

church, when they came to visit. Dad always offered a helping hand when it came to laboring for the church...the Bible says a tree is known by its fruits, and I feel that his fruit was that of a child of God, and my father was that.

He worked hard all his life, but Dad always did his share of work no matter how hard. Dad always welcomed everyone who came into his home and I feel that the Lord has welcomed my father into his home in heaven, and wants all his children to join him and have their home together again, but in a better place. We miss and love our father very much.

Written by his daughter, Rella Faye Bentley

### ELBERT COMBS



In loving memory and honor, we, the family, will try to write an obituary of our dear father, husband and brother, the late Elbert Combs, who was born on June 6, 1918 on Ball Fork of Knott County. He was the son of Mrs. Polly Stamper Combs of Hindman, Ky., and the late Barm Combs of Balls Fork. Elbert departed from this earthly life on January 14, 1977 at Our Lady of The Way Hospital, making his stay on earth 58 years, 7 months and 8 days.

On January 11, 1947, he married Miss Flora Slone Combs of Pippa Passes, Ky. To this union were born five children: three sons: Vernon Combs of Hindman, Ky.; Gary Dean and Hershale, both of Mousie, Ky.; two daughters: Miss Diane Combs of Mousie, Ky. and Mrs. Mildred Salyers of Hindman, Ky.

Also surviving are two brothers: Leonard Combs of Hindman, Ky. and Oakly of Mallie, Ky. A brother, Ira Combs, preceded him in death on December 12, 1976; a month and two days before Elbert's death. Three sisters also survive: Mrs. Lizzie Slone of Marion, Ohio; Mrs. Mae Griffith of Garrett, Ky.; and Mrs. Minnie Slone of Litt Carr, Ky. One grandson, Brian Keith Combs, also survives.

Elbert had worked hard all his life, mostly in coal mines to raise his little family. He took sick with cancer about a year before his death. On January 14, 1977, early in the morning, he became very ill and we took him to the hospital. Late that afternoon he got in such a wreck of pain that he asked the Lord to come and get him out of his misery. Not long after that he drifted into a sleep, and about 10:30 that night God answered Elbert's prayer. As he was passing there came a beautiful smile

on his face; it seemed as if he was seeing or hearing something wonderful. We have trust in God that our loss was heaven's gain. And we pray to meet above someday, where there won't be any cancer, or any kind of suffering.

Over yonder is a Mansion,  
Christ prepared for me.

God ordained that I should have it,  
For eternity.

And I'll send my prayer before me,  
Ere I cross the Foam,

Angels get my mansion ready,  
Cause I'm headed home.

Tho' a pilgrim, I have wander'd,  
in the valley here.

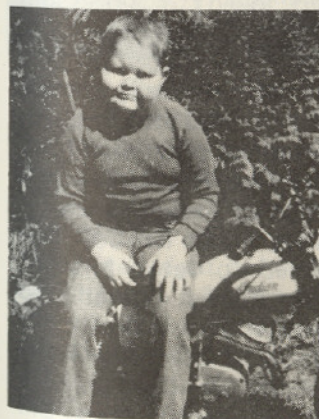
Now into that blessed homeland,  
I am drawing near.

Soon among the scenes of sorrow,  
I will cease to roam.

Angels get my mansion ready,  
For I am heading home.

Written by the family

### DWAYNE HICKS



It is with much sadness and the help of the Lord that we will try to write the obituary of our darling little son, Dwayne Hicks. Dwayne was born October 13, 1968, and passed away July 29, 1977, making his stay on earth 8 years, 9 months and 16 days. He leaves to mourn; us, his parents, Carl and Joyce Ann Hicks, and his brother, Carl Ray Hicks, and his sister, Diane Hicks. He also leaves his grandparents, Foley and Lillian Hicks and his maternal grandfather, Claude Bolen of Garrett, Ky.; also other relatives and friends. His maternal grandmother, Ollie Bowling, preceded him in death August 3, 1974.

Dwayne had been sick for nearly four years with leukemia. He spent a lot of time in the hospital, but he was such a wonderful little boy, he just wouldn't complain about staying in the hospital because he didn't want to worry us. He would always say, "Daddy, will you stay with me?" and when he knew we would both be there he was all right. We never left him. We both stayed right by his bedside. Dwayne was such a sweet little boy, he wouldn't complain unless he really had to because he didn't want to worry us. He made many friends; it just seems like everybody he met just loved him. He never met a stranger. He loved to go to church when he was able. He loved Ball Branch and Stone Coal Church.

Many prayers were prayed for our beloved son, but it just wasn't meant for us to keep him, although we know our loss is heaven's gain. Although it has left all of our homes so empty and our hearts so broken, we know that God will help us get through it until the day that we can be together again in a world that has no troubles. Our darling son has gone to see just how beautiful heaven will be. He is waiting for us on high, and hope that we will be joining him in that sweet by and by.

#### ANDY BENTLEY



It is with much, much sadness and precious memories that I will try to write this obituary of our dad, Andy J. Bentley. He was born March 28, 1890, and deceased this life April 2, 1977. Dad had lung cancer and was sick for some time. He told us that he felt no pain, but he grew very weak. Dad loved to work and walk in his garden. It hurt him so badly when he was no longer able to go to his garden, but now Dad, you are walking with God in beautiful gardens.

Dad was a retired coal miner and a member of the Old Regular Baptist Church. He was married to the late Martha L. Tackett Bentley. To this union were born 9 children. One son, Orville Bentley, preceded him in death. He was later married to Jettie Mitchell Bentley, also a member of the Old Regular Baptist Church. To this union were born 7 children. Two preceded him in death. He leaves to mourn their loss, Jettie Bentley and 13 children: Bessie Dillon, Artie Burchett, Ruby Adkins, Andy Bentley Jr., Joe Bentley and Mose Bentley, all of Michigan; Earmel Bentley, Bill Bentley, Troy Bentley, Arnold Bentley, Charlie Bentley, Marie Osborne and Opal Reynolds, all of Kentucky. He also leaves

a great host of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, 5 sisters and friends.

Dad told one of his sisters that he was going home in three days. The angels came for him 30 minutes before the three days. Dad is in a better land now, where he will be strong and whole again. I know if Dad could talk back to us, he would say, "Don't worry I'm all right now." Mom, I know the old home place is a lonesome place for you and Charlie now. I know you miss Dad, we all do. Dad loved all of his children. He wanted all of us to be good to one another, and to love each other. So, I would like you all my brothers and sisters, to know, I love you. I know when you come back home again, it will be to an empty place. It won't ever be the same again. Some hearts never mend, some memories will never end, some tears will never dry, my love for you, Dad, will never die. I believe that I will meet him again some day, when I walk the golden streets of glory.

Written by Opal Bentley, Jettie Bentley, and family

#### DOLLIE HALL



It is through much sadness that I sit here and try to write this obituary of the beloved Dollie Hall. She was born June 1, 1904, at Hite, Ky.

Her husband passed away November 12, 1958. Dollie and Luke were both members of the Joppa Church for many years.

They left a son, Howard, and four daughters, Pearl, Opal, Hazel and Bernice.

I only knew Dollie for about ten years, but when Dot and I would come home she would tell us about

Jesus. She was like a mother to me. There are so many good things I could say about her.

It is hard to write when you loved and miss someone so much. But with the help of God I can.

Momaw and I shared so much together, after I found Jesus about three years ago. I will never forget that one sacrament we shared right before Momaw got so sick. We both were blessed and happy. I believe we'll see her again. I believe she and Papaw were both God's children.

It seems as I try to think back that Momaw's light was always so bright. I just hope and pray that my light will be as bright.

There is so much I could say. But there is one thing that Momaw and Papaw would want me to say, and that is, if you want to see Mom and Dad, please turn to Jesus.

Written by her granddaughter, Sister Dorothy Little and Don Little

## ORVILLE RAMEY

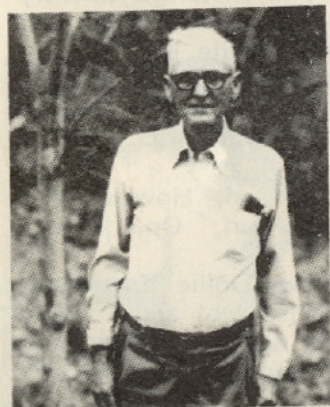


Orville Ramey, the son of Sam Ramey and Hennie Conley Ramey, died March 2, 1955 at the age of sixteen.

Left to mourn his passing are his brothers, Tandy Ramey, John Ramey, Louis Ramey, McKinley Ramey, Ancil Ramey and Turner Ramey. Sister Ethel Ramey and a host of friends are also left to mourn. He was taken in a car accident. He was loved very much. His last words were calling on the Lord, which gives us hope that God heard his prayers in his dying hours.

Written by Bro. Darrell Triplett

## HOMER HALL



With a sad and broken heart, I will try to write my father's obituary. He was born September 8, 1907, and died July 22, 1977. His stay here on earth was 69 years, 10 months and 26 days.

In the year 1928, Homer married Norma Martin. Unto this marriage were born twelve children; five daughters: Ruth, Catherine, Loretta, Pauline and Irene; seven sons: Honer H., Elmond, Lowell, Wendell, Donnie Ray and Darrell. One son, Eugene had preceded Daddy in death.

His mother, Melvina Hopkins, has also preceded Daddy in death. He has left behind his father, Thomas Hall, and step-mother, Nannie Fouts; two sisters, Millie and Ethel; four half-sisters; Parsie, Crethel, Letha and Cletha; and four half-brothers; Harold, Herbie, Conrad and Thomas.

Daddy had 20 grandchildren. Two of these preceded him in death. He had two great-grandchildren.

Daddy was employed as a coal miner for 35 years. He was a member of the United Mine Workers. Daddy had a smile for everyone and was well liked by all who knew him. He loved his family and was always glad to see all the children come visit him. We all miss him so.

In 1972 my father was bedfast, and at that time joined the

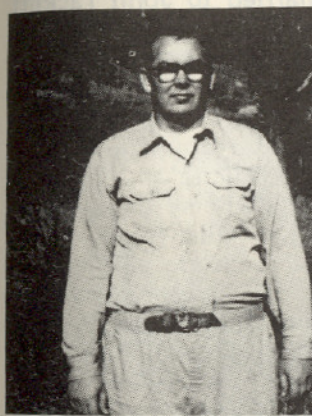
Rebecca Old Regular Baptist Church. He was baptized the same day by Elder Clive Hall and Alonzo Yonts. He kept his membership at the Rebecca Church up until a short time before his death. He then lay his letter aside at Providence Church.

In most of the conversations my father and I had, he spoke of peace among his family members and peace in the churches. I feel the loss is great for all of us, but I truly feel that our loss is heaven's gain.

I want to say to my family, if you ever want to meet Daddy again, you will have to fall out with sin and live for Jesus.

Written by his daughter and a Sister in Hope, Ruth Hall

## EUGENE HALL



As the sunset of life has reached its end and the river of death has swept the banks of time, one of our loved ones has gone with the tide: Brother Eugene Hall. He was born on September 25, 1929. On December 26, 1976, we believe he got on board that heavenly bound train for sweet Canaan's shore. This made his stay here on earth 47 years, 3 months and 1 day.

Brother Gene leaves his father, Homer Hall and mother, Norma Hall, behind. He also leaves five sisters and six brothers. His sisters are: Ruth, Catherine, Pauline, Loretta and Irene.

His brothers are: Honer H.; Elmond, Lowell, Wendell Donnie Ray and Darrell. He also leaves his grandparents, Thomas Hall and Nannie Fouts. Many other relatives, friends, Brothers and Sisters of the old church will mourn their loss.

Brother Gene took his fellowship with the Providence Church on June 29, 1969. He stood firm in the good old way, believing in a true repentance and Godly discipline in the church. Brother Gene wanted to be brought back to the Old Providence Church for his last stay here on earth, where many a poor weary pilgrim has made it their spiritual home.

We are sure Brother Gene believes when the angel blows that silver trumpet, he will rise victorious over death and the grave. Brother Gene, sleep on and take your rest. Right blessed are they that die in the Lord, yea says the Spirit, they may rest from their labor. So we feel there is another flower blooming beside life's fair river, on the banks of sweet Canaan's shore.

Brother Gene told Margaret and me at the hospital at Martin, he wished they would stop giving him medicine. He felt there

was nothing in his way; he was ready to go home.

Written by Elder Bert Hall

### MARGARET TACKETT



With sadness and a beautiful memory, we will try by the help of the good Lord to write an obituary of Sister Margaret Tackett.

She was born on April 16, 1898, and died April 1, 1977, making her stay on earth 78 years, 11 months and 16 days. She was the daughter of the late Will and Rhoda Frasure Hamilton. She was married to John Tackett in July of 1914. She is survived by her husband and nine children, two girls: Nan Newman, Grethel, Ky. and Pearl Hunt, Marion, Ohio, and seven boys:

Charlie, Willie and Kennis, all of Grethel, Ky.; Emmitt, Marion, Ohio; Andy, Albion, Mich.; Bert, Concord, Mich.; and Evan of Honaker, Ky. One brother, Bill Hamilton, of Betsy Layne, Ky., 23 grandchildren, 32 great-grandchildren, 4 great-great-grandchildren and brothers and sisters of the church are also left to mourn her leaving this earth.

She was a member of the Pilgrim's Home Church for 13 years and was a faithful member to fill her seat. Her seat in the old church is empty, but she has a better place prepared for her in heaven, where there isn't any pain or sorrow, and where joy will come to be for ever and ever. She was loved by everyone who knew her. She was so humble and easy-going. She always had a smile for you when she met you. She did not have the good things of this world, but she had Jesus in her heart. She is resting. When Gabriel blows that trumpet there will be a reunion taking place and then she will rejoice forever. She would walk out of the Tackett Branch on Sunday mornings to give God the praise and glory for what little she possessed on this earth.

On thing I will never forget was last summer at Pilgrims' Home Church Communion when I washed Mommie's feet. It was the first time I had washed her feet and it was the last I got to wash her feet. I will cherish the memory for as long as I live. I am following Mommie's footsteps and I have a hope of meeting her in heaven when the death angel comes to take me home. Then we won't have to part any more.

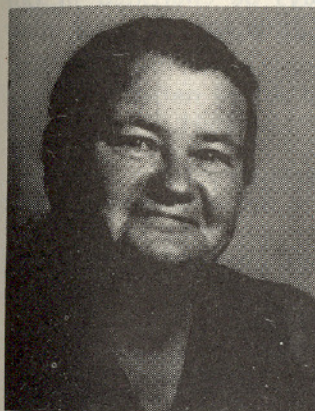
I know Poppy is lonely here on earth. Poppy, I believe you will be with her in heaven some day, so hold up the blood stain banner of Jesus until he sends for you. We would like to say to the other children, if you want to go where Mommie went

you will have to repent and be born again, and take up your cross and follow Jesus. Your Mommie left a light hanging in the window, so that you may see her good works and follow the path that is straight and narrow which will lead you to heaven.

The last words she spoke on God's footstool were "I'm going up." We truly believe her spirit went to heaven to rest until that great morning when Jesus comes, because He said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am thereye may be also."

Written by her daughter, in hope of eternal life, Nan Newman, and Elder James Branham

### NELLIE HAMILTON NEWSOME



Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from hence forth, yea, saith the Spirit, they do rest from their labor and their works do follow them.

On June 28, 1977, the death angel came and called away our dear mother, Nellie (Hamilton) Newsome. She was born January 7, 1898, the daughter of Harrison and Melissa Hamilton. In 1914 she was united in marriage to Bert Newsome. Unto this marriage were born fourteen children; seven girls and seven boys. Three girls and two boys preceded her in death.

Left to mourn our great loss are Maxie, Draxie, Euggle, Burnette, Cecil, Ted, Chester, Walker and Kermit.

Mom was visiting at her daughter, Euggle's home when she suffered a stroke and was rushed to the hospital. She lived a few days, but Mom's race was called to an end at 4:50 A.M. I am very thankful to God that she didn't have to suffer a long period of time. So God, seeing that it was time to call her to her beautiful home, ended her life stay.

Mom worked so very hard all her life, having fourteen children, keeping a house, and also running a store part of her life. Work was no stranger to her.

Mom lost her husband, Elder Bert Newsome in 1954. She spent the rest of her life visiting her children and staying awhile with some of them. But Mom was never satisfied after she lost her mate. After a short stay with her children she always wanted to go home, but I know she spent many hours grieving over her mate. and praying for her sons and daughters. She hoped they would seek Christ as their savior, and no doubt a few moments of happiness were given her when the spirit of the Almighty

was blessing her. There is no doubt where she is at now. Yes, in that heavenly country where she will never worry anymore, where she will always be at rest, and where there is no sorrow. No pain can ever touch her peaceful rest anymore.

Two of her sons joined the church while she lived. She must have rejoiced to see that day. To the rest of the children, "If you want to go to Mom's new home, repent, be born again of God's divine spirit then we all can go and be with her when it is time to close our earthly stay."

Time and space will not permit us to go on writing, but everyone that knew Mom can say we had a good mother and God said a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Sleep on Mom, because I don't believe it will be long until we can be together again.

The beautiful life she lived will always be cherished in our memories as a model mother and as a Christian. Yes, her labor will live on as long as there is a memory.

Written by her broken-hearted family

### TRAVIS CONN



It is with a sad and broken heart that we will try to write an obituary of our dear and beloved companion and father, Travis Conn.

Travis was born November 17, 1919, the son of Charlie and the late Mayte B. Conn. He departed this life August 16, 1977, making his stay on earth 57 years, 9 months and 1 day.

On July 17, 1937, he married Verna Mae Samons Conn. To this union were born 5 daughters and 1 son, Danny, who preceded him in death. The daughters are: Diana Conn,

Dana, Ky.; Christine Bonar, Ypsilanti, Mich.; Connie Jean Mathena Prempston, Illinois; Barbara Hall, Martin, Ky.; and Katherine Page, Dwale, Ky. He also leaves his adopted grandson, Curtis Dwayne Conn, whom he loved as his own son, and 9 grandchildren, whom he loved so dearly. He leaves 5 brothers, Jim, Ohio, Norman, Crit, Hershel and W.B., all of Dana, Ky., 2 sisters, Myrtle Akers, Dana, Ky., and June Akers of Vermillion, Ohio. One brother, Curt Conn, preceded him in death.

On the first Sunday in October 7, 1972, Travis joined the Old Regular Baptist Church and the following Sunday, October 14, 1973, he was baptized at Mother Home Church by Brother Luther Conn and Brother Johnny Hall. Daddy was ordained as Deacon

in the New Salem Church January 4, 1975, and lived a faithful and devoted member until his death.

Travis had been in failing health for the past 10 years and for the last 5 months had been in much worse health. Daddy suffered his pain so well because he didn't want the children and me to have to worry about him, and never wanted to be any trouble to anyone. Verna Mae stayed by his side so close, only leaving him when absolutely necessary and always rushing right back.

Travis enjoyed his brothers and sisters and friends visiting him so much. Right before he died he told his brother Norman that he was going on a long ride.

Daddy was not able to work for the last 6 months. You could find him reading his Bible until his eyesight got so bad he couldn't read.

I feel that Daddy has gone to sleep in the arms of Jesus and his suffering will be no more.

Written by his broken-hearted wife, children, and brother, Hershel

### VERTIE (MULLINS) SLATER



With a sad and aching heart, but beautiful memories of my precious Mama, I will try to write an obituary of the one who was so dear to me.

Mama joined the Stone Coal Church on August, second Saturday, 1935. She was baptized by Elder M. M. Chaffins and Elder M.C. Wright. She was a great advocate of the Regular Baptist Church, and set a good example for everyone to follow.

Mama was the daughter of Sampson and Polly Ann (Robinson) Mullins of Omaha, Virginia. She was born January 30, 1894, and passed away March 18, 1975. She was the wife of the late Ike Slater, who preceded her in death August 15, 1956.

She is survived by one daughter and son-in-law, Bob and Tessie Campbell of Garrett. We lived with Mama for 18 years, and we did all we could for her to make her life as happy as we could. We were always there to comfort her in all her sickness and lonely hours of confinement at home.

She leaves one brother, Troy Mullins of Wayland, Ky., and one sister, Mattie Gallion, of Jenkins, Ky.; and many neices and nephews and friends and Brothers and Sisters in Christ who

loved her so. But most of all I loved her so much and miss her so. But we are not to question God's work for He does all things well.

As Job, in the Bible says, "And the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." My Mama was strong in faith of the Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, for salvation.

During the writing of the *History of the Regular Baptist* history book, Mama was asked by the church to submit an article. I would like to share a part of it with you to benefit someone that may not have read it in the history book.

A writing by Mama in the *History of the Regular Baptist*, printed in 1961. She wrote on page 313:

Now in conclusion — Let me say in accord with Paul in the 8th Chapter of Romans, "But if the spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His spirit that dwelleth in you, So in this, Paul had reference directly to the resurrection of the body. The outer man when their mortal decaying body shall put on immortality and this corruptible shall put on incorruptible. So at the death of the outer man the inner man leaves the earthly house and ascends to heightened and spiritual bliss in the nearer presence of God, or in paradise, where the soul of the righteous go after death of the body and where they remain between death and the resurrection.

Written by her daughter and Sister in Christ, who loved her so,  
Tessie Campbell

### BILL JUSTICE



In my lonely and aching heart and with the help of the Lord, I will try to write an obituary of my beloved husband, Elder Bill Justice. He was born to the late Hager Justice and Sarah Adkins Justice December 24, 1919, in Floyd County. He was married to Angie Bell Tussy Justice February 24, 1940. Unto this union were born 3 children, 2 boys and 1 girl. He had the privilege of seeing one boy, Claude Justice, come into the old church before he had to leave us. He leaves to mourn, his son, Claude, Billie Joe Justice, Rosemary Justice Frazier, and 12 grandchildren. He loved them so very much. He had been in the old church 27 years, baptized 2nd Sunday in July, 1950, ordained as a minister 2nd Saturday, 14th day of March 1953. He loved the old church

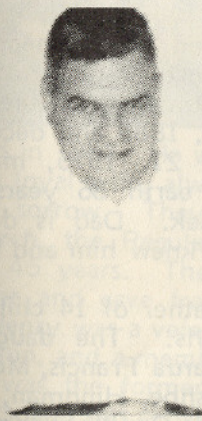
so very much. He would sit on his bed at night and pray to the Lord for help to lead the people in peace. He would go to church at times when he should have been in bed. He said he felt better when he got there.

He was in Prestonsburg Hospital the last three weeks of his life. He would pray, preach and sing, and talk to people that came in to see him about the Lord. The doctor gave him up one night for dead. He said he got there but had to come back. Our daughter came in and he told her that if she ever wanted to see her old white-headed daddy again she would have to get right with the Lord. He told me he saw my father there and that he was the most beautiful thing he ever saw, and that there were so many there he couldn't mention them all.

He was retired from Jenny Wiley State Park. I could go on and write more but the many people that knew him knew what he was for, love and peace. You are not forgotten, loved one, Nor will you ever be. We miss you now, our hearts are sore as time goes by, we miss you more your loving smile, your gentle face, no one can fill your vacant place.

Written by his broken-hearted wife, Angiebell Justice

### MAGGARD CAUDILL



With the help of the good Lord I will try to write an obituary of my dear beloved husband, Maggard Caudill. He was born May 31, 1927 at Topmost, Ky., to Hiran Caudill and Julie (Slone) Caudill. Both preceded him in death. He passed from this life November 1, 1976. His stay on earth was 49 years, 6 months and 1 day. He leaves to mourn their loss 3 brothers: Clonis, Topmost, Ky.; Carl, Softshell, Ky.; Ezzard, Cleveland, Ohio; and 1 sister, Ella, Topmost, Ky.

He married Virgie (Collins) Caudill May 24, 1944, in Pikeville, Ky., and to this union were born 15 children, 7 sons and 8 daughters. Two preceded him in death. His sons are Woodie, Watergap, Ky.; Darrel, Ligonier, Ind.; Ralph, Warsaw, Ind.; Talt, Kendalville, Ind. His daughters are Marie, Kathy, Eunice, Nora Lee, Mary Helen, Bertha, Ruth Ann, all of Kendalville, Ind. He has four grandchildren.

He joined the Old Caney Fork Regular Baptist Church at Caney Fork, in Raven, Ky., April 15, 1961. He filled his seat as often as he could. He hated to miss meeting with the Brothers and Sisters. Every church time he would ask the children, "How

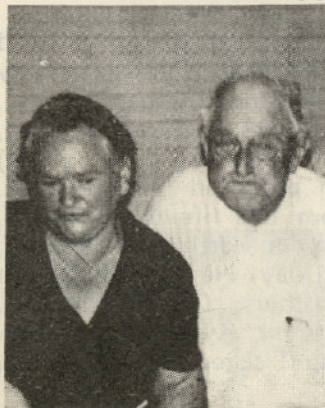
many are going with Daddy to church this week?", and some would say, "It's too far to go." He always said, "You children better go with Daddy while you can, someday you will want to go and can't." Not long ago I heard some of them say, "Mommy, I understand what Daddy meant, but I couldn't at that time. We didn't know he was going to leave us so soon."

Words can not tell how well we all loved him and how we all miss him so much every day. He had lots of friends, neighbors and brothers and sisters. Most everybody that knew him liked to talk with him. He worked hard to try to raise his children. I woke in the night lots of times and he would be praying for the Lord to watch over his family. I believe by the life he has lived he is in a better country where there will be no heartaches, troubles nor worries over there. I want to say to all of my children, if they want to go where I believe Daddy went, fall out with sin and beg God to forgive them of their sins. Our home on earth is so lonesome for the one we loved so much. By the grace of God we can go to him. I feel our loss is heaven's gain.

May God bless you all.

Written by his broken-hearted wife

### JOHN L. GRIFFITH



With a sad and broken heart I'll try to write a short obituary of my beloved Daddy, John L. Griffith, who was born March 1, 1889 and deceased this life February 21, 1976, making his stay here on earth 86 years, 11 months and 1 week. Dad is deeply missed by all who knew him and loved him.

He was the father of 14 children, 7 boys and 7 girls. The daughters are as follows: Marua Francis, Mousie, Ky.; Phyllis Handshoe, Hindman, Ky.; Margie Whitaker, Aberdeen, Maryland; Fannie Goodman, Kenderville, Ind.; Nayomia Martin, Mich.; and Lena Sarka, Jacksonville, Fla. The sons are as follows: Keith Griffith, Langley, Ky.; Arnold Griffith, Estill, Ky.; James Michael Griffith, Asley, Ind.; Norman Griffith, Morrow, Ohio; Kendall Griffith, Ligioneire, Ind.; Don Sage Griffith, Hollywood, Calif.; and Hershall Griffith who preceded him in death.

He also raised 11 step-children whose names are as follows: Feru, Fon Freeda, Dewey, Eugene Mullins, Audrey Noel, Ella Wells, Francis Armitage, Olive Griffith, Robert Patton and Bill

Prater.

Dad was married to Mae Combs, who also had children, after the death of my mother in 1967. To this union no children were born, but she had 9 children of her own.

Dad is gone but not forgotten, and we all miss him, so to you children that don't know the Lord, you better get right with God if you want to see Dad and Mom again. The Lord will guide you through the path of righteousness. Our loss is Heaven's gain.

Written by Marua Francis

### HENRY GOFF



It is with a sad heart we will try to write the obituary of our beloved husband and father, Henry Goff. He was born at Raccoon, Pike County, Ky., March 12, 1895, and died August 31, 1976, making his stay here on earth 81 years, 5 months and 19 days.

He was the son of W.M. (Billie) Goff and Isabelle Ball Goff. He was married to Gracie Johnson, and to this union were born three children, Roy Goff of Pikeville, Arlene Chaney of Ratliff's Creek, and Racine Damron of Robinson Creek. His wife, Gracie,

died in 1952. He was married to Ola Venters who was a devoted and loyal wife, always at his side to help and console in sickness and sorrow. They were loyal supporters and believers in their church, the Regular Baptist. Henry was a deacon and trustee for 45 years. They welcomed their church friends into their home and gave freely of moral, physical and financial support.

Henry was a veteran of World War I, member of the American Legion, and a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He was the former owner of Goff Furniture Store for several years, and was active in other business fields since 1917.

In a beautiful Memorial plot, so lonely and sad,  
Where the tall trees gently wave,  
Lies the one we loved dearly,  
In a lone and silent grave.

Sleep on, loved one.  
Take your rest.  
We all loved you,  
But God loved you best.

Written by his wife and Sister Emma G. Bartley

## PHEOBE COLLINS KIDD



With a sad and aching heart I will, with the help of the good Lord, try to write the obituary of my dear departed mother, Pheobe Kidd. She was the daughter of Henry Collins and Sally Lawson Collins.

She was born on April 14, 1885, and departed this life on December 15, 1976, making her stay on this earth 81 years, 8 months and 1 day.

She was married to Ruben M. Kidd on January 7, 1914 at Honaker, Ky. Unto this union were born 10 children, 5 boys and 5 girls: Cecil Kidd, Willie Kidd, Rufford Kidd, Luthard Kidd and Ransom Kidd, and the girls are Minta Kidd, Veara Hamilton, Myra Thomas, Betty Jean Hunter, and Hazel Hamilton; all are living. Mother had 39 grandchildren and 51 great-grandchildren.

Mom joined the Little Dove Regular Baptist Church in 1958. She was always a faithful member.

Mom worked so very hard to raise us children. No one but the Lord knows how much I miss her. But I believe Mom is resting now in the arms of the Lord. Our loss is heaven's gain.

Written with warm and precious memories by her daughter,  
Betty Jean Hunter

## JOHN B. NEWSOM



With much sadness and sorrow we will try to write an obituary of our beloved father, John B. Newsom. Daddy was born July 19, 1911, and was the son of Henry and Tilda Newsom. Daddy passed away July 9, 1977, making his stay here on earth 65 years, 11 months and 20 days.

He was married to Lizzie Newsom March 5, 1930. Unto this union were born six children. John Henry died as an infant. Left to mourn their loss are three sons: Acie, Delaney and James Clyde, all of Pikeville, Ky.; and two daughters: Dacie Hamilton and Dicie N. Vinson, both of Pikeville, Ky. Daddy also leaves 7 grandchildren, 1 great-grandchild, and two sisters, Melvina Lusk of Virgie, Ky.; and Eunia Newsom of Columbus, Ohio.

Daddy joined the Old Regular Baptist Church and was baptized May 2, 1953. He loved to attend church far and near as long as he was able. His membership was at the Bethlehem Church.

It seemed as if Daddy knew where he was going. The last few hours he stayed here on earth he smiled all the time. He seemed so very happy. Mommy had to leave Daddy in 1974, but we feel like Daddy is with Mommy in heaven, never to part anymore.

Written by his broken-hearted children

## DAN CORNETT



Dan Cornett, the son of the late Robin and Susan Smith Cornett, was born November 1, 1895, and passed from this earth on April 26, 1977, making his stay 81 years. In early life he was wed to Rhoda Martin and to this union were born three children, two boys and one girl: Buddy Cornett, Greenup, Ky.; Collie B. Cornett, Morehead, Ky.; and Sally Sue Cornett, West Liberty, Ky. Brother Dan and Sister Rhoda were good providers. His wife, Rhoda, preceded him in death. He also leaves to mourn his passing one brother. John W. Cornett, Hindman, Ky., 14 grandchildren, 2 great-grandchildren, a large host of nephews and neices, and many friends and neighbors.

Brother Dan was a former miner and spent service in World War I. In November, 1949, he joined the Old Regular Baptist Church, in which he was a faithful member until death. He was a Deacon of the Ball Branch Regular Baptist Church. Brother Dan told John Wess that he had had a dream of going to Sister Rhoda's house where he had really enjoyed himself, and he also saw Brother Neil and Sister Maggie Cornett there, which was the most beautiful place he ever saw.

Written by Elder Burton Howard

## WILLIAM EPP BARTLEY



It is in much weakness that we try to write this obituary of our beloved brother to wit: William Epp Bartley. He died August 31, 1977 at his home at Penny, Ky., after a long illness. Born in Pike County, Ky.,



May 24, 1902, he was the son of the late William Bartley and Ruthie Newsome Bartley.

Epp married Mollie Castle December 10, 1925. Unto this union was born one child, named Willie Ann Bartley, now deceased. Mollie died the 8th day of May 1927.

Epp later married Perneatly Newsome the 20th day of July, 1927. Unto this union were born 5 children. One son, Robert Lee, preceded him in death. In addition to his wife, he is survived by two daughters: Mrs. Draxie Abrams of Penny, Ky., and Mrs. Belva Hamilton of Rt. 4, Pikeville, Ky.; two sons, Fleetwood Bartley of Huntington, W. Va. and Lagrand Bartley, of Rt. 4, Pikeville, Ky.; one brother, Levi Bartley of Virgie, Ky.; two half-brothers, Cecil Bartley of Virgie, Ky., and Amos Bartley of Rt. 4, Pikeville, Ky.; two half-sisters, Oma Hamilton of Virgie, Ky., and Bertha Tackett of Millard, Ky.; fourteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Epp was a retired coal miner and a member of the Regular Baptist Church. He joined the church August 24, 1952. He was baptized at the hands of Elder Taulby Kiser and Elder Noah Newsome.

He was a deacon of the church and a faithful member until about four years ago, when he was taken ill. We want to say to all the children, if they want to see Daddy again, they will have to repent of their sins while they have life and opportunity. We want to say we could write a big book of his life, but it is not necessary. We feel our loss is heaven's gain.

Written by Brethren in Hope, Elder Jethro Hampton and Elder Hatler Kiser

### JOE WARD



By the request of the family and the help of the Lord, I will try to write the obituary of Bro. Joe Ward, the son of the late Elijah and Catherine Daniel Ward. He was born in Johnson County, Ky., January 1, 1877, and deceased April 13, 1976 at McDowell Hospital, making his stay on earth 99 years, 3 months and 12 days.

Survivors are his wife, Martha Thornsberry Ward, sons: Will, Perry and Brownlow Ward, Buckingham, Ky; Andy Ward, Flatwood, Ky.; Hasroe Ward, St. Marys, Ohio; daughters:

Lillie Little, Bypro, Ky., Elizabeth Thompson, Bevinville, Ky.; Ocie Rodershaw, Helena, Ala.; Virgie Virginia Bates, Columbus,

Ohio. He also leaves 39 grandchildren and a host of great-grand children to mourn their loss.

His wife and 3 daughters have confessed a hope in Christ; Lillie, Virgie Virginia and Ocie. Bro. Joe joined Providence Church many years ago, and the love he had for the church caused him to walk across the hills, through the heat and cold to fill his seat in the church. Bro. Joe moved his letter to Joppa church, where he remained until death, which was 48 years. I, the writer, can truthfully say I believe his soul is resting in Paradise. The body awaits the adoption until Jesus comes in His power, then the soul and body will go home to heaven.

I want to say to the children and grandchildren, the ones that haven't made peace with God, if they ever want to see Bro. Joe again, they must repent of their sins and be born again.

Written by Sister Lillie Little and Elder Hilbert Mullins

### CANTON SLONE



With the help of the good Lord I will try to write an obituary of Canton Slone. Canton was born April 12, 1934, and departed this life September 20, 1977, making his stay on earth 43 years, 5 months and 8 days. He was the son of Clinton and Lulie Slone. His mother, Lulie, three sisters — Ella Mae, Fren and Rosalee, and one brother, Ancil, preceded him in death. Left to mourn their loss are: his father, Clinon, five brothers, Homer, Jack, Hayes, Earl and Royland; and three sisters: Alverta, Grace and Olive.

Canton lay in the hospital the last month of his life and while on his death bed he called for Brother Emmitt Slone to come and see him. He told Brother Emmitt he was looking forward to his family reunion. He said he had found Christ and had a better home to go to.

I feel with all my heart that Canton found what everyone searches for, and that he has just exchanged a world of pain and sorrow for one of peace and joy.

The best counsel I can give to Canton's father, brothers and sisters is to take heed to his last words and find salvation before it is too late. Get ready and look forward to that family reunion that he has gone on to.

Written by a Brother in Christ, I believe with all my heart,  
C.B. Smith

## RISSIE HALL BRIDGEMAN



It is with a heavy heart and much sadness according to nature, that I will try, with the help of God, to write a short obituary of one that was so dear to many of us.

Aunt Rissie Hall Bridgeman was born March 12, 1886, to John and Dillie Hall. She departed this life December 20, 1976, making her stay on earth eighty years, nine months and eight days. She was married to Morgan Bridgeman in 1916 and to this union were born five children. One died in infancy, Morgan, and one boy, Charles, preceded her in death a few

years ago. Three children, Juanita, Irene and Loretta, eleven grandchildren, ten great-grandchildren and a host of friends are left to mourn her leaving.

I have known Aunt Rissie for many years and I shall miss her smile and kind greeting when I visit that part of the country in the future. Aunt Rissie never joined the church, but she did leave a sweet testimony that there was nothing against her reaching her home in heaven.

I would like to say to the children and grandchildren that I believe Aunt Rissie has reached her peaceful rest and there is only one way you can see her again after today. The Lord said, "You must be born again". The loving Savior made the way and will teach it to each and everyone. So let's say with love and without reservation, "Mom, we'll see you again someday."

Written by one that will miss her, but will be expecting to meet her again, Elder John C. Frazier

## JAMES AND EMMA FRASURE OUSLEY



It is very hard to find words to write about this fine couple, Jim and Emma Ousley. They were fine, honest, hard working people who made their living farming, making crossties, and different odd jobs.

When Emma became ill, Jim sat by her bedside and worried. He said he didn't want to be left without her, so he prayed that he would die first. His wish was granted about six weeks before Emma passed away.

Jim was the son of Robert and

polly Prater Ousley. He was born May 25, 1889. His earthly

existence ended July 21, 1976, at the age of 87 years, 1 month and 26 days, with no brothers or sisters surviving. Emma was born July 30, 1893, the daughter of Reece and Susan Wright Frasure. She passed away September 5, 1976. She is survived by two brothers, Malcolm and Robert Frasure, and two sisters, Mrs. Poppie Kirk and Mrs. Lenda Letteral, all of Greenup County, Kentucky.

James Ousley and Emma Frasure were married on October 2, 1910. They are survived by four sons and three daughters. One daughter, Inas Stephens, preceded them in death. Surviving are Dewey Ousley, Willard Ousley, Orville Ousley and Mae Slone of West Prestonsburg; Sanford Ousley, Susie DeRossett and Grace Flanery of Martin. They reared two foster children, their niece, Emma Napier, who preceded them in death, and their nephew, Lonzo Ousley of Dayton, Ohio. They leave 26 grandchildren, 47 great-grandchildren and 3 great-great-grandchildren, and a host of friends and relatives to mourn their passing. Four grandchildren preceded them in passing.

During their lifetime, Jim and Emma knew grief. Three of their grandchildren were in the 1957 school bus wreck; two escaped unharmed, but one, James Thomas Ousley, became a victim to it.

Emma belonged to the Hollybush Church on the Spurlock Fork of Middle Creek. They attended the Old Regular Baptist Church in which Emma was baptized about 55 years ago, and went to church every chance they got until failing health prevented them. Jim was a strong believer in the faith. He said he had nothing to fear, for he had made peace with his God. One morning Emma got up and fixed breakfast. When Jim got up he came into the kitchen and was crying. She thought he was sick but he told her he dreamed of being at church and was baptized. They rejoiced there together in the kitchen and no breakfast was eaten. There were several times Jim told of praying when he was alone. Jim and Emma Ousley were living examples of Christian people. We are sure our loss is heaven's gain.

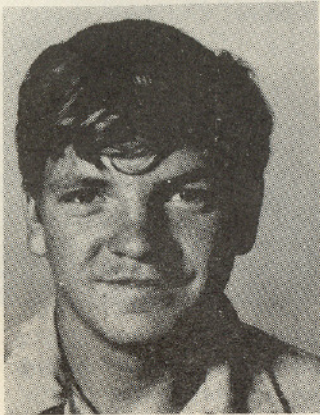
We feel this poem is typical of their lives.

### THE WATCHERS

They always leaned to watch for us;  
Anxious if we were late,  
In winter by the window; in summer by the gate.  
Their thoughts were all so full of us;  
They never could forget;  
And I think that where they are,  
They must be watching yet.  
Waiting for us to gather home;  
Anxious if we're late,

Watching from Heaven's windows;  
Waiting by Heaven's gate.  
Written by the bereaved family

### JOHNNY KIDD



By the request of Bro. Millard Kidd, I will try to write an obituary of a dear Brother and Sister's son, to wit: Johnny Kidd. He was the son of Millard and Bertha Case Kidd. He was born March 23, 1960, and departed this life November 8, 1976, making his stay here on earth 16 years, 7 months and 15 days. He leaves his father, mother, two brothers, Timmy Kidd and Tony Kidd, three sisters, Shelia Fay, Geannie Lynn and Mae Kidd, all at Honaker, Ky. He also leaves his C.B. Radio friends, and a host of others

to mourn his passing, but we believe according to God's Bible, that Johnny is with Jesus Christ, and the holy angels, for we read in St. Luke 23 Chapter and 42 verse, "And he said unto him, verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in paradise." It is quoted in the Webster's Dictionary; the garden of Eden, second it is heaven. Then I would like for someone to show me where the man was baptized in water, like some would have you believe, and that man got in paradise. I am sure the Lord didn't take him in and then cast him back out in hell. I would like to go back to St. Luke, Chapter 3, Verse 16, this is just part of that verse, "John answered, saying unto them all, indeed, I baptize you with water", and to make it short, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." In the 1977 flood they were asking everybody to keep channel 9 open for emergency calls only. I would like to say that, if Johnny made a call on that emergency line from earth to heaven, Jesus Christ was standing by to take that call. Also, you C.B. friends of Johnny Kidd's, when you say "Breaker, breaker, 10 - 4, do you ever stop and think if Johnny's voice came in and answered what you would say? Would you go on with your call, or would you hang up? There is one channel always open and that is the line from earth to heaven, and Jesus will not hang up until He has heard what you have to say. Numbers 14 Chapter, 29 Verse, just part of this verse, "According to your whole number from twenty years old and upward did not enter into the promised land, their carcasses fell in the wilderness, not their soul.

I would like to say, Bro. Millard and Sister Bertha, you have four children over in paradise, and I hope you will meet them at the last day, and I say, don't worry over them, but you have five here on earth and those are the ones to talk to, to make it right with Jesus.

Jesus standing guard while they sleep.  
Till morning breaks and shadows flee.  
Suffer little children to come unto me.  
Death's that golden key that opens  
The gates to eternity.  
Death is but a pathway to heaven of those  
worthy of remembrance.  
Where we will gather at that great reunion some  
day.

Written by your Brother in Hope, Mack Kidd, Jr.

### ROSE RAY



With a lonely feeling and sad heart, I will try to write an obituary of one so dear to me, my mother-in-law, Rose Ray. She was born April 8, 1883, and departed this life March 26, 1976.

She married Sherm Ray in the year of 1905. To this union were born 9 children, 7 of whom preceded her in death. She has two daughters living: Mary Compton and Martha Justice, and a daughter-in-law that lived with her, Estelle Ray. She also had 9 grandchildren. 29 great-grandchildren, and 10 great-great-grandchildren.

She joined the Old Regular Baptist Church in 1958 and was a faithful member and went to church as long as she was able. She was always good to all of the neighbor's children. They all called her "Ma".

We all miss her so much, but we believe our loss is heaven's gain. We thank God that Jesus suffered for us, that our suffering will cease. Thank God that Ma and all who believe in Jesus can share with Him in God's eternal glory.

So, I will close this obituary by saying, I hope to meet her again some sweet day.

Written by her daughter-in-law,  
Estelle Ray