

I was born in 1937 at home on a farm near Eden, Texas. If there had been a poverty line in those days, we would never have reached it. I did not realize we were poor. My everyday shirts were made from feed sacks and my Sunday shirts were made from flour sacks and every kid could tell the difference, but no one cared. We knew some folks that we thought were rich, but I sincerely believed that we were better off than them.

I grew up on a farm half way between Doole and Salt Gap. Daddy worked extremely hard, but loved to play and especially loved baseball. He died in 1950, on a baseball field in Brady. We tried to stay on the farm, but the drought and the realization that a pretty good Class B football player was not good enough to get a significant scholarship, forced me to go to Houston to work my way through college.

Marjory Osborne and I married in 1960, the day I graduated from the University of Houston. I worked for Continental Oil Company for 15 years and was moved from Houston to Salt Lake City to Cedar City to Ft. Worth to Houston to Chattanooga to Houston to Minneapolis. For the next 33 years, I was in the barge business, moving to Pittsburgh to New Orleans to Nashville and back to Houston. We have two wonderful children and three super grandchildren. Our son Mark is an engineer in New Orleans and our daughter, Karen is a Presbyterian minister in Orlando.

Growing up, I went to Church twice every Sunday and most Wednesday nights. I thought eternal life was something you got when you died and God was a distant authoritarian ruler over the universe. Marjory, through her involvement with Community Bible Study had demonstrated, beyond doubt, that we can have a very personal relationship with God and that he often intervenes in the smallest areas of our lives. Like my own father, He clearly wants us to enjoy ourselves here on earth. Life is good! – Les Sutton