

**IN MEMORIAM**

As one who claims to have loved most and have been loved most by the recently departed Miss Betty McGee, I should like to record my feelings concerning her life.

Betty McGee was one who had little to offer, but she offered much. She gave her love and affection to me—who had no mother, and showed me in seven years the greatest love one person can show for another. She cared for me with all the tenderness of her heart. Her happiness was complete only when I was happy.

It was she who taught me to pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep". It was she who gave me enough pennies and nickels to amount to over a hundred dollars. It was she who apprehended me when I tried out my first cuss word, and who threatened to tell my father—but never did. It was she who carted me off in the summer to visit all her relatives in the nearby country districts. It was she who petted me, pampered me, and loved me as a mother.

And what did this mean to me? It meant that I would sacrifice no end to be able to visit her on successive summers after my family moved to Florida. It meant that the tie that bound us could not be severed by distances. No, physical distances cannot separate true love, because Betty McGee came to mean more to me as time went on, as the distance between us became greater. As a sailor on the Pacific ocean, I felt as many other men in the armed forces came to feel at one time or another in their military careers; I felt very far away from all that had once been dear to my heart. I felt an estrangement with many of the former things I had valued so highly. Many things were lost, but the greatest thing that kept me bound to home was the feeling inside me that there was love in someone's heart for me. I knew that no matter what happened, there was one who would always remain true to me. I think her love had the spirit of God in it. Because when all else changes, only the love of God remains constant, and here was her love for me remaining, though thousands of miles of water and land separated us, and values had changed.

The armistices came. I came home. I have not seen Betty McGee since, but even so, a



**PEARL HARBOR, T. H.—(Delayed)**—Marine Captain R. G. Straine, of Franklin, N. C., is shown above greeting his wife and daughters, Sally and Roberta, as they disembark from the naval transport USS JEFFERSON upon arrival here. It is the first time the family has been together in six months. Capt. Straine is officer in charge of the buildings and grounds office at the Ewa Marine corps air station.

Capt. Straine, a native of Macon County, is the son of Mrs. Floyd Straine, of Franklin, N. C., is shown above greeting his wife and daughters, Sally and Roberta, as they disembark from the naval transport USS JEFFERSON upon arrival here. It is the first time the family has been together in six months. Capt. Straine is officer in charge of the buildings and grounds office at the Ewa Marine corps air station.

strong bond of mutual awareness of love has been between us. When she entered the hospital, I felt a heaviness of heart, but her reply was to not to worry about her. And now Betty McGee has taken her place among the blessed of the Lord.

A lesson can be learned by all of us by looking at her life. It became her lot in life to serve others, and this she did with a cheerful heart. She never gained material wealth, but she gained something else out of life that many of us are searching for, but have been unable to find. She found the gift of God. What is this gift of God?—it is the love of one's neighbor with a love that is true and pure.

Truly, Betty McGee, you have run the race of life well. You have proven yourself worthy of

God's gift, you have earned a crown of righteousness.

—ROBERT DADY, Lynchburg, Va.

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