



Richard Hughes, Editor

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# The Pen of a Ready Writer

*...I speak of the things which I have made touching the king:  
My tongue is the Pen of a Ready Writer (Psalm 45:1).*

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## How Do You Define **FREEDOM**?

An old, Jewish gentleman told me, along with several other seventh grade boys, “Freedom is the right to choose your own doom.” He was the Headmaster of Dakotah School for Boys, located in Dakotah, Illinois. I graduated from the eighth grade there.

The main building predated the Civil War. It was a massive three-story, wooden structure, with a crow’s nest attached to the roof. Its cellar was among the stumps left from the trees that were left for supports.

We were told that it served as part of the Underground Railroad for many years. Rumor had it that a drunken farm boy burned it to the ground long after it ceased to be used. At times, I actually miss the place and the people who made it what it was. You could never have made me believe that as a young student there.

Our dwelling quarters were divided between the Upper School (seventh and eighth graders) and the Lower School (fourth, fifth and sixth). All classes were held in the main building (the Lower School building). We ate our meals there; changed our clothes and showered there. You were handed your outfit for the day from clothes your parents had provided; and, you turned in the clothes you had worn the previous day after showering and changing, military style.

The Upper School slept, played and watched TV in the new building, a two-story brick structure that housed the residence of the Headmaster and his family. The basement of the new building served as a recreational area for table games, a library and (when we were allowed to use it) an old slate pool table. We slept two to a room on the second floor.

When we walked back and forth between the buildings, it was in single file and in silence, behind our Headmaster. It was during one of those “marches” to the main building for supper. We students had been murmuring about some foolishness when our Headmaster stopped, turned around and addressed us. I do not remember our complaint; however, I do remember his comment: “Be careful about the choices you make; your freedom is ultimately the right to choose your own doom.”

How do you want to die? We will die; and, after that death, we will face judgment.

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***In Loving  
Memory  
Howard Hendrix  
Rainey***

At the age of 93, he  
went to be with our  
Lord and Savior on  
May 11, 2021

Special people come through our lives. God brings them across our path at various times, and he uses them to help us, to teach us, to be for us what the Lord knows we need: a friend. Many of these dear souls entered my life while I was pastor of Third Street Baptist Church in Cordele, GA. Howard Rainey was certainly among them.

Brother Howard was a devoted husband and father, an accomplished businessman and a true statesman in the Georgia House of Representatives for 28 years. If you looked for an example of a Southern gentleman, you would find it in Howard Rainey. And, above all, he was a Christian; and, he was my friend.

***Memorial Day Sunday  
May 30, 2021***

My appreciation to Pastor Jeff Stewart for the open door to preach on this Memorial Day Sunday at Choice Hills Baptist Church, Greenville, SC.

***Homecoming Day  
June 6, 2021***

Pastor Mark Dibler has invited me to preach for their Homecoming Celebration at Bible Baptist Church in Pickens, SC, this first Sunday of June.

**The Value of Our Past**

The twelve stones Joshua had taken from the river Jordan and placed where they lodged that night, as the Lord had instructed, were for a sign to future generations (Joshua 4:1-7).

God wanted them to ask, "What mean ye by these stones?" He wanted them to know what the Lord had done for Israel on that day: that the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the Lord; when it passed over Jordan. It was to be a memorial unto the children of Israel forever.

Lessons of courage, of daring and of faith; lessons of how the Lord by these "stones" (our monuments) built our nation and provided us with a country unique in the history of man.

If we cease to tell the truth of God's blessing upon us, we will cease.



Dakotah School for Boys, where I graduated from the 8<sup>th</sup> grade in its final year: The Lower School Building (above); Upper School Building (below). Closed, 1964.

