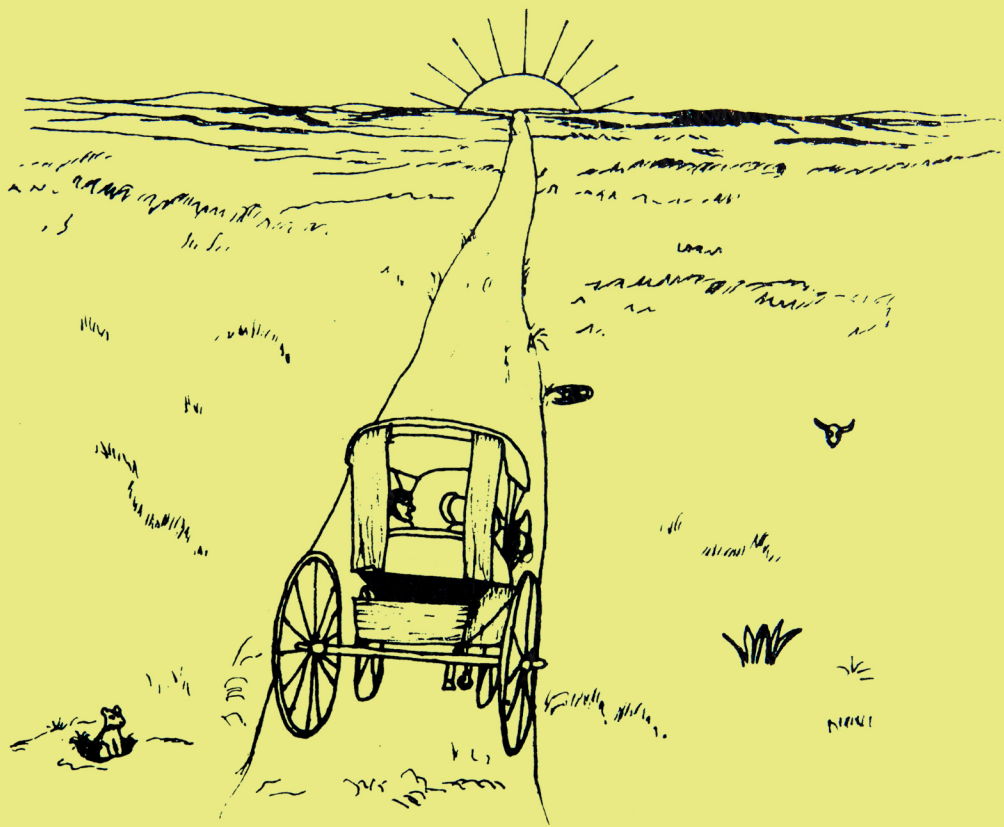


Pruitt

Family Record



*“For what is your life?
It is even a vapor,
that appeareth for a little time,
and then vanisheth away.”*

The Family Record of Fred Pruitt and Mary Ann Pruitt

FAITH PUBLISHING HOUSE

Digitally Published by

THE GOSPEL TRUTH

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New Mexico Homestead



*Wedding picture of Fred and Mary Ann Pruitt
1906*

Foreword

The Fred Pruitt Family Record Book was first printed by Willie and Frances (Pruitt) Murphey in 1968. Since that time, the family has increased, and we now (1980) present this book.

I have written in story form a short history of Fred's and Mary Ann's childhood lives and then as pioneers on the plains of New Mexico. I have also included accounts of their children's births and the starting of the Faith Publishing House, Inc. Some of the facts in the story were taken from a book my father, Fred Pruitt, wrote called *God's Gracious Dealings*. Other facts that have been included, the children remembered, or they were told to us.

I took some of Lawrence's writings about our parents from the Golden Anniversary Edition of the *Faith and Victory* paper (1923—1973).

My desire for this generation and the future generations, is that they will never forget the faith of their foreparents, Fred and Mary Pruitt.

Edited by (daughter) A. Marie (Pruitt) Miles
Printed by (grandson) Wayne Sidney Murphey,
1980, Faith Pub. House, Guthrie, Okla.

Dedication

This family record is lovingly dedicated to the descendants of Fred Pruitt and Mary Ann Pruitt—the children, the grandchildren, the great grandchildren and the yet unborn generations so long as Jesus delays His coming.

Early Life Sketches

(Facts put in story form)

A mother sat rocking her first tiny baby girl, as she looked out a window upon the territorial plains of New Mexico, watching the sun setting in the west. The different hues and colors in the sky were indeed a beautiful sight to behold above the brown plains which were dotted with huge piles of tumble weeds. It had been a dry winter (1914) thus far, but since it was only February, she hoped they would have sufficient rain before it was time to break the ground and plant their crops. Times had been hard for this young pioneer mother and father. Straining her eyes, she tried to see if a wagon was coming down the trail across the plains. Her husband, Fred, and their six-year-old son, Andrew, had left very early in the morning to go to Clovis for food and supplies. Since her baby was very young she had stayed at home. It had been a long, lonely day for this twenty-four year old mother, and she sighed with the weariness of it all. Watching and waiting always made her feel a bit tired. She looked down at her little boy Lawrence, who was playing at her feet. He was about three years old and was a fine, healthy boy, with brown hair and blue eyes. Watching her little son romp and play in the deepening shadows of their home made her remember some of her own youthful days.

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The last time this mother, Mary Ann Pruitt, had heard from her Grandmother Venrick, who lived in Kansas, she was not very well. Mary now wondered how she was getting along. Her thoughts then went back to her own mother, Polly Ann Balla, who died when she was only six years old. After her mother's death, on May 27, 1896, she and her two brothers, Jim and George, went to live with her mother's parents. She had missed a mother's love and often longed for it. Her father, Edward F. Balla, stayed around for awhile after her mother died, but when he saw that the three children were being well cared for by their grandparents, he left town and Mary Ann never saw him again. Many times she wished that he would come, or even write them a note. Through others, her grandmother heard that he was out in a western state, herding sheep, and later it was verified that he was in the states of Washington and Oregon. Sometimes, when her grandmother would be harsh with her, Mary Ann would cry herself to sleep, wishing for her own mother and father. She just knew things would have been different if they had been with them. Her grandfather resented having been left with the care of the children. He talked to them but very little. Mary Ann only remembers his saying one kind thing to her. She had on a new hat, and he said, "Mary Ann, you have on a pretty hat."

Mary Ann trusted that God would let her live to rear her own children so they would never know the vacancy in their lives that had been in hers. She loved the baby in her arms dearly, and now looked out the window again. She didn't know much about God, as her grandparents never attended church services regularly. They did try to live good lives and were honest to everyone, and they taught their grandchildren to do the same. Mary Ann did not know how to pray, but she did believe in God and often looked to God to help her.

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Mr. and Mrs. Edward Venrick, her grandparents, lived on a farm close to Walnut, Kansas. They were considered prosperous farmers. They lived in a big house and had plenty of food for themselves and the three grandchildren. Mrs. Venrick was a very stern, conservative woman. She had gone through much suffering when all three of her children died. She lived very economically and managed her money well. Her husband did not oppose her very often. He was a mild-mannered, quiet man. She visited her neighbors, but was very careful not to enter into their gossip. She told Mary Ann never to repeat anything bad that she heard about a person, as it would get back to them. She had high ideals, and taught them to her three grandchildren. She taught them to be kind to those who were less fortunate than they, and never to make fun of a person who was crippled, or had a physical defect. She saw to it that the grandchildren kept busy, and they were punished if they were careless in any manner. She taught Mary Ann to be a clean housekeeper, to be conservative with her food, to patch her clothes, to keep her room in order and her clothes hung up. She was also taught to be modest and to live a morally good life. Many good things were taught her, and she put them into practice. She loved her grandparents, and often wondered what would have happened to her and her two brothers if they had not cared for them.

Mary Ann and her brothers had to walk to the country schoolhouse in the rain, snow, or sunshine. Sometimes the snow would be up over their shoe tops, but they trudged along, arriving with the others to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic. There were grades from the first to the eighth. They had one teacher, who was very strict with them. During the busy seasons of the year the school was closed down, so the boys could help on the farm, as they were needed to help take care of the crops. This would cause many of them to be quite old when they finished the eighth grade.

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Mary Ann studied her lessons and became a good student. She especially learned to write well. She was a very bashful, quiet girl at school. There was one older boy at school who would tease her to get her to talk with him.

He would walk along behind her from school and step on her heels just to get her to turn around and smile. This boy's name was Fred Pruitt, and there was something about Mary Ann that he liked very much. For one thing, he appreciated her modesty and good morals. When the older boys would try to get her to sit on their laps, she would refuse, but the other girls accepted. She stood out in his mind as a wonderful, pure girl, but she was still very young.

Fred was not interested in settling down right then anyway, so after he finished the eighth grade of school he took a trip out to the state of Washington. It was a long train trip from Kansas, and he had many experiences while there. He worked hard and bought twenty acres of land. His mother did not like for him to be so far away, and she kept asking him in her letters to come back home. After being gone for some time he returned to Walnut, Kansas, to his parent's home. At the age of 23, when he decided to settle down and get married, he remembered Mary Ann.

One day Fred rode into the Venrick's neatly kept yard, that was dotted with cedar trees and flower bed, in his buggy, and went in for a visit. Soon he was visiting there often. At first, Mary Ann was very bashful, but after helping her gather eggs and being with her while doing other little things, Fred found that she was not so bashful. Her Grandmother Venrick soon guessed what his purpose in coming was, and knowing that he was a fine young man, she invited him to come often. After all, she was getting old and she wanted to see her granddaughter married before she died. Her husband, George Venrick, had died on December 14, 1904.

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Mary Ann's heart beat fast as she looked out of her window and saw Fred coming up the road in a nice fancy buggy with a prancing horse. He tied his horse to the hitching post and walked up to the door. He had rented this nice buggy, as this evening was to be a very special time. Mary Ann loved this handsome young man, and it was with joy that she met him at the door, ready to go riding with him, as he had previously made this appointment with her. She was delighted with the attention and love he had been showing her. As they drove down the country road, it seemed that the April showers had done an excellent job of bringing forth the flowers and had been beneficial to the waving fields of grain. The grass was greener than usual and everything was beautiful. It was a perfect day for Fred to propose to the girl that he loved. As the horse walked slowly, Fred asked Mary Ann to marry him, and she accepted his love and proposal. He slipped an engagement ring on her finger. She was delighted! They were soon lost in a world all to themselves. Their love was great. Fred told Mary Ann of his plans. He had filed on a claim of 160 acres of land in the territory of New Mexico. He wanted her to go with him and live on it for five years to improve it; then the land would be theirs. This was a challenge to her, but she was young and in love. She was a happy girl because now there was someone to fill that vacancy in her heart and life that had been left by her mother's death and her father's disappearance.

Mary Ann was radiant as she walked into the house that evening. She told her grandmother about their engagement and their plans. She and her grandmother began to make plans for their wedding. The wedding dress was made, and invitations were sent out to come to the Venrick home for the wedding. The big, white house became a scene of great activity, and it took on a new look, as they daily cleaned and prepared for the great day. Soon,

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everything was ready. A big wedding dinner had been prepared and the guests began to arrive. Mary Ann looked beautiful in her pale blue dress that almost touched the floor. She had a white collar, also a tapered white front with a brooch at her neck. Her dark hair had been done up with a part in the middle and drawn back to a roll in the back. She wore a white bow on the back of her hair. Fred had on a dark suit and white shirt. Probate Judge W. O. Jeffey of Erie, Kansas, was asked to perform the marriage ceremony for them on April 9, 1906. Fred was 24 1/2 years of age, and Mary Ann was almost 16. The marriage took place on a Monday at noon. Daniel Mullin was chosen to be the best man and Miss Mary Parker was bridesmaid.

Afterwards, the happy guests were served a luscious dinner and wedding cake. The newly married couple received many lovely gifts, and after the delighted guests extended their congratulations and best wishes, they departed. Grandmother Venrick remembered the workers at the Eagle Newspaper with a goodly portion of the wedding cake in appreciation for the nice article they had in the paper about the wedding. Mary Ann's wedding was a happy affair, and the remembrance of it brought many pleasant thoughts to her as she sat rocking her baby girl, whom she had named Anna after her Grandmother Venrick. Anna Marie had been born on Feb. 8, 1914. She was a healthy baby, with blue eyes, very fair complexion, and very dark hair.

As Mary Ann looked out of the window again, the baby girl in her arms stirred. Across the plains Mary Ann saw a small cloud of dust. She knew someone was coming. As she watched closely, she arose from her rocking chair, saying to Lawrence that she believed Papa was coming. He ran to the window to watch, while his mother laid the baby down. They both went out to meet Fred and

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Andrew, as they drove the wagon into the yard. They unloaded the supplies that were to stay at the house, and then took the feed and other farming supplies to the barn. Fred herded the cows into the barn and sat down to milk each one by hand. He was glad things were beginning to look better for Mary Ann and him. He thought about the day they had boarded the train, arriving in the territory of New Mexico, in the fall of 1906, bringing with them their belongings and some stock. Although it had been only eight years ago, it seemed much longer to this young father, as he thought of the hardships they had endured. When they had first arrived, they lived in a "dugout." They had dug a hole into the ground four feet deep, eight feet wide and ten feet long. They built a room above it with a floor, two feet from the ground, and in this "dugout" they first began to keep house for themselves. There was very little rainfall, so about twice a week Fred drove his wagon twelve or thirteen miles to haul water for the household and for the cattle. To improve his place, he had to go to a canyon, about 35 miles away, for wood and posts. Many times through those early years it seemed they would starve because of the lack of rain. The all-seeing eye of God was looking down upon this young couple, and He helped them. Fred felt he was now over the hardest part, and that he could make a living on his farm. His brother wanted to leave and had 160 acres that joined Fred's land on the north. Fred traded 20 acres which he owned in the state of Washington for his brother's land, which gave Fred 320 acres, which he fenced. He had used some of the lumber from his brother's "dugout" house, and added a room onto his own house that he had previously built. Later, he bought a big two-room house from Mr. Rice, and moved it to his farm. Then he built three more rooms on to it, which made a nice, family farm home. He had broken most of his land and had planted an orchard of cherries, peaches, and apples. His stock was

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building up and things did look better. He had a large number of cows and calves, and several mules and horses. He also had machinery with which to work his land. His heart went out to his young wife, who had bravely faced the severe hardships and had stayed by his side. Two of their infants had died at birth and had been buried out on the plains. How happy they were when a healthy baby boy was born on July 29, 1908. They named him Andrew Jennings Pruitt. Fred had been a great admirer of William Jennings Bryan who had run for president, so he named his son Jennings. Their little son was their joy and delight.

Three years later, on Nov. 15, 1911, a strong feeling of happiness was again known in their little home. God had given them another healthy son, whom they named Lawrence Daniel. As Fred thought of the past and present blessings, he realized that God had been good to them. He had an inner longing to be at peace with his Maker.

As he went to milk another cow, Fred suddenly had a strong desire to see his parents, brothers, and sister. He had been born to Harrison and Mary Pruitt on October 4, 1881. He had six brothers and one sister. Both of his parents had taught school in their earlier years, but when they were rearing their family they tried to make a living on the farm. The whole family had to work hard. His father was frail in body and therefore, they had many hard times in rearing such a large family. His parents professed religion in the Christian Church. They did not take their religion very seriously, and therefore the children seldom attended Sunday school.

Fred was a normal country boy who loved to hunt, and to fish and swim in the Neosho River, and to gather nuts on the river banks. Baseball was his delight and many times he would rather play than eat. He indulged in some gambling, and a little drinking,

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also dancing with associates. He was a naturally tenderhearted person. At times, God dealt with him, and he felt good when he did what was right, or showed sympathy and did kind deeds for others.

Fred finished his chores and went into the house to eat supper. Mary Ann had an inviting table set with sausage, fried potatoes, green beans, cottage cheese, homemade bread, butter and jelly, prepared for her little family. Mary Ann, Fred, and the boys eagerly sat down and enjoyed the good food the Lord had given them while the baby, Anna Marie, slept in her crib. As they sat around the fire that evening, he told Mary Ann about his day in town, and together they were thankful they were in a house and not still living in the "dugout." Mary Ann did not have the fear of seeing a snake in her cupboard or on her bed now. Soon they retired and were lulled to sleep by the squeaking of the windmill which was turned by the steady blowing of the wind on the New Mexico plains.

Anna Marie was a healthy baby, but she was a mother's girl. When she was awake she wanted her mother. One day, her mother had to go out and hoe in the garden. She told Andrew to stay by the buggy, and if Anna Marie awoke, he was to rock the buggy back and forth. Andrew knew to obey, so he lay down on the floor beside the buggy and soon fell off to sleep.

"Why didn't you mind me?" Andrew heard his mother ask, as he got a swat for not taking care of the baby. Anna Marie was screaming at the top of her voice when Mother came into the house and found Andrew asleep.

When Fred and Mary Ann put in a telephone, it was the delight of Andrew and Lawrence to turn the crank the right number of times and call Mrs. Charlie Dickson. Mrs. Dickson would take turns talking to them.

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The pioneer women in the neighborhood exchanged recipes and ideas on how to preserve their foodstuff for the winter. One day, Mary Ann was talking to Mrs. Dickson, who had ridden down to her house on her horse. This was a great treat to Mary Ann. The women enjoyed visiting together when they could spare a few moments from their homemaking duties.

“When will Fred be going to the ‘breaks’ to get wood?” asked Mrs. Dickson.

“He will have to go soon, because we are getting low on wood. I hate for him to go since he has to be gone several days, and I do miss his being away. Thirty-five miles in the wagon takes time,” Mary Ann said. “It is pretty hard on me to take care of the children and do the chores, too, but that is part of life. I am glad that Andrew is big enough to help. He carries in all of our wood for the stove. Lawrence can hold the cow’s tail while I milk, which helps. We have one cow that delights, it seems, to switch her tail into my face.”

“I know what you mean,” Mrs. Dickson said. “Oh, say, do you have any wax? I am going to can some of my apples and I need wax to pour around the lids of the syrup cans to seal them.”

“Yes, I have some to spare. I have canned most of mine, but I ran out of syrup cans, so I am drying the rest,” answered Mary Ann.

“The bees are sure trying to eat my apples and peaches that I have out drying,” stated Mrs. Dickson.

“Say, when are you going to butcher?” asked Mary Ann.

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“I think Charlie will butcher next week, or maybe later. He will have to go to town first and get some salt as I don’t have enough to pack down my pork in our barrels.”

“Yes, Fred will be butchering, too,” Mary Ann said. “We don’t have barrels to pack our pork meat in, but we will use some wooden boxes that Fred got. They have thick sides and bottoms. They are about three feet deep and three feet square. I do wish I had more crocks to pack the sausage patties down in lard.”

“Charlie is plowing today, so I must get home and get supper started. I have to go out and pick up some cow chips to burn as we are getting low on wood,” Mrs. Dickson said, as Mary Ann and the children followed her out into the yard. She mounted her horse and soon was galloping out the gate and down the road.

Mary Ann went over to the big, black, iron kettle, that was on the outside wood fire. She took a stick and punched down her white clothes that were boiling in soapy water. They would soon be ready to take out, rinse and hang on the line. She had already finished scrubbing the dark clothes on the rub board and they were now hanging on the line.

Mary Ann went back into the house thinking about the wonderful neighbors she had. “Oh, what would we do without them out here on these plains?” she said half aloud. Many times she longed for company, and she appreciated the generous and kind people that had sparsely settled on the plains of New Mexico.

The furnishings in her home were of the barest necessities, and according to today’s standards would be very crude. The kitchen stove burned wood and had a warming oven above and a water reservoir at one end. There were two small hinged shelves at the

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back that could be lowered close to the cooking lids. These were ideal for keeping a stack of pancakes hot.

There were a number of buffalo wallows on the plains that would fill up with water. There was one close by the house, so Fred built two cisterns, 20 ft. to 25 ft. deep, and used a hand pump and pumped the water out of the pond into the cisterns near the house. This was the water they used for drinking and washing clothes, as well as for other household needs.

Fred also built a silo in which to store feed for the cattle; it was 25 ft. deep, with about four feet above the ground, and it was made of adobe bricks at the top. Andrew was lowered into the silo in a tub on which a rope had been tied to form a pulley. Andrew would fill the tub with silage, which was green fodder that had been preserved for cow feed. When all was brought up that was needed, he would be pulled up in the tub.

Since any new thing that came within miles of them on the plains was of great interest, Fred and Mary Ann hitched up the horses to the wagon and rode over to a tent meeting. The first night, Bro. George Harmon preached on the "Biblical Trace of the Church." Fred had never heard such preaching! It came forth with authority and with the anointing of the Holy Spirit. Conviction settled down upon them heavily. God was good to Fred and Mary Ann and helped them both to understand enough to pray through at home, and receive peace in their souls. They read their Bibles, and life took on a new glow. They even loved those whom they had formerly hated. When Fred got saved, he quit smoking tobacco. This new life began in the year of 1915, and their new found joy knew no bounds. They wanted more of the love of God, and as they read the Bible, they measured their lives to it. As they heard

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and read about the second work of grace, they sought for sanctification, and it was a definite experience in their souls.

One day Fred was greatly surprised when he felt a burden to preach the gospel. He tried to make excuses, but God held that burden upon him. After a long struggle, he told the Lord that he would get up before the people, but that God would have to do the preaching through him. This was all God was asking him to do.

In the fall of 1916 Fred bought a Model T Ford. There were very few cars at that time. Many times he was "cussed out," because the horses would get scared of the noisy, shining, black car as it chugged down the road. With the use of this car, Fred was able to have meetings in schoolhouses around the country. He also took his family to services in Clovis, New Mexico, which was about 18 miles from his home. Brother George Harmon was the pastor. Fred met many of the saints who attended there. Some of them were Bro. and Sis. W. I. Miles, and their family.

Fred learned that Bro. Harmon, his pastor, did not have a cow, so he gave him one to use until the cow was dry, and then he would take her back and give Bro. Harmon another one to use. God had blessed Fred greatly on the farm and he wanted to do all he could for the Lord. When he realized that the pastor needed money to make a car payment, Fred gave him a hundred dollars. He was very sensitive to the leadings of the Lord. . . .

On March 20, 1917, Fred called his oldest son, Andrew, who was nine years old, into their bedroom. He took him over to the sewing machine and there, in a wicket basket lay a baby. Fred told him the baby had died. Andrew immediately felt strange about this. He had seen cattle die, but now his reaction was different, as this was the first person he had seen dead. He felt very sad and began to cry softly. Then his father said, "There is another baby over here

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in the bed with your mother.” As he looked at the sweet little round face of the darling baby girl, he was happy. They named the twin girl who lived, Mary Lola. She was named Mary, after her paternal grandmother and her own mother. She was the joy of the family.

God was dealing with this young father, leading him to leave the farm and go out into the work of the Lord. He loved his farm, and through hard work and severe troubles he had built it up so that he was able to take it a little easier. He had built up a fine herd of cattle which consisted of more than sixty head. He had about fourteen head of mules and horses, and many hogs. He loved to watch the pigs grow, and he enjoyed working in the soil. His young orchard of apples, peaches, and cherries was now bearing. He was led of the Lord to leave all this.

In 1917, Fred had an auction on his farm. An auction meant a big day in the community. Soon the yard was full of wagons and people. A large iron kettle of pinto beans was put on the fire outside, where they were cooked and served to all who came.

After the sale Fred moved to the edge of Clovis, New Mexico, where he bought some property. Later he took a trip in his Model T Ford car up to Kansas and Oklahoma. He stopped to visit Bro. and Sis. L. Y. Janes in Guthrie, Okla. They had a small printing office and were trying to put the gospel out through the printed page. They talked to Fred about coming to Guthrie to live and to help them in the printing of the gospel literature. Although he had a limited education, this appealed to Fred. When he returned and told his wife how the Lord was leading, she was willing to go. After much prayer and more consecration, he obeyed the calling of God to work in this capacity. They would not receive pay, but would have to live by faith, which would be a new life for them. . . .

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The yard was full of wagons, some covered wagons, and a few cars. An auction sale was in progress at the Pruitt home near Clovis, New Mexico, just prior to the family's leaving for Guthrie, Okla., where Fred Pruitt would work (without the promise of pay) in helping to publish gospel literature.

A number of boxes were shipped on the train, but as much as possible of the needed clothing was put in the Model T Ford. Bright and early, on the eleventh day of June, 1918, all the children got into the car with their parents and left for Guthrie, Oklahoma. It took them almost three days on the road before arriving in Guthrie, on June 13, 1918. Guthrie was a small town, but Lawrence was intrigued by the streetcars that ran on the tracks up and down the streets. This was the first time he had ever seen streetcars. After living in the country for many years, this was a new venture for the Pruitt family to live in town.

The L. Y. Janes family lived at 611 W. Mansur, in a small house. They had their printing work in the same place, but welcomed the Pruitt family. As soon as possible, the transaction of renting the house next door was made and the Pruitt family moved in (617 W. Mansur). It was a four-room house, which was small for the family of four, but Mother and Father Pruitt had made a venture into the Lord's work by faith, and they were not expecting things to be according to all of their wishes.

One evening, Fred took Andrew, Lawrence, and Anna Marie up to Bro. and Sis. Janes' and let them stay all night. The next morning, he came for the children. As they reached their own home, he told them to come into the bedroom because he wanted to show them something. The children were surprised to see two little babies with dark hair, lying on the bed with their mother. They thought the babies were the sweetest little darlings that they

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had ever seen. The twins were named Frances Edna and Frank Edward. This was on August 22, 1918. What a joy they were to the family, yet a lot of work for Mother Pruitt, as she already had four children to care for! Some of their care fell to four-year-old Anna Marie. Often she stood beside a huge rocking chair, with the two babies in it, rocking it back and forth to keep them quiet.

The Pruitts' four-room house seemed to be getting smaller as the family grew, especially since the arrival of the twins. Fred looked at a piece of property which was three blocks away from their present home. The house was on the corner of 9th and Mansur, and had four lots with it and a large barn in the rear. The house had two bedrooms upstairs, with three large rooms downstairs which included the kitchen, dining, and living room. Fred and Mary Ann felt the Lord's approval in purchasing this property; so in the year of 1920 the family of eight prepared to move into their new home.

In 1925 Mary Ann's Grandmother Venrick took sick. Mary Ann went to Walnut, Ks., to her bedside to help as much as she could. Her heart was touched as she looked at her dear grandmother who had opened her arms and heart to her three little motherless grandchildren. With a sad heart, Mary Ann saw her grandmother take her last breath in departing this life.

After the estate was settled, there was money for Mary Ann. Her first thoughts were about Fred. He often answered calls, as pastor of Guthrie congregation, during the night. He had had pneumonia twice in the winter from being exposed, because the Model T Ford was open to the cold winter air. After much consideration they bought a 1927 Chevrolet coach car.

In 1926 Fred decided to move the print shop (Faith Publishing House) from 611 W. Mansur to the lots adjacent to 924 W. Mansur

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where the Pruitt family had lived since 1920. (There have been additions made to this office building which now covers 4000 square feet.)

The home place at 924 W. Mansur needed enlarging, so two bedrooms and a bathroom were added to the house. Several years later an upstairs bathroom and a downstairs utility room were added. Also, the kitchen was remodeled and many cabinets were put in it.

Andrew married Rachel Norcutt on April 29, 1932. She had worked in the Print Shop. They lived in Kansas when Rachel took sick with cancer. She talked about seeing children with wings. One time when someone wanted to close a window, Rachel said, "Do not close it, as that is where the angels are coming in to get me."

One day Andrew was upon a steep hill above the house feeding the chickens. As he looked down toward the house, grieving over his darling wife's nearing death, he saw a vision of an angel leaving the house. He hurried down to the house just in time to see Rachel draw her last breath. Her sister, Olive, said that just before Rachel died she sang a song clearly. Her death was a severe blow to Andrew, and his heart was broken. He loved her so dearly and they had had great plans for their life. It was a great loss to the family when she passed away on Feb. 4, 1933. (Later, Andrew married Hope Embly in July, 1934, and they lived in Calif.)

* * * * *

When I received word that my mother had taken her bed, I came from California as soon as possible to help care for her. My husband and boys were willing for me to be gone. It was with saddened hearts that we laid our dear mother to rest in October

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1954. Before I returned home after the funeral, my father, with tears, told of the great need of a man and his wife helping here in the publishing work and living in the home, since there were single workers with him. Little did I know at that time that the Lord would make me know that he wanted me to come. After much consideration and prayer, and Carl's being willing, also my teenage boys, we came in 1954, which was a great delight to my father. I have been helping in the work since that time. Lawrence, who lived here, had helped down through the years when needed. In 1958, before my father died in 1963, Lawrence quit his work at a commercial printing plant and helped full time here at the Lord's Print Shop.

The work of publishing the gospel literature was very dear to the hearts of my father and mother. My father desired that Lawrence and I should continue with the printing of gospel literature after his death. The other four children agreed to this desire, and signed papers to that affect. They also knew that the Church of God and others also had helped in making it possible to sell the books, tracts, and papers at a very low price, that those who were not able to pay the high market price could afford the gospel. They also knew that the ones who came to work at the publishing plant came without the promise of pay, but were willing to sacrifice by receiving a small allowance. My father felt that this would cause those who helped to really enter into the burden of getting out the gospel as reasonable as possible. We appreciate those who have helped down through the years. We trust that we can keep it going until God calls us Home and that someone else will feel the burden of keeping it going until Jesus comes in the clouds of glory to take those Home who have chosen to live with Him in eternity.

PRUITT FAMILY RECORD

There are kept in stock over 400 different titles of tracts. There are about one hundred titles of books, besides a number of other publications from other sources.

Only eternity will reveal any good that has come from keeping the gospel literature going out, which was started by our parents, Fred and Mary Ann Pruitt. The Pruitt children helped in the office as soon as they were old enough. All are interested in seeing it continue.

—Anna Marie (Pruitt) Miles

PRUITT FAMILY RECORD

A Tribute to My Mother

My dear mother, Mary Ann Pruitt, who was called Home to eternal rest in October, 1954, at the age of 64 years, labored faithfully with my father in the gospel publishing work. Besides keeping house, cooking and washing for a family of six children—three boys and three girls—and other workers in the home, she carried on a large correspondence with readers of the paper. Many times during the summer months she would take care of the orders for literature when my father and other workers would be out in meetings. For many years she also was the main cook at the dining hall during the annual Christmas holiday Assembly meeting held here at Guthrie. That was before the present dining hall was erected.

With the limited means that came to her hand she was always looking around to see whom she could help. She was always ready to extend sympathy and comfort to those in trouble. I had a wonderful mother, and by the grace of God, I expect to meet her in Heaven.

My Father, First Editor, Finished His Course

My beloved father, Fred Pruitt, who was the founder and first editor of the *Faith and Victory* paper, departed this life for the Glory World at his home next to the office on June 6, 1963, in his 82nd year. He filled his monthly preaching appointment at Okeene, Okla. on Sunday before he passed away the following Thursday with a heart attack, concluding 47 years in a very active ministry of the Word by the pulpit and press. He was also the pastor of the Guthrie congregation for many years. Finishing his course in the triumphs of a living faith, he is at rest with the Lord, and his works

PRUITT FAMILY RECORD

do follow him. The memory of his life is a heritage richer than all the gold.

—Lawrence D. Pruitt

Publisher's Note (2016): Due to privacy issues, the family records have been omitted from this digital copy.

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Fred and Mary Ann Pruitt - 1953

