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Southern TH BY: John M. NELCON 4C3 + 25

Submitted by John M. Nelson, C/o Chamber of Commerce Nashville, Ferm.

RY John M. Melson.

REVEALING

No one knew how long the open door had stood between the dwellers of the little walky in the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains, in the edge of the great Middle Temmessee Basin, and the outside world. Through it had passed thousands of mem and women, some going in, others coming out. Some went in who never came out. Others came out who never returned but the part this little opening in the hills played in the livesof those men and women was never more clearly shown than in the life of one of the inhabitants of Faith Valley, one who both went out and came back through this open door.

That one was Ephrihan Harrell and around his coming and going is a story such

It was through this open door that Nathan Harrell entered Jaith Talley during the late afternoon of April 23, 1780. This date was easy for the descendants of the first Harrell of the Talley to remember. It was the same as that on which "The Adventure," the leader of the little fleet of boats that brought the families of James Robertson and other founders of Mashville, landed at the spot on Cumberland River known as "The Ninffs" and founded what is now the Capital City of Temmessee. The two events, the founding of Mashville and the entrance of the white man into Paith Valley made by Mathan Harrell, were synonomous in the minds of all inhabitants of the Valley. All had open from the little Matanga Settlement on the Helston River, and the Harrells and their kin, never forgot that fact.

Then Nath Harrell first looked up and beheld the open door, he could no more resist the impulse that drew him through it on April 63, 1780, them could his grand-son, Ephrikam Harrell, when the open door drew him through it and out into the big world beyond when he was a lad of fifteen, and that drew him back through the same opening fifteen years later. There was an appeal about that opening that seemed to be constantly drawing man and many are the appeals of this varied appeal.

The two appeals, however, in which we are most concerned are those that came to Ephriham Earrell on the two major consists when he passed through the opening between the hills, one as he went out, the other as he came in. Probably the same appeal has come to you and to me. Probably we answered, probably we did not. Only you and I cam say.

Be that as it may. The Open Door to Faith Valley is yet open and we mayeren

Names:

Harrell, Ephriham Harrell, Nathan

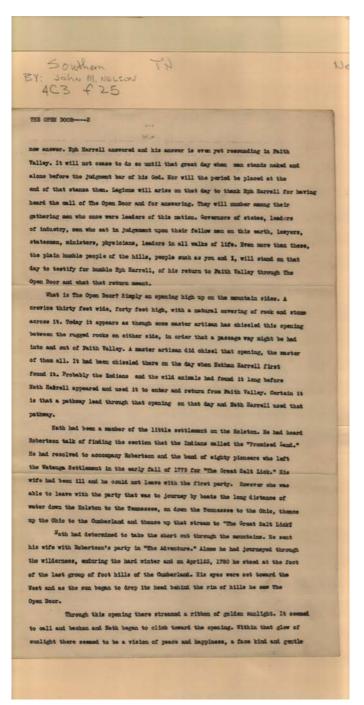
Types:

novel

Nelson, John M. Robertson, James

Revealing
The Open Door

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Names:

Harrell, Eph

Types:

novel

Harrell, Nathan

Robertson,

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BY: John M. NELCON 4C3 + 25

THE OPEN DOOR--- S.

and it seemed to smile. Eath smilet in return and continued to climb until he stood within the opening. Maybe beyone key his journey's end. Maybe there he would first his friends. Maybe it lead to "The Great Salt Lick." He would see.

Entering into the Valley Nath found that it did not lead to the banks of the Camberland. Instead there was a big, broad, long walley, one seeming to wait for human hands to come and prepare it for the growing grain. Nath found a big spring flowing from the side of the hills. Its water was pure and wholesome. They lead but a few short miles to a beautiful, winding river that fead the walley and draw its supply from other similar springs.

"On God, I thank you for this vision. I thank you for what I see. It is not the Cumberland but I have faith that the end of my journey is near. I have faith in you to lead me there." This simple prayer Nath Harrell offered at the spring just within the valley, a spot overlooked by the open door and he knew that some day he would come back here for home.

A few short days and Sph Marrell had found that this valley would be itsel for a colony of his friends. He would go to "The Great Salt Lick" and bring them back. He would call this Faith Valley and the opening would be "The Open Door." So they are today and so they shall ever be.

Two days journey later and Math was at what his friends called "The Sluffs."
This was a spot on the Omberland near the great spring of "The Great Sait Lick."
Here he found his wife waiting. They had made the journey quicker than he. To her
and the others he told the story of the wonderful valley of faith that he had found.
Its beauties he told and of the Open Door he told nothing. This was his secret, He
had trouble in getting them to accompany him to his wonder spot. Hobertson, Demaldson,
even old Dan'l Boone, sought to dissuade them. At last five families agreed to
go and see. They arrived in the late afternoon and again the sunlight was streaming
through the open door. They all entered. They never returned to spay for their was
something about The Open Boor that always called them back.

Rich and fertile, Faith Valley was easy for them to clear. True the Cherchees, Choctaws and other tribes had reserved this great Middle Temmessee hasin as a hunting ground. They resemted the mirent of the white men and many emocunters ensued as the number in Faith Valley grew, but in the end they wan out and Faith Valley became one of the most noted in this wonderful new West. It was the Open Boor that seemed to hold them most. Somehor each and everyone loved that opening and the beautiful stream that they termed the Garrison that flows out beside the opening to wend its way to the outside world. Through this door Bath and his friends went to join Jackson for his trip to New Orleans where the rugged Temmesseans saved the mation.

Through the open door he returned, never again to leave the valley says for supplies or

Names:

Boone, Daniel Donaldson,

Types:

novel

Harrell, Eph Harrell, Nath Jackson, Robertson,

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EY: John M. NELSON 4C3 + 25

THE OPEN DOOR-4.

a visit to Mashville and their friends.

Leter Faith Valley and those of its immediate section, became a part of one of the greatest Middle Temposees Counties, they now form the county of Garrison. It adjoins Entherford County and Entherford in turn lays ment to Davidson County, Mashville being in the latter and now the Capital City of Temposees. Faith Valley sent many of those who added in forming the constitution of Temposees, formed the laws that governed in those early days and many of those laws are yet upon the statute books of the Volunteer State. Always it remained one of Temposees's most prominent agricultual and stock raising communities.

Even the onward march of progress has failed to change the love of The Open Door. It still exists. Through this door Joel Harrell, father of Eph, went to join the armies of the Confederacy when Tennessee alligned itself with that cause. He returned a here, with sours of battle in his body and enfeebled thereby. For years the result of these wounds continued to sap his blood.

3-5 H

Then came Eph. His arrival in the valley was unveloome. Joel's health was never the best after the war. His big farm and stock raising interests, left him by old Eath, was a burden hard for him to manage. The coming of Eph was simply another mouth to fill. Joel worked on with the same stoledity of the mountain people. He never complained. He stood his sufferings and trials and worked on.

Molly Marrell, Eph's nother, was one of the true gems of Faith Valley, Newer was there a more beloved person among its number. Always a dainty, delicate woman, becutiful to the extreme, tall and stately, resembling more the wild nountain flowers with which she played, more than her rough, raw-boood companions. A nature sweet and beautiful, with a simplicity and belief in the alleise Provilence that watched over Faith Valley. She was an angel to the other people of her retreat section. Dervot in her belief, she always saught to spread her belief to others.

Molly was one of the few children of the Valley that were sent away to school. She learned all there was to be taught at the little three month school held in the log school house, with its split log benches, that sajoined the little log church. Mollys left the valley, went out through The Open Door. Went to Nashville where for four years she studied. The daughter of Will Keller, one of the few of the Valley folks who had managed to assemble a little wealth from his agricultual activities, she was given every advantage. She came back through the Open Door, more beautiful, more stately and the pride of the whole walley. Molly taught school in the little school house for several years and then married Joel Marrell, why, no one how.

Names:

, Eph

, Nath

Types:

novel

Harrell, Joel Harrell, Molly Keller, Will

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Southern BY: John M. NELSON 4C3 f 25

THE OPEN DOOR---5.

Taking her place in Joel's home, Mollie continued to be the maint of the Valley. To her everyone went when in trouble. She never failed them and when she could not solve her problems she took them to her God and found a way out. She went about her work just as did the bees that sipped the hemsy from the mountain flowers, singing. Her besutiful voice could be heard any day raised in the simple old songs of her people, as she went about her work. She sang the old "meetin' songs" as no one else could sing. Strangers entering through The Open Door, always stopped and listened to her song as it floated through the valley. To the tired worker in the fields her song of religion was said to be more gripping and forceful than any sermon. Her life was a benediction.

When Eph came she seemed to grow even more tender. Motherhood was to her the opening to a new life. She dreamed dreams of greatness for her son. She taught him the simple faith she held in her God. She eaught to make her God, his God. She talked to him, as he grow up stronger and stronger, of the great outside world she had seen. She did not want him to become just one of the Falleyites? She pictured him in a big place. The constant tilling of the soil, harvesting of crope, tending the sheep, the hard winters, those she did not want Eph to suffer. He must become a part of this great outside and she taught him the things she had learned in old Ward Sominary at Hashville.

At night, after Eph had come home from school, after he had tended to his chores about the home, she taught the child even more than did the teacher at the school. With such training it was but natural that Eph should become one of the brightest children of the Valley. She told him of The Open Door and what lay beyond, but more than this, she told him of another Open Door that waited for all who would come, the door to etermal happiness.

Then Eph was ten years of age the blow came. Joel gave up and slipped away.

His going was a severe blow to Holly, but she never complained. Eph did a san's

work and spent days in the fields. Her brother, Frank, came to live with them. He

and Eph did the work. At night Holly continued her education of her sen. She never

ceased telling him of the world beyond the open door. She always took him with her

to Wartburg, the little railway station that served the valley as its source of supply.

There were the stores, the shops, the mills and such other necessary sources for

the needs of the hill people.

Unier her watchful guidance the seed she was sowing took root. Bph spent his ddle hours in study, what few there were. He became strong and powerful, like the hills he loved. Not so with Holly. Her cheeks became more sallow. Oftimes they appeared flushed and burning but she passed it off with a langh. Her songs continued. Slowly her strongth waned, but she never complained. She went about her tasks with

Names:

, Eph

, Frank

, Joel

, Molly

Types: novel

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BY: John M. NELSON 4C3 & 25

THE OPEN DOOR--- 6.

a song of praise. Her osuge was almost constant. Then one day the doctor from the village came. He instantly knew the cause. The dread disease had gotten held. It had some too far.

Eph did not know. A boy of fifteen, he was not told of his nother's condition.

At night he lay on his cot in the hallowy that divided the two big rooms of the
log cabin home. He looked always toward the Open Boor. There seemed to be something
there calling him. He could not answer. Through this door came to him the shrill,
far away sound of the whistle of the locomotive that drew the trains through Wartburg.

Ee had seen them. Some day he would let them take him away to that world about which
his mother told him. Those whistles seemed to sing of freedom and happiness.

000

Then one night the door swame open. Molly had faught her last. With a smile to Eph she passed away. Her saintly soul went to join that Maker of whom she talked so much. Hearthroken, Eph was lead away. There in that little hallway he looked up at the Open Door. There seemed to be a ray of brilliant gold coming through it as the moon hung just beyond. Through his tears he heard and saw and his heart resolved to answer the call of the door. He would go out as the others had come in.

Two days later Mollie was placed in the little grave that was dug by hands of those who loved her. Beside her beloved Joel she was placed for eternal sleep. The circuit rider came and said the simple words. He commended Molly's body to the ground, her soul to her eternal peace. Plowers were piled upon her grave, placed there by hands of the neighbors who loved her. He magnificent florals, just the simple mountain flowers.

That night hip packed his few belongings in his mother's old telescope. He bade his unale good-bye, slipped away silently to the new grave in the church yard, imelt a while in silent prayer, poured his tears upon his mother's grave, arose, took one last glance over the valley he loved so well, at the only place that could ever be called home, turned his face toward the Open Door and began his climb,

The door stood open. Hope sternal fills the human breast. It was so with high Harrell that night. He believed that before him lay a great adventure. In his child's mind he pictured the big cities with their giant wheels turning and turning as industry thrived. He would go to one of them, which he did not know. There he would become a mighty captain of industry. He he would become a great lawyer or maybe governor, the highest office he knew. He would come back through that Open Door, but when he did he would be a great man. The song of the siren lured him on. The moon became brighter, the world seemed more beautiful. Only the one heartache of that lost mother bothered him as he looked to the light.

Names:

, Molly

Types:

novel

Harrell, Eph

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> Southern 403 f 25

THE OPEN DOOR-7.

That light seemed to lead him on to the Open Boor. At last he stool in the opening. Beyond, the winding road that lead to Wartberg and to the beginning of his dreams, seemed but a silver ribbon glowing with happiness. He turned and looked back at the Valley. He could not see the spot where his mother slept. Only the dim roof of his home could be see. The mornlight seemed to make the Valley grotesque as it played its fanciful shadows over it all. Only a brief moment did he look, then slowly he turned away.

Next morning he was in Wartburg when the sun arcose. He went to the store and purchased himself a new pair of shoes. The big heavy brogens would never do for the future captain of industry. The old ones were thrown away. He went to the little railway station, purchased a ticket for Mashville, waited for the "Ehert Dog", mounted its stops and for the first time role in the "steam cars."

At last the great city. Mashville loomed ahead. At the railway station on Church Street he unloaded. The streets were something new and wonderful. He stool and gazed at the big buildings. They seemed almost piled upon each other. There was no openings between. There was no hills forming a background. All was hustle and

That first day. How he did enjoy himself. No thought that the slim little \$25.00 he had in his pocket would not keep him forever. He spent recklessly, boug candy, banannas, cranges, everything that he had once pictured he would have. He risited the mighty State Capitol standing on its high hill. He climbed to its tower and gazed over the surroundings. In the distance he saw a row of hills and a heart throb come. Those hills hid happy valleys, his his own Faith Valley and on the other side was

Old Ward Seminary, on Spruce Street, was one of his greatest interests. His mother had studied here. The great gray brick buildings were a wonder to him. Church "treet with its stores and shops, therry Street with its big and busy places, all of these he saw. Even the penitentiary, across the railway tracks from the station, was

Then he came to the crowning glory of all, the old Marwell House. Squire Jim Thomas, who had once represented Garrison County in the legislature, always talked of this. In the large lobby he revelet. He visited the "up starire", sat down in the chairs and enjoyed himself all day.

What was this talk he heard on all sidest Spain, The Maine, Dewey, wart What did it all meant Soldiers in bright blue uniforms, officers with jingling swords. That was it wall about? He must find out. He learned that soldiers were encamped at the Fair Grounds on the Western border of the city. He would go and see.

It did not take Eph long to make up his mind that he must join the army. Had not

Names:

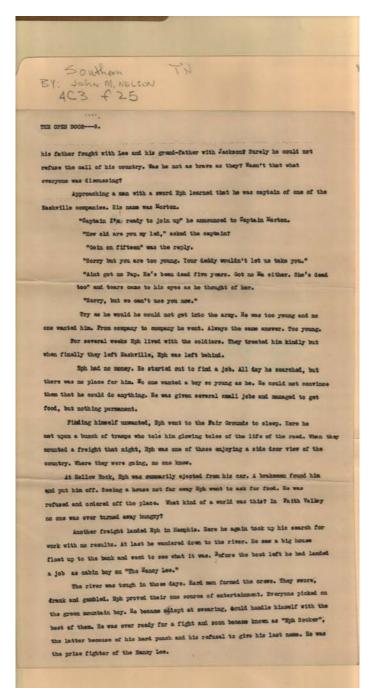
, Eph

Types:

novel

Thomas, Jim

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Names:

, Eph

Types:

novel

Jackson,

Lee,

Morton, Captain

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BY: John M. NELSON 4C3 + 25

THE OPEN DOOR---9.

Three years of the river and Eph was a seasoned veteran. Then came another blow. The Nancy Lee burned to the unter's edge at Violesburg. Again Eph was out of a home and out of a job. We was taken on by another boat but at New Orleans was discharged. All day long he searched for work, but there was none. He couldn't find anything.

Broke and discouraged, Eph dropped into "The Lantern" one of the toughest joints on the river front between New Orleans and St. Louis. Here he heard some thugs talking about a holdup. They had gotten many with their job very easily. Here was an idea, why couldn't he do the same.

A chance meeting with a stranger searching for the wharf of a certain boat. Sph
inser just where it was and offered to pilot the stranger there for the price of a bed.
They turned into a dark alley and Sph happened to think of what he had heard at "The
Lentern." Quick as a flash he acted. His heavy fist, driven by his powerful frame,
landed behind the stranger's ear. Hurriedly Sph went through his pookets, finding
a roll of bills. These he placed in his own pocket and silently slipped away.

The next day the police came to the river front looking for the one who had robbed the stranger. No one knew who had pulled the job. Eph knew less than anyone, even though \$150 reposed in his pocket, more than he had ever known before.

The rest came easy. Byh became one of the smoothest artists on the river front. He always worked alone, this was safest. His beak roll grow. Themever he neede money he found a victim. He became bolder and worked more prominent streets. Hever once was he managed he dressed as well as he thought advisable for a river rat. He never told or hragged. He was accepted as one of the cheap gamblers that infested that section. Then he made a slip. This slip came near being damperous and Eph took a train for Texas.

In the great open spaces he seemed to continue to do well. He worked on alone, always covering his tracks easily. Then into Oblahoms and Indian Secretary, all the time keeping up his easy take. He never used a gun, his first was just as sure and male less noise.

In Makagis Eph took things easy. In a saleon one night, a fight started. Eph ended it with a few well placed blows. He learned that his opponent was one of the best known boxers and fighters of the country. New friends crowled about him. In a short time he had formed alliance with three strangers. They booked him to fight. He fought the fights and they divided their winnings. Two of the number worked the crowds that attended the fight and they made clean sweeps. Little was left in the patrons pockets. The next day they were gone to another town.

at South Mcallister the trouble came. An unusually hard fight had been booked. Eph ami his gang had their all placed on the results. The handy boys were reaping a big harvest. Slim made a slip and a cowboy found his hand in another's

Names:

, Eph

Types:

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Sowhern T BY: John M. NELSON 4C3 + 25

THE OPEN DOOR----- 10.

pocket. A free for all started. Eph looked around and the next moment he was down for the count. They were not only cleaned but imstled out of town.

That night a bank was found in a small town. The gang soon had the door open, the safe blown and they were on a train again. That was Eph's first big job. He didn't relish the task. There was too much noise about this work. However the \$1,000 in his pecket made it worth while.

Lower and lower Eph alipped. So longer was he the clean limbet, bright eyed boy of the mountains. He had performed almost every orine save that of surder. It looked as though that would be mark. No he would not stoop to that. He would make for Chicago and the big cities and work alone.

Forking alone and fast Tph soon became noted as the most dangerous underworld character. Every crime was charged to him. From coast to coast he worked, always managing to make good his getaway, never using anything but his fist. His life was simply one dodge of the cope after another. Small town or big city it was the name. He elept but little. He became nervous and jumpy. He meeted a rest.

A fresh trim of his beard, his only mak, and Egh slipped amay tellibrida.

All went well until one night Egh decided to pull a job. Why he did not know. He had plenty of money in his pockets, yes bills of big denominations for he always managed to change his small bills for larger ones. This he did at beaks so that there could be no tracing. What he kept in his pockets was always new and received in honest transactions. Why he pulled the job he never know.

Next day he learned that his new board out had given him way. A resoreasily relieved that and his biggest pride was trimmed away. The result in the mirror was startling. Hid face had hardened and deep lines appeared. Here he was at thirty, looking a man much older. We must stop and rest. Florida would not do for that, he must go back to dear old Ohi.

On his way north, riding in state, Egh stepped off the train at Chattamongs. A chance acquaintance saw him and reported that the officers were looking for Egh. He did not hesitate but walked out the depot, passed several afficers, was not recognized and soon reached the railway tracks in the other part of Chattamongs. A passing freight gave him an unknown lift. He entered a clean "side door Pullman" and soon dropped off to sleep.

How long he slept Eph did not know. He suddenly awake with a start, Suraly someone had called him by mame. Cautionaly he slipped to the door and looked out. He saw nothing but a little tenk town with no one in sight. The moon was shining bright and if anyone had called him he could see them. That was it he had heard. Unickly he slipped to the ground and sat down on some cross-ties beside the tracks. The train started but he didn't notice. He could catch another soon.

Names:

, Eph

Types:

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BY: John M. NELSON 4C3 + 25

What could this place be. There was comething familiar about it? Had be pulled a job here and was he being looked for? That line was he on anyway? He had not noticed to see when he left Chattanooga. Somehow he felt that he knew this place.

The end of the train passed and Sph gave a sudden start. He stood looking at the old depot in Varthurg.

No wonder the place looked familiar. How had he happened to get heref He had avoided the lines of the Mashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis in all his travely. No had been in both Mashville and Chattanooga but he never went from one to the other, No do so he must pass Wartburg.

Nor had he ever pulled a job in Temmessee. Somehow he could never do that. He always seemed to feel that Mother, from har home in the hills, would see if he did and mother must not know how he had failed.

No wonder he had that strenge feeling. Yes youder was the old pump that had given him many drinks of sulphus water. Yes youder was Brantley's drug store. He would look around a little. Here was the spot where he had pitched horseshoes with the other boys when he had come to Wartberg with his mother.

Slowly he crossed the little open space that stood between the row of stores and the railway tracks. Tes this was "artherg. Ionier was the little old stone half. Gook but he had seen many of them that could house the whole little building. Yes there was Holden's dry goods store and next to it was Dean's hardware store. Yes Tell's old place was still there. Didn't seem to be much change in the cld place.

In the distance there sounded the whistle of a train. Back across Eph's mind flashed other mosnlight nights in the distant past. How many times had be lain on that old cot and listened to the song of the whistle of the train. What memories they brought now. What draws he had once drawned, but draws never owns true.

Suddenly there came a determination. The Valley, the old home place, the old spring with its wooden covering, the old church yard where mother slept, The Open Door. Yes he would see those again. He must see that open door.

1 1

Slowly Eph started down the sidewalk that lead toward the road that lead to the walley. Each store he know by mane. He many of they had changed, but some remained pictured in his mind as he had seen them in those happy days of childhood. Yes happy days. Not a real happy day had he spent since he left the Valley. Here was the little back building. How easy that would be to handle. Youier was the old flour mills where he had taken many bars of wheat and corn.

So on through the vilage. $^{\rm H}_{\rm S}$ just must have one look at the old Valley. We one would know him. We one would recognize in the man the boy of long ago. Now long

Names:

, Eph

Types:

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BY: John M. NELSON 4C3 + 25

THE OPEN DOOR----12.

ago, he did not know. He was back now. Youner was the old Maptist Omrch. No, a new building stood in its stead. Joross the street stood the old Mathedist ^Church, the biggest building he had ever known in those days. Yes it was just the same, but how small it looked now.

Around another short corner and he saw the old school building. Now the big boys in the Valley had talked of that old school. It was gone now and in its stead a new and beautiful building stood. Across the streey was the home of Dr Foster. Tes it was the same. Around it were many new ones and the little town had certainly grown, but still he could recognize Wartburg.

On out the street leading to the ford across the Gerrisen. So but he did must to see that old river. That was that, a new bridget Say how did they ever get that. He would not have to ford the river. Yes he would. The feel of that water would be worth more than anything else. Did it not flow from the springs in Faith Talley?

Wading the stream Rph came to the other side. There was the old Academy Building, now almost in decay. Wht had they allowed that old landmark to perish? Too the old church yard was just the sums and it lay behind the old building. That at least was natural. "any new graves were now in that yard but it looked almost as it did when he left.

Thus dreaming, passing familiar sights. Seeing an old tree that he remembered, a spring house here and there, Eph wound his way toward the Valley. Instead of the old dirt road Eph was traveling over a hard surfaced highway. He fine ones like he had seen in other places, but a simple stone remiway. The mnd of the old days was gone and in its place the people from the Valley could make the trip over a good road in winter and summer.

Early in the morning, just as the moon was beginning to reach the top of the hills, Eph came to a turn in the road. Sadimly he came to a stop, his breath came in short gaspe, his throat seemed cheked and gripping, his heart almost stopped beating. There before him stood the Open Door.

No change there. Still standing centimel over the only entrance to Faith Valley was The Open Door. The moon was dropping on the other side. Its golden rays were more beautiful than anything he had ever seen and the ribbon of roadsmy winding up to the opening seemed bathed with a glow so soft, so tender, so appealing that he could not move. Certainly there was never a sight so beautiful in his whole life. The Open Apor.

What was that figure that appeared in the opening? Was his mind playing tricks on him again? Was the Soon forming strange characters or his mind wandering? long he stood there looking. The mornlight seemed to grow brighter and brighter, but always it came through that open door. He did not seem to see it snywhere else. It

Names:

, Eph

Types:

novel

Foster, Dr.

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Southern BY: John M. NELCON 4C3 + 25 THE OPEN DOOR----- 15. seemed to mellow the mountains, to brighten the path. But what was that figure in the doorway? The moon he could plainly see, but just in front of it he could see a silhouette outlined in the golden glow. How beautiful. Look at that face! He had seen it somewhere. Yes he had seen it often, Never had there been a day when he had not seen it. It was the face of "Mother." Tes that face was smiling, and such a smile as only Nother could smile. The lips were moving. They seemed to be calling his mame. Answer, yes he must? What was that name? "Ephriham." Softly the word came to him. Not as though speken, but as though sung by tongues of angels. Hever did anything sound so sweet. "Ephrihan" "I am coming Mother, I am coming." Slowly foot by foot Eph climbel that readway. Always before him stood The Open Boor, always within that door stood the same figure, calling, calling, softly calling. Oh what a ray of light about that face. What a beauty, what a tenderness, what appeal, what longing. What was that substance on his face? Wet, soft, tenier, sticky, salty? Thy did it trickle down to his mouth in little drops? Nothing like that had ever happened to him before. Tos it had. Once in that distant past, the night he bent his knee at Mother's grave and said farevell. Was mother forgetting what he had dene? Could she still be wanting him? Could she make this hardened man cry? Yes tears were coursing down his cheeks. He was crying. With that realization came more tears. Tears for his misspent life. Tears for the failure he had been. He had dreamed of coming back with money. You he had that, probably more than he would ever be able to use, but how had he gottem it? What would be do with it? Then came the Open Door. At last he stood within its sheltering arms. He was back again. There still before him hung that same vision, beckening, calling, pleading. Hovering over the Valley, filling it with tenderness, fragrance, beenty and a light that he had never seen in the Valley before. He must go on. And so Eph Harrell came back through the open door. Through the same door that many years ago had drawn old Eathan and held him until his death. True he had gone away with Jackson, but he came back. Through the same door had gone Joel to join Lee, but he came back. Through the same door had gone Eph, and now he was

Names:

- , Ephriham
- , Joel

Types:

novel

Harrell, Eph Jackson,

Lee,

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BY: John M. NELSON 4C3 f 25

THE OPEN DOOR-14.

But keelt there in the Open Boor. There where it had seemed to him that his mother had stoodand beckened, he offered the first prayer that has passed his lips since the night he had left the Valley. It was a simple prayer such as night have been uttered by a child. He only thanked his mother's God for having brought him through his many troubles. He did not know for what to ask. He did not ask. He only gave thanks.

Unscriby, yee. But had not mother told him that God would hear and forgive. Those were his thoughts. That his reason.

As though to speak encouragement, a sudden flame of red semmes to slowly spread across the distant mountains on the other side of the valley and tint the purple of the dawn. The moon had long since disappeared and day was beginning to break. The old Valley looked quiet and serene against the early morning light and the mountain tops seemed to eatch up the beautied of the new born day and scatter them throughout the world. To Sph, the most beautiful daybreak he had ever seem.

The roof of the old home place could be seen clearly through the trees as Eph began his descent into the Valley side. His heart beat fart as he neared the familiar grounds. A short time he stopped beside his mother's grave in the little church yard. Someons had placed fresh flowers in a cup thereon. He wondered who that could be. He thanked the unknown for this little touch of thoughtfulness. In the distance he heard the call of farmers, bidding the cuttle come in for early milking. Birds were singing in the trees, flowers were blooming everywhere. He could hear the song of the housewife as she went about her norming task. To Eph it was all a song of gladness, of velcoms, of peace. He was not thinking of the dangers that each norming had beset him, these were among the yesterdays for him.

Then the old spring. There beside the ancient lag building that formed the spring house, Eph sat down. On familiar rocks, each reminding him of his childhood and its dreams, Eph was happy and contented. He glanced at the old home place. There as no sign of life about the building. Weeds had grown up in places, some of the old trees that had sheltered him in boyheod were gone, but the old home was just

Ountiously he approached the building. No one appeared. He reached the familiar old hallway. The doors to the rooms on either side were closed. All was still and quiet. He entered and pushed open the door to the room in which he had spent so many happy days. The furniture was still there. No covering was on the beds. The floor was hare but the furniture he knew. Uncle Frank must have left it that way. Would Uncle Frank remember him new? Would he recognise in the man, the boy he had raised. The wide old fireplace, with its old andirons and rook hearth were just as he remembered them. On the table and a lamp, it was filled with

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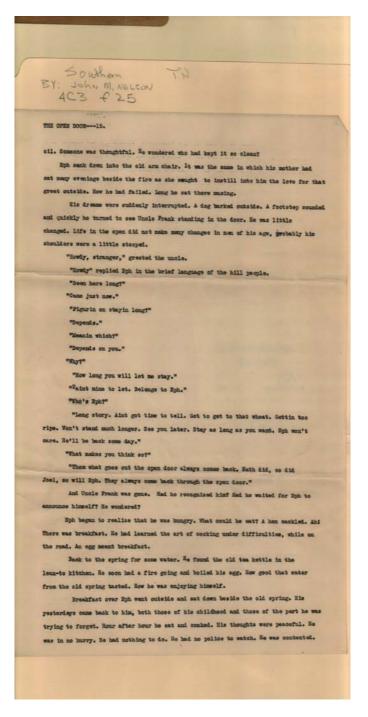
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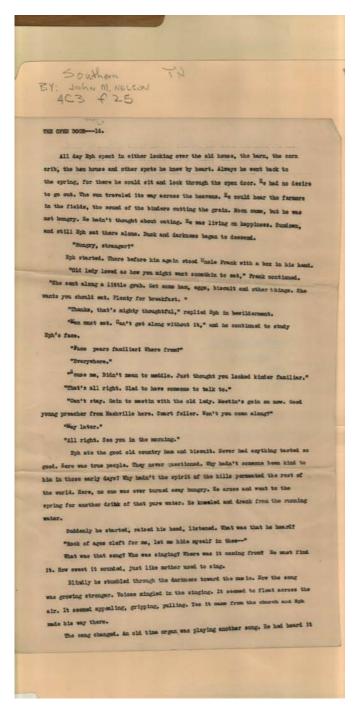
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Sowhen BY: John M. NELCON 4C3 + 25

THE OPEN DOOR-17.

in that same yesterday-"Come every soul by sin oppressed, there's mercy in the Lord, and he will surely give you rest, by trusting in his word---"

Heet. Too Eph realized he was tired, but why? He was not only tired, he was sick at heart and that music seemed to be more restful, more soothing than anything he had ever heard.

Slipping abour between the horses hitched to the trees, Eph made his way up to the church and stood beside the window to listen. How those old time songs seemed to swell in his heart!

"Now firm a foundation" sang the singers and eph wondered what that meant?
"Only Trust Min, Only Trust Min" continued the singers and Eph wondered who the Min
might be. Seemed like he had heard of a Min, but who? On went the singers. One song
after another and as in a trance, Eph listened.

A young man rose in the pulpit, opened a book and began to read.— "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me..." The was Mer On read the prescher and Eph listened.

The preacher closed the book, briefly and with ease he began to speak. He was telling of a ran who was down and out, one who had occuritted every orize in the calendar. He stumbled into a little rescue mission in Chicago one night, three his buriens at the feet of his God and was saved.

Why in Chicago, asked Rph? Why couldn't that happen right here? He mented to hear more of this wonderful men of Gallilee about whom the speaker was talking. He must hear more.

"Come in stranger, plenty of seats inside," Eph looked up to find Uncle Frank beside him. Not asking any questions Eph went.

Inside he found a seat just beside the door. So eat down and Uncle Frank sat beside him. He listened to every word the preacher said. This mighty Savior was not pictured as Rph had ever heard him before. The man of whom the preacher talked was one who went after those who were lost. He sought the man who was down and out. He didn't seek the rich and powerful, it was the outcast that he wanted. Surely he was an outcast.

"Like an open door stands this way to eternal happiness, " said the speaker.
"I have looked at your Open Boor here at the entrance to the Valley. It has looked to me as though our God was standing there calling and beckuning. Just as your Open Boor stands ever waiting, so stands the open door to eternal life with this wonderful Savio-, He is calling, won't you occus?"

That was it. That was why he saw his mother in the open door last night. She was with this God. That was the light that had shome round about her as she stood in the open door and called, she was calling him to her God.

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BY: John M. NELCON 4C3 + 25

THE OFER DOOR-18.

A beautiful young woman arcse. Softly and pleadingly she same of a sheep that had gone astray and of a shepheard who left the minety and nine within the fold and went out into the darkness to seek the one who was look. Never had Eph heard such a sone.

"That shepherd is the man of whom I have just spoken" said the speaker as the song ended. "If you are out of the fold your God, your Jesus is out looking for you, won't you come and lot him wash easy your black spots?"

"Come weary soul by sin oppressed, there's mercy in the lord..." sang the singure and Eph arose. Slowly he labored down the long siele and found a place at the alter. Here the preacher met him, placed a band on his shoulder and smiled.

"No you want to fint this man, your God ant my God?" asked the prescher? "I do, but how?" asked Eph.

Bown on their knees they went and in a little while all was well with lph. He had answered the call.

"Pifteen years ago I left Faith Valley," said Rph as he arose to his feet and faced the big congregation. "I have wandered from one end of this country to the other. I have sank so low that I did not believe I could ever come back. Those yesterdays have always stood before me. I am wanted for crimes I have committed. All this time something has been calling me. I did not know what. Last night I found myself in Wartberg. How I got there I don't know. I thought of Faith Valley. I wanted to come back again. I thought of that open door and I wanted to pass through and so I came back. There in the open doorway I cam a vision of my mother who sleeps in a little grave beside this church. She was calling me back to the valley. I came. That is my simple story, a story as black as anyone ever told. If I can come back again I am back. If you will take me I will stay, I am Eph Harrell."

As he talked a light suddenly came across his face. The hard lines softenet, he became radiant. The crowd was still and silent, it looked as though something supernatural lay over this man who was revealing his past. So it was, it was the mounlight, pouring its rays of gold through The Open Boor. It fell on the face of the speaker. But had come back to the Valley and The Open Boor received him.

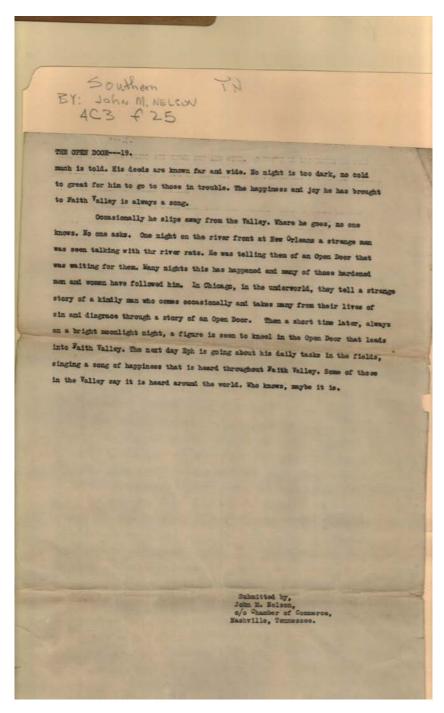
Several years have come and gone since that night in the little eld log church in Faith Valley. There is no more beloved resident of this little hill section than Eph Marrell. He goes about smong his neighbors and friend, telling them of the Open Door. To them he is a wonder. Here in the Valley he had become that he could not become out in the big world, he was a great man. Of his deings,

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Harrell, Eph

Types:

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Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection

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Collection Scope and Content: The Collection of 114 Linear ft. includes a total of 156 Archival Boxes. The Frances Cabaniss Roberts collection covers the historical records of the Cabaniss Roberts family. This collection contains extensive correspondence records of the Cabaniss Roberts family circa 1830 to 1930.

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