

Marjory Ruth Osborne Sutton

I, Marjory Ruth Osborne, was born February 23, 1933, at the Masonic Hospital in Chicago, Illinois. At the time, my parents, Adam Edward (Ted) Osborne and Ruth Edith Hall Osborne, had recently graduated from Moody Bible Institute. They had been accepted by the African Inland Mission Board and were awaiting assignment. They never got to Africa, however. My father's back was broken in three places in an accident; then infection set in. He spent the next six years in a hospital for a series of spinal fusions. My parents returned to their home town of Niagara Falls, New York, where they would have the support of family through the crisis. Mother and I boarded with different family members who cared for me while Mother worked to keep our little family together. It was during the depression. Mother, with her college education, worked first as a domestic; then as a seamstress for the WPA.

What a wonderful occasion it was when Dad was finally released from the hospital! A city official learned of his situation and he was offered a political appointment for the excellent salary of \$25.00 per week. Then his benefactor was voted out of office, and Daddy lost his job. He then went to work as bookkeeper for a roofing company for the salary of \$12.00 per week. I remember his take home pay was \$11.88 after social security was deducted. Mother, Daddy and I were forced to give up our roomy apartment and move into a cramped two room apartment behind a storefront. It had indoor plumbing with cold water only. The bathroom contained a small sink and a toilet. We took our baths in a big round galvanized washtub in the middle of the kitchen with water mother heated on a little two burner kerosene stove. But we were together, and that was enough. It was while we were in this apartment that my baby brother Loren was born. I was eight years old.

Then came World War II. An intelligent, college educated young man who was 4F was much in demand! For some time, Dad held two jobs. One of them was a top security job for the U. S. Signal Corps. One of his assignments was to encode and decode messages. Needless to say, he didn't discuss his work. His good salaries enabled us to move to a large upstairs three bedroom apartment, with roomy living room, formal dining room, kitchen and full bath with hot and cold running water. What luxury! My favorite part of the place was the fully floored stand up attic. There were large windows in the gables at either end which made it a spacious, bright playroom.

In 1944, once again our fortune changed. Dad slipped and fell on the ice, and broke one of the fusions in his back. It meant another year in the hospital. Mother went to work in a war plant, working the swing shift. Every day I hurried home from school to baby sit my little brother. The doctor told Dad that if he fell again, it would probably end his life and strongly urged a move to a warmer climate. So in December of 1945, we loaded up what belongings we could pack into the green Hudson, sold everything else, and headed for Houston, Texas. Dad went to work for A. O. Smith. The war had just ended and housing was scarce. For a year we lived in a little apartment in an old converted house on City Park Drive. About a year later we found better lodgings east of town close to Dad's work. I transferred to Galena Park Junior/Senior High School from which I graduated in 1950. I worked my way through the University of Houston, and received my bachelor's degree in 1954. I then went back to Galena Park Schools where I taught; then served as a counselor, psychologist, remedial teacher, etc in the Special Education Department.

The following I count as landmark events in my life: choosing to trust Christ as my Savior and Lord at an early age; marrying Les Sutton, the love of my life; raising two wonderful children; and becoming involved in the ministry of Community Bible Study, which enriched spiritual life for both Les and me and provided me with many dear friends.

Our son Mark is an Electrical Engineer married to Kathleen Shelby. They have a son Matthew. Our daughter Karen is an ordained Presbyterian minister, married to Jon-Paul Estes. They have two boys, Martin and Alexander.

Life is indeed good!