HISTORY OF

ST. PAUL METHODIST CHURCH

OCTOBER 15, 1952

History at Church on white burg et Lagoon Dist.
THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CHURCH:

The church preceded the Bible, "Upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Matt. 16: 18.

The church is the gateway to heaven. Oh! how our hearts are thrilled with exceeding joy when through the eye of faith we realize the glorious significance of the church at whose altar Christ stands with his all-protecting outstretched arms, beckoning and lovingly pleading to all mankind to come into His kingdom, and drink freely at the fount of the living waters, take up the cross and follow Him. Christ is the way, the truth, and the light of the world. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Matt. 7: 13,14.

Oh! The sadness, the sorrows, the tragedies that befall multitudes of victims allured by satan's deceptive and sinister temptations all along life's way—the wages of sin is death.

To attend God's house of worship is indeed an honor, be the church visitor saint or sinner.

Can a true consecrated church member visit the dance-hall, the gambler's den, the saloon, or any questionable place of worldly amusement, without hanging his head in shame and disgrace for having deviated from the paths of righteousness, and purity of living? There is such a vast gulf between God's strait and narrow way, and the many sinful, questionable places of worldly amusement of our modern society, and the contrast
between good and evil is so great that the situation is indeed appalling. Along the strait and narrow way the travelers are few and far between. On the broad way to destruction, alas! the multitudes caught in Satan's sinister snares! Alas! the shocking court records of juvenile delinquency of crimes with many lives sent into eternity daily by wrecked automobiles due to alcohol tells the sad, sad story. The church, indeed, has a challenge to meet this grave situation. God's power only can solve our corrupt social problems, and our international problems. God has preserved the union of this nation, the United States of America, the greatest nation on earth to pay its part for world peace. When world peace is established, it will be by God's omnipotent power.

How beautiful, uplifting and sweet are the sacred songs so beautifully set to rhyme by the poets, which, indeed are a part of a prayer, as the melody echoes from wall to wall through God's house of worship, pointing us to the strait and narrow way!

Yes, there are so many glorious, elevating spiritual lessons we learn in God's house of worship that transcends all earthly things—a shield from every snare—a pardon for every sinner—a new and glorious lease on life. Life is too short to let Satan cheat us out of the many blessings God has in store for us.

Christ was tempted by Satan with all his cunning and sinister ways, but glory be to God, Christ divine came out victorious. "Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Matt. 4: 10. Just as Christ came out victorious over Satan's temptations, so can every living soul who puts his trust in Him who is able to deliver us from the evil one, and give us victory over sin through Christ our Saviour.
What a privilege, what an opportunity for good, to visit God's house of worship! Worldly pleasure is like the foam on the ocean, soon vanishes away, but spiritual things bring peace, joy and eternal blessings.

There are many instances where victims of sin and dissipation, who have drifted so far into the throes of despair, and on the verge of suicide, when by chance they visited God's house of worship, and were rescued through the pleadings of God's servants, saw the light, turned from the downward road of destruction and entered into God's Kingdom of peace and eternal joy.

The church is indeed one of God's mysterious ways of revealing himself to all mankind. God speed the churches of all faiths and may the angels of heaven rise up and call its faithful servants blessed.

GOD'S REVELATION TO US THROUGH NATURE:

With the advent of the beautiful Autumn season of the year, the climax of all the seasons of the year when all nature takes on its golden hue of beauty and grandeur, and even the gentle breeze that softly fans the golden leaves of the trees seem to whisper to all mankind, to the little birds of the air, to the beasts of the fields, and the forests, a song of God's love.

From every avenue of nature wherever we may chance to be, a beautiful flower garden with all its fragrance and beauty, a beautiful field of golden ripening grain, its serenity and sublime stillness, charmed by the echo of old Bob White calling to its mate in the distance, the humble faithful laborers harvesting their crops to fulfil our every want for food and raiment, we behold God's miraculous, creative power, thus we see unmistakable evidences of God's footprints in all nature.
St. Paul Methodist Church was founded about 1825, by James H. Holland, who moved from Fayette County, Georgia, and settled in Carroll County, Georgia, in the Third District near the Cahattahoochee River, in the Fall of 1823. Mr. Holland was born in 1801 in South Carolina, and moved with father's family to Fayette County, Georgia, when he was a small child.

Being a devout Christian character, Mr. Holland shortly after getting settled down in his new home, established a church which he named "Holland's Methodist Church." The church was located in the vicinity in later years known as "Buyer's Cross Roads."

Doubtless Mr. Holland's newly established church enjoyed seasons of rich spiritual blessings for the next Thirty (30) years at its original location.

In the pioneer days of our potential great county, before the advent of the automobile, the radio, the telephone, the television, etc., or possibly before the advent of the carry-all (later known as the buggy), doubtless people attended church services more loyally than they do in these modern times, where there are so many worldly allurements to draw them away from God's house of worship.

In 1858, Mr. Holland sold his river farm, Land Lot No. 96, in the Third (3rd) District, and bought a farm, Land Lot No. 212, located in the vicinity of the "Little Bethel Community" about seven miles Northwest from his first settled home. Upon getting settled down in his new home he built a large one-room log house to which he moved his church from its original location, in order that he and his new neighbors could worship God under their own vine and fig tree, according to the dictates of their conscience, thus enjoying the Christian heritage of their forefathers.

During the next few years the church, located in its new home,
soon became a noted place of worship, in the community. The church building was also used for a school house and for social gatherings in the community.

The second home of "Holland's Methodist Church" was located about a quarter of a mile East of the Rev. Willis Jones old home place, who was a primitive Baptist preacher. In getting some data on St. Paul Church, I visited the site of the second location of "Holland's Methodist Church", and with Mr. Jethro Jones, who lives at his father's old home place, as my guide, I found the spot where the church stood--its second location. The old cemetery a few steps from where the church stood, is all grown up in huge trees--absolutely in the woods. There, in that lonely, desolate wooded area, in the silent city of the dead, grossly neglected, beneath the sod he loved, rests the remains of James H. Holland, the founder of St. Paul Methodist Church, his wife, and a few of the immediate members of his large family, to await the resurrection morn.

In the year 1867, two years after the close of the Civil War, while the battered, banished Confederate soldiers with increasing toil were endeavoring to reconstruct their war-town community, the church was moved from its second location about One and one-half (1 1/2) miles South to its present location, and its name was changed from "Holland's Methodist Church" to "St. Paul Methodist Church."

In 1867 Four (4) acres of land was purchased from N. B. Jones and his wife, Jane Jones, for the sum of Twenty and no/100 ($20.00) Dollars, for a site for the church. In the year of Our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-seven (1867), the following trustees of "St. Paul Methodist Church" purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Jones the four acres of land, for the church site: G. W. Camp, F. W. Hilley, J. R.
Bunt, Wm. Peek and Thomas E. Camp. The deed was witnessed by J. R. Hood and W. C. Dunkp, and registered in the Clerk's office, December 22, 1869, in Deed Book M; page 117, by J. N. Griffin.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES H. HOLLAND:--

James H. Holland, founder of St. Paul Methodist Church, was born in South Carolina, in 1801, and with his parents moved to Fayette County, Georgia, when a small child. In the Fall of 1823 he moved to Carroll County, Georgia, and settled in the vicinity, later years known as "Buyer's Cross Roads", where he established "Holland's Methodist Church."

In 1838 Mr. Holland purchased a farm consisting of One hundred and Twenty (120) acres, off of Land Lot No. 96, for the sum of Eight Hundred and no/100 ($800.00) Dollars. The East side of this farm was bounded by the Chattahoochee River, it being the custom of our pioneer settlers to seek the fertile river bottom land. The farm was purchased February 5, 1936, and the deed was witnessed by the following persons: Levi Phillips, Martin Carter, and Carrington Knight, and recorded in the Carroll County Court house records by John Long, Clerk.

Mr. Holland was a farmer and also operated a grist mill. He was married twice and raised a family of twelve children, four boys and eight girls. There were ten children by his first wife and two by his second wife.

According to the custom of our pioneer settlers, practically all of Mr. Holland's children, as they married and began housekeeping in their own home, settled in the immediate vicinity of their father's home where family ties were indeed a great stimulus to the development of good Christian character, contentment and good citizenship. His
oldest son, Mr. Lindsey Holland, was a farmer, miller, postmaster and served a term in the lower house of the Georgia Legislature. Mr. Lindsey Holland's son, Professor Frank Holland, as a young man taught school in Florida, where he married a girl from Virginia and settled in the Land of Sunshine and Flowers. In the course of time Professor Frank Holland's son, Hon. Spessard Holland was elected governor of Florida, which office he held for a number of years and is now U. S. Senator from the Land of Sunshine and Flowers.

Mr. Jordan Holland, who was eleven years younger than his oldest brother, Lindsey, raised a large family. These two brother's farms adjoined, where they lived, labored, loved and fought life's battles 'till God called them home.

My paternal uncle, Charles Patton Buyers, married two daughters of Mr. Jordan Holland's family, his first wife, Linnie, having died with typhoid fever about three weeks after their marriage. Two years after his first wife's death, he married Nancy to which union was born two children, a son, Georgia, who died at six months of age, and Minnie, his oldest child, who lived to be sixty-seven years of age. My cousin, Minnie Buyers, was the most consecrated loyal christian character I have ever known. Christ to her was so precious, so sweet, and so dear and real, that even in all her correspondence to her loved ones and friends, she invariably began her letters "Greetings in Jesus Name." Wherever there was an opportunity to testify for her Master, she always arose, her face aglow with the sublime beauty of true christian love, and very tenderly and vividly told how precious Christ her Saviour was to her. It was indeed very touching to note how tenderly and faithfully she administered to and cared for her aged father as he neared the
sunset of life, and wept bitterly at his passing.

Mr. Poney Holland, son of Mr. Jordan Holland, lived for a number of years at his father's old home place where he raised a large family. A few years prior to his death, he moved to Bowdon, Georgia. He farmed and was also engaged in the sawmill business for a number of years, operating a threshing machine during the Harvest season. His daughter, Mrs. Homer Yates, who operates a dry goods store at Bowdon, recently donated $100.00 to the repair of St. Paul Church.

Mr. James H. Holland's youngest daughter, Lucy, married Mr. Jessie Hilley, which union was blessed with a large family, there being three sons, Jones, Jack and Willie, and six daughters. Mrs. Hilley being the youngest child of the family never remembered seeing her father, he having died when she was two years of age.

The following children are members of St. Paul Church: Mrs. Brice McLendon, Mrs. Tillman Arrington, Mrs. Lillie Hamilton and Mrs. Gene Dukes. All of whom are indeed loyal to our church and liberal with their financial support.

The sweet association and christian fellowship of our few remaining members of our humble sacred old church is indeed blessed with a mutual christian love, inspired with a great hope to press on to the higher calling of Christ our Saviour.

Mr. Jessie Hilley possessed a very optimistic view of life, and always had a cheerful word for everybody. His life reached almost the century mark. His old armchair has been donated to St. Paul Church by his children.
A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF SOME OF THE PIONEER MEMBERS OF ST. PAUL CHURCH JUST AS I REMEMBER THEM:

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF MY FATHER AND MOTHER:

If it had been possible for me to have selected who would be my parents, I couldn't have made a better selection than our all-wise Creator gave to me, I had the best father and mother in all the world, and dearly loved them with an undying love. My parents possessed neither great material wealth, high social prestige, nor lived a spectacular life—far from it—but glory be to God they lived an honest, truthful, humble life motivated by lofty ideals of integrity and purity of living. They loved, toiled, labored and drank deep of the order of life during their four and one-quarter score years of life, with an undying faith in God and a great hope for eternal life beyond the grave.

My parents believed in, and put into practice, the old adage "Spare not the rod of correction." Their goal in life was to strive by precept and example, to instill into the lives of their children the sacredness to do right, fear God and keep His commandments.

My mother and her mother joined St. Paul Church in July, 1889, both being baptized at the same ritual service, by immersion, that mode of baptism being their choice, by Rev. William Speer, at Morrow Mill on Snakes Creek, near Whitesburg, Georgia. How vividly and sweetly I remember the baptismal scene of my sweet mother and dear grandmother.

My father, John A. Buyers, joined St. Paul Church September 3, 1903, and was baptized by sprinkling by Rev. E. M. Stanton, and faithfully lived up to his church vows 'till God called him home. His last words ere he lapsed into unconsciousness were "Jesus lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly". The last earthly words of my sweet
mother were a repetition of the 23rd Psalms, "He leadeth me beside
the still waters"

Since our lot was cast during reconstruction years following the
Civil War, there were many obstacles and struggles to make buckle and
tongue meet.

My father lived on the same lot of land on which he was born all
his life. He was the most unselfish person I ever knew. It has been
said of my father that he considered the other fellow's interest
more so than he did his own. An attitude towards our fellowman at
the time being seems rather inconsistent, however after our loved ones
have left us and gone to their reward such sweet memories of their
having practiced the "Golden Rule" while sojourning in this sin-cursed
world. There is something far greater in life than the mad rush in
pursuit of the dollar. My father spent his life's work tilling the
soil in God's beautiful garden. He loved the clouds, the birds, the
hills, the valleys, and his fellowman.

In our early childhood days, our home sweet home consisted of
two old pioneer log houses built of huge hewn logs and lined with
boards. The large one-room house, which shielded us from Summer's
rains and sun and Winter's cold bleak wind, sleet and snow storms,
we called the "Big House." We children slept on a little trundle
bed that was kept under the bed on which our parents slept in the day-
time, and rolled out at night for us kids to sleep on. Evidently
this double-deck bed arrangement was, of course, to conserve space.
This old pioneer log living room house had a very broad rock chim-
ney on the North side in whose board fireplace mother would oftentimes
during the Winter months for the evening meals roast ashcakes and
sweet potatoes to the great delight of us kids. The "Big House" had only one small window with a wooden shutter at the right side of the fireplace.

The other hewn log house located a few steps from the "Big House", in which mother did the cooking and we ate, we called the kitchen. The kitchen had a rock chimney at the West end of the house, and one small window on the North side of the house. The family remedies for children in those days consisted of candy made of fine sifted cinders from the blacksmith shop, Jerusalem oak seed candy catnip tea. The main remedy was castor oil, which remedy seemed worse than the disease to us kids, and being very reluctant patients our parents would oftentimes hold our nose and pour the castor oil down our throats, to our great distress and struggles. Vividly do I recall one occasion when mother administered the castor oil treatment by putting it in sweetened coffee in saucers. Mother, with switch in hand, stood at the upper end of the East side of the table upon which the three saucers, with the castor oil floating all over the surface of the coffee, were placed. Sister Henly on the North side of the medical table, Brother Gene on the East side next to mother, and myself on the lower East side, very sorrowfully viewing that castor oil floating on the coffee. And drink did it down we, or else. Thus I relate one of our childhood scenes that took place on the humble dining table of that old kitchen, whose memory is so sweet to me. On the East side of the kitchen, next to the road, mother did the family wash. This end of the kitchen supported by rock pillows, was pretty high from the ground, and there was a hickorynut tree by the roadside, just opposite the end of the kitchen. The old hickorynut tree is still standing, and produces large hickory-nuts that we so dearly loved in our childhood days—a cherished heir-
loom of by-gone days.

In the front yard a few steps from the "Big House" was a little square well shelter over the well, around which, with our playmates, we kids played ball, "Andy-over" we called the game. Once while we were playing ball over this seemingly large shelter to us kids of four or five Summers, one of the kids just for fun threw a little rock over the shelter that landed on top of my head. But for this painful incident I doubt that I would ever have remembered about playing ball over the little well shelter. How sweet are childhood memories, regardless of the mishaps that befall us.

My earliest recollection of Santa Claus is as vividly recalled as though that occasion had just happened over night. We children slept on the little trundle bed just in front of the broad fireplace of the rock chimney. After some hours of childhood blissful slumber of sweet anticipation, I was suddenly awakened on a Christmas morn by a roaring and cheerful crackling pine and oakwood fire, with its cheerful brilliant rays focused on my well-filled stocking, which my tiny fingers had securely fastened the night before, on the right-hand side of the fireplace. And oh! what a joy to see that stuffed stocking, so much appreciated by the recipient, was those triped sticks of candy, oranges, apples, raisins, and a pack of platted fire crackers. Doubtless kids of those by-gone days appreciated the little Santa Claus presents far more than kids do today of the more expensive ones. Oh! how beautiful and thrilling, not only to the kids, but also the parents as well, when Santa Claus paid them his jolly Christmas visit. May each and all ever deeply realize the significance of the occasion.

The old ashhopper that stood in the edge of the yard, made of long wide handdriven boards securely filled into a large hewn out wooden
trough when completed resembled an inverted roof of a house. Ashes burnt from oak and hickory wood was placed in the ash hopper to which was added water from time to time, and the drippings of the dark red caught in a large vessel, was placed into a large washpan to which was added a sufficient amount of soap grease and boiled to the consistency of soap, stirring constantly during the process. A useful and necessary product that well filled its purpose in that day and generation, when rigid economy in the family budget was absolutely a must.

And there was the log corn crib in the barn lot with its single sloping rafters, and with its removable boards at the top. At corn shucking time, when the neighbors, their hearts filled with the spirit of glee and mutual neighborly love, gladly responded to the invitation to the corn shucking, an annual event amongst all the neighbors. In my imagination I can just see that stream of long ears of corn, some red ones, glistening in the moonshine as they poured into the top of the crib as those jolly neighbors sang their humorous songs that echoed from hill and dale as they rapidly and joyfully shucked out the pile of corn. Such was the true spirit of neighborliness manifested in that day and generation when people loved one another.

And the double mule stalls with its fodder loft overhead, where the old mother cat would oftentimes carry her kittens by the nap of the neck to safety when molested by us kids to our great horror.

My father's family consisted of six children: Henly, James, Eugene, Ola, Hamilton and Daniel twins. My sisters both married doctors. Henly married Dr. W. T. Freddell, Ola married Dr. O.W. Roberts. Hamilton, one of the twin brothers, died with typhoid fever at nineteen years of age, indeed a precious flower plucked right in the bloom of life. My sister Henly, the wife of Dr. W. F. Friddell, also was called
home a victim of typhoid fever at the age of twenty-two, leaving two children, Earnest and Lucille, both of whom the good Lord called home in their youths. So death lurks in every flower, however God knows best and doeth all things well, and it behooves us all to ever, whatever sorrow may befall us, be resigned to His will. Eugene was missionary to Brazil for forty-three years, truly a faithful humble servant for his Master.

Rev. Paul E. Buyers, missionary to Brazil for forty-three years, married Eunice Segars in 1914, having spent four years as a missionary to Brazil after his engagement to Miss Segars, his first wife. There union was blessed with four children. Grace, his eldest daughter, who married Rev. Wilbur Smith, son of a missionary to Brazil. They too are following the footsteps of their parents, being missionaries in their native country.

Ruth, John and Paul--John having married a native Brazilian girl and makes their home in that country--the other two children, Ruth and Paul having married in America, where they reside.

Eunice Segars Buyers sleeps beneath the sod of Asbury College Cemetery at Wilmore, Kentucky, where their children attended Asbury College.

Brother Eugene was married three times--all of his wives were missionaries--all of whom have been called to their reward. Peace to their memory and their works do follow them. Brother Gene's last wife (Allie Cobb Buyers), who was instrumental in raising Fifty Thousand ($50,000.00) Dollars to build a school building in Brazil, and for the untiring work she did in His noble cause, although God called her home ere the structure was completed, the edifice will bear her name in her honor. Hence the uplifting influence of God's humble, faithful servants
will live throughout eternity.

My paternal grandfather, John Buyers, Sr., was a native of Mansay County, Tennessee, and came to Carroll County, Georgia, in 1829, bringing with him a few trusty slaves and settled on the West side of the Chattahoochee River, where he purchased three lots of land in the area where State Highway No. 16, now crosses the Chattahoochee River, and engaged in farming with slave labor for about twenty years.

He was engaged in teaching school in his native state for a number of years before moving to Georgia. In 1848 he was married to Ann Arrington, being seventy years of age when he married the first time. About a year after his marriage he sold his river farm and purchased his father-in-law's farm, acting upon the advice of his wife. My paternal grandfather died when my father was seven years of age, leaving three boys, John, William and Patton. Grandmother Buyers died when I was about seven months of age. My mother told me that Grandmother Buyers told her, "Well, it won't be long when he'll be coming down to my house catching butterflies." Grandmother Buyers died, a victim of cancer, ere her fanciful dream of my chasing butterflies in her flower yard came true. My paternal grandparents sleep beneath the sod of the family cemetery.

My maternal grandparents, Hamilton Hogan and Jane Watson Hogan, were two of the most consecrated and faithful members of St. Paul Church. Grandfather Hogan joined by certificate in August, 1885, and grandmother by profession in 1889. They were married in 1845. Grandfather was a rural school teacher and a romance affair between the teacher and one of his students, a little lassie of fifteen summers (10 summers his junior in age) with lovely soft blue eyes and chestnut brown hair, and the love affair being spirited along at a very rapid rate of speed aided by that desperate little fellow "Cupid" with his bow and arrow, ultimately united two hearts
that beat as one. Never two souls were ever united in the holy bonds of wedlock that lived more loyal to their marriage vows than those grand old souls, whose lives reached almost the century mark. Their lives were the very embodiment of chastity, virtue, integrity, industry and purity of living.

A few years after their marriage they settled on a farm, one and one-half miles South of St. Paul Church on the Whitesburg road, where they lived 'till grandmother's death. After grandmother's death, grandfather moved to Carrollton where he lived until his death in 1911.

Grandfather Hogan raised a large family and there were quite a number of grandchildren. Grandfather and grandmother were very serious-minded and rarely indulged in frivolous conversation. Grandfather liked a good clean humorous joke, but never told a smutty joke. In addressing groups of little boys at various gatherings, he would always tell them about George Washington, as a little boy cutting down his father's favorite cherry tree, how he told his father the truth and his father didn't whip him. In admonishing little boys, the great importance to be truthful and be honest, he would say "Now little boys, be obedient to your parents, tell the truth and shame the devil."

We children always were so glad to visit our grandparents Saturday evenings and Sundays. We grandchildren all called grandfather "Grandpop" and all of grandpop's children called him "Pappy" just a little pet name their mother taught them when children. How sweet are such affectionate pet names we learn in our youth! Grandfather always called grandmother "Jane", just as he did when she was his student in school, and grandmother always called grandpop "Mr. Hogan" just like she did when he was her teacher, and so the force of habit prevails all through life.
I vividly recall once when grandfather put me to cutting wood before breakfast. So I just tried myself to show him how smart I was. Presently he came walking out to the wood pile and seeing how much wood I had cut up said, "Jimmy do you cut wood this way at home?" I told him "Yes sir", which doubtless was somewhat of an exaggeration.

On one of our visits to grandpop's there were several girls there that night, and they all got to teasing me about a little girl named Sara Vines, who lived in our community, and being very much of a timid nature myself, and all the girls seeing how intimidated I was by their jokes, got very hilarious and there was nothing I could do about it but just sit there and grin it out hoping they would quit teasing me, when lo, and behold, to my great joy and to their extreme humiliation, grandpop all of a sudden appeared in the doorway of the parlor clad in his night clothes, like a ghost and yelled out "Let that boy alone, why you are worse than a gang of negroes around a corn pile. Every one of you stop that racket and get off to bed." I sure breathed a sigh of relief when grandpop came to my rescue.

In the living room there was a large sideboard in the corner of the room on which there was a small trunk where grandpop kept a .32 calibre Smith & Wesson revolver for protection. Under this sideboard he kept his iron safe and oh, how we kids did enjoy turning the dial of the iron safe to hear it rattle.

Grandpop always kept some rich splinters near the fireplace to start fires with on cold mornings. Grandmother, with her knitting, usually sat in the corner by the wood box. The well was located several steps from the house, behind the kitchen, which was an old log house, (which originally was his swelling house). One night grandpop, being very thirsty after having eaten mackerel for supper, walked out on the back porch to get
a drink of water and lo, and behold, the bucket was dry. So he came back into the house and said "I've just got to have a drink of water." "Oh, you can make out with what's there," grandmother said. "There isn't a bit, hand me my fine shoes," and grandmother being hard of hearing and thinking that he said "Put on some pine" began throwing his carefully reserved splinters on the fire.

"Stop burning up my kindling pine, Jane, can't you hear at all, I said fine shoes, hand me my fine shoes, I've just got to get me a drink of water." So off to the well he went to quench his thirst. I often wondered why he didn't ask us kids to go to the well and get a bucket of water for him on that dark night, doubtless he thought we would be afraid to venture out in the dark.

What sweet memories of those grand old souls whose lives were such a grand and noble example for us kids to try to emulate.

On another occasion of our Saturday nights' visit at grandpop's while enjoying the organ music, singing and much fun in our youthful spirit of glee 'till a very late hour, bother Gene (who in later years was missionary to Brazil for 42 years) went fast asleep on the lounge. So, at a very late hour of the night, Aunt Fannie began to hustle us kids off to bed. Seeing that brother Gene was fast asleep we roused him up, and evidently in his sleepy stupor he thought he was going out into the field to work; so he repeatedly yelled out "Wait 'till I get my hoe" and rushed out through the hall right into the room, and began to crawl into the bed with grandpop and grandmother. Being suddenly awakened by the somnambulist, grandpop yelled out "Fannie, come here and get this boy. Is he crazy?" to our great hilarity.

Grandpop served a term in the lower house of Georgia Legislature. Peace to their memory whose lives were indeed well spent, and a good
example of lofty christian ideals for us to try to emulate in our daily lives.

Brother Joe Nolan, who was chorister at St. Paul Church, lived about a quarter of a mile from the church, on the Whitesburg road. Brother Nolan was a very faithful consecrated member of St. Paul Church. He led the singing at the Saturday and Sunday monthly services. Brother Nolan not only took a vital interest in the church services, but also practiced his religion in his daily life. He was a farmer, brick mason, and carpenter, and a very useful man in the community. He built all the brick chimneys to father’s home, and did quite a lot of carpenter work too, the ceiling of the rooms, putting up mantels, doors, etc. He was unusually optimistic and whistled and sang while he worked. His favorite song was "Sweeping through the Gates" and oh! how his voice echoed through the house as he sang while he faithfully plied his trade, a noble trait of christian character.

Brother Nolan was left-handed, and it was a very amusing sight to us kids to watch him whack a brick half into with his trowel with one stroke. During the Summer months, we had lots of large round watermelons, the "Cobb Gem" variety, weighing up to fifty pounds each. With one stroke with his hand saw he would slice those large, red-meat ed, delicious watermelons equally in halves, each half tumbling over on the floor to the great delight and joy of us kids.

Brother Nolan possessed a very strong robust, healthy body. He was tall and wore about a number ten shoe. Vividly do I recall his rejoicing in a protracted meeting at St. Paul. He sat just in front of the pulpit, and with tears of joy streaming from his eyes he would rock to and fro, and his large shoes in a weaving rocking way looked like rockers themselves in unison with his over-flowing soul richly enjoying God's richest
blessings.

Brother Nolan's wife was for many years before her death, a bedfast invalid. It was indeed touching to see how cheerfully he administered to her every need 'till God called her home.

Brother Nolan's religion was truly practical in his everyday life. A noble example we should all seek to emulate.

Brother Nolan possessed a very voracious appetite and was just bubbling over with energy, good humor and health. Once at the dining table, someone apologized for having such a slim dinner and his reply was "It makes no difference how slim it is, just so its long enough." While employed by my father he boarded with us Mondays through Saturdays, walking to and fro from his home. His wages were one and one-half dollars per day and board. One Saturday evening father gave him two large watermelons to carry home with him. He put them in a large tow sack and threw them across his shoulders and stepped briskly off down the road, but lo! and behold, he hid them by the wayside a few hundred yards down the road, being very forcibly convinced that the laws of gravitation pulling those two big watermelons down on his shoulders was just too heavy a burden for a three mile journey. Next Monday morning he came bringing them back.

Brother Nolan was a true christian--true to his church, his family and his fellowman--a life well spent. Peace to his memory.

Brother Joe Wilkins, who lived near St. Paul Church, although not a member of our church, he and his family attended its monthly services regularly. Just across the road from his house was the well where the church visitors came to get drinking water. Brother Wilky was a very original character, being rather serious minded. He was a very industrious, hard working man and raised a large family, was truthful, rigidly
honest and a mighty good law-abiding citizen. Once he said, "I have seen some fellows when the Sheriff comes around, become powerful nervous, and looked like they were scared, it never bothers me to see the Sheriff come about, he's no more than any other man to me." There's an old saying that guilt will show, and of course Brother Wilky possessed that beautiful serenity of poise of his personality with a conscience void of offense—an attribute of good character that's worth far more than illegally acquired filthy lucre.

In 1903 Brother Wilky sold out his household and kitchen furniture and moved to Texas, having been persuaded by one of his son-in-laws, who lived in Texas at that time. Mr. Willis Jones, a very deformed cripple, auctioned off his property. Mr. Jones went on crutches, rheumatism having left his body almost in the shape of a hoop, although otherwise he was very strong physically and healthy. Mr. Jones, a primitive Baptist preacher, possessed a great resolution and was often referred to as "W.D. Jones, the irresistible." Being an ex-photographer I made pictures of the sale.

Mr. Wilky's stay in Texas was of short duration becoming very much disappointed and homesick upon his arrival in that far distant state. Within a few months he was back at his old home place rather poorer but wiser. I was very much amused to hear him tell of his experiences during his short stay in Texas. He said that the mud was knee-deep in the barn yard and that the roads were just awful to travel over through the mud. He said, "I was talking to some of the people out there, how bad dissatisfied I was in every way, and one of them said 'Stay over 'till Sunday and go to church and maybe you'll be better satisfied,' and I told him that I hadn't seen anybody out there that looked like a preacher." That was the only time that I ever saw Mr. Wilky laugh, when he told us about
the little incident with his Texas new neighbors.

Mr. Wilky was father-in-law of Brother Will McLendon, who is one of the most prominent members of our church, and he and his wife have done far more than anyone else in repairing our church and looking after the cemetery. Mr. Wilky was also son-in-law of Col. Bob Richards, who served once as Ordinary of Carroll County. Mr. Wilky died suddenly, having dropped dead as he walked along the road by the cemetery. He and his people sleep beneath the sod of our cemetery.

Rev. Vernon Wynn is pastor of the Whitesburg Circuit, however, his brother-in-law, Rev. Austin Gladney serves St. Paul Church. Brother Gladney will be licensed to preach with full authority in all Methodist Churches within the near future. Brother Gladney's first ministerial work here in St. Paul Church has been crowned with wonderful success.

The following are the names of the pastors who have served St. Paul Church, during the past at its present location, no available records of the names of pastors who served St. Paul Church at its original locations:


Rev. Charles L. Allen, who is at the present time (1953) pastor of Grace Methodist Church, Atlanta, Georgia, and writes a daily column for The Atlanta Constitution, preached his first sermon at our humble
church, it being my privilege to introduce him to our Sunday School and church visitors. After church services, Brother Allen humbly admitted that he was scared during his effort to preach his first sermon. Brother Allen is in great demand as guest preacher at various churches throughout the country, a noble Christian servant, yet humble as a country boy. He is the son of an itinerant Methodist preacher, whose soul has been wafted back to God who gave it, and his works do follow him. Brother Allen served St. Paul Church in 1933, his first church.

Uncle Jim Young, as everybody called him, served as chairman of our memorial exercises for forty years. Everybody dearly loved Uncle Jim Young and were indeed sad when due to extreme old age and ill health, he was forced to retire as chairman of the memorial exercises of St. Paul Methodist Church, which he so faithfully and nobly filled. God called Uncle Jim Young home on Christmas day 1952, and the death angel only ten short days thereafter, called his faithful companion home at the age of ninety-three. He and his family sleep in our cemetery. May the Angels of Heaven rise up and call them blessed. Peace to their memory.

ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO:

Doubtless alcohol and tobacco are the two greatest curses to the human race the world has ever known, both contain poison and are habit forming to the extent, particularly alcohol, as to become an incurable disease. Its countless victims being absolutely hopelessly ensnared by this monster serpent—alcohol.

It is said that $11,000,000 are spent annually for alcohol to say nothing of the vast amount spent for the damnable product of the lying, sneaking, outlaw bootleggers. And $7,000,000 spent for tobacco. These awful health-destroying life-sapping damnable products of debauchery are so deeply rooted in the financial world, whose promoters and seekers after
the dollar, are so avaricious and heartless in their mad rush for the filthy lucre that it will take nothing short of the omnipotent power of our All-wise Creator, through a reformation of all mankind, to absolutely abstain from its awful deadly use and thereby create a sentiment of absti-
nence, voiced from the family altar, the school room, the pulpit, the press, the awful indescribable consequences that inevitably follows its use.

Our fair cities have let this monster serpent alcohol nestle in many of its most public thoroughfares to lure its countless victims into its death traps of debauchery and ruin.

The stinking cigarette, with its awful health-destroying poisonous effects, like a dagger pierces the lips of our fairer sex to rob its victims of its God given sweetness, charm and beauty.

In olden times the ladies voiced a saying that "lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine." May the day come when our fair flaxen haired lads will rise up and say "lips that touch cigarettes shall never touch mine."

If it were possible to automatically eliminate alcohol and tobacco from the face of the earth forever, there is not a shadow of a doubt that in the course of even twenty-five, or fifty years there would be such a marvelous, miraculous change in the physical and moral status of the human race that it would indeed be a God-given blessing, to all mankind. The livestock industry has become very profitable in this country on a very large scale. Of course, in order to make the livestock industry profitable all possible precautions are taken for their health and vigilance for rigid sanitary conditions in all phases of the livestock industry as well. Yet the damnable liquor traffic and tobacco traffic, with all of its deadly health-destroying life-sapping effects upon the countless victims
of the human race is allowed to take its death toll daily. Are the lives of livestock more valuable than human lives? More valuable than immortal souls?

The church indeed has a challenge to meet so dire a need for reformation to combat and suppress the awful great curses of the human race, alcohol and tobacco. May God help us.

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