I have been asked to write a short history on what I know about Flat Rock Church. I will first tell about what my Mother told me of in her childhood days. She said there used to be a camp ground there and her Grandparents tented and she stayed with them. They were members of that church. This brings me to what I know about Flat Rock Church.

In 1873 our entire family of ten, both parents and 8 children, had their letters transferred to Flat Rock from Red Oak. Our first preacher was named Wesley Henson. The second one was David Nolan. He lived in Senoia. He came Friday evening and stayed until Monday. The next preacher was T. S. L. Harwell. He lived in Turin, came on Friday evening and stayed until Monday. The next one was Cadesman Pope who lived in Zebulon. Each one of these served three years.

The church building looked to be at least 200 hundred years old. It was just a hall, a big one too. There was no way to fasten the doors, the windows had plank shutters and cracks you could put your hand through, steps of rock, no lighting only from the sky. Just back of the pulpit was one small window for the preacher to see how to read. There was three acres in the lot and a deed to so many feet of right of way to the spring near by. There was a big ground for burying. My Great Grandparents are buried there. We had preaching once a month, quarterly meeting once a quarter and Sunday School every Sunday. Our Sunday School Superintendent was John Foxworth, a retired Sea Captain. A man of fine education and a loyal member of Flat Rock Church as long as he lived. He also taught the Bible Class. He was killed by a run away team. He was greatly missed by the Church and community. Captain Foxworth was
a grand old man and a man of much learning.

We went to Sunday School as usual, when we got there the Bible, Hymn book and Glass that set on the pulpit was gone. We did not know where in a long time. We thought it was gone for good, but one morning a near neighbor got up as usual, when he looked out the Bible, Hymn book was lying on his wood pile and the glass was on top of them a note from a man in another county was with it. He said he had read the book and found that he had done wrong and was returning it and asking forgiveness, which was granted and hope he was benefitted by it.

I remember that an old colored preacher used to come often and sit in the back part of the church and sometimes the preacher would call on him to pray. He would pray an able prayer.

Flat Rock has always been called the Mother Church of the work which consisted of seven churches. One preacher served all of these churches and lived in his own home several miles away. We worshiped in the old church about ten years and then they began to plan for a new Church. The entire membership hated to give up the dear old church where they had worshiped and had such glorious revivals but all thought it would be best for the future of the church and it proved to be for the future of the church. They sold the old building to a retired M.D., a long time member of the dear old church. Flat Rock has always been called the Mother Church of the work because of its age. Dr. Williams had the church torn down and moved to his own community and built him a dwelling. There was enough sound timber in it to build him a three room house, front and back porch. My Father bought the timber in the grove, not that he needed it for he had a big body of woods on his own farm, but it was
to get more funds to start the new church. The Trustees then bought one acre square from G. W. Perkins in the village of Hollonville and moved Flat Rock to Hollonville. They got Mr. Perkins to frame the church. He was an Architect, a contractor and a very fine workman and this, dear friends is the original Hollonville Methodist Church which is still Flat Rock moved to town.

This is written by Miss Addie Huckaby, a member of this church, I am in my 90th year and am of sound mind and clear memory, Thanks to the Giver of All good Gifts.