

(Handwritten date: Wednesday, July 3, 1940)

MOTHER OF DROWNING VICTIM IN AFRICA WRITES
Mrs. Andrew Losier Tells of Sad Experience; New Troubles

(Editor's note: Below is a letter from Mrs. Andrew Losier, formerly Miss Dorothy Lehman, which she wrote to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Lehman of this place, telling of the tragic drowning of their two-year-old daughter, Catherine Ann, on May 5. The parents are missionaries and are located in Kenya, East Africa. They have been instructed according to another letter received Tuesday, to be ready to evacuate at any time because of the war which is now raging in that region. They give instructions not to send money to them on order from the American Consul. However, friends who feel constrained to send them financial assistance may send it to African Inland Mission, headquarters at 373 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Masai Reserves
Syabei, Norak
May 6, 1940

Dear Folks:

The Lord is the balm for our hearts. How broken-hearted we are. No longer the sweet little voice of Catherine calls "mamma, daddy." No longer the sweet little patter of her feet cross the rooms of our little house. Oh lonesomeness! The depth of it. Her clothes lie unused. Her toys untouched. The dog, her playmate hunts from one room to another and stays close to us to comfort us. He knows she is gone. Gone! Gone! The Lord has her as His Jewel. We are glad that if we can't have her, she is in His safe keeping. We shall see her again in the morning. Oh, that it were soon. The first child. And she so lovable. Everyone loved her.

Yesterday, May 5, 1940, she went to be with the Lord. We had a wonderful day together. In the morning she took her nap while we went to church. She was safe and couldn't get out of the crib Tim's gave her. She awakened just as I came back. She ate dinner so nicely. We had corn, her favorite food. I gave her all she wanted. I'm glad now that I did. After dinner for the first time I showed her the scrapbook Linda's children gave her, for she was getting to the age where she would listen to what we told and did not tear up things so badly. She enjoyed the pictures and liked the one so much of the little girl praying. Then I said, "now shall we all go for a walk?" and she wanted to see more pictures. So we looked at more pictures to please her. Then I got Jacky ready to go out and with Jacky in my arms and Catherine holding Daddy's hand we took a lovely walk and it truly seemed the happiest day of our married life. The children were so good and Catherine so loving and kind. We wandered to the river and she (cut off)... daddy held Jacky and I brought Catherine home.

Oh, the precious memories of that little trusting hand in mine. We came back and she wanted to see more water, but I brought her back. She loved water too much. We got back just before 4:00 o'clock and had some cocoa together. Then daddy lifted her from the high chair and he and I went to the bedroom where Jacky cried to be fed. We stayed perhaps 3 or 4 minutes. It doesn't seem longer and I said, "You'd better see where Catherine is, she mustn't go down to the water." She had never wandered that far, but I was ever in fear that she might. He went out and in the garden path which connects the Shaffer house with ours she was leaning over in a half barrel which had water. He lifted her out and screamed for attention. Hearing it was grief, I hastened out. There he had her on the ground giving artificial respiration. We brought her into the house and worked longer. The Shaffers helped and then we decided to drive her to Narok, 8 miles away, Andy working on her all the way. But God took her. Oh, it is so hard. The doctor pronounced her dead. She died at 4:15 we

think, and we got back from Narok around 5:00 o'clock, I don't quite remember. For the last time I washed my precious baby and dressed her, putting on her the little yellow handmade dress that Olive sent her. She was not yet cold and her box of cedar was not made so Andy and I took turns holding her while we yet could. But slowly she got cold and when her coffin was made, we lined it with white rayon. They made her a little excelsior bed and I covered it with a baby sheet. Mrs. Shaffer made a lovely bouquet of roses with a bow of tulle. At 7:30 the little funeral service began in our new little home. Mr. Shaffer read John 14 and gave us words of comfort and sympathy. So beautiful! Then they sang at my request, "When He Cometh." There were a few natives present too. Sarah, my girl, wept bitterly. There were Masai present too. The native pastor, and others. Some had dug the little grave. Then we followed our little dear as she was carried out behind the house and up on a slope high under a tree to protect her. Her little grave is beside little Helen Shaffer who died very suddenly years ago when Mr. Shaffer was away on business and she was buried before he could get back. They know how to sympathize. At the grave they sang, "Safe In The Arms." We stayed until they covered her and strewed flowers on her grave.

Then we went to Shaffer's for a bite to eat which we forced down and came home to bed and sleepless night for the most part. Today is all quiet.

Today is all quiet. The world goes on but our hearts are unspeakably sad and torn. The doctor and his wife came out this morning and brought 40 calla lilies from her very own garden. Also a rose bouquet from their own little 3 1/2 -year-old daughter with whom Catherine had played not so long ago.

Today we found a tine bottle which she used to feed her dollies. (Cut off)...in. Not her whole body was in, just up to her chin. When the water was emptied, the little bottle was found.

Just yesterday she wanted to talk a lot and I had her repeat the names of grandma and grandpa and every aunt and uncle and by that time she was tired. She was just beginning to make sentences and was just getting to the point where we could make her understand with words.

We do not know from what he spared her, but we know she is safe in the arms of Jesus. With world conditions as they are, who knows but the Rapture may be soon. Now we must live for Jacky and give him our best attention and raise him until the Lord calls him. We are not our own. We are bought with a price and our children are His. Pray for us that we may be strengthened in the inner man, that we may find strength and may the Lord comfort you too.

For a memorial to her, we would like to have Dr. Suckau read Psalm 90 in church. May this death bring our brothers, sisters, nieces and nephews closer to him and those who have not yet trusted in Him as their Savior may they give their hearts to Him. May this untimely death bring forth its intended results.

Love, Dorothy, Andy and Jacky.

Adams County Historical Museum
1940-1941a Scrapbook, image 04
Transcribed by Karin King