

The One I Love Most



by Gladys Cashio

The One I Love Most

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had a burden to get my message
to the youth—trying to warn
them against careless marriage.
If only they would listen!"*

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Preface



“I have left all the world to follow Jesus, never backward to it follies will I turn.”

One day I came to a place where two ways met. My decision was great! I chose to go with God and He was my strength. He has been with me thus far and He will not fail me now. My Lord has given grace to travel on this high and holy way for over fifty years.

When I cast my all at His feet, obeyed His sweet voice and humbled my heart to go His way, He took me in. It is such an honor to be His and He is our Father. Praise the Lord!

From the time I was first saved, I have had a burden to get my message to the youth—trying to warn them against careless marriage. If only they would listen! You will find much of my message in the poems I have written for this book.

My hope is that others can see that the grace of God is sufficient to carry one through. I have found grace down on my knees time and time again. Tis so sweet to trust in one who will NEVER fail you! To do my Lord’s will means more to me by far than my necessary food.

My Lord has walked along beside me through the sunshine and through the shadows, and He has entrusted me with many comforts for which I am most grateful. How can I ever praise my Lord enough? He is everything to me!

Chapter 1



I was born in Opp, Alabama in October, 1920—the days of the Model T and Model A automobiles, horse and buggy, and mule and wagon. I was the second of 16 children born to my parents, Zoner and Ada Short. We lived on a farm about six miles from the nearest town which was Opp. Occasionally, we had the privilege of riding to Opp sitting on a bale of cotton and were allowed to go to the drug store to get a nickel cone of ice cream. In those days a soda pop was a nickel and many candy bars were a penny each when we could afford them. Although we sometimes rode on the wagon, we usually walked when we wanted to go somewhere. We walked two miles and sometimes farther to school.

We did not go to school if there was work to do on the farm, so my education was very limited. But through the goodness of God I grew up; looking back it seems a wonder! We had very little, but we did not expect much. Daddy farmed land on and near Grandpa's place where he planted corn, cotton, peanuts, beans, potatoes and always a large vegetable garden. We hoed cotton for our neighbors, from sun up until sun down for fifty cents a day.

At about the age of 15 I started to walk home from church one day. I was alone so a young man named J.D. Wallace asked if he might walk with me. How clearly I remember—when we got to the house he asked me for a date to take me to church a few nights later.

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I consented. After that, he continued coming around. There were several young couples in the community and we all got together, mostly to sit around and talk. We didn't have much to do for entertainment in those days—about all we knew was to go to church and work in the field.

In January of 1936, Daddy decided to make a move. He took a trip searching for good farm land and wound up renting a farm in Louisiana from Mr. Walker Hurdle. On February 16, 1936, we moved to Ravenswood, Louisiana to farm rich land that needed no fertilizer. This was great news for Daddy. Now we would really go to work.



Down in the Louisiana Low Land

When just fifteen we made a move

Without a future plan.

We traveled across a state or two

And settled in Louisiana's low land.

A farmer at heart was dear old Dad,

And acres to till were all we had.

Since working was his heart's delight,

We toiled and slaved from morn 'til night.

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*In the spring sunshine we planted the grain,
Down furrows straight and clean,
And only a few days afterward
The young, tender plants were seen!*

*There was no time or thought for play.
We must not be lazy or frown.
There were no sports to enjoy or fun for us
We were miles from the nearest town.*

*Dense bayous covered with willow trees,
Moss covered oaks and cypress knees;
Alligators and snakes infested these—
Down in the Louisiana low land.*



*We hoed the cotton and weeded the corn.
We cut the bushes and cleaned the barn
And another litter of pigs were born—
Down in the Louisiana low land.*

*We drank our water from an old rain barrel
Contaminated with mosquitoes and wiggle tails.
Where malaria fever never fails—
Down in the Louisiana low land.*

*Then one day in came my boat
And faster than fast I was afloat;
Getting away from the place of which I just wrote—
Away from the Louisiana low land.*

*Back to Alabama was all I knew,
With my old friends, the same old crew.
Where there was fun and lots to do—
Out of the Louisiana low land.*

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No, I did not like it in Louisiana. I had no acquaintances there and there was no place to attend church. We were nine miles from town with no transportation and, of course, no money. The work was hard and weather very hot. In July I became very ill with chills, fever and a face full of fever blisters.

While I was sick, some of our Alabama kinfolks came to see us. Oh, happy day! I determined to go back to Alabama with them. Mother let me go, not knowing I would not return. Although I looked pretty bad, my friends were very glad to see me. Life in Louisiana had been very hard. I made up my mind that I wasn't going back.

J.D. Wallace asked me to marry him. As far as I knew then, that pleased me, but I soon learned there was more, so much more to consider. Thank the Lord for mercy! I wrote Mother telling her of our plans. She wrote back trying to persuade me not to get married. At the bottom of her letter she wrote, "I do want you to come home, but if nothing else will do, you go ahead." Well, my mind was made up, foolish child, as I see it now! I took her letter with me to the Andalusia, Alabama court house the following Saturday, September 5, 1936. The last line of Mother's letter gave me permission, so J.D. Wallace and I were married that day.

I remember J.D. took me to his mother's where we were to make our home. Mrs. Wallace and my mother grew up together. She looked at me and said, "I just can't believe this! It looks like J.D. has married one of Ada's babies!" I thought, "I am far from a baby!" Well, as I realize now, I wasn't that far.

Our honeymoon trip was to the cotton field to help J.D.'s daddy pick cotton. Mr. Wallace gave us five dollars a month and room and board to help on the farm.

Chapter 2



Back at Ravenswood, LA, dear Mother was ill with a house full of little ones to care for. Daddy was hitting the bottle heavy again. They were far from their family in a strange place with no one to help. Little, oh, so little did I realize the situation. Yes, I had much to learn.

With no telephones, it took a long time for Marie, my sister, and me to learn that Mother was ill. The message came for Marie or me to come home to help. Marie and her husband, Otha, came over to Mr. Wallace's and Marie said, "Gladys, you can go easier than I can. You and J.D. go help Mother." They had cotton open that needed to be picked. (I think they helped pay our way.)

So it was decided that J.D. and I would get on the bus and go to Melville, LA. From there we rode the train to the little gravel road that led to Ravenswood and walked a mile on to Mother and Daddy's house. Mother's condition had improved; the kidney poisoning had cleared up.

Soon after this, on November 13th, our little brother, Carroll, was born. He was the eleventh child in our family. We had no car or telephone so we could not get in touch with Dr. Plauche until the next day. However, Daddy and I were able to help her and the doctor came as soon as he got word. Mother and baby got along all right.

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I soon realized how much work was involved in washing so many diapers. I took care of the little baby and Mother and cared for the other little ones, as well. I cooked and did all that went with keeping the house going for a big family. I would often be outside after dark trying to finish the family wash on the rub board. In those days we still boiled the clothes. Mother and Daddy needed us and we found plenty to do! J.D. got a job cutting sugar cane.

We stayed until nearly Christmas. By this time, Mother was feeling well again. A man from Alabama, who had come to Louisiana looking for a job and a place to live, was on his way to Opp. We got a ride back home with him.

J.D.'s mother and father were both saved. They were very sweet to me. I loved them dearly and they showed me much interest. Mrs. Wallace always read a chapter in the Bible and led in prayer before we retired at night. I loved the Lord and enjoyed being in any assembly with God's people. I always waited for prayer before going to bed.

My husband was very young and very worldly. He would curse us and abuse us for serving God. Two weeks after we were married, he got drunk. From then on he drank often. He loved dancing and would go places and make me stay at home. He continued this way for a long time. The boys in the neighborhood would go to the places my husband did and then tell me he was untrue to me. They knew I had been a true wife. I went on trying to pay little attention to it even though he would come home late at night and tell me of his good time with other girls and say he was glad I stayed at home. I didn't want to believe it. I really thought that a lot of what he said was tease.

Finally, on May 15, 1937, we moved into a small tenant house on Frazier's farm where we were paid 15 dollars a month. After that,

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my husband never left me alone at night. I don't believe he went to another party of any kind. He was good to me at times, but sometimes he wasn't. The worst thing he did was to try to whip me, but God never did allow him to do so. God was ever my protection and was always near me talking to my heart. I sincerely desired to please the Lord, but my understanding was shallow.

When the farm was laid by, we went to stay with J.D.'s Uncle Lee and Aunt Bama Wallace up near Rose Hill, Alabama. J.D. and Uncle Lee cleared new ground, working every day. I can't remember them ever getting paid for that work. We had very little to eat. There was a large field where someone had planted lots of butterbeans and they had picked almost all of them. Just a few scattered beans could be gathered with much effort. Each day, Bama and I scraped up what we could and Bama would drop dumplings in them to make enough food for our dinner. We had salt meat, biscuits and white gravy for breakfast and cornbread for supper and we always had plenty of milk.

Since our livelihood was so poor, I wanted J.D. to go to Louisiana with me where he could get a job cutting cane. He refused to go.

Marie and Otha came from Louisiana to visit me. We all spent the night in the little house on Frazier's place, then Marie and Otha went back over to Short Town to visit kinfolks. J.D. and I spent the following night with his mother and daddy.

The next morning we started over to Short Town to visit. As we walked the mile road leading to Grandpa Short's old place, J.D. and I got in a big fuss. There in the road, we separated. He went back to his mother's and I went on to my Uncle Daniel's. I found Marie and Otha, Uncle Bert and others of the family there. Marie had left their clothes at the little house on Frazier's place and J.D. said he would

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not allow her to get them. When I told Uncle Bert, he had my cousin, Dempsey, and me get on the truck. We went to the house and got my things and Marie's trunk before J.D. got there. My personal belongings were very small so it took only a matter of minutes to gather them. This took place August 2, 1937.

I stayed with my family in Short Town for a few days before Uncle Bert, Dempsey, Marie, Otha and I traveled back to Ravenswood. Here I was a divorced person at the tender age of sixteen. I would become 17 on October 31.

Now, back in Louisiana, I tried to go back to school. I was such a child, and yet had been married. I was still in the sixth grade and too embarrassed to learn. I soon gave up the hope of an education. Now that I am older, I can understand what my problems were. I still long for an education.

Soon I began to feel like I had sinned for leaving my husband and wished he would come to Louisiana. I wrote three letters to J.D. trying to persuade him to come to me. I received no reply, so I gave up and turned my interest elsewhere.

Later I received papers to sign giving him a divorce. I signed them willingly. I didn't mind so much then because I had met another; a very nice young man. I fell in love with him. I thought I might get a divorce soon from J.D. I didn't realize what heartache was ahead for me. I let myself fall so deeply in love with Sam that it seemed nothing else mattered.

Chapter 3



Sam and I kept company for awhile and then married. Today I still love this man more than words can explain.

After I married Sam, my second husband, I learned that J.D. never got my letters. My family was unhappy that I had married J.D. and had let him know it. We were all much too unwise to handle the situation.

Daddy's first cousin's wife, Roxie, was our neighbor back in Alabama and she kept an eye on me. When J.D. and I started housekeeping, she loaned us some quilts and a set of black irons. When lonesome, I would visit her. Our mailboxes were up on the main road side by side.

When I was back in Louisiana, Roxie watched the mailbox to make sure that J.D. would not get the letters if I wrote to him. It was not until after Roxie died that I learned that she got those three letters out of Wallace's mailbox, read them, and burned them. Later I was told how J.D. cried for months. He wanted me back, but was afraid of my family.

Sam was kind and good to me. Our lives seemed blended together and we loved each other so dearly. I never felt that there was that much happiness in this life for me. But it wasn't God's will

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from the beginning. When we were first married, I told him that I had a feeling we would never live together in a home of our own.

Sam became discouraged because he could not find employment. Without telling me, he joined the army. Later, a little daughter was born to us. He was privileged to come home to see the baby and me quite often. It seemed he was very happy when he was with us. He was soon sent across seas to Northern Ireland. I did not feel we would meet again.

Before he left the United States, he wrote and said, "Darling, my heart is broken. If I could be happy, I wouldn't mind going, but knowing I have to leave you and our dear little baby makes me feel like dying. If I never return, you can remember I love you dearly and, whatever you do, take care and be good to my dear little baby."

When I received this letter, he had already gone. It seemed I couldn't bear it. I cried myself sick, but it wasn't so long until I started trusting God for help. The more I prayed the less use it seemed to pray for our life together. I knew I had wanted it my way, but God worked with me and I began to surrender more to God.

While in service, Sam would write often. He dreamed of the day when we could be together, but there was never enough money for Billie and me to go and live near him. So, we waited, dreamed and prayed for the day when we could be free. At this point, we were not aware that we truly would have to forever separate.

I stayed on with the family and helped on the farm and waited for Sam's letters. At that time, we lived next door to Bro. and Sis. H.S. Jackson. We soon learned that they were having Sunday school on their front porch every Sunday and when we were invited to attend, we were very happy to do so. It was there that we first met

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the Saints and learned about the Church of God. We enjoyed the meetings and went regularly.

From time to time, different ministers would come to Jackson's and hold cottage meetings. I have always loved the Lord and now, for the first time, I was hearing the true gospel. My Lord helped me to recognize it was truth; it appealed to me. Bro. and Sis. C. C. Carver would come from Shreveport, LA and Bro. and Sis. Max Williamson would come from Hammond, LA. Also, Bro. and Sis. Everett Hilburn came from Kentwood, LA and Sis. Catherine Simpson from Loranger, LA as well as Sis. Ruth Murphey. The singing was so pretty and I loved the truth I was hearing. To go to church and pray for all the boys in the service was truly the thing to do and I was glad to be among praying folks who helped me pray for the safe return of my husband.

It was so important to me for Sam, Billie and me to have a home of our own. Up to this point, life was far from satisfactory. Sam was in the service and we never had any time alone, nor did we have anything.

The first time I ever saw Sis. Catherine Simpson, she came and preached in a little church building down in the bayou. Her message was on the subject of marriage and divorce. It was just as though the Lord had sent a search light into my heart. I clearly knew where I stood and that from then on, I had to do something about it. Oh, this was not going to be easy! I spent lots of time in prayer with many tears. I had to be sure. My heart was open and I wanted to please God, but I had not expected this! I found a private place to be alone with God and carefully sought the Lord to help me.

I went to the altar for help. I still had the desire to be saved that I always had. I did get soul help and was baptized a few days later. As the days passed on, I became more conscious of my situation and

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it troubled me greatly, yet I did not feel willing to give up the one whom I had learned to love so much; my darling Sam. He was my dream, my hope of life-long happiness. Could I not live with him?

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.” Matthew 5:6. As I heard more of the truth preached, I recognized it as truth. At last I was in the light. I saw that God had a Church and people are born into it. I had found, at last, the Bible way. It showed me my true condition.

I was invited to go with a company to the Hammond, LA camp meeting in June, 1942. It was a glorious meeting. There were so many dear Saints there and no one seemed strange to me or hard to understand because they were the kind of people I had longed to be with. They were the blood-washed saints, redeemed and cleansed from sin. On the fourth night of the meeting, I had such a heavy burden I couldn't rest. I attended young people's meeting but I was so burdened. I dismissed with the young congregation in prayer and asked the Lord to help me to make my decision.

I went to the sleeping house to prepare for the night's service with such a burdened heart. Sis. Catherine Simpson was lying on her bed and said, “Gladys, I don't believe I will go to meeting tonight. I need rest.”

I could wait no longer to tell of my burden. I felt she must go and hear my testimony that God intended for me to make that night. She had talked and worked with me so long and was the one God had sent to preach the gospel to me when I was in darkness. I said, “Sis. Catherine, I am burdened to death.” Then I fell on my face choked with tears. She said, “Gladys, is there anything I can do? I'll do anything to help you. Let's kneel right here and pray.”

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So, she prayed for me. I couldn't pray. I had gone as far as I could like that. The Lord wanted me to live for Him, and I wanted to, but I realized I could not please Him having had two husbands. So, I told the Lord that I would give up Sam in order to have peace in my soul.

Sis. Simpson went with me to services and God's word was preached. The minister even spoke of double marriage being wrong. When the altar call was given, I went with my burdens, knowing I couldn't be happy until I made peace with God. I felt God wanted me to confess my trouble to the congregation. By God's grace, I stood up and told them I was in double marriage and had had condemnation on my heart, but now I was willing to give up all to follow Jesus and do His will. Then, when I knelt at the altar, God took away my burden. I gave myself to Him and, praise His name, He saved me. One lady said if she was me, she would not give Sam up for anything; but I had counted the cost, though it was great. The Lord reasoned with me and showed me His will.

My Savior's love is all I need and if I will be a friend to Jesus, He will be a friend to me. He is my great Physician, and I trust Him for my healing. Praise God, He doesn't ever fail me! I am rejoicing in my soul for this wonderful salvation. It satisfies my soul. My Savior is my Comforter, my all in all. I can unload all my cares and sorrows at His feet and find peace and rest to my soul. He is ever present with me.

The devil tried to tempt me and to confuse me at times telling me it wasn't worth the cost. He told me I might have to give up my baby to my husband if I wouldn't live with Sam. When I would think of the deep love I had for him, I thought, "If I ever see him again, I would want to live with him." I could only trust God to work as He saw best.

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I remembered my promise to the Lord. I knew the enemy of my soul was sneaking around trying to defeat me. “. . . the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour:” I Peter 5:8. The Spirit led me to pray and as I went down on my knees before God pouring out the burden of my heart to Him, He came to my rescue. Praise His name!

Climb for God

*While seeking for eternal rest,
I came to the place in the road
Where God in mercy waits for us
To relieve our heavy load.*

*A cross was there, and I saw two ways
Of which I'd try to tell.
The narrow highway would take me home,
The broad way led to hell.*

*I saw a ladder narrow, but strong.
And the form of a small man climbing
Forever upward round after round
And never looking behind him.*

*For he saw the glory of yonder world,
And our Savior waiting there.
So he climbed into His precious arms
And I see him resting there.*

*Praise God that ladder I too can climb
For strong it stands and will never weaken.
It is there for those who will choose God's way
And will take us all to heaven.*

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So, I mean to climb and climb and climb

I will never more turn back.

Nor let old satan slow me down

And get me off the track.

In a vision I saw a large, clean yard with no grass, but white sand on it. The sun shone so brightly and sparkled against the grains of sand. There was a chicken stretched out in the sun so comfortably. It seemed to me that my path was clean and there was nothing between my soul and my Savior. I saw myself as free as that chicken and rejoiced to find such sweet comfort in the Lord. Praise His name!

I'll never go back to the beggarly elements of the world. I am encouraged to press on and do my Savior's will at any cost. I can find rest at Jesus' feet, and when hungry for soul food, I can go to Jesus. And in secret prayer, I can see my way clear and I believe He will take care of it all.

Love is so great and Sam and I loved each other. It would have been impossible to give him up without the Lord helping me. With Him all things are possible. God's love is greater than all this. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16. I prayed to God for grace and strength.

I trust this awful experience will be a great help to the reader. Stop and think what an awful thing double marriage is before you have stepped into it. Dear souls, you'll never be happy in double marriage because you'll know you are not pleasing God. I warn you, dear young people, don't let this happen to you.

Chapter 4



What is written before this, I wrote in the year of 1942. Tonight, seven years later, 1949, I sit down again with a continued story, happy to say I am still in the Way. I came through the fire and as I passed through, I asked the Lord to let me get all the good out of it that He had for me and to help me die to everything that wasn't good for me. I am still dying. I can say with Paul, "I die daily."

I feel sure that many who have read this far must have wondered if I really stood true to my decision. Yes, I prayed for grace and strength: only God Himself knew how much I needed it. The days went by, Sam was in Europe in a bitter war. I did not know whether he would be spared or not. One thing I knew—he loved our baby and me. It would be too much for him to bear if I told him while he was so far away that we could no longer be man and wife. So, I kept the news from him until he came home. Yes, he did return. While he was away, I wrote to him often, but I realized I must not continue to say things to build up his affection and love for me. At the same time I felt I must keep the truth from him temporarily.

Sam came home from overseas on July 15, 1944. I will never forget that day. It was all a surprise to me; I did not know he was even in the States. On that bright July morning, while sitting on Mother's front porch shelling peas, I looked up and saw him getting out of a car. It was all so unexpected! Even though I had it settled

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once and for all to give him up, the moment I saw him—the man I had learned to love and admire, still standing tall, handsome and uninjured from the bitter war—my heart leapt with joy. Without realizing any more, I found myself in his embrace. His first words to me were, “You are still the same. I am so happy to see you.”

At that moment I knew I wasn’t the same and that heavy pang came over me. Now what was I going to do? When he was gone I could say, “Yes, I give him up.” But now he is home. I am in his arms again—the embrace that through the bygone days had meant so much to me and even now, needless to say, as far as the natural longing was concerned, still received a cordial welcome.

Yes, it was unmistakable love, but we had found it too late, and we HAD to part. How could I tell him? What was he going to say? What about our little daughter? Would she ever understand? Somehow I thought that God was going to make it easier for me than this. I say, “No.” We are a tried and tested people and we have to come through the fire. Unless we are tried, how can we be proven?

At the time Sam came home, his father was ill. So, shortly after he had greeted all my family he said, “Honey, get ready and let us go to see Daddy.” Under these circumstances, I realized I could not add to the present worry. So, I dressed the baby and myself and went with him. The task was getting larger now. Sam did not know what was going on in my heart. There I was, torn between two decisions. Sam had taken about all he could from the strain of the war and was quite nervous. Yet, he had to know and I had to tell him.

The day passed; he had enjoyed it and was so happy to be with his family. Now I looked to God to help me. I must not wait any longer. He had to know. When we were alone and the night was still, I said, “Sam, there is something I have to tell you. Please, try to understand.” So, by God’s help, I told him my story. As I related

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earlier, he was suffering with his nerves, so this was almost too much for him.

We stayed on together while he was on furlough, but each day our hearts grew heavier. When I would miss Sam and go to look for him, I would find him lying across the bed crying. It was truly a sad picture. I was suffering too, but I had made my decision and God was with me. The flesh is weak, and my heart went out to him in such great pity and love for him that I said one day, “Sam, I cannot stand to see you suffer like this. What do you want me to do to help you feel better?” His answer was, “There is nothing you can do.” I went along with him feeling such pity for him and at the same time suffering much myself.

While all the time I had fully determined to obey the Lord and prove true, it was a slow process. I knew I had to go slow, but what I had to do was sure. There was no mistake about that. While I was with him, coldness and unrest came over my soul, insomuch that I could not move on spiritually, neither could I really pray like I had been. At night when I would start to go to bed, I missed that sweet hour of prayer and communion with the Lord. I got so that about all my prayer amounted to was, “Dear Lord, please have mercy on me until I can get out of this!” Those few words came from the depths of my soul and my Lord knew it. I was most unhappy under this strain, but I was always aware of the fact that I was only passing through the cloud. In due time the real climax would come.

In so many experiences during that time I would say to myself, “I am just doing this temporarily,” or “I am doing this but my heart is not in it.” And again, I would ask God to please be merciful and see me through. Yes, I knew God was with me all the way. Had He not been I would never have made it. But praise the Lord, He is true

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to His promise. He said He would never leave us nor forsake us and I have found His promise is true.

When Sam's furlough was up and he started to go back to camp, I told him that this must be our final farewell. So, without saying much he went back to camp. He was sent to Fort Sam Houston, TX, and from there sent me a letter saying, "Darling, parting isn't easy and we haven't parted. I love you and I will see you in two weeks," which he did. This time, he had only a week off and when he left, I told him he must not come back again, but he did. Soon he was transferred to Louisiana and he came home often. Each time I would tell him that it must be the last time. Sometimes he would promise to try not to come again but as he would start to drive away his last words were, "I'll see you." Once again we talked it all over and he promised not to come back.

While he was still overseas, I moved into a house real close to Mother's where I lived when he came home. During the time I was going through all this trouble, I always slept at Mother's and Sam knew it. One night Sam was at his mother's on a weekend pass and at 1:30 a.m. he got up and came to see me. I heard the car and it awoke me. When I heard his footsteps, I knew it was him. As he stepped on the porch I said, "Is that you, Sam?" His answer was, "Yes, Darling." And with the same breath he added, "Please don't scold me for coming, I have something to tell you. I could not sleep tonight. I love you and I have thought of a way that we can live together."

I was already sure there was no way, but seeing the look on his face and the happiness he displayed, I had to hear his story. Bless his heart, he was as sincere as a man has ever been as he said, "You know something, Darling? We can live together. We can go to the Catholic Church and make our confessions and the priest will marry

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us. We can have our wedding blessed and become Catholic and live together and still go to Heaven!” His enthusiasm was great and he was so happy over what he thought, that at the moment, I didn’t have the courage to tell him how wrong he was. So, I pretended that it would be all right, just to have a few moments of pleasure in seeing him so happy. As I think of it now, I know it would have been best to have told him to start with. I waited a little while, and then explained to him that it just would not work.

Oh, I am so thankful I had already prayed through and God had made His will clear to me. Otherwise, I would have never made it. What I have written is just an example of the gross darkness some people are living in.

Seeing his idea wasn’t as great as he had expected, Sam went back to his mother’s with a heavy heart. The only thing that saved me was that I had settled it in my heart to go all the way. It is good we do not always know how far all the way is in advance or, no doubt, we would never have the courage to start. Our Lord knows, though, how to get us to Heaven and I still pray, “Lord, help me to get to Heaven, whatever the cost.”

Chapter 5



I prayed for the Lord to work as He knew best to help Sam give me up and I believe God did help. He finally said he knew it had to be over and on the 17th day of February, he said good-bye. It took us seven months and two days to part. It is too bad there isn't more love like that today. We would have less divorce in the land.

Note the following poem that I wrote on September 5, 1953:

*Seventeen years ago tonight I was a little bride.
How little I knew then
That tonight a husband I would be denied.
As I view the years and think of then,
Not a thought for the future had I.
Just getting married was my only thought.
I cared not how, nor knew why.
In a way, the whole thing is like a dream,
But it is real without a doubt.
The one I loved, I met too late
So, now I must live without.
If everyone suffered the way I do
For the mistakes they made while young
And the world could know the sorrow I know,
There would be less divorcing done.*

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“ . . . Shall we continue in sin . . . ? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?” Romans 6:1, 2. Thank the Lord! Christ shed His precious blood that we may be saved from sin. “Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame.” I Corinthians 15:34. “And that, knowing the time, that now it is high time to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.” Romans 13:11-14. The word “wantonness” means: unchaste, lewd, reckless, disregardful of decency, etc.; especially an immoral woman.

“All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.” II Timothy 3:16, 17.

Now my thought is, if all good work abounds, where is there any place for sin? The “sin you must” has no foundation. If we must continue in sin, then Christ Jesus died in vain. “Flee also youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.” II Timothy 2:22. If the heart is pure, then the deeds are pure also. The word “pure” means: faultless, blameless, unmixed, free from anything that taints or adulterates. “For sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace.” Romans 6:14. “For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God:” Ephesians 2:8.

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What are we saved from if we are not saved from sin? The Lord does not save us in our sins, but as we come to Him confessing and forsaking sin, He cleanses us from our sin, forgives us and makes us whole through the blood which He shed on the cross for the sole purpose of soul cleansing. “For when ye were the servants of sin, ye were free from righteousness.” Romans 6:20.

You see, it is the righteousness wrought through God and His spirit that converts us from sin and translates us into the kingdom of righteousness. Not of ourselves, but as we become willing and obedient, we are saved. True, “all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.” I John 1:8-10. In or through Adam, we all had sin. Even so, in Christ, all can be redeemed.

“But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” I John 1:7. “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.” I John 2:15-17. The key note is that we seek after and love righteousness.

Sometimes we speak to a person about repentance and they may say, “I never have done anything wrong to repent of.” This may help to clear I John 1:8. You see, there is none good of himself. It takes God and the God-like principle living in the heart to make us good. God doesn’t live in an unclean heart. It must first be cleaned

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by the blood, then He comes in and takes up His abode in our hearts. This is the Holy Spirit which Jesus promised to send when He ascended into Heaven.

After I gave my husband up in order to get out of adultery, people would say things like, “I wish you would have talked to my minister. He could’ve explained that to you and you would not have had to give him up.” Well, dear people, as you can see, those folks are blind to the truth. When we confess our sin and God forgives us, He doesn’t want us to go back to the pit again. If you bathe a pig and he goes back to the mud hole and gets dirty every time you clean him up, after awhile you will know he just doesn’t want to be clean. Jesus came teaching us that we must forsake sin, and He made it possible for us to do it.

I praise Him again and again for the way He dealt with me and helped me to be willing to go His way. The way to Heaven is a high and holy way and no unclean thing can pass over it.

My prayer is that my story will be an enlightenment that will awaken precious young people and cause them to realize the seriousness of marriage. Please don’t play around with people’s hearts. True love should be guarded with utmost care. Please, always remember this!

Chapter 6



What I have written before this is spread over my past life up to 1959. Today is February 7, 1990, and now I attempt to finish the book by the help of the Lord. Let me hasten to say that it has been God every step of the way. Without Him, I could not have made it. Praise Him forever!

We often purpose in our heart, but to fulfill it is something else. Life isn't over yet, but we have come a long way. I know the Lord could call me anytime, so I want to tell you it has been a great blessing living for Jesus. Beginning February 17, 1945, I fully stepped out on faith intending to go all the way. Not once have I considered turning back.

After our separation, I had to find employment. My education was poor, but my will to make it was strong and God had already promised to go with me. I took small jobs wherever I could find them and finally got into home nursing. In 1947, Ms. Queenie Williamson hired me to take care of her mother. This job was a place for my soul to be fed. Sis. Williamson was a precious child of God and she helped me to grow.

The main pain in my heart now was that of having to leave my little Billie Jean of seven years. She would stay with "Mama Short" (my mother) who now lived at Innis, LA and would go to school there. This was near 100 miles from where I was working in

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Hammond, LA. Being away from Billie was very painful for me, and it wasn't good for her, as she missed me a lot. She was a good child and always eager to please. She learned early to drive the tractor, milk the cows, raise chickens, feed the livestock and was always ready to help. It was always important to her to have approval and she worked to that end.

I went home to see Billie as often as I could and at times someone would bring her to see me. But too much of the time, it was not a comfortable situation because employers aren't usually pleased to have one's visitors coming in.

After I worked for the Williamson's for three and a half school terms, I went to New Orleans and got a job taking care of three little boys and keeping house for the William E. Browns. I asked Mr. and Mrs. Brown if I could keep Billie there with me and they were perfectly agreeable and welcomed her to stay. She proved to be a blessing there. She was real good to help with the children. We were quite happy there and Billie was in a good school. It was there that she first became interested in English and she began taking piano lessons. The Lord helped me to buy a new Lester Spinet piano for her and she enjoyed it a lot. My pay wasn't very good and I realized I needed to make more. So, after one year and eight months, I sent Billie back to Mother until I could establish a home for her.

I had my suitcases packed, and kneeling down by them I said, "Dear Lord, my things are packed and I'll go anywhere you want me to, only show me where to go." I felt led to go back to Hammond. The Lord had a job there for me.

Although it was the greatest challenge in all my working experience, it made it possible to buy Billie and me a little home of our own. In the summer of 1954, Mr. Spencer Myers and my brother, Thomas, built us a four-room house. My work was day and

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night so I couldn't stay home at night with Billie, but my sister Margaret was most happy to move into the new house with Billie at 10 White Street. Margaret was in the eleventh grade and Billie was in the ninth. They did real well in their new world. We were so thankful to the Lord that Billie had a home of her own.

Another special blessing was when I was able to buy the lot. It was in walking distance of the Hammond Church of God campground, where we would be able to go to church regularly. Our neighbors were the Saints. Bro. and Sis. E. B. Pinkerton were our close neighbors. Other families that lived near us were Bro. Salvatore DiDio, Bro. Harry Jackson, Bros. Earnest and Robert Forbes, Bro. and Sis. H. S. Jackson, Sr., Bro. and Sis. Max Williamson, Sis. Catherine Simpson, Ms. Queenie Williamson, Bro. and Sis. Ray Key and Warner and Clotilde Forbes. All were saved and attending church together. One can see this was a blessing from the Lord.

It was about ten months later, May 26, 1955, before I got to spend my first night in our house. In the fall of 1957 my sister, Mary Dale, came to live with us. We were happy to have her. She entered school in Hammond and lived with us two years. By this time, I was blessed to have a job where I could stay home at night and I sure enjoyed my home; the home I had so long needed and prayed for. God had answered our prayers. Thank you, Lord!

In the fall of 1960, my sister, NavaJo, came home from France where she taught school. She bought a house on the edge of Hammond and let Mother and the rest of my sisters move into it. They had lived on the farm at Batchelor, LA from January 1946 to 1960. Later, Mother sold the farm to our brother, Carroll. We were so happy to have Mother close where she could attend services in Hammond.

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Mother had been saved and was living for the Lord, but she found added strength there with a group of Saints and continued to grow in the Lord. From time to time, Mother suffered much with different afflictions and many times the good Lord healed her. She found precious friends among the Saints which remained close friends the rest of her life. Although Mother's life had been very hard, the dear Lord brought her into a wealthy place and praise our dear Lord, she died in the faith on September 12, 1983. She was 81 years old.

Billie did well in school and graduated in May of 1958. Then she started at SLU in the fall of 1958. She finished her degree at SLU in January, 1962. She met her future husband, Harvey A. Theriot in college and they were married February 26, 1960. The same month she got her diploma, she also gave birth to their first child. Terri Anne was born January 6, 1962.

In 1965, I decided to add another large bedroom, bath, carport and utility room onto my house. Then on September 27, 1976, I sold the house for \$17,000. I did not owe one penny on it. I took \$16,189 of this money and paid my brother to build a new house for me on Harvey and Billie's land near Loranger, LA. Ben truly put his heart into giving me all he possibly could for the money. I appreciate so much all he did and I'm perfectly happy with it. Thank the Lord again for all He has blessed me with.

When I think of where the Lord brought me from—how He saved my soul, gave me grace to give up all I did to do His will—it is nothing short of a miracle. Praise my Lord forever!

To whomever reads my book; please don't be afraid to give your whole life to Jesus. It's by far the place that pays the highest dividends and it affords perfect satisfaction. I can't afford to fail

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Him now. I am getting close to my heavenly home and I sure am looking forward to seeing my blessed Jesus!

“Lord, I give to you my will, my all to have and to hold, from this time forth and forever more. I yield it all to you.”

Often wills of one kind or another are made. Sometimes they hold good, but sometimes they are broken. About 48 years ago, the Lord saved my soul and put willingness in my heart to will my life to Him. At the time, I could not see far ahead, but I was given a solution. This was it: Sis. Catherine said, “Take a bed sheet and spread it out. Then take everything you know and all you don’t know and put it on that sheet. Then tie the four corners together and hand it to the Lord and ask Him to deal out to you just what you need at the proper time.” My faith took that in and it has brought me safe thus far. All praise be to Him, it works!

Being dead indeed unto self is quite a death and we will find as we go along through life that we will have even more dying to do. Things come up that we have not anticipated. Tests are harder than expected, but that is only part of the all things. You say, “It is so hard.” No, just remember it is part of the all things, and your heavenly Father sees fit to do some more purging. He knows that you want to be all He is calling you to be, so He is helping you get there. Hold steady and watch all things work for your good. Faith in God will take you through! Praise the Lord! Yes, this is the way to Heaven, and a happy way. From the depths of our soul we can sing with joy unspeakable and full of glory, “I am happy, redeemed and free!” We can only enjoy this freedom after we have learned how to appreciate Isaiah 1:19, “If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land.”

Through the years, I have learned more and more how to trust the Lord for the healing of my body. All along the way, I have

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trusted Him, but I didn't always understand how to lay hold on all He had for me. Recently I came across a testimony that I sent to the Faith Publishing House about 15 years ago:

LA, Dear Sister Marie and to all the precious Saints,

Greetings in the name of our Lord. It has been, and still is, so dear to me. I praise and thank Him for His healing power and the marvelous grace He has given me. I praise the Lord because the swelling in my eye and face went down and the bad pain has stopped. I wish I could tell you how rich this blessing has been, and still is to my soul. Thank you for all of the love, prayers, cards, letters, flowers, food, and phone calls and all that has been done for me. The Saints have all been so good to help out. I love and appreciate everyone so much

I love my Lord and have made a decision to go all the way with Him. I am still begging for prayer. It seems that this infection in my eye and nose is still holding on besides other afflictions. I want to be well to work for the Lord, so please hold me up in prayer before the throne of grace.

In Christian Love,

Sis. Gladys Cashio

I had suffered with a severe eye infection and wondered if I would lose my eyesight. Well, about 15 years later, I am happy to tell you the infection did clear up and I was healed soon after I wrote the testimony. I have been healed many times since then. Thank the Lord! My faith is in no other.

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Today I am especially thankful for a miracle He has done. I have not kept up with how long it has been, but for three years or more, I have not been able to read without my eyes and head hurting. I once tried to get glasses, but when the pair I had made did not fit, the doctor told me that there wasn't anything he could do for me. After that, I didn't want to do anything but wait on the Lord. Down deep inside me, I felt like that was the thing to do, so I waited and trusted.

I felt the burden to finish this book and I asked my daughter to bring me her typewriter so I could get someone to type for me. I also thought I needed someone to read for me. I always have been fascinated with a typewriter, so I sat down and soon I was writing and reading! I realized that there were no ill effects from it and I am able to do it without any help! Praise the Lord, I am healed! The good Lord has healed my eyes!!! Surely He gets all the glory.

It was in the early '40s that I started going to the Hammond camp meeting. I lived in Hammond most of the time. When I was there, I usually taught a Sunday school class that began in the late '40s. I also had a burden for extra work with the children.

When Billie and I lived in New Orleans, we came to Hammond on the bus every other Sunday, if not more, to attend services. We would stay until after night service and then take a late bus back to the city. We would ride a street car down St. Charles and walk two blocks on to the Brown's where we worked at that time. That was when we never had to be afraid. Drugs were not a widespread problem and so far as we knew, people were harmless. For sure, God took care of us.

Much later it was needful to sell the old Southern Church of God campground. The Saints who had lived there moved out, so the place lost some of its value. It was sold in 1982 and the money was

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put into the Oak Grove campground near Loranger, LA. In 1983, they built a large chapel to accommodate camp meetings as well as our regular services. We are thankful for the way God has helped us. Yes, God has a Church and it is moving on today. After all these years, I am fully persuaded that this is the Way. Praise the Lord for His precious Holy Spirit, our teacher and guide!

Chapter 7



Thankfulness brings happiness! Praise the Lord this morning! We awake with God's blessings all around and realize the vastness of our riches. "I'm so glad I learned to trust in Jesus. I'm so glad I'm trusting Him today. I'm so glad He's walking close beside me, and He's going with me all the way!" My wonderful, everlasting, almighty God has made room for even me. I am so thankful there is room at the cross for me, room in the Church for me, room among thousands for me, or room among few for me, room in my heart for God and room to love everybody! Today there is plenty of room to kneel and pray. Today we still have time to tell someone we love them, to show forth the graces of God in our hearts, to tell them of Jesus' love and point them to Heaven. There is room in Heaven for all, praise our Savior's name. If we remain faithful, room is waiting in Heaven for us. Praise God, plenty of room!

I thank the Lord that He has time to hear our prayers, time to look our way, and time to fill our needs.

When I needed an earthly house, God had one for me. Before it was built, He had the needed material on hand and someone in time to build it. Our God had a place for us before He formed us. What a mighty God we serve! There was space for my house and all that was needed to furnish it. I love to reach out and invite friends in. God's love reaches out this morning inviting all to come to His

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eternal home that He has for whosoever will. No one forced me to build a house. I was willing and God made it possible. The Word says, "The willing and the obedient shall eat the good of the land." Praise God, I am eating and drinking and resting in the house of God! In this house, there is room and time for sweet communication with the Lord. I am amazed at all God has placed within our reach to enjoy. And then just to think, He is waiting for us in glory. I Corinthians 2:9 says, "But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."



Looking Heavenward

What does Jesus mean to you?

He is everything to me.

He has promised to someday come back.

And take me home to live with Him through all eternity.

The joy of knowing He loves me so,

Brings music to my heart.

And someday I shall be with Him,

Where never more we'll part.

Just knowing that His love is true

And He is coming after me,

Makes me happy to make all sacrifice

And most contented be.

For I am waiting for my Lord,

My Savior, my guide, my all.

And while I wait, I talk to Him.

He hears me when I call.

Someday I'll see Him face to face

And know as I am known,

Forever to reign in that glorious place,

Where no one lives alone.

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Christ, Our Friend and Savior

*'Tis so sweet to meet in prayer with God our Father,
To tell Him all our grief and all our care.
We come with faith in Him and full submission.
O joy, to find Him gently waiting there!*

*Most blessed are we, who know the precious Savior,
And have learned to lean upon His mighty arm;
To walk with Him through sunshine or through shadow,
And find He safely keeps us from all harm.*

*Upon my bed through restless nights I whisper
His name, and count my blessings one by one.
My troubles all so quickly seem to vanish,
As I think of all the good that He has done.*

*When all the world around is dark and stormy
And the clouds of sorrow hide Him from our view,
The gentle wind of faith comes softly stealing
Across the sky and brings the sunshine through.*

*As we read His precious Word, there is born a longing
For sweet communion with our Lord in prayer.
When we fall asleep with thoughts of all His goodness,
And rest safely in His loving care.*

*And through the night in dream land we are thinking,
How His goodness to us is beyond compare.
While the cup of joy my happy soul is drinking,
I awake to find my Jesus standing there.*

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His presence is so real, I say, "Good morning!"

His love has surely captured my heart and soul

Again He takes my hand and walks beside me

As we travel homeward to my final goal.

All the Way

*We rise at early morning
And to our Lord we pray,
For constant care and keeping
As we walk with Him today.*

*“Thy grace Lord we are seeking.
Keep us, lest we stray.”
I want to walk with Jesus,
Each step. Yes, all the way.*



*The way may be rough and stormy,
Others may go astray.
But my eyes are set on Heaven.
“Lord, lead me all the way.”*

*“Thy grace is all sufficient.”
Souls seek Him while you may.
My heart is fixed on Jesus
To go with Him all the way.*

Lord, My Lord, I Believe

*Believe in the Lord with all of our heart,
As on the upward road to Heaven we start.
Believe in Him as Savior and friend.
Believe in Him steadfast to the end.
Believe in Him for body and soul.
To believe, just believe, is far better than gold.
Believe in His love, believe in His Word.*

*Believe in His power, believe He is Lord.
Believe that He loves you, believe just believe.
Believe He is above you, your soul to relieve.
Believe that He saves, believe that He cares.
Believe He is with you and your burden bears.
Believe in the cross at dark Calvary.
Believe that He bore it for you and for me.
Believe in the blood that was shed on that day,
And the power within to take sin away.
By the stripes on His back believe we are healed.
When He said, "It is finished," our salvation He sealed.
He had made the way the soul to relieve,
He is our all, if we only believe.*



In His Keeping

*We awoke this morning with God's blessing all around
And coming to Him in early prayer, His sweet presence we found.
How beautiful the morning our Father has made!
So perfect the handiwork so restful the shade.
The sweet voice of song birds ring out through the air,
Thanking Him for the morning and for His loving care.
The birds, like we, go to rest through the night
And refreshed, awake to praise Him at early morning light.
Restful in His keeping, content in His love,
For we know He watches over us from heaven above.*

*Sweet peace overshadows us while in His love we rest,
For in Him we have blessed assurance while leaning on His breast.
His kind gentle mercy has brought us this far,
And He will still be with us when we have crossed the bar.*

Let Us Travel On

*I am seeking a city far, far away
Where I will see Jesus some sweet day.
Though my steps now are feeble, I must travel on,
For I long to be with Him in our heavenly home.*

*He has given me instructions and I must follow thru.
He never requires any more than we can do.
We have all to gain, lose we must not.
With glory land awaiting, the battle soon forgot.*

*In heaven we'll sing the great redemption story
And reign eternally with our father in glory.
So, children press on, it will be worth the fight,
We are in the Lord's army and heaven is our right.*

*He is working together the things for our good.
We can make it to heaven for He said we could.
Bring all cares to Jesus and in faith leave them there.
The victory we will win if we trust all to His care.*

