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Then they talked for the first time about what life they wanted in Pennsylvania in a few years when he left the job as the sheriff of Manchester County. She wished to be close to relatives, particularly her sister, in Philadelphia.(...)

“Will your daddy come? I wouldn’t like to think of him down here without us.”

Skiffington smiled and Winifred leaned her head on his shoulder.

“The South is all he knows, but he can fish for souls up there just as easy as he can down here,” he said.

His father had taken up evangelism but he was quiet about it, diplomatic, never wanting to force his religion down someone’s throat unless they gave him permission.

“Yes, well, I have a feeling that he’ll like the challenge of the people in Pennsylvania,”

Winifred said. “If you present your case in just the right way, they’ll accept.”

“Like you did with me.”

she laughed and raised her head and looked at him.

“I would say, Mr. Skiffington, that it was the reverse of that. I was standing in one spot and you walked over to me. I wasn’t raised to live any other way.”

Edward P. Jones, *The Known World*, 2004