



## *Message from Betty Jean Robinson*

### A LITTLE GIRL'S MEMORIES

I was born in what is known as the Daniel Boone mountains in Eastern Kentucky. As a very young little girl, I remember when my Daddy crossed the fields to Mrs. Gilbert's farm. They had a battery radio and the news had gotten deep into the mountains that President Roosevelt was going to speak to America. Daddy walked home and told all of us, "We are in a war. Pearl Harbor has been bombed and many of our soldier boys have been killed." Every young man of age was drafted, and many volunteered to go to war and fight for our freedom. I share my memories, for it was a different time - World War II.

It seemed like everyone wanted to help in every way. The government gave us sugar stamps and shoe stamps. No one complained. Whatever was required, we did. The mothers would exchange shoe stamps for sugar stamps. If one family had not worn out their shoes, and another needed shoes, they exchanged for sugar. There was no selfishness.

When a son or father had to enlist, there were tears and sorrow as they kissed their loved ones goodbye. Christians from every church called out to the Lord - O Lord, bring him back home safely. There was crying and praying everywhere. We knew America's hope for victory was in the Lord Jesus Christ. So many gave their lives - I lost an uncle in a battlefield in Germany, and a cousin shot down over Tokyo. We were so proud of our American soldiers. I remember Victory Day for America - the war was over! Church bells were ringing everywhere.

It is different now. There have been many wars since then. So many blessed American servicemen and women have given their lives. Many of this nation's citizens have forgotten the Lord Jesus Christ. I remember in my childhood, the newspaper told of our loss on the battlefield every day. I find now, maybe on the back page of the daily newspaper, that there might be words printed, "Three American soldiers were killed in battle this week."

My beautiful America - her heart is so sick. Dear Lord, you must be sad, you love her so much. Lord Jesus, you told us in your word that "If my people, who are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land" (2 Chronicles 7:14).

My friend, Brother Dillon Sullivan, wrote this song that I have recorded - it is about his Mother and Dad when their oldest son went to war:



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When Mama's Oldest Son Went To War

On a cold, snowy morning, January '42  
Mama loaned her oldest son to Uncle Sam  
To go and fight a battle the enemy had waged,  
To bring freedom's adversary to the ground.

With her feet wrapped in grass sacks she waded through the snow,  
Holding to my Daddy's hand, across the fields they would go.  
Heading for the Depot to catch the waiting train,  
Not knowing if she'd ever see her darling son again.

(Chorus)

There were heartaches and sorrows, tears for each tomorrow,  
When Mama's oldest son was over there.  
There were prayers sent up to heaven and tears by the gallon,  
When Mama's oldest son went to war.

That old rock chimney corner was Mama's hiding place,  
For she talked to Jesus and asked Him for His grace.  
Oh dear Lord in heaven, watch over my boy I pray,  
Protect him with your guiding hand and bring him home some day.

May the Lord bless you is my prayer ... Betty Jean