came this afternoon. So it seemed in order for me to keep it going, and by making a very special effort, I managed to get it off in the last mail tonight; so that you should have almost as soon as you get this; wherefore I will not need to repeat in this what I have written in that.

Well it does seem good to have the reunion taking definite shape; and to see how eagerly every one is pulling for it. I am so glad to note the interest that Lorina is taking in it all; and helping you and Lou especially.

You ask me to write you soon as to just what I am thinking and planning. Well I hardly know what to say, and what not to say just now- I mean especially about my own affairs particularly- and for the last year or thereabouts, my inner mind has been so taken up by the peculiar working of my own affairs that I have hardly had time or interest for anything else; and that condition still continues, tho there has been an increasing light shining in for the last several months.

It has been just as if there had been an explosion in my side, and most of the vitals blown out of me. I refer especially to the trouble that I have been having for several years with Meda, which culminated in a virtual separation on my last birthday. During the three years previous I am sure that I spent more than half of my waking hours in weeping; until I was so exhausted that I would break out crying anywhere, no matter who was around, that anything was said to turn my mind back for a moment to the grief of her foolishness, and the terrible price the whole family was having to pay for it. For some time my sons had been suggesting to me that I should go away and leave her, but I could not bring myself to it. But last June things came to a pass where I saw for myself that it just had to be done, or I would die and leave my work unfinished. Even then I made two more strong efforts to get her to come over here and rest awhile with me while we talked things all over apart from the family. After much coaxing on my part, and that of the family (her own family are against her in a lot of her foolishness, and side with me) She finally came over here for a very few days, very reluctantly, and then flitted away home again, with nothing accomplished. Then I vowed to God that I would weep no more over her, and waste no more time with her. Almost immediately things began to happen for me- things that I long sought for in vain; and it has been a very strange and unexpected unraveling of very deep and intricate things. I cannot begin to tell you about it all now; but I tell you this most assuredly that at the bottom of it all, there has been a very vital Anglo-Israel working, and had it not been for some slight knowledge of these things I think I would have certainly ~~have~~ died. I was dumbfounded last September, when I suddenly saw just what the real trouble was, and how it been accumulating down thru the ages, and had suddenly burst around my head. But praise my God- the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; He has held me up, and seen me thru; so that today, tho still feeling that there is lot of dust in my eyes, I am sure that I can begin to see the way Home. God has given me other helpers now, tho I have not as yet gotten them organized into line for service

Note change of address, but if you should ever lose it, please write me at P. Master Wheaton would reach me as I know several of the fellows at the P.O.
312 East Lincoln Ave.,
Wheaton, Ill.
June 3, 1936.

I am stronger now than I have been for several years, and I feel sure that God is leading me out and on.

It seems quite clear that God has brot me here to Wheaton for a very definite purpose- brot me here a little early perhaps, so that I would have some time to look into things, and get my bearings. I have been gathering up quite a lot of doctrinal ammunition to throw at the Devil's entrenchments here; and the situation here is such that when you set doctrinal stings vibrating here, they quickly awaken echoes all around the world. He has healed my broken heart, dried my tears, and is certainly leading me out. Poor Meda has lost out badly. She so often sneered at me, stole my son's hearts away from me, held me up to ridicule in several ways until she has lost forever the place at my side. And why- because of the mixture of Canaan⁷ish-French blood in her veins that she would not submit to Him for cleansing. She became more and more filled with slick shrewd deceit and lying; until she was absolutely undependable; and driving the whole family to the very dogs.

Well that's that. I wonder that I stood it as long as I did. Oh, how I grieved over the time that I spent last summer trying to win her back. But God knows, and He will make it up to me, if I really profit by what I have come thru.

Enclosed are the two notarized copies of my statement of your birth, as requested. I just got them in hand yesterday. I hope that this as you wanted it. I have also a third copy, if you should want it.

Well I think I will stop here for now. I feel that this^{is} rather a disconnected letter in some way^s, but at least you will be able to get the drift of things in a way, and when I get things a little better straightened out I shall be glad to tell you more. I seem to have quite a busy summer mapped out before me, and I shall need to be very careful to keep in the middle of the road, and not make any mis-steps.

Am hoping that some way will open up so that you can sell out before you leave, and then when you do come, make it once for all. Are you really praying definitely to that end, or do you feel that you should still go back there for a time?

Love and prayers,

Clarence W. Crosby