HISTORY OF SHILOH M.E. CHURCH OF SUNNY SIDE, GEORGIA, SPALDING COUNTY.

The original church building was erected on a one acre plot of ground deeded by Benjamin Barfield and his wife, Sara Barfield, dated the 29th day of August 1872 and recorded January 28, 1873.

The land conveyed consisted of one acre more or less and was described as follows: Beginning in the public road and running the original line east 4 Ch 56 Links to the Macon and Western R. R., now the Central of Georgia Railroad; thence parallel with the M & W R R north 2 Ch to 69 Links; thence west 4 Ch to the public road; thence south 2 Ch, 69 Links to the place of beginning. Said lot or parcel of land belonging formerly to lot No. 108 of originally Henry county now Spalding County. The land was conveyed to R. W. Griffin, J. H. Malher, N. Miller, A. M. Ramsey, and L. H. Miller, trustees in trust for the exclusive use and purposes declared their successors in office forever in trust that they shall erect and build or cause to be erected and built thereon a house or place of worship for the use of the members of the M. E. Church South according to the rules and disciplines which from time to time may as agreed upon be adopted by the ministers and preachers of said church at their General Conference forever hereinafter permit such ministers and preachers belonging to the said church as shall from time to time be only authorized by the General Conferences of the Ministers and Preachers of the said M.E. Church South or by the said General Conference to preach and explain God's Holy Word therein.
The original building must have been erected in the fall of 1872 and the spring of 1873. The building was erected by the members and William Pendley was the foreman. It was mortised together and but few nails were used in its construction. The writer remembers that when a very small boy he used to bring the workers water being too small to work himself.

The present church edifice was erected in 1898 and the foreman or contractor was E. E. Hindsman. Your writer helped build the present edifice. The members worked under his supervision and the good women furnished dinner every day while it was being built. Your writer remembers one good woman in particular, Mrs. Annie Griffin, wife of David Griffin. She never failed during all the time to bring a chicken pie and boy, believe me she could make a chicken pie. There were other good things to eat too, such as potato custard and other things such as home cured ham.

The witnesses to the execution of the original deed were J. Y. Patterson and G. B. Buchanan. Buchanan was clerk of the S. C. and Patterson was Deputy Clerk. The following preachers have served the church.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Preacher</th>
<th>Years</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jas. R. Mayson</td>
<td>1873</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. H. Wood</td>
<td>1873</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. D. Gray</td>
<td>1874, 3 years</td>
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<td>T. R. Kendall</td>
<td>1877, 2 years</td>
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<td>W. F. Smith</td>
<td>1879-1882</td>
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<td>J. A. Rosser</td>
<td>1882-1883</td>
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<td>R. W. Boyers</td>
<td>1883-1885</td>
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<td>J. M. Lowry</td>
<td>1885-1887</td>
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<td>L. P. Mese</td>
<td>1887-1889</td>
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<td>W. J. Cotter</td>
<td>1889-1892</td>
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B. H. Trammell 1892-1894
T. P. Spencer 1894-1897
W. H. Speer 1897-1898
L. Lyle 1899-(1899 died before serving)
T. P. Graham 1899-1900
E. H. Aiken 1901-1903
A. E. Sausburror 1903-1904
G. W. Pharr 1904-1905
Walter William Millican 1905-1907
E. A. Ware 1907-1909
J. R. Allen 1910-1912
Thos. C. Elliott 1913-1914
Nath Thompson 1915-1917
A. B. Sanders 1918-1919
J. H. Farr 1920-1923
B. L. Belts 1924-1926
D. P. Johnson 1927
G. P. Gary 1928
et. al. (see church book)

The following served as P. E.
Josiah Servis
et. al. (see church book)

Josiah Servis was the 1st P. E. and E. H. Wood was the 1st pastor.
The original church building was almost square and had 2 entrances, one on the right side and one on the left, and had a petition running down the center of the church dividing it into 2 sections, the right side was for the Ladies and the left side for the males. They did not sit together in the church. Your scribe was quite a young man, big enough to go with the girls before he ever sat on the ladies side. The first time he ever sat on the ladies side of the church it nearly scared him to death. He went to church with Miss Emma Halair and sat with her. The pulpit was bored in about shoulder high to our preachers—practically all you could see of the preacher was his head.

A few colored people attended church on preaching day, one of whom was uncle Morris Fears, and owned by the famous Fears Family near Hampton, Ga. as a slave. Uncle Buck Fears was a famous Christian preacher and walked all over this section of the country. He had a brother named Nathan Fears, who was a great hunter. He must have been related to Daniel Boon. He had an old flint and steel musket and would walk out to Hampton and catch the train and ride down to Fayette station, now Sunny Side, Ga. and hunt all the way back to Bear Creek, now Hampton, Ga. He had a dog named Nig that always went hunting with home. One day he said to Buck, his brother, "Buck, I believe I will walk out to Bear Creek and catch the train and go to Fayette station and hunt all the way back." Buck said alright Nath. So Nath proceeded to Bear Creek and just as he arrived the train also arrived and it
let out a long loud screeching whistle which old Mig was not used to. He promptly lowered his tail between his hind legs and lit out and left Nath. But Nath went on his trip and hunt. When he arrived home in the afternoon all tired out and with 10 squirrels, Buck was sitting on the porch. Nath asked Buck what time old Mig got home, Buck told Nath, well Nath, Mig jumped the fence just as the train blew for Bear Creek. He had literally out run sound.

There was a local M E Preacher, known as Rev. Smith Griffin, who preached at the old church occasionally. He preached the funeral of old Bro. A. H. Ramsey, one of the original Trustees of the church. Some of the children and grand children were not on speaking terms when the old brother died, which fact was conveyed to Bro. Griffin and when he had finished his sermon he made a proposition as follows, I want all the relatives of Bro. Ramsey to march around his casket and as they pass each other to shake hands, which they all did and that was the end of the funeral.

There was another local preacher, named Rev. J. R. Eddy, the father of our fellow townsman, Robt. Eddy. He was the mightiest man in prayer this ever knew. There were song books, but there were no notes, no flats, no sharps, no music staffs—every piece of music was in short meter, long meter or short meter. And J. R. Eddy was true. He rarely ever failed to hit the right key. We had preaching on Saturdays, too. On Saturdays there were only a few present—may be a half dozen or more. Bro. J. C. A. Miller, Bro. Malair and myself and Bro. Wayman and Uncle Bud Griffin and Uncle Billie Griffin et al—when ten o'clock arrived Bro. Malair would go in and pitch a tune then all the others would go in.
When Rev. F. D. Graham was sent to this work, which was then on the Hampton circuit, his first appointment was on Saturday. He came driving up not in an auto but in a buggy promptly at ten. Bro. Halaior was absent that Saturday and we were minus a tune hister—Bro Graham read a chapter in the Bible, took a text and called for a song, but on tune hister, everybody looked at your scribe, so we dealt to risk, one eye at it, took a deep breath and pitched it about 2 octaves too high. By the time we got halfway in the song it was so high you couldn't reach it with a ten foot pole.

When Bro. Speier was our pastor, a better man never lived, we had an awful dry spell, no rain for months. One preaching day several of the faithful were standing in front of the church discussing the church when Bro. Speier arrived all with a long face, like some member of the family had died. Some one said that he did not know what people were going to do, whereupon Bro. Speier said, "I was once young, now I am old. I have never seen the righteous forsaken nor his good begging bread." He then went into the church and Bro. Halaior listed a tune and Bro. Speier led in prayer. He asked the Lord to send us rain today that we might have bread to eat and beast might have provider. Before he finished his prayer a loud clap of thunder was heard over in the East and in a short while rain falling and how we had a sermon. That was one time his scribe-saw prayer answered. Boy do and believe in praying for rain I most certainly do.

On another occasion it was in May I think while Dr. Sonery was pastor that snow began peppering down before he had finished his sermon. He looked out the window and soon the snow coming down and said well we can go home so I will continue my sorry
sorrow and some Bro. who had a watchki, said when he had finished it was the longest sermon on record about 4 hours long. Everybody there that day had to eat cold dinner.

In the early days of this church and Methodism we had what was known as class Leaders. The membership of the church was divided up into classes of probably ten members and each class was appointed a leader to look after their spiritual health. This scribe remembers that under Samuel Miller was appointed to look after his class. He was a man of low stature and held his head to one side. People said it got that way tracking goats. His father, Dr. H. B. Miller, had a flock of goats and they had open range in those days and when a boy it was one of his duties to get up the goats every night and he often had trouble in tracking them and he would have to track them to their land and on this his neck became crooked. I can not vouch for this. I will never forget as as long as I live the question old Uncle Lew would ask me every time he saw me—not how are you, but how are you getting along spiritually? He never failed—that was the same question for every member of his class. I sometimes think that this might be a great thing for modern Methodism.

The discipline required every leader to be a man of Deed, Purity, and unblemished Christian character. Uncle Lew had all these qualifications.

Along the line of class leaders I remember another occasion when Walter Hillison was Pastor of this church. He preached one Sunday on Foreign Missions and when he had finished
one brother who was opposed to foreign missions stood up and asked for his letter. Bro. Millison said all right Bro. it will be in the mail tomorrow and then he paused for a moment and asked if there were any other Brothers who would like to have theirs, no one responded.

He had another trait of character that I always admired when he would pronounce the Benediction, dismiss the congregation, get his hat and walk out of the church, get in his buggy and go home. He did not hang around and engage in the idle gossip—He was a good man and a grand preacher—I could keep on but I do not want to get tiresome.

Thank you

JADARSEY