

LETTER FROM LUCY W. OTEY AFTER THE DEATH OF A.K. HANNA

Ladies Relief Hospital
Lynchburg, VA, August 18, 1864

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hanna

It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death, a bereavement which you are probably prepared for, your husband left the shores of time for blissful eternity, on Saturday the 13th instant. I was with him very often, as it is my daily custom to visit the sick & dying and see that they suffer for nothing. From the time he was wounded at the Battle of Lynchburg three miles from here, he was a patient sufferer. The Surgeon & nurse did all that could be done to save his foot, it was amputated & he bore it well & the limb did well at first, but when sloughing began he gradually wasted away, till death relieved him of his sufferings and his spirit returned to Him who gave it. But great is your consolation in the fact that he was ready and willing to depart and be with Christ. We offered to write for you, but he said Now you could not accomplish the trip alone. He asked me to write to you, I offered to write that moment. He said now not till I am gone. He had a minister with him of his Church & was visited by the Elders of his Church when he was departing, they prayed

(page 2)

with him & my Daughter daily sang hymns for him. He said all his trust was in Jesus he was not afraid to die but willing to go. He was a pattern of patience to the last breath. Our nurses male and female all loved him for his patient endurance, no one who saw him doubted his readiness to go; I can sympathise with you, for I am too a Widow, I lost my Husband just before the war and have lost two sons since; both of them were in the service from the beginning of the war, and I was left with 8 Children . 7 has all went into the service, I mention it to show you that we all have to suffer afflictions & sorrow here below, but Oh! let us look to that happy Home in Heaven where we shall all meet our loved ones and never depart again. Think of that blessed reunion , and there too we shall see the face of our Saviour, who has given himself for us. Your Dear Husband's faith was unshaken in Jesus. He never wavered nor doubted but talked about dying day after day

like he was going a Journey, But none but those who feel **clean** tell anything about it. A widow knows what a widow suffers. I trust that you have made the same Blessed Saviour your almighty friend & therefore I would say to you look to Him as your Comforter and chief support and may he sustain

(page 3)

and uphold you and comfort you is the prayers of a distant and Simpathising Friend.

Mrs. Lucy W. Otey

Adress Ladies Relief Hospital

I send a lock of his hair enveloped. He was interred at the Soldiers beaurying Ground and the undertaker can always show his grave.

Siince closing my letter, I find it is not as explicit in the account of his last hours as I wished it to be, so I will add more for the week before his death, he was fully convinsed he would never be raised from his bed again, He told me in the meekest language, he had given you and his Child and all that he loved and owned into the hands of his Saviour all his trust was in him. I tried to chear him up for his countenance was not at all deathlike & thought he looked like he might ye recover, but he said he knew he never could, the Surgent was a very skilful and excellent one and ordered that he should have everything he fancied, but he craved nothing at all. I carried him a large Green Gage plum, he smiled and took it and

(page 4)

pealed it off and ate it as if he relished it. I asked him to take another, he said no not till he said he wanted it but he never asked for it. I caried him next day a slice of ripe Wattermelon and he smiled again and seemed pleased and ate it all. This was two days before he died. He wasted away gradually and was perfectly in his senses to the last. I would have written on the 15th Monday but was prevented. He was well waited on & had the medical attention, but nothing could save him, as the foot was very bad from the first. He often told me in the early stage that he was doing very well, but it was considered a very bad wound from the beginning, but what matters it now? He is safely home in heaven where he will suffer nomore. Be ye also ready and meet him there. He departed Saturday evening the 13th of August 1864. Peace to his ashes.