

H. Frances Davidson Diaries

Volume 9

June 24, 1928 - June 2, 1931

This transcription of the Davidson diaries attempts to accurately reflect the handwritten text, including errors in spelling, punctuation, and grammar. Occasional corrections of proper nouns or other notations are indicated in [square brackets].

Four sheets (eight pages) have been cut out of the composition notebook that Frances Davidson used for this diary. It is evident from the markings on what remains of the page margins that the pages had some type of writing, perhaps financial information. Most of the book, following the fifteen pages of handwritten diary entries, are blank pages.

Grantham, Pa June 24. 1928

It has been a long time since I made an entry in a journal, so long that I can't find any trace even of my journal and I do not know where to begin.

Am still teaching in M.B.C. Last summer I went to Kansas and spent the summer with Ida, also attended the 40th anniversary of McPherson College where I had taught seven years before I went to Africa. Here it was my privilege to meet many old friends and it was a pleasure. Must say that they have always treated me the finest in every respect wherever I meet them. Am sorry to see them in the college getting so worldly and modern in their ideas.

It was a pleasure to be with Ida and M.L. He is an invalid and much rests upon Ida. She is kept pretty close home and I am surprised that she stands it as well as she does. She never was very strong, but she is earnest in the Lord's service. Sad to see Jake & Carrie Landes my sister so indifferent about the things of God. They are 77 years old but have not yet made their peace with God. They have an abundance of this world's goods but that will not save them. God forbid that I should cease to pray for them that they might be saved. And then there is Bro. Albert. He was very unfortunate in his marriage relation. His wife has gone we know not where. She helped him to get away with his money and then she left him. He seems to be prospering now financially but he does not have the most thing needful. He is also the burden of my prayers.

It was my privilege last summer also to attend the International League against Alcohol or rather their convention at Winona Lake. This was a real inspiration to me to see so many from all parts of the world together working for the cause of temperance.

Henry & wife and Etta met me there and I went home with them and visited there, then with Mary at Lakeside and William and Isaiah at their homes so I had the privilege of visiting all my living brothers and sisters the past summer. There are ten of us living yet and we are all getting old. I am sixty-eight now and Mary is 83 and is still hearty.

In September I returned to Grantham to teach, have had many classes and boarded myself and so had a very busy year, but the Lord has given me wonderful health. Have not been sick for a day. I surely praise Him. But often my work has been so heavy that I could not give the spiritual the attention I should.

It has been rather an unsettled year for me, for the impression seemed to come so forcibly that the Lord wanted me in more active work for Him rather than so closely engaged in intellectual work. I am ready for anything He has for me and have been all along, only before I make a change I want to be certain that it is His will for me. Have been asking him often, and feel that I should remain here unless He made it clear what else He wanted me to do.

Some of those in authority here seem to think that I should by all means remain here and teach and I finally consented to do so. Since the Lord has shown me nothing else, I believe He wants me here, altho I often feel that my work for Him amounts to so little. Oh that I might be more help to souls!

This past week my heart has been very heavy about David but it is been too long for me to begin to write it this evening.

June 2, 1931

My journal is certainly neglected, three years since I wrote. The last thing mentioned was about David Moyo in Africa. He was guilty of misconduct. He wrote me and Bro Frey and their first letters sounded about the same, but Bro. F. became stronger and believed he was guilty of greater immorality than he himself acknowledges. David was made to move out of the mission, out of his house and the work he helped to build — cast off as it looks. He said from the first Bro. F came that he did not like David, but I did not put so much stress on that until one of the missionaries who ought to know told me the same thing. That perhaps explains why the separation was so complete and he was cast off altogether. David did repent and he feels he took his place, and in one of the lost [last?] letters he said the Lord was teaching him and he wants the Lord to make a new man of him. I cannot help but feel that if some showed him more love and took an interest in him and his family, he may be fully restored. I feel so sorry for his wife and children. They are like my own. Well, God hears prayer and my continued prayer is in their behalf.

From all reports the work at Macha is going down. The boarding school kept getting less until it finally closed. They say it was closed for lack of workers but other things entered in which need not be written. God knows all. Something simial [similar] happened to Matopo's ten or eleven years ago under similar conditions. Now a change is made at Macha and one has left and my prayer daily is that the Lord may undertake and revive His work at that place. From a recent letter I believe He is answering prayer in behalf of it.

I would be ready at any time to go and help [help] if they wanted me, and that was the Lord's will. As it is I am continuing to look to Him and am teaching at Grantham as usual. Have just closed my seventh year here. Have agreed to teach next year again, but told Bro. Hess to try to get some to go on and take the master's degree so they could take my place and relieve me. I feel that I should like to be in more active work for Him. School work like this keeps one hard at mental work. Had

seven classes this year and that is more than one should have and more than any of the rest have. The Lord has certainly blessed me, has given health & strength continually and mental ability. I often feel discouraged with my work, feel that others could do it better, and yet students in my classes often speak very encouragingly of the work done.

I am now seventy-one years old and can scarcely realize it. I should like these last years of my life to help souls, to have more influence in helping others to know the Lord. He is coming soon and may I be able at all times to look up for our redemption draweth nigh.

My Lord I do want thy will in my life. Make that will very plain day after day. Live out Thy precious life through me and through me touch other lives, whether in school or out of it. There are so many people to do the enemy's work. Help Thy church to be more active in extending Thy kingdom for Thy glory and for the good of souls. Spirituality is at a low ebb and modernism and infidelity rampant. Of course I believe [believe] that atheism thrives because the church[es] are so dead, so worldly.

School is closed and I want to spend the summer somewhere. Would like to go to Kansas and see Ida, but Mart is so low and it does not seem best to impose myself on them. If I could only do something to help bear their burdens, but there does not seem to be any way for that, so in a few weeks I shall likely go to Indiana and see the sisters and brother there.

Since my last entry in my journal, Mary Will and Isaiah have all passed away also Will's wife. Now there are no more in Ohio. I had been so concerned about Isaiah, because he had in a measure gotten away from God. My prayers often ascended for him, and I had good reason to believe they were answered. I was at his funeral and those who were with him in his last days and even the last weeks said that he had come back to the Lord, and, by all reports I believe it was so. I do praise God for answered prayer.

How often we live beneath our privileges in these things! Lord make me more of an intercessor and help me live as an intercessor should. My youngest brother Albert is still out in the world. Bring him to Thee, Lord. Get his mind off that which is earthy.

I am trying to get rooms some place else for next year. Have been in the dormitory for three years, and have enjoyed being with the young people, but there are boys rooming above me all the time, and they are often quite noisy. During the year a large part of the ceiling came down as a result of their stomping. Then too so often they do not get quiet until near midnight. So one does not have as much rest as he should. Sometimes I got a chance to sleep during the day, so it might have been worse. At any rate I have kept well and did not miss a class on account of my health.

Now I am boarding myself for a week or two and then expect to go to Indiana, but they have had so much sickness that I am afraid I may impose on them. If they would only let me help them, I could do a great deal to lighten their burdens. Then I would feel more free to spend some time with them. But they do not want me to work.

[Archivist's note: This is the last entry in this volume, and is the last known diary entry of Frances Davidson. She died four years later, on Dec. 11, 1935, in Abilene, Kansas.]