

Prairie View A&M University

**Digital Commons @PVAMU**

---

Pauline R. Brown Collection

PVAMU Faculty and Administrator

---

7-14-1968

## **General S. Johnson Letter**

Prairie View A&M College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.pvamu.edu/pauline-r-brown-collections>

---

2901 South Raymond Avenue  
Los Angeles, California 90007  
July 14, 1968

Mr. John Gary  
Ambassador Hotel - Coconut Grove  
Los Angeles, California

Dear Mr. Gary:

Down Memory's Lane my thoughts go back today to the romance with the man in my life. The courtship blossomed, and the courtship led to a pledge between two lovers, who looked with keen anticipation to their Wedding Day. Wedding invitations were printed and addressed, ready for mailing.

Here the hand of Fate stepped in. With the swiftness of an arrow I was struck down with illness and long hospitalization, hovering between life and death. Hope brightened when I went home to the warmth of family and friends. Convalescing with satisfaction, a relapse put me back in bed. The Wedding date arrived. Physicians said "thumbs down" at this time. There were tears, of course.

Improvement followed. A new Wedding date was set. Invitations with an inclosure card, giving the new date were mailed. Hopes heightened and brightened, along with increased interest and attentions from the Groom-to-be. Two days before the Wedding date, physicians said that due to my physical condition, marriage in bed was necessary. Tears again flowed, this time more freely.

On my Wedding Day I was readied for the happy hour, dress put on over my gown, hat on, bouquet in hand, bed pushed in position. (My mother lay critically ill in another room. She died six weeks later). To the strains of Lohengren the groom and attendants took their positions amid a garden of flowers. Before the minister said, "Dearly Beloved," a friend sang "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." That was in another city and another state. Through the years this melody has followed us giving us hope and inspiration. On that Wedding night there were no dry eyes. No one knew if it would last or be a "death-bed" ceremony.

Through the years we have led an active life with service to the community and country. Come Sunday, July 21, our exact Wedding date, we will observe thirty-three years of wedded bliss. It would thrill our hearts for you to sing in your melodious voice "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" for us and enable us to recapture the emotions of that hour.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. General S. Johnson (Mary L.)