

LLEWELLYN J. COPPEDGE, M. D. (Retired)

520 Rabun Street

Sparta, Georgia 31087

April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1970

Dear Blanche;

Your kind and sweet letter reached me on March 29<sup>th</sup>, I shall cherish it as long as I live. What I wrote you in my last letter I had intended to tell you face to face. Since it was doubtful that I could make the long trip, I wanted you to know the place you have occupied in my heart, so these many years. Your response was all that one could wish, in fact more than I thought possible, even in my most daring thoughts. I have sacrificed much to the call of duty. God blessed me for it most abundantly. One beautiful, talented and devoted woman has my mate for forty-eight years and nine months. She brought me two brilliant sons who have become distinguished men, also two talented and devoted daughters. When God in his mysterious providence took her, there was a terrible vacancy in my heart. After lying awake for hours, I should dream of her. When I reached out to touch and embrace her, the sad awakening to the reality of my loss came. Sometimes when I went to sleep again, again a dream of my departed loved one would come with the distressing disillusion on waking. If I had not been a Christian believer, I would have been tempted to take my own life. Among the letters of condolence and sympathy, was one from a lady whom Coralie had loved when both were in the Congo. For our times she had been to the Congo to be with her husband. She had been four times she had been sent home by her doctors.



Of the 38 years of her marriage, she and her husband had  
lived under the same roof only 8 years. Even when they  
were together, she was starved for love until his death.  
In the two weeks of my visit, I could see that  
she had fallen in love with me. She looked at me with  
so much longing. So one day I reached out, embraced  
her and kissed her. She was in ecstasy. So we became  
engaged, but decided not to announce our plans.  
Soon after I left, but wrote to her every day, as she did  
to me. Her friends told her - "You look ten years younger."  
What has come over you? At last her son surmised that  
she and I were engaged. I had intended to have our wed-  
ding during the Christmas holidays. But when I visited  
her in September, she wanted the marriage right away.  
She had been walking an air in anticipation of my  
coming. She had a ring from her first husband, so I gave  
her a watch, which she selected.  
Never have I seen a happier bride.  
She did not take the place of my departed Cordie, but  
she had her own place in my heart. Our marriage was no  
mistake. Both were happier for it.  
After six years, I went to the hospital for an operation.  
She had become ill but twice came in a wheel chair to visit  
me. My room was decorated withotted flowers.  
Her sister came and with the help of a nurse, later two, the  
patient could be in her own home till she died.  
Meanwhile my devoted son-in-law and daughter had brought  
me from the hospital to their home and were giving me the  
the best care. Often one or the other would drive me the  
107 miles to Decatur to see my dying wife. On October  
7th, 1967, she departed this life.  
Yesterday I dressed and went to see my doctor. He said



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me no reason to hope for marked improvement. I have read your letter many times. It gives me delight. Of course I would like to see my son. But my planned visit to you was not incidental. It was the main object of the trip. But I have unburdened my heart to you in these two letters. Now the un-derstand each other. I am still willing to take considerable risk to see you. I & I should die on the way, I have made my peace with God. Even with the best care, I do not expect to live through the current year. With love which you no longer can doubt, I am still your devoted admirer

Llewellyn

I shall not trouble you frequently with these long letters. I enclose a picture of the Presbyterian Historical Foundation. They had me write something of my life, two rather long stories; one laid in Africa and another of Mexico, also some of my verses. But they know nothing of my attachment for you. That is your secret and mine. The building of the Foundation is much larger than the picture shown. If one of your son's descendants should ever want to join the D.A.R.'s or the Colonial Dames, the Historical Foundation could probably supply the necessary data.





**SPENCE HALL  
THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION  
Montreat, North Carolina 28757**

A superb example of achitectural planning by Githens. Honoring Dr. Thomas H. Spence, Jr., the Foundation's Director from 1939 to 1969, the stunning Museum, Library and Archives is a research center drawing scholars from all over the world. Unforgettable for thousands of visitors each year, its collections document and illustrate Presbyterian and Reformed history on five continents and the Moon, across more than five centuries. Make seeing them a Must during your visit to the Land of the Sky.

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[Dr. L. J. Coppedge,  
Sparta, Ga. To Mrs.  
R. Y. Rives, Enfield, N.C.  
Apr 2 1970, 2 PM]