

Setate School No 653,
Wooragee,
Via Beechworth,
Wednesday, August 20th 1958.

Dear Mum,

This letter is written just especially for you.

It is now twelve months since Dad passed on to the 'Great Unknown' to await us all. It was the night of his 'open house' at his school at Burnley.

Once again it is Education Week and last night, 176 miles away from Dad's school, a similar 'open house' was held.

Throughout the night as Barry, Annette and I moved about Dad's school we were stopped constantly by people who wanted to express to us just how much Dad had done not only for their children but for them and for the district in which he was Head Teacher.

Wooragee last night was the scene of an occasion which has never before been attempted in the area and no occasion has brought such success and joy and happiness to parents, visitors and children alike.

I am not being egotistical when I say that, through God, I was the tool employed to bring this about. Never has there been such a night at Wooragee and never have I participated in such a successful event.

Without any enlargement of words, the parents were almost delirious with joy at the achievement reached and the ability displayed by their children. Throughout the whole night, as it was twelve months since, people could talk of naught else but the miracle which had occurred in this area.

At supper time a district councillor, the president of the school committee and a parent took over 15 minutes in trying to express thanks for what I had done, not only in the school, but also in the area.

To bring the children, the school building and the residence to the high pitch which has now been obtained I had to use many talents. First it was my brain which enabled me to judge the children's capabilities; next it was my hands as I set to work as carpenter, designer, painter and planner. I was able to put up display boards; I was able to dismantle and rebuild black boards; I was able to paint in the school and in the residence; and I was able to plan satisfactory improvements.

Mum, as I climbed into bed last night I didn't think of myself as Lyle Potts but as Charlie Potts' son. As I lay there before going off to sleep I acknowledged to my God, to my wife and to myself that the achievements culminating in last night's success, were achievements, not obtained during the past twelve weeks in Wooragee, but achievements which were the result of twenty-six years of life as the son and under the guidance of, to my mind, one of the greatest men God ever put on earth.

I could claim nothing for last night. With the aid of God, it was my father whom they were all honouring. And so, twelve months after Dad's death his heritage still lives on, as great as ever, and while God will give me aid it will live forever.

I thank God that He honoured me

with two such fine, Christian parents. I was given something which does not come the way of everyone on this earth. Right from the time of my birth God's plans were evident in my life. He gave me you and Dad to guide my footsteps and train me through the years.

Now He has called Dad Home but instead of leaving me without support He has come to me Himself and, I pray, for years to come He has left you with me.

I don't feel Dad's loss so very much now for I can see and understand the Master's pattern of life. He has taken Dad, He has left me you and He has come to me Himself. I must carry on and live out this pattern which He has set for me. I have a job to do guiding and caring for my wife and our unborn babe.

Dad lived his pattern, he fulfilled his purpose, he suffered his trials and now he has gone to that place which knows no tears and no sorrows. He is enjoying a part of life for which he was destined and until we all meet him there we have no right to wish that he were back here with us. He has what he so richly deserves.

Mum, I can never ever repay the debt which I owe to you both. I can only pray that, with God's help I will continue to live and fulfil in my life and the lives of my children that rich heritage which God has so graciously given me in my two wonderful parents.

All my love forever,
Your son,
Gyle