

6 June 26

Dear Fr. Zimmerman,

Thank you for your letter. Many of the fondest memories of my childhood are of St. Alban's. It was the center of our family's life in Waco. I recall the mystery of the sanctuary, the dark wood and high rafters, the smell of candle wax, and the deep tones of the organ. Often it was my father playing it, while we, at a glance or nod from him, pulled the stops or turned the pages of the sheet music.

Next to the church was the parish hall, where we gathered afterwards, and then again on Wednesday evening, for a potluck dinner.

There was a St. Alban's school that my little brothers went to, and we all played on the basketball team, part of a Waco league, proud of our T-shirts with the name of the parish emblazoned on them.

Every summer we kids all spent a week together at Camp Kingsolving, near Belton. We had fishing and archery contests, and every evening went out on a hill near the lodge for vespers with Fr. Higgins, as the sun was setting.

Later, in our bunks, we listened to him read a chapter from one of the Narnia books. At the end of his reading, the Great Silence began. It was understood that none of us could say a word until he came back at dawn to wake us up. I remember lying in the darkness, listening to the katydids and dreaming of those four children in that wondrous land.

So many other memories I could relate, but perhaps some day when we meet, and I can hear your own.

Please remember me warmly to Alan, and thank Wesley for the bulletins he sometimes sends along.

Yours, with all good wishes,

Terry