My grandfather, William Lee, was a staunch supporter of the Three Springs Presbyterian Church and on the first bench of elders. Prior to 1812, he had accompanied Rev. Elisha Macurdy on a mission to the Indians at Sandusky, Ohio. He died at age 52 and is buried in the Three Springs Cemetery.

My mother was, of course, one of William Lee's daughters. Two of her sisters, Caroline and Venie, were missionaries most of their lives in China.

After my marriage, I moved to Jefferson Township, Washington County, Pennsylvania, where I built a beautiful brick house on the old Newell farm on what later became known as Donati Road. I was a very prosperous farmer and had a lovely, well-educated wife who was a real credit to me. God did not see fit to give us a male heir to carry on the Archer name, but we were the parents of five beautiful little girls whom we adored. But Mary died at the age of 4, Elizabeth at a year and a half, and Nannie at 12. We buried them side by side in the old Cross Creek Graveyard. And as is true with any parent who buries a child, we buried part of ourselves with them. But God gave us two more little daughters to carry us through life. We educated them well and they married well — living happy, prosperous lives and giving us grandchildren to comfort us in our old age. But nothing ever removed the pain of losing our first three babies.

I came from sturdy stock. My paternal great-grandfather had lost both legs at the age of 20, yet went on with life, walking 50 years on his knees. And my maternal great-grandfather, Hugh Lee, who lost 42 relatives including his parents, brothers, and sisters, in one shipwreck. I knew that if they could face such tragedies and still go on with life, then I, too, had to go on.

You who chance to pass by my grave, remember this: There is a higher power who determines what is best for the Universe. Knowing this, I was able, in the face of great sorrow, to look up and say: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord"!