

17/8/14

My earliest recollections seem filled with the tarts, cookies and little round doughnuts that my grandmother made for me. As I grew older I learned to appreciate her friendship and to enjoy visits with her. Her stories of the hardships of her grandfathers who fought in the revolutionary war, her father, brother, uncles and cousins who fought in the war of 1812, and of her sons who fought in the great civil war, filled me with an intense admiration for my ancestors, an enthusiastic love of my country and its history, and a wild desire to be a soldier and wear my country's uniform. But in the last few years the beauty and strength of her character, her sincere devotion to, child-like faith in, and constant work for her Master, have caused me to see and appreciate the grandeur of her life.

This little sketch is offered to her descendants with the hope that, in refreshing their memories of her, their love for her God and her country may be quickened.

H. P. W.

Columbus, Ohio,
December 25, 1893.

Harry Parker Ward