

My father died July 1, 1889 – He was sick but a few minutes, neuralgia of the heart being the cause of his death. We well can say, “Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.” He was a faithful Christian from early in life to the day of his death, always teaching and admonishing others to be Christians. He was full of good works and charitable deeds. His home was on the public road of that time. The roads were bad and people rode horseback. Many weary people stopped to spend the night. I never knew him to charge anyone for a night’s lodging. He always attended church with his family unless he was called away to help other Churches. The day before his death, Edgar and I went with him to Church. Edgar was four years old. Just one year before, his father had died. We had no thought that would be the last time we would go to Church with him. He was stricken at the breakfast table the next morning. He had just sat down, mother had given him a cup of coffee, and he had taken a slice of ham on his plate. He had not tasted anything. He raised his hand to his left eye and hollered. I ran to him and said, “Father, what on earth is the matter?” He said, “My eye feels like it will burn out.” Billie took him by one arm and me the other to get him to the bed. He staggered once and would have fallen if we had not held him up. We sent for the doctor and did all we could for him. He reached up to mother and said, “Goodby honey, it has gone to my heart.” The doctor came but could do nothing. The breath was almost gone. He said, “Jesus my Lord and Master.” Then his useful life was ended. When it came time to divide his estate with his children, I said I wish he could have left me his wisdom for my share. With that wisdom I could have guided my little boat down the stream of life to peace and prosperity with an ever-growing faith that I would reach my home and be reunited to my loved ones, where parting will be no more.-- Kibbie Gardenhire