

*Life and Love
on a
Georgia Farm*

Martha Sue Henry

*Original Songs Provided by
Immanuel Gnanaprakash*



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On the cover:
summertime
butterfly bush blooms
at the author's home
Travelers Rest, South Carolina

Praise for Life and Love on a Georgia Farm

“What a delightful book. Thank you for pulling back the curtain to give us a glimpse of your family. Your account of the Henrys’ farm life reminded me of a lovely southern belle...speaking of her loved ones. I read the book twice and prayed over it. It is wonderful your father has an account of his childhood in print.”

-Mrs. Lorraine Maloof, OH

“The book was a very easy read and [a] wonderful, true story of life on the farm, with Jesus by their side”

-Mrs. Janice Kindschuh, IL

“I highly recommend the book; it is a refreshing look at times past[a]delightful read in which Jesus Christ is glorified. I enjoyed learning more about you in the ‘About the Author’ section.”

-Ms. Jolene Ackroyd, ME

“...a wonderful family history story. You do have a writing gift. May it blossom even more for you!”

-Ms. Kay Weber, MN

“...exciting...”

-Mrs. Joyce sutton

“... wonderful, beautiful...!”

-Mrs. Carolyn Millsaps, IL

“Today I received a most lovely gift! Lovely in so many ways. The content and the manner in which it was written make you want to live on a Georgia farm. This had to be a real joy to write. The witness of and about our Lord Jesus is profound. How we have enjoyed your book! Thank you, Martha Sue, for this gift. I can only imagine how the entire family must feel about it.”

-Missionaries Larry and Judy Sexton

“...refreshing, wholesome, [about a family with] integrity... a seed that grows and nourishes others.”

-Ms. Marge Content, CA

“You are a wonderful writer!”

-Mrs. Jan Moore, SC

“Your family story sounds like my relatives. Times were hard; but with the good Lord’s help, they made it. I know your family will enjoy reading these stories.”

-Ms. Norma Young, AL

“Congratulations and thank you for sharing your wonderful book. I enjoyed learning about your amazing family... [the book] was... so beautifully written. I found myself caught up in all the memories you were able to share of faith, love, and family, that never let go of their love for our Heavenly Father and our Saviour Jesus Christ, throughout the generations.”

-Ms. Wendy Owens, SC

“What a dear surprise & honour to open this and see the beautiful labor of love! God has indeed gifted you... truly, God will bear much fruit for His Glory.”

-Mrs Judith Burgess, SC

Beloved reader:

The book you are holding in your hands chronicles a family of long ago. I've written it for you to enjoy—whether you are a child, a teen, a centenarian, or any age in between.

Perhaps it will bring to your mind truths you haven't thought of before. I have tried to show clearly what was, what is, and what can be.

Let's study this engaging history together, you and I— looking toward the future, as well as the past. I want to challenge and captivate you.

And let's glory in the all-powerful and precious Lord Jesus Christ!

Happy reading!

With great joy and many blessings,
Your friend,

This Book is Dedicated

to My Parents

Who Brought Their Children

to a Saving Knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ

Ada Sue Groome Henry

Homemaker Extraordinaire

&

Harold Robert Henry, Ph.D., P.E.

Formulator

of the World-Renowned Henry Problem

In Civil Engineering

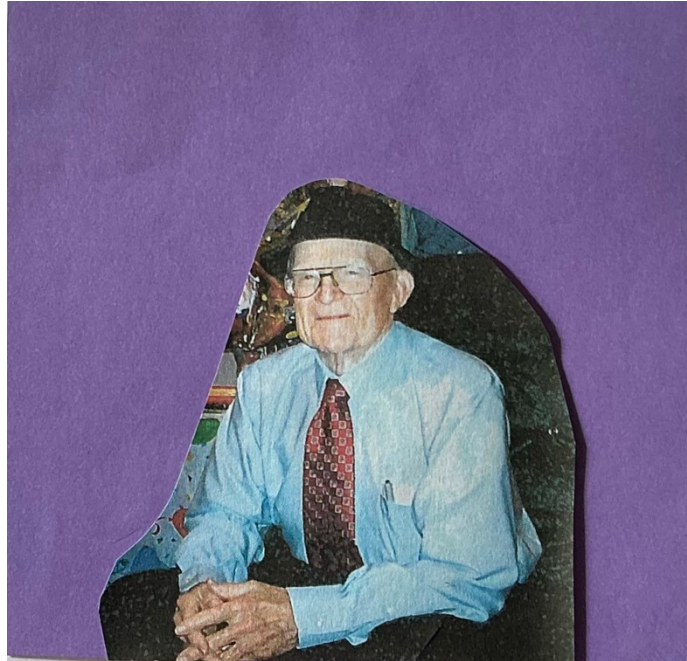
And, finally,

to All Freedom-Loving Patriots

Everywhere

Who Stand for the Lord Jesus Christ

My Precious Parents

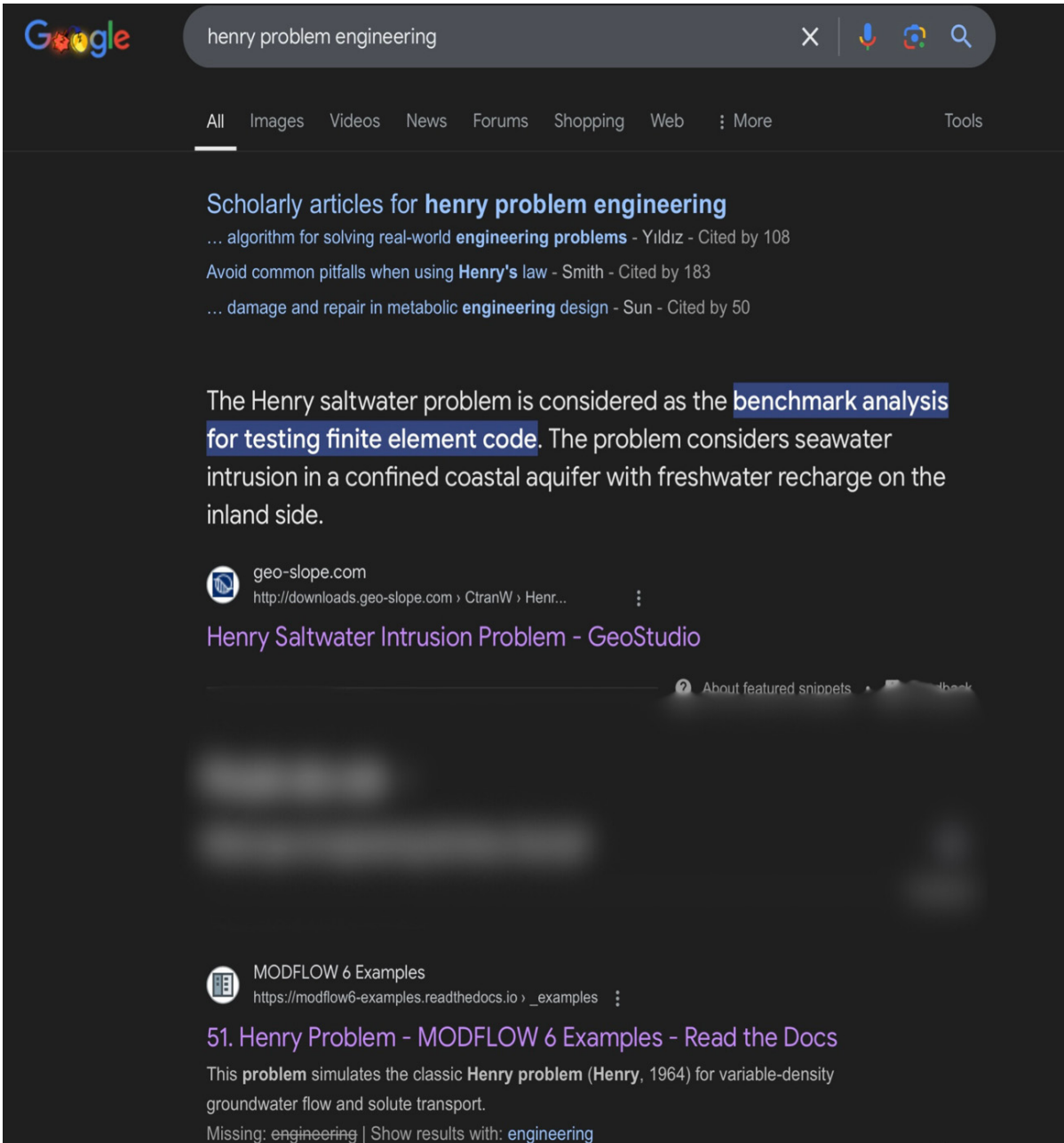


My Dad, Hal Henry



My Mother, Sue Henry,
Rocking Their Grandchildren,
Faith and David Henry

Some Evidence of the importance
of the my father work
Of my father's work
(as mentioned on the dedication page)
Is shown on the following pages.



A screenshot of a Google search results page for the query "henry problem engineering". The page has a dark theme. At the top, the Google logo is on the left, and the search bar contains the text "henry problem engineering" with a close button (X) and icons for voice search, image search, and a magnifying glass. Below the search bar, navigation tabs include "All", "Images", "Videos", "News", "Forums", "Shopping", "Web", "More", and "Tools".

The main content area features a section titled "Scholarly articles for henry problem engineering". Below this title, three search snippets are listed:

- ... algorithm for solving real-world **engineering problems** - Yildiz - Cited by 108
- Avoid common pitfalls when using **Henry's law** - Smith - Cited by 183
- ... damage and repair in metabolic **engineering** design - Sun - Cited by 50

Below the snippets, a paragraph of text reads: "The Henry saltwater problem is considered as the **benchmark analysis for testing finite element code**. The problem considers seawater intrusion in a confined coastal aquifer with freshwater recharge on the inland side." The words "benchmark analysis" and "for testing finite element code" are highlighted in blue.

Next is a result from "geo-slope.com" with the URL "http://downloads.geo-slope.com › CtranW › Henr...". The title is "Henry Saltwater Intrusion Problem - GeoStudio". Below the title, there is a blurred image and a link to "About featured snippets".

Below that is a result from "MODFLOW 6 Examples" with the URL "https://modflow6-examples.readthedocs.io › _examples". The title is "51. Henry Problem - MODFLOW 6 Examples - Read the Docs". The description states: "This **problem** simulates the classic **Henry problem** (Henry, 1964) for variable-density groundwater flow and solute transport." At the bottom of this result, it says "Missing: **engineering** | Show results with: **engineering**".



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Published
1776 A.D.
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Made with Thanksgiving
in the United States of America

2025

Please disseminate this book freely as you desire.

All the Scriptures referenced in this book
you will find in the King James Bible,
Authorized Version, 1611.
(no copyright information necessary)

*...proclaim throughout all
the land unto all
the inhabitants thereof...*

Leviticus 25: 10

Consider the Christian pre-eminence of the following.
A fearless champion and standardbearer of liberty in the
18th century observed:

It cannot be emphasized too strongly or too often that
this great nation was founded, not by religionists,
but by Christians, not on religions, but on the gospel
of Jesus Christ.

Patrick Henry —
A Founding Father
Of the United States of America

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Preface

Before I begin the central reflections in this book, you might want to ask me this question: Why did you write it? Yes, of course, to talk about Life and Love on a Georgia Farm; still, why did I have the profound desire — as I certainly did — to place this topic in the archives of history?

Well, I'll tell you why, at least in part. This small opus chronicles a slice of the colorful, incomparable lives of my Henry ancestors Walter and Annie Lou Henry and their children. Mr. and Mrs. Henry parented a brood of ten in the Georgia countryside, about 100 years ago.

Harold "Hal" Henry, son of Walter and Annie Lou, is my father. Hence, I wanted to write this book.

I will flesh out the reasons within the reason as we move along. This modest literary work, as I have intimated, is due to my father's influence on me. He teaches me thankfulness for all of God's blessings in the Lord Jesus Christ, and this praise overflows from his heart to mine. Surely, I need not mention: Dad is nice to be around!

Dad has told stories of the delights — and hardships — on that Georgia farm. I love to see him smile and hear him chuckle as he enthusiastically remembers the happy times, of which there were many. His tales are both entertaining and instructive.

Most of all, I think he has been ruminating during the ensuing years on the lessons his parents taught him by their words and deeds.

Dad (my dad) recounts adventures of his youth as if

they had happened yesterday. His voice sounds wistful. In fact, he sometimes remarks pensively, "My boyhood was the end of an era. Life will never be the same again. So, I should write down my experiences on the farm for my descendants."

What's more, Dad has expressed to me his determination to do what he knows to be of most inestimable value. And what is that? To educate his children's children on the only thing in this world that will not fade away: Eternal Life, synonymous with the Lord Jesus Christ!

Well, I finally said, "I'll help you, Dad!"

I think he was relieved to pass on to me a portion of the responsibility he has shouldered: to teach his posterity their splendid family heritage and to bequeath to them his priceless patrimony in Christ, (how to be saved), memorialized by pen and paper.

Hereby, I would aid Dad in a not insignificant respect, giving it my best, to accomplish his goal of informing future generations in what is true and right.

I do not hesitate to avow that I wouldn't see the point at all of writing my father's memories if he didn't love Jesus and if the home of his youth were not founded on Him.

A Christless person is an empty person, even if his existence bristles with countless activities and possessions, and he thinks he is satisfied.

Au contraire, my father did receive Jesus at a early age, and his old-time home was founded on the Rock Christ Jesus.

Jesus did indeed rule the Henry household of long ago with never-ending lovingkindness. Because of Him, hard work and familial devotion were unspoken maxims.

In that old-fashioned Henry home, Daddy was the solid rock (small “s” and “r”); and Mother, the ardent evangelist.

Now, for the format of this communication from my heart to yours that I’ve set forth herein: short essays, vignettes meant to glorify and magnify Christ (He is yours, if you ask Him to be.), through the lives of my Henry forebears.

I acquired most of my knowledge of the inhabitants of that long—ago Georgia farm from my dad; therefore, some of the essays especially feature him.

As thoughts have whirled about in my mind on how best to express what I have learned, I have attempted to render a worthwhile overview of what has been revealed to me.

Thus, on the following pages, I have recorded what I chose to include about my Henry progenitors. As I introduce them to you, their beings and doings will unfold before your eyes some in bold colors, others in pale pastels*.

I believe you—will be cheered and encouraged. So, please enjoy, and become one of us—at least figuratively!

* Thank you, President Reagan, for lending me a variation of your aphorism!

Introduction

As we are about to take a deep dive into the Henry legend, what our resplendent Henry clan did and how they lived, here's just a bit of "backstory."

Daughter of Eugene Adolphus Flake and Alice Olivia Flake, Annie Lou Flake was born on May 23, 1889, as one of seven children. The Flake family lived in Ellenwood community, not far from Stockbridge, Georgia, where the Henry family of this book eventually lived.

Walter Raleigh Henry was born on May 6, 1877, son of John Crawford Henry and Rachel Williams Moore Henry. Members of Tanner's Baptist Church, they lived on Bouldercrest Road in Dekalb County, Georgia.

Now let's embark upon a fascinating journey as we share vicariously the lives of Walter and Annie Lou Henry and their family.

The story of the Henry family really began a long time ago. It happened this way. Let's start with Annie Lou Flake. She was a child who lived in Georgia. The diminutive girl with the beguiling smile and the kitten: who would have dreamed how mighty would be little Annie Lou Flake's destiny?

In due time, Annie Lou grew up and attended Young Harris College in North Georgia. It was here that she received the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour. As she was preparing to graduate, she was courted by a handsome, stalwart Georgia farmer named Walter Raleigh Henry. She said, "No, thank you. I don't plan to marry. I want

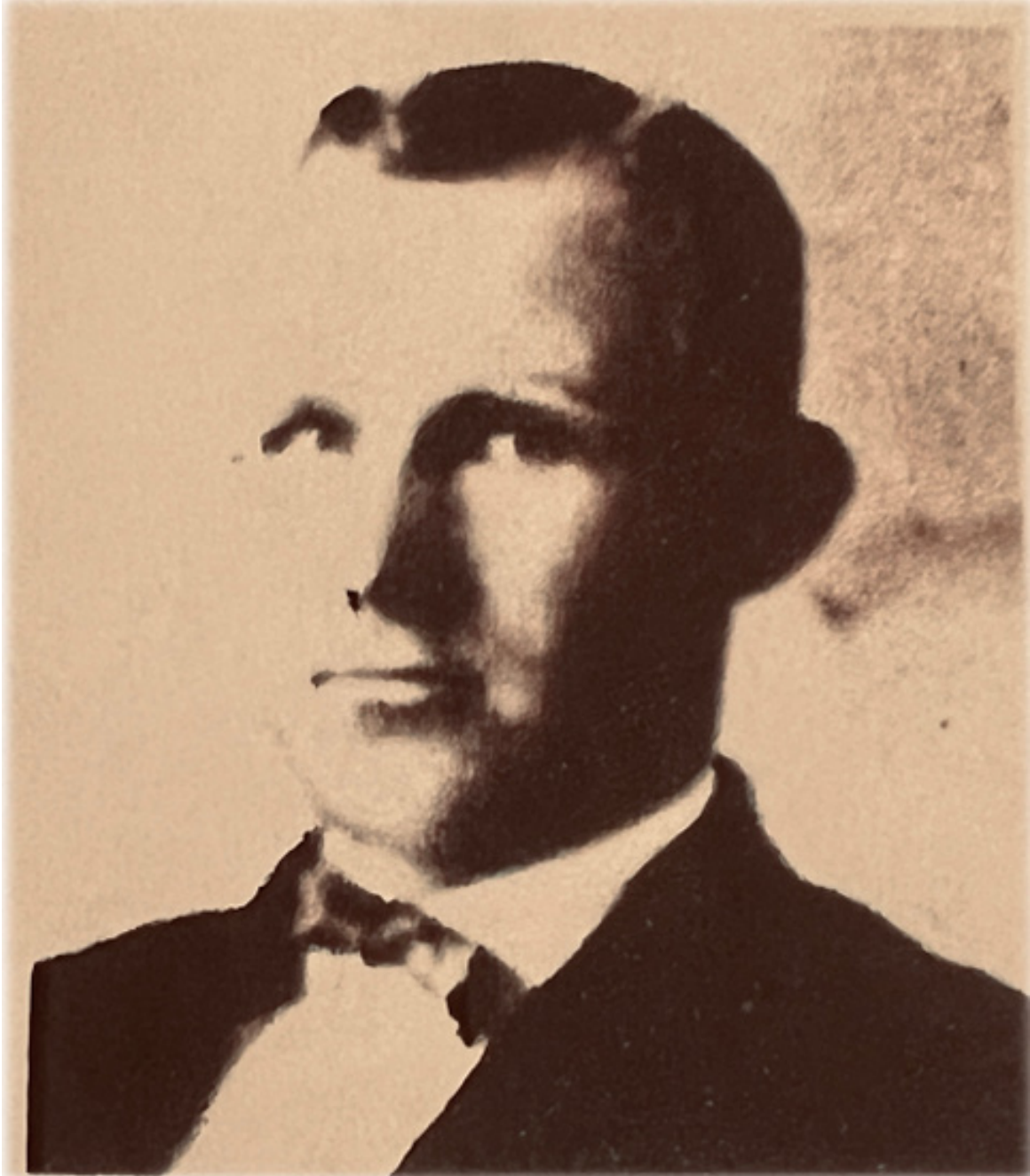
to start an orphanage.” He replied, “Let me know if you change your mind.” And he continued to plight his troth. Annie Lou’s mother helped things along. “What about that nice Mr. Henry?” she asked her daughter. Walter persisted and Annie Lou finally accepted. They married in 1910. Walter was 33 (born in 1877); Annie Lou, 21 (born in 1889). (see the picture of the lovely Annie Lou and the manly Walter taken shortly before their wedding.)

And thus began the Flake-Henry Dynasty. You can see from the way I worded the previous sentence that, even though Annie Lou Flake changed her last name, I want to acknowledge the Flake family’s contribution to what proved to be the beginnings of succeeding generations of many earnest, worthy Christian people. I will illuminate these beginnings on the following pages.



Annie Lou
Flake
1900, 11 yrs old





Part 1

Whatsoever Things Are Lovely

...whatsoever things are lovely... think on these things.
Philippians 4:8

Metaphors for a Minute

I want to tell you a few interesting things I've come up with so you'll be all primed to appreciate the rest of this book. First, the Henrys, topics of this book, were simple farm people. And I mean "simple" in the best, most complimentary sense, for "the simplicity that is in Christ" (II Corinthians 11:3). There were no pretenses with them; they were what they were and nothing else. With that in mind, let me give you two Scripture passages and then two metaphors that illustrate the Scriptures. Afterward, I believe you'll be interested in knowing more about our original Henrys.

The Henrys lived the following Scripture passages. They got wealth from God because they obeyed Him.

But thou shalt remember the LORD thy God; for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.

Deuteronomy 8:18

The Lord glorified them because they worked faithfully for Him!

And so he that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents: behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

Matthew 25:20,21

What is the wealth, what is the glory that the Henrys received from God? Here's the big reveal: They didn't have a treasure box full of money. Consider the two metaphors that follow; they will, I believe, help explain the concepts of wealth and glory—"the joy of the Lord"—that the original Henry family had in abundance.

First, Grandmother and Grandfather* and their children were artists with a palette of many colors: the raw materials they had to work with. The paints were sun, rain, seeds, sewing and mending, plowing, other family efforts, intangibles, and more things.

Their resulting works of art consisted of milk, eggs, sorghum syrup, Sunday clothes for the family, spiritual growth for everyone, and much more.

Who would have believed that these artists could have achieved such splendid works of art with the simple palette of paints they had mixed and applied to their canvas? Their success was all due to the tutelage of their Art Teacher, known worldwide for His brilliance. And the Henry family's works of art blessed everyone who saw them.

Another metaphor: Walter and Annie Lou were co-founders of The Firm. They were joint CEOs and CFOs; Walter, the president, and Annie Lou, vice president. The children, everything else. They all worked very hard. The Firm always churned out superb profits with the raw materials: "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Not only is there no law against these things (Galatians 5:22, 23), but they are required in order to accomplish anything

*I hope you don't mind my calling Dad's father "Grandfather." I've always called my mother's father "Granddaddy," and I don't want there to be any confusion.

good. The Firm started with a mustard seed of the raw materials and it grew and increased and abounded every day. The Sole Stockholder could not have been more pleased —in fact, He rewarded this wonderful Henry Firm with “all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ” (Ephesians 1:3). And because of their humble sacrifices, He benefited the world.

Are you thinking that Walter and Annie Lou and their children and their farm of 100 years ago might be the objects of pleasant nostalgia and reminiscence? I would say: definitely, yes; that is one aspect. Yet, I suggest that there is far more to their influence than these things.

I will tell you now, and I will show you as you read, that, for the Henrys, Christian values were strong; all was accomplished to please Jesus. And they did it all with joy.

In the midst of everything, life was hard... And it was very good. Certainly, there is much, much more than what I'll tell you in this book that characterizes Henry family farm life. I'll summarize as best I can. Everyone participated, even the youngest of the young. Everyone knew his part. They all worked together, and they made it all work. Read on to understand how they did it and why.

You've heard the saying: The whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Think about the Henrys; and I believe you'll find this to be true of them, as we go along. Everyone and everything put together were necessary to make the whole thing pleasing and alive.

Now, following this metaphor chapter, let's explore together some of the truths that underlie our remarkable, original Henrys who lived and worked on their Georgia farm. Let's start with “Farming the Henry Way.”

Farming the Henry Way

Earth here is so kind, that
just tickle her with a hoe,
and she laughs with a
harvest.

Douglas Jerrold

A good farmer is nothing
more nor less than a
handyman with a sense
of humus.

E.B. White

You'll never plough a
field by turning it over
in your mind.

Selected

Introduction

In the 1920s, Walter and Annie Lou Henry bought a 200-acre farm, with a Stockbridge address, on which they and their children lived and worked.

Walter farmed the land, and also from time to time took on other work — such as being postmaster — to augment the family income.

The farming life of the Henrys had many facets. Some of them I will address this way:

The Good Land

The Crops and the Seasons

A Few Words about Cotton — the Cash
Crop

The Animals The Shop

The Good Land

Grandfather used common sense and know-how to divide up the 200-acre Henry farm. It consisted approximately of 10-15 acres sorghum cane (rotated with oats for stock feed); 30 acres each cotton (the cash crop) and corn (for eating and for stock feed); 20 acres cleared bottomland (too wet for cotton because a branch, or creek ran through it, but rampant in good grass for the stock); ten acres of swamp or marsh (caused by the water table's being too close to ground level, not good for anything that the Henrys could discover); 40 acres upland, divided into pasture and grasses for hay (cultivated entirely by God); 15 acres hog pasture, fenced in with hogwire; one

acre vegetable garden; one acre house, front yard, and back yard; two or three acres for sweet potatoes—a significant staple throughout the winter; and the rest, woods.

Grandfather Henry knew that God had given him his ground to till, as Adam tilled his. Indeed, he realized that his farm was his gift from God, to phrase it a little differently. He caressed the land—as any good gardener does. He allowed it its natural propensities, while fashioning it into what he wanted, as granted him by the grace of God, in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Does the following analogy work for you? You possess a powerful, prancing, well muscled stallion, eager to prove his mettle. You give him his head, but you draw him back at your will, by the bit in his mouth. And so, the farmer has to live within the strictures of capricious weather and pestilence; the quality of his earth; and his animals, who depend on him as if they were his young children.

In all these things, he is blessed.

The Crops and the Seasons

Five different crops were cultivated at the Henry homestead: cotton, corn, sorghum cane, oats, and grasses. Cotton, the cash crop, I will discuss in detail later. Grandfather practiced crop rotation, as farmers have since time immemorial. He knew intuitively that the soil, which contains the nutrients unique to a particular type of crop, would wear out if incessantly subjected to that crop, shouting, “Gimmee, gimmee!” So, using a one-year cycle, Grandfather rotated cotton and corn, oats and cane, so that the soil was prepared for each.

The grasses—that loved the bottomland where a branch ran, so it was too damp to grow cotton—were cultivated entirely by God. He cultivated upland grasses, as well, without human assistance. In the fall, making sure that the grasses were completely dry, the Henry men built haystacks in the pastures—working quickly before rain came and wet the hay. If it got wet, it would mold and make the cows sick. The men packed the hay down very tightly, so that moisture couldn't get to the interior. The cows munched on the sweet-tasting hay all winter.

To everything there is a season...

The lines of demarcation between the seasons' work were fairly distinct. As soon as the earth warmed in the spring, the seeds for cotton, corn, cane, and oats were planted. Each of the crops required its own unique planting, tending, cultivating, and harvesting techniques. For instance, corn was planted in deeper furrows than cotton seeds.

As the cotton plants grew, the weeds had to be hoed out from between the plants. This had to be diligently attended to. And there was just enough room between rows to keep the weeds at bay in that space, by mule and plow. I will discuss more about Henry cotton later.

Corn was different from cotton; it didn't have to be weeded as much. When the stalks had grown to two feet tall, they were fertilized with sodium nitrate, called "side dressing," a small amount being sprinkled next to the base of each stalk.

The days of summer were long; the Henry men worked in the fields from sunup to sundown, mostly keeping the weeds out of the cotton, so that the

cotton plants would not be choked out. There was also pesticing to be done. When it got dark, they came in from the field, tended the stock, milked the cows, ate supper, and went to bed. Every day was like this all summer long, except the Lord's Day, a day of rest and worship.

The corn was grown for the family when the kernels were succulent and sweet—roastin' ears. When rain was plentiful, the Henrys quipped that they could see the corn growing. When the kernels dried, the corn was harvested, ear by ear, for stock feed.

Sorghum is a different breed of cat. It might be still grown today, but only for the seeds, to feed cattle. I would not be surprised if the Henrys were the only people left on planet earth who have any idea what sorghum syrup is. For it, you need the canes. You strip off the blades and the canes are what is left.

In days of yore, the Henrys harvested the canes and took them to Buster Lewis' local sorghum mill. There, a tethered mule provided the force to the syrup mill as he went around and around in a circle, causing the mill to grind the cane, thereby extracting the juice. Then, the cane juice had to be heated over a fire, stirred, and watched carefully by the mill owner, until not a drop of water remained, or the syrup would mold and wouldn't keep. When it was done, it would be picked up in the wagon, taken to the Henry home and stored in the smokehouse. The yield would be about 100 gallons per batch per year; the Henrys bought two batches a year. The mill owner was paid in syrup.

Sorghum syrup, packed with vitamins and minerals,

is like honey in that it needs no preservatives. But honey is mild-flavored, in contrast to the stronger-flavored sorghum syrup. The Henrys enjoyed it with biscuits and butter at every meal.

My cousin Rolfe, Dad's brother George's son, is keeping the sorghum syrup tradition alive, from planting the seeds to the finished product. I don't know if anyone knows how he does it. I wonder if this interest of his has anything to do with his being an engineer? I admire him for wanting to preserve his heritage—as so many of my relations do, through their own vocations and avocations.

Autumn workdays for the Henry boys started after school, right after they had eaten the warm sweet potatoes, that had been baked and left in the oven by their devoted mother. Thus fortified, they went out to harvest the crops. They worked till dark, tended the stock, and finally came in, famished, to a well deserved supper. (Summer was like fall, but in summer, the boys started work in early morning — because school was out—for crop cultivation.)

To sum up the work routine of the Henry men in spring, summer and fall: it was the same schedule Monday through Saturday. Then, the Lord's day, a day of worship and rest, when the Henrys went to church. In spring, fall, and winter, school was in session; and the boys went barefoot to school when the days were warm.

I would be remiss not to mention that the Henry boys were not averse to rainy days when no outside work could be done and they all enjoyed a break. "Get out the checkerboard," Grandfather would say.

There was homework to do around the kitchen table

after supper in spring, fall, and winter. A kerosene lantern lit the paper and textbooks of the industrious, studying children. Hal's eyelids were heavy by 9; but if he cut his homework time short, his grades didn't suffer. He was smart, like his siblings. He was in the top three of his class his senior year.

After church, on a few Sundays in August, the family would stop at the ice house in town for ice to make hand-cranked vanilla ice cream. Mmm. It made life worth living. Or, at least, it momentarily seemed so.

The last two weeks of August, usually, were lay-by time, when crop cultivation was finished for the year, and harvest time had not yet come. During these golden days, Zach and Hal enjoyed corncob fights, damming up a branch for family swimming, and many other diversions that—they judged—weren't against the law. Also, at this time, Hal and Zach sometimes made ingenious rabbit traps by hand. They skinned the rabbits they caught and sold them to homemakers in Henry County who made rabbit stew. Grandmother's brood ate with great enjoyment the rabbit stew she made.

Winter was for maintenance and repair of things around the homestead, like mending pasture fences. If the weather was clear and there wasn't enough snow on the ground to preclude it, the children went to school. In case of extremely inclement weather, everyone stayed in and relaxed together. They played Parcheesi and checkers (Hai's daddy almost always won); read classics, like Ivanhoe; * and listened to adventure programs, like "The

*Which Hal checked out of the school library

Lone Ranger,” on the battery-powered radio that Annie Lou’s brother, Hal’s Uncle T. J., gave the family for Christmas, 1940. (An alternate account is that Hal’s sister Edna gave the radio to the family in the early ‘30s). Hal’s daddy especially liked the radio drama “One Man’s Family.”

A Few Words about Cotton - the Cash Crop

I want to dwell on cotton for a few moments, since it was the Henrys’ main livelihood. Hal’s daddy faced two seemingly insurmountable challenges raising cotton. One involved fertilization; the other, a pestilence.

First, fertilization was absolutely necessary because the soil wasn’t good. And the more soil amendment, the better, Grandfather figured. But he couldn’t apply as much fertilizer as he wanted to. Why not? The problem was... money. What to do?

He had researched possible fertilizers and settled on one that was relatively cheap, but would enrich the soil properly. It was guano. Guano is bat dung. It came from South America, and was sold to cotton farmers in the United States by some enterprising person. If this seems slightly beyond belief to you, you’re not alone. As a matter of fact, guano is replete with elements that enrich the soil.

Like any savvy businessman who wants to get the most bang for his buck, Grandfather had to compare costs to price-times-yield. For example, the cost of guano he needed to apply in the spring against the price he thought he could command times the cotton yield he predicted — both of which numbers would not be available till fall. So, to make it all fun and exciting: The price of the cotton is an estimate; the yield is an estimate. The mar-

ket at the time of the sale determines the price; the factors involved in raising the cotton—including the amount of guano used and weather conditions, for instance—determine the yield.

Yep, it was an iffy, tricky business; but everyone in practically any line of work has to make such comparisons every day of the week (except Sundays, of course). Obviously, the price times yield of the finished product must cover the cost of input—and more, to make a profit. Breaking even, or less, is verboten. It was all about the bottom line. This matter was, therefore, definitely not jejune. It was crucial. Every penny counted.

And, as I mentioned earlier, besides the fertilization problem, there was pestilence to deal with. What was that pestilence? The dreaded boll weevil. It would ruin a cotton boll by burrowing inside. It could decimate a cotton crop. What could the Henry men do to destroy these vicious little buggers? Hal's father knew of only one way to eradicate them: calcium arsenate,

It was applied by sprinkling it on the buds when they were green and tight-closed. It was poisonous, but the Henry men washed off thoroughly and changed their clothes as soon as they came in from the fields.

Harvesting cotton in the fall required Grandfather's careful consideration, in that he could lose his whole crop unless the bolls were bone-dry. Any moisture and they would rot. "If them cotton bolls get rotten, you can't pick very much cotton." You know the rest. You can probably sing it.

For cultivating the cotton, Grandfather often hired additional men, to whom he paid a dollar per day plus

dinner. Then, during harvest season, the men picked the cotton by hand, boll by boll. The hired hands were paid by the pound according to how much cotton— on a calibrated device called a “steelyard” —they picked. (The word “steelyard” was first used in the 1600s, according to my dictionary.)

Cotton cultivating and picking were backbreaking work, but the men were young and strong. From time to time, they would take short breaks for cool water that flowed in a branch fed by a spring on the Henry property. During these breaks, they would ingest a small amount of salt to prevent electrolyte imbalance in their bodies, which would be caused by profuse sweating. If they didn’t take the salt, they would get sick. It didn’t matter what season it was: spring, summer, fall. They sweated profusely.

Of course, Grandmother had to prepare a lavish dinner (at noon; supper was at night) for all those men. (See the essay “Dinner with the Henrys.”)

After harvesting, Grandfather would take the cotton to the gin to be separated from the seed and formed into bales. The cotton was ginned on an actual Eli Whitney machine, which he invented in the 19th century. (“Gin” is short for “engine.”) The bales were stored in a warehouse. From there, a cotton broker would buy the cotton and sell it to textile mills.

Yes, growing cotton was hard work; yet, in large part, it fed, clothed, and sheltered a grateful family of eleven.

The Animals

As on any farm, the animals were a *sine qua non* at the Henrys'. They kept about five milk cows: three that were fresh (with nursing calves), and two others.

Have you read stories in which the vet received emergency calls to come deliver a calf? That never happened on the Henry farm! All the calves came easily. (By the way, do you think Mr. Walter Raleigh Henry, Sr., ever called a vet? Probably not. He probably did all the vet work necessary, himself.)

After the calf was born, it would start sucking the cow's teats. That first milk contained colostrum. This is a substance found in the milk of cows and other mammals, and human mothers, necessary for the proper growth and development of the baby,

After two to three weeks, the family would begin to drink the milk. There is nothing better-tasting than fresh, raw milk; and the Henrys had it aplenty. The cows would each give about three quarts in the morning and three quarts in the evening, in addition to what their calves suckled. What the family didn't drink immediately, Grandmother let sit in the churn overnight, during which time it turned to clabber with the cream on top.

The next morning, one of the children would churn the clabber, with the cream. The cream turned into butter, and what was left was delicious-tasting buttermilk (fat-free, the way it's supposed to be). The churning had to be expertly done, or the contents wouldn't turn out right. This whole system was ideally suited to a kitchen without refrigeration.

Those who love cows find one of their habits quite endearing albeit mysterious. They follow a circuitous route of their own design, walking single-file, out to the pasture in the morning after milking and back to the cowlot for the evening milking. It is the legendary serpentine cowpath. Each is unique for each pasture and each herd.

Why do they do that? Only Jesus, Who made them, knows. And so it was for the Henry cows. Another thing they did that is very cute to a cow-person was that, in summer, they would stand up to their knees in the cool water of a branch to get relief from the heat.

Grandfather bought huge blocks of salt, called salt-licks, for the cows to lick in the pastures. If salt-licks were not available for them, they would eat sand from the branches that would often stop them up. Hal's daddy would sometimes have to perform an operation—which I will not discuss—on those cows.

Pork was for eating, though cows were just for milk (except for the infrequent butchering of a cow). Grandfather chose three to four hogs a year to butcher.* The method for readying them was to pen them up and feed them with kitchen leavings and corn. The rest of the hogs could roam freely in the hog pasture, getting plenty of exercise, therefore remaining lean and not suitable for butchering.

The butchering had to be done at a temperature below freezing —hence, in the dead of a Georgia winter— or the meat would spoil. It was immediately packed in salt; it would thereby keep 365 days a year without

(*My dad has a joke about hog-killing. He would be delighted to recount it to you. Just ask him to when you see him.)

refrigeration. (For this and other uses, salt was bought in 50-lb bags.) The meat was stored in the smokehouse, where no meat was ever actually smoked.

After packing the pork in salt, the Henrys were not through yet. They ate the pork brains with scrambled eggs for breakfast the next day, which sounds like something I'd like. The Henrys had a little joke: George (Hal's brother) had a teacher who asked him, "George, where are your brains?" He replied, "I ate them this morning for breakfast."

Grandfather rendered the fat from the hogs— butchered all in one day — in a gigantic cast-iron washpot. Cracklin's, which remained after the fat was rendered, can be found in some supermarkets today. The lard produced would be for shortening for the entire year. Do you get the impression that the Henrys let no part of the hog, that had any possible use, go to waste?

In fact, letting nothing go to waste—thriftiness and frugality to the max— was a family byword.

The Henrys had three kinds of animal protein besides milk (and beef infrequently): pork (sparing-ly), chicken (fried, when the preacher came to Sunday dinner), and eggs. There were always plenty of eggs available, although chicken hawks, possums, and foxes were intermittent threats to the flock.

One spring, Hal's daddy bought 100 baby chicks. Chicks need to be kept warm around the clock, and Hal was elected to stay in the chickenhouse at night to keep a wood furnace burning. (This furnace had been specially built by Grandfather.) Hal's vigil went on for several weeks. This may seem counterintuitive: Hal actually en-

joyed it. It was like camping out, with his pallet on a thick bed of wood shavings, his kerosene lantern, and his reading and writing materials. Dad still likes chickens— not just for eating, but as pets around the yard, as well.

Who did all the “heavy lifting” on the Henry farm? The mules, of course! Although they were sometimes capricious, not to say, unpredictable, they were necessary for work on the farm.

An example of their caprice: One time, without provocation, a mule kicked Grandfather Henry in the head. Not badly hurt, Walter actually received a benefit. A large wen (an abnormal growth or cyst protruding from the skin), that he had had on his forehead for years, disappeared.

Maybe there’s a medical explanation for this. Maybe not.

The Henrys had an unusually strong mule named Mike. Mike possessed a talent not always appreciated. He could sense large, buried tree roots in the field and would stop in his tracks. The unsuspecting plowman (one of the Henry males) would think Mike was just being stubborn as a mule, and would persuade him to go on. When he did, he would, of course, run over the root and, thereby, break the plow. He didn’t get in trouble, though. They knew he didn’t mean to. (I can’t help but think this problem occurred only once, or a few times, because those Henry men were quick studies.)

One more word about the mules: While working, they were attached to the load behind them—a plow or a wagon—by a single-tree, which was an iron bracket essential to farm life.

Other creatures populated the barnyard, too. There

were seemingly countless, miscellaneous cats who plied their craft so well that the Henrys never saw a mouse in their house. And there was the ubiquitous, affable dog. Named Jip. She was everybody's pal.

The Shop

"The Shop", as the Henry family called it, was a blacksmith shop, an outbuilding on the Henry family property. Grandfather had built the forge in it out of bricks and mortar. The forge, of course, had a chimney. The air in the forge had to move at a certain velocity, so Grandfather used a hand-turned fan to achieve the proper air speed.

He fired the forge with coal (bought from the same company in Stockbridge that sold ice, as my dad recalls). Only burning coal (not wood) could reach the temperature required to bend metal.

Dad remembers his father's using the shop to sharpen plow blades (though the shop had many other uses). The kinds of plows the Henry men used, which needed sharpening from time to time, were the scooter, the scrape, the turning plow, and the moldboard plow.

To sharpen a plow, first Grandfather would place it inside the blazing forge with tongs. Then, when the blade was the right temperature, he would remove it, place it on his steel anvil, and pound it with his heavy steel hammer. This method produced a precisely honed blade, without grinding it down, as a whetstone would.

I can't help it: Talking about Grandfather Henry and his blacksmith shop reminds me of a poem by Henry

Wadsworth Longfellow called, “The Village Blacksmith”
(published in 1840). Here’s the first of eight verses:

Under a spreading chestnut tree
the village smithy stands.
the smith, a mighty man is he,
with large and sinewy hands.
and the muscles of his brawny arms
are strong as iron bands.

Woman's Exalted Role on the Henry Farm

While I'm talking about the great worth of the Henry men, I want to extol the Henry ladies—the heart of their home. They cared for the little ones;* prepared bountiful, nourishing meals; and ingeniously made new clothes and kept the older clothes in good repair, by hand and by using Grandmother's treadle sewing machine. This machine, manufactured by White, was powered by one's foot, not by electricity (which the Henrys didn't have).

Incidentally, my mother's mother, my Granny Groome, also had a treadle sewing machine, manufactured in 1911 by Singer, on which she taught me how to sew. (My mother inherited her homemaking skills from her mother.) I'm having it refinished, and the brass treadle polished, for display in our home. What a privilege to have such a significant family heirloom imparted to us.

I digress, thinking about the phenomenal Groome family.

Back to the Henrys: The Henry ladies planted, cultivated, and harvested a huge garden. This was not easy.** They canned tasty fruits and vegetables for winter enjoyment and sustenance, as well.

Sometimes, the Henry ladies would help their menfolk with their work, to lighten the load of the Henry men. It was laborious, to say the least. Still, everyone

*Of course, Grandfather and Grandmother Henry jointly taught the children the Gospel and introduced them to Jesus.

**A garden is a thing of beauty and a job [No, this isn't a misprint; gardening is hard work!] forever.(Selected)

pitched in, and the work got done. To my mind, the womenfolk deserved a great deal of approbation for doing all they did. And there's more. The Henry women blessed their family by their very presence, bestowing kindness and gentleness that benefited and improved each family member. In short, while the menfolk were engaged in earning a living, the ladies kept everything humming along splendidly in the Henry household.

As you can see, I can't accentuate enough the noble consequence of each and every Henry.

Fruits and Veggies in Profusion

It was summer, and Annie Lou looked forward to the day's work: beginning to prepare fruits and vegetables for winter. She breathed a silent prayer, "Lord, help me to please You in everything I do today." She was thankful for His abundant goodness.

This day, all the children had fought briars to pick wild blackberries that grew on the Henry land. As they came into the kitchen, Annie Lou suspected that they had eaten almost as many as they had picked, judging by the luscious juice dripping down their chins and onto their clothes. She smiled.

After the berries had been brought in, her girls helped Annie Lou by washing them in colanders, with water from the well in the back yard, picking through them to remove any leaves. My grandmother stood at her cast-iron woodstove, stirring the berries in a big pot with just enough sugar to preserve them when she canned them.

Canning was, and still is, an ingenious invention for preserving fruits and vegetables, for tasty winter and spring eating. Annie Lou used this method prodigiously to provide for her family.

The canning jars had to be sterilized, of course; and water was boiling on a back unit for that. It was hot work.

As Annie Lou wiped droplets of perspiration from her forehead with the back of her hand, she envisioned the cold winter months ahead with no fresh fruit. Then, her brood would enthusiastically enjoy the many jars of blackberries she and the girls had put up, with her

homemade biscuits and hand-churned butter.

Yes, with thankful hearts, Annie Lou, Edna, Alice, Rachel, and Lou canned the abundance of fruits and veggies — the younger girls helping more and more as they got older. They put up many jars of beans, tomatoes, and other vegetables and fruits for the next winter and spring.

A mention of sweet potatoes again: I love them! Delicious, satiating, and healthful, they could be enjoyed all year long—even in the winter. Why? Because Henry men buried them outside by a special method passed down from generation to generation. They were so valuable to the Henrys, sweet potatoes had their own acreage.

In every season, except winter, the Henrys spent much time and effort to make sure their provisions would be ample all year. In spring, the Henrys began the process of providing food for the family: planting, cultivating, weeding—all the many things to do that would guarantee a good yield.

There was not only a bounty of fresh fruit, including watermelons, in summer and fall, but the family's vegetable garden kept them well supplied. It provided plentiful fresh fare for dinners and suppers all summer and fall. The Henrys ate okra, English peas, cabbage, butter beans, corn, green beans, tomatoes from their large tomato patch, collards, and turnip greens—as much as they could hold.

Prolific horse-apple trees* on the Henry farm also gave of their autumn-crisp, sweet bounty for the winter ahead. Picking the apples (and peaches from their peach

* Try as he might, Dad has never found anyone since his boyhood days who has heard of horse apples.

trees) was only the beginning of the process. Everyone joined in to peel and slice them; then, the boys climbed up the ladder to the tin roof of their house and carefully laid the slices in a single layer on the roof to dry in the sun. ** If any moisture remained in the slices, they would mold. The whole family eagerly anticipated the flaky halfmoon pies stuffed with apple or peach slices that had been simmered with a little sugar, that Mother baked for them in winter, when no fresh fruit was available.

A favorite dish of the Henry family was their mother's succotash: okra, butter beans, corn and tomatoes fresh in fall, canned in winter. Really good! I try to duplicate it myself. Yet, I'm sure mine isn't as excellent as Annie Lou's!

Annie Lou passed down her marvelous methods of preserving harvest treasures to my generation and beyond. For example, my cousin Stephen, my Uncle Zach and Aunt Norma's son, his wife Suzanne, and their children pick huge quantities of strawberries every year and can hundreds of jars to give to friends and relations. I can attest that their product is all you could wish for in a strawberry jam, and much more. And I must add that Stephen and Suzanne are very generous.

** I strongly suspect that many of the fresh apples and peaches didn't make it to the roof for drying but ended up in the Henrys prematurely.

Dinner with the Henrys

Grandfather sometimes hired temporary assistants for the farmwork, to cultivate the crops in the summer and to harvest them in the fall.

Every workday at noon, the Henry men and the hired hands would leave the fields and come in, eagerly anticipating the sumptuous dinner Grandmother (with her girls) had prepared.

Annie Lou filled the role of master chef admirably. She knew that well planned and executed meals were necessary to stoke up hungry men for their mansize labor and to keep them healthy.

With no awareness, obviously, of 21st century dietary rules, Grandmother innately knew what to feed her charges for optimal nutrition. I believe this providential knowledge must have been passed down from generation to generation by women who love their families.

Annie Lou Flake Henry was one of those exemplary women. For dinners, she would serve salt-cured pork; collards or turnip greens; green beans with an accent of salt-cured pork, Southern-style; a large platter of juicy, red tomato slices, with other vegetables in season; butter beans; baked-until-candied sweet potatoes,* slit open and slathered with butter; fabulous, signature baking-powder biscuits she had baked that morning, with sorghum syrup (which packs a wallop of good-for-you stuff); cornbread;

*I achieve my Dad's vision of perfect sweet potatoes (according to him!) by simply baking them at 450 degrees for two hours.

and home-canned blackberry jam as a condiment.

This God-given fare was exactly what everyone needed. All ate their fill. No one left the table hungry. The hired hands ate as if this were their only meal of the day. For some of them, it was.

Suffice it to say, dinner at the Henry home was truly a feast. And supper, a reprise, was enjoyed immensely, as well.

I think you can see that, like other farm families, the Henrys lived entirely off their land, except for cornmeal, sugar, flour, coffee, and tea. Sometimes coffee and tea were not available as the Great Depression of the 1930s dragged on, so my grandparents drank “hot water tea” (also called “cambric tea”). This was hot water, milk, and sugar. I’ve tried it and it’s pretty good, surprisingly.

Thus, living off the land even during the Great Depression, the Henrys always obtained favor from their all-sufficient Saviour and ultimate Provider the Lord Christ, who never failed to sustain them physically, as, well as in every other way.

Annie Lou, the Doctor

Like all good mothers, Annie Lou Flake Henry, matriarch of the Henry brood, expertly met the physical needs of her family. She had a book her family called Mother's Doctor Book, which, her children knew, contained many wonderful remedies and secrets. Mother could cure anything, sometimes after a glance in her book. She used Watkins salve, which she bought from a traveling salesman. She gave her family castor oil — "good for what ails you," she would urge. The children acquiesced even though it tasted yucky. She brewed mullein tea for colds, and cured risings (mentioned in Leviticus 13 and 14) with a needle.

In cold of winter, if the children got sick, Annie Lou would put them to bed with a hot smoothing iron, made of cast-iron, at their feet. She wrapped the iron in newspaper, then in cloth. To this day, the odor of a scorched newspaper spells love to Hal, my father.

Annie Lou's greatest feat in her capacity as healer sounds amazing, but is really quite logical when you ponder it for a moment. When her little boy Hal fell off the back porch while playing, and sliced open the cartilage in his nose, his mother went into action.

First, of course, she had to soothe his crying. Then, she carefully removed the membrane from the inside of a raw egg and gently pressed it against the broken cartilage. What was the purpose of that? She knew that just inside a bird's egg, such as a chicken egg, is a membrane which is delicate and fragile, yet incredibly tough and impermeable.

It protects and preserves the baby chick until it is ready to hatch. Then, the need for the membrane is over and it falls off. Hal's mother didn't need her book to teach her this phenomenon; God taught her, as she observed His creation around her. When little Hal's nose had healed, the membrane fell off as expected. Perfect timing.

Grandmother was an accomplished practitioner; yet infrequently had to resort to the help of a medical doctor— like when Zach had a broken arm that needed to be set and when Hal had a ruptured intestine. I talk about Hal's scary experience in the next essay, "Hal and His Amazing Hospital Adventure."

Did Annie Lou pass on her vast store of medical knowledge to her children? She was a marvel; yet, her expertise, sadly, is but a misty memory to her grandchildren, my generation.

Still, in this little essay, I've committed to paper a slight measure of what we have to thank Grandmother for. I wish we all had a greater knowledge of this aspect of her generous, giving spirit.

Hal and His Amazing Hospital Adventure

As all boys have done since seemingly the beginning of time, young Hal Henry tried about every fun activity he could think of. One almost ended in tragedy. When he was 11, during a game of touch football, he collided with an opposing player, whose knee jammed into his abdomen. The pain was excruciating. And thus began a harrowing succession of events that would precede the return of any semblance of normalcy to the Henry household.

Hal had been terribly injured. But good people—starting with his mother —helped and protected him on his precarious journey back to good health. Those people were gentler, faster, more quick-thinking, wiser, more generous than you would expect in human terms—especially Dr.Linch, Hal’s surgeon, and sweet Miss Phillips, the student nurse, in her starched, sky-blue uniform.

First, though, Hal’s mother did all she could do to alleviate his pain, of course-not knowing what was causing it.

When all else failed, Hal’s parents realized that the situation might very well be desperate. The Henrys didn’t have a phone, so Hal’s older brother Buddy hurried in to Stockbridge and called Dr. Brandon, who lived in McDonough, a nearby town. Miraculously, Dr. Brandon was able to drop everything and rush to the Henry home. After examining Hal, he declared bluntly, “This boy has a ruptured intestine. If he doesn’t have an operation tonight, he’ll die.” Then Dr. Brandon very kindly drove Hal

and his father to Georgia Baptist Hospital in Atlanta.

One of Dad's happiest memories of his father's love was of that trip to the hospital, as his father sat quietly next to his son. His daddy didn't have to say a thing. Hal just basked in the security of his presence. Indeed, Daddy was the steady rock the entire family counted on. He provided security for all.

At the hospital, Hal was immediately whisked into surgery.

He survived.

But his troubles weren't over yet. In the days when Dad was a boy, the medical world believed that patients should stay in bed constantly without ever getting up. This caused fluid to settle in the lungs, which brings on pneumonia. And guess what? Hal, indeed, contracted pneumonia. But his life was saved because he was given one of the earliest antibiotics ever developed.

Again, he survived. and yet, there's was more.

Eventually, Hal was bundled back home to complete his recuperation. There, one of the challenges he had to deal with was the result of an ill-advised belief of the medical profession during his youth. This belief was that prolonged bedrest (six weeks, in Hal's case) was necessary for healing after major surgery. Lying prone for a long time, however, caused another problem besides the probability of contracting pneumonia: Hal had to learn to walk again as if he were a baby, beginning with a crawl.

Finally, though, daily rhythm and relief were restored to the Henry household. And they all praised God, for Jesus' sake.

As he pondered his experience through the ensuing years, did my father attribute its marvelous outcome to a series of mere coincidences? Or to good luck? No. Instead, he viewed this episode in his life in a different way. He came to realize through the lens of time, as the years passed, that the Lord Jesus Christ had brought him through for a purpose of His own design.

Recently, Dad told me the whole story of his adventure. He said that, of all the people who had blessed him with their kindness, his praying parents had meant the most to him.

As he talked, I was struck by his profound reverence. His voice was hushed. He remembered that, definitely, he and his family had given all the glory to God, who had preserved his life, through the people He had chosen and the series of events He had masterminded.

What did I conclude from all these things? What should I learn? That Jesus always points us to Himself: the Miracle Worker. And I believe that the greatest miracle here was the deepening of my father's Christian faith.

The development of his faith is assured by this promise:

But he knoweth the way that I take: when
he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

Job 23:10

My father believes this. Thinking of being like gold, as God has promised, makes the hardest trials and burdens seem as nothing— as we learn to put our complete trust in Jesus. Dad has taught me this by his life and words.

See in the following Scripture how much Jesus loves us as He tries us in His Refiner's fire!

But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love
wherewith he loved us, Even when we were
dead in sins, hath quickened us together with
Christ, (by grace ye are saved:) And hath raised
us up together, and made us sit together in heav-
enly places in Christ Jesus:

Ephesians 2:4-6

(Underline is mine.)

Sometimes when you and I try to see Jesus' face, we
struggle. Even so, He is always at work for us, just as
He was for His servant Job (quoted above), thousands of
years ago.

“Platitudinous”
and the Five-Cent Hamburger

Once, when Dad was 11, the brothers Hal and Zach travelled with the school principal from Stockbridge to Atlanta, so that Hal could participate in the state-wide spelling bee. Hal had prepared for this event for weeks; children had vied for the privilege of getting out of class to help him practice.

Now, the day had come. I won't say Hal was nervous; but, to quote a famous comedian, he was “incredibly alert.” That day has been indelibly imprinted on his memory. Why? I'll tell you. The contest was going fine...until he got the word “platitudinous.” It was his downfall.

He misspelled it. He has always remembered that fateful word. And probably always will, on into the future. The thing that still bothers him the most is that he was 11th in line, and tenth was the cut-off point for getting your picture in the paper.

Some years later, I was 11 and competing in the state spelling bee in Montgomery, Alabama. The word “obeisance” was my Waterloo; I just missed getting a set of encyclopedias. I came in 11th. Just like Dad.)

Still, the day was not a total loss for Zach and Hal; in fact, it turned out to be excellent for our two puerile youths. Their daddy gave each of them a dollar to spend at the bedazzling Southeastern Fair, which occurred in Atlanta the same day as the spelling contest. It was fun, fun, fun— the rides, everything. The boys had vowed

not to spend all their money in one place, but soon they detected an unmistakable void in their abdominal regions that demanded to be filled.*

Hence, each of them bought an enormous, tall, juicy hamburger for five cents. They discovered that a big pile of onions was free, so they opted in. They jointly determined that they had made the right decision and were more than satisfied with the final product.

That was undoubtedly the best expenditure they had ever made. But, would their Daddy think they had spent their money wisely? They weren't sure....

To this day, Dad can still taste the wonderful crispy crunchiness of those onions. And no other hamburger he's ever eaten —not even a Whopper at three forty-nine plustax—has surpassed that towering southeastern fair beauty for sheer yumminess.

And best of all on that joyous day: The boys brought back change to give Daddy!

*"Why didn't you just say, 'They got hungry?'" you ask. Because I envision myself writing poetic prose of profound insight and sophistication, like the illustrious author La Rochefoucauld, that's why. (This character was an actual "literary giant of his time.")

Concussions? Not? (And Whatnot)

For miles around, Dad was known as being hard-headed when he was a boy. Not stubborn, but things like dry wells and school buses and peach trees got in his way every now and then.

Sometimes, he had a miscommunication with one of his colleagues, who might see the world a little differently than Dad did. But because of his innate diplomacy, Dad was always able to deflect the ire of the other boy — except when he wasn't. Sometimes, in the natural course of things, the situation got out of hand.

One such time, the boys were playing chicken: jumping over a dry well. Dad had attempted it many times successfully, but this time the school bully Henry * tripped him. Down he went, on his head. The next thing he remembered was sitting at his school desk, apparently unscathed. Henry didn't even say he was sorry.

Another time—let me set the stage: the boys thought it

was a great treat to be allowed to sit on the un-air-conditioned school bus steps while the bus was moving. Why? I will not be able to fathom this in my lifetime.

("Breezy," Dad says. "Derring-do.") I guess it's a guy thing. So, young Hal was sitting there while the bus was going. He went to sleep and fell out onto the ground. Guess what part of his anatomy hit the ground first? Time's up. His head, of course. (A word of explanation: Hal stayed

*Last name omitted to protect the guilty

sleepy, because of having to get up at an unearthly hour to tend the stock and having to go to bed at an unearthly hour, sometimes, because of homework.) But he bounced back up, apparently none the worse for wear.

Not to mention the time he fell out of a peach tree on his head. Concussion this time? As usual, apparently not.

How about the time Hal and Zach were on one of their entrepreneurial excursions, selling live chickens or water-melons or skinned rabbits to homemakers, and Willy Henry stole money from them. This is not a medical story, as the others have been; it is a “Whatnot” story. I just wanted to get it in to say that “Henry” was indeed the perp’s middle name. Not everyone in Henry County, where my Henrys lived, had the last name of Henry. Although you may be thinking: Henrys, Henrys everywhere.

This story had a happy ending. Hal and Zach’s friend Steve High* got the money back from Willy Henry and returned it to its rightful owners.

Want to read another “Whatnot” story? Let me prepare you. It is totally unlike anything you’ve read in this chapter thus far. In fact, it is not like anything else in this book. But, we do so like variety, do we not?

Two springs in a row, when Hal was 10 and 11, he decided to sell althea shoots. Altheas, which produce beautiful flowers, seemingly shoot up everywhere, even in clay. Hal advertised in the Market Bulletin, a statewide publication from the Georgia Department of Agriculture. Farmers could place ads in the Bulletin at no cost. The

*This is his real, actual name, first and last, I’m giving; because he was not only not guilty, but he had a considerable lot to commend him.

orders poured in, accompanied by payment in postage stamps, five cents per shoot. Most commonly the payment was made with one three-cent stamp (first class at the time) and two one-cent stamps.

Hal would send out the shoots, wrapped in newspaper, by return mail. “How did the roots not dry out in transit?” you may wonder. It didn’t matter; althea roots are hardy.

Was this not an impressive enterprise for our young entrepreneur?

Do you mind reading just one more short “What-not” story? All right.

Buddy and Hal kept five beehives for several years as a hobby. Quite a beneficial one, too. Even though the bees didn’t produce enough honey to sell, there was plenty for a large farm family to feast on from time to time (except in the winter when Hal or Buddy would put a tray of honey or sugarwater in front of the slot where the bees entered the hive, to nourish them. Then, obviously, their production was negligible).

This hobby was not without its pitfalls, as you can imagine. A few stings were expected when gathering honey. One time, however, even though Hal thought he was well covered—bee bonnet, boots, gloves, secured pants legs and shirt sleeves—as he tried (unsuccessfully) to cajole a swarm from a tree limb into a hive, he discovered that the bees didn’t think he was covered well enough. The resulting hundreds of stings put Hal to bed for a day. One day? Georgia farm boys are really tough, I guess.

Brushbrooms and Georgia Clay

During Dad's boyhood way out in the Georgia countryside, his family didn't use Scott's fertilizer to nourish a lush, grassy lawn. Speaking of grass: there wasn't any in their yard. Like their neighbors' places, their's didn't look like a golf course; and who wanted that look anyway?

The Henry yard looked like clay, which it was. Dad and the other young children had the job of keeping their environs (thought I'd use my thesaurus) neat and ready for company by sweeping the yard with brushbrooms they had made themselves out of dogwood branches. As they swept, they fashioned the dust into beauteous facsimiles of Marcel waves.

This is what the little children did, as well as many other things. They did their chores. They attended school. They enjoyed recreation when it was time. In fact, perhaps the thing that contributed the most to the Henry children's sense of security was that, in some way, every minute of every day was filled with the knowledge of a job well done. In other words, they lived a structured life—no time for boredom or loose ends. The Henry children knew their contributions were invaluable and that they themselves were necessary for the good of the family. Accordingly, they relished their times of diversion, because they knew they had earned them.

As they directed their children, Annie Lou and Walter held themselves to strict criteria as to how they measured the cadence of their presence in this world. In a word: they worked hard. Like their children, they had

to live highly structured lives. They spent their time diligently in gratifying, honest labor.

To this end, they had to shoulder the burdens of everyday life. They had to face stark realities. Among them: There were springs and there were brooks on the Henry place. Yes. But the earth was made of clay—almost completely devoid of nutrients. What would grow there? How did the Henry family survive such a dilemma? They fertilized the vegetable garden and the cotton fields with guano (bat dung brought up by some enterprising Brazilian, as I've said), but it didn't help the cotton much, although it did help the vegetable garden.

Yet, here's a mystery. How did the apple trees and blackberry vines on the property produce so prolifically in such depleted soil? Which, indeed, they did. That remains a conundrum to this day.

The Henrys were not deterred by what their land would or wouldn't yield. They are a stalwart people. They persevered tenaciously to accomplish their goals. They thanked the Lord Jesus for their blessings. They overcame difficulties - even hard Georgia clay. And they flourished.

On the Henry property, althea and pomegranate seedlings pushed their way up through the clay, without any human help. They said, "We are going to grow and be lovely here." And they did. And they were.

On this land, the Henry family raised stock, grew corn and cotton, fruits and vegetables. Who would have thought that such splendor and bounty could be coaxed from this unforgiving, hard Georgia clay?

*Mr. & Mrs. Walter Raleigh Henry,
Sr., and Liberty*

Franklin Roosevelt was president of the United States in the 1930s. You might know about the following event because it's part of Henry family history.

Grandfather once remarked, "He's a socialist," referring to Roosevelt.* Yet, thankfully, the only direct contact with the Roosevelt administration the Henrys had, as far as I know, was the time the Henry County Commission visited the Henry property and demanded that Grandfather not farm cotton (because he wasn't a Roosevelt sycophant). He knew he could go to jail for resisting outright, so he engaged in a quiet resistance. He decided to rent land from a neighbor and farm there. That worked out well, except for the inconvenience of having to load the wagon with equipment and travel to the other property. At the end of each day, they had to reload the wagon, and travel home. That was a small price to pay for maintaining Henry family autonomy.

Mostly, the Henrys were mercifully oblivious to what went on in D.C.. And this was double-fine with them.

Grandfather and Grandmother Henry may not have recognized their indispensable role, along with the other patriots of their time, of continuing the revolt against

*See books New Deal or Raw Deal? (2008) and FDR Goes to War (2011), both written by noted Roosevelt biographer Burt Folsom, and published by Threshold Editions, NY. In these books, you will discover many well documented facts about Roosevelt's presidencies.

tyranny—tyranny begun many years before, which has always threatened to engulf our nation and every free society. Indeed,

Patriot leaders realized that theirs was no mere revolt of American colonies from Britain, but a human revolution that had been centuries in the making. It was the protest of human beings against enslavement, against powers that sought to govern without consulting the governed.

“They Signed for Us,”

M. Sinclair and A.D. McArthur,
Kaleidoscope Publishing, Ltd.,
page viii.

And so, American patriots of the 1930s were of the same mind as their colonial brothers and sisters—and all people everywhere who love liberty.

Walter and Annie Lou Flake Henry were determined never to be puppets for any puppeteer who came along. They would allow no one ever to break their spirit. They were not appeasers!

No one wins when freedom fails.
Good men rot in filthy jails,
and those who cry “Appease! Ap-
pease!” are hung [sic] by those they
tried to please.

In Freedom’s Cause, G. A. Henty, Chris-
tian Liberty press, 1998, page viii.

Praying faithfully for America, Grandmother and Grandfather Henry reckoned it was best to go about the business at hand—ultimately trusting Jesus to work out everything for the good, as they labored daily for Him. They knew the truth of the following glorious verse:

The LORD thy God in the midst of thee is
mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee
with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy
over thee with singing.

Zephaniah 3:17

End of Part 1

Part 2

How the Henrys Lost Their Lives for Jesus' Sake

For whosoever will save
his life shall lose it: and
whosoever will lose his
life for my sake shall find
it.

Matthew 16:25

Setting the Scene

Why did Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raleigh Henry, Sr., work so diligently to make their lives count? And indeed they did, as I will describe. Did they do it because they thought their good works would obtain salvation for them? No. They were, instead,

...confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ:

Philippians 1:6

Jesus saved them, beginning the work in their hearts the very moment their repentance and faith met His mercy and grace, and He continued His work until they went to be with Him. And where did they get their repentance and faith to give to Him? From Him!

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning.

James 1:17

What an unfathomable God! What a marvelous Saviour!

Now, I have to come clean with you: I have written so glowingly about the Henrys who started it all that you might think that I think they stood on pedestals of virtue— impervious to struggles and temptations. To the contrary, I know that:

- All eleven of them resisted the devil quite often; he fled from them when they submitted to God (from James 4:7) as every Christian should do.
- Things happened that didn't make sense in human terms.
- Sometimes the children disobeyed their parents.
- Sometimes it took a while to take hold of the Commandments and attached Promises the Lord Jesus freely gives us.
- Sometimes they asked, "Why?" (as when they lost their baby son John).
- Sometimes they ventured to mourn: "How can I possibly be thankful for this?" or "How can I forgive?"
- Sometimes they disagreed; sometimes they had tiffs.

Still as one author wrote, and I paraphrase: Gratitude and forgiveness turn the trials of this life into boundless joy. Therefore:

- Give thanks. (from Ephesians 5:20)
- Forgive. (from Mark 11:25,21)
- Ask forgiveness (from Ephesians 4:32 — the Gospel in a nutshell), as my wise mother taught me.

Grandfather and Grandmother Henry found spiritual sustenance from day to day in the Book of books, their precious Bible. Here are two golden nuggets, Scriptures whose messages enhanced their pilgrimage all the way to their heavenly Home:

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord,
and in the power of his might.

Ephesians 6:10

The angel of the LORD encampeth round about
them that fear him, and delivereth them. The
LORD is nigh unto them who are of a broken
heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the
LORD delivereth him out of them all.

Psalm 34:7,18-19)

Undoubtedly, dear Christian friend, there is hope in
Jesus! An expected end! (from Jeremiah 29:11) Thus, I will
conclude this essay by stating the following veracities:

Now thanks be unto God which always
causeth us to triumph in Christ...

II Corinthians 2:14

As you can see, thanksgiving and triumph are inex-
tricably linked. Put succinctly: no praise, no triumph.
But in the midst of everything, the Henrys always tri-
umphed, when they praised Jesus!

And when they lived in obedience to Him, He
heard and answered their prayers:

In my distress I called unto the LORD...he heard
my voice....The LORD rewarded me according
to my righteousness....He delivered me....

Psalm 18:6,20,17

The triumph and answers to prayer may not have come, or been evident, immediately —or perhaps not in the form they expected. Still, what could they do but believe what the Lord Jesus Christ says? What can you and I do?

The following pages offer a cornucopia of stories and Scriptures that tell you more about the original Henrys. So read on!

Special Days

Christmas

The high point of winter was Christmas. For this Season of Celebration, Daddy always brought home an enormous bag of oranges—juicily sweet. Unique, as always, he would greet everyone—not with “Merry Christmas!” Too commonplace. He would shout cheerfully a time-honored Southern expression, “Christmas Gift!”

The night before Christmas, the older children stayed up late, helping Mother and Daddy load up the Christmas boxes with peppermint sticks, Brazil nuts, maybe clothes, and play-pretties. (Did you know that “play-pretties” meant “toys” in the Old South?)

Christmas was a boisterous Day, a Day of rambunctious laughter and fun. Just the kind of Day Jesus wants us to have: a Day of mirth because of our happiness at His mysterious Birth. And a Day of reverence and worship, as they contemplated His boundless Gift of Himself.

... that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shall call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people from their sins.

Matthew 1:20,21

...Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son,
and shall call his name [Immanuel]... which
being interpreted is, God with us.

Isaiah 7:14, Matthew 1:23

("Immanuel," in Isaiah 7:14;

"Emmanuel," in Matthew 1:23)

Fall on your knees! O hear the angel voices!
O night divine! O night when Christ was born!

John S. Dwight

Easter

What a brilliantly clear day dawned Easter Sunday!
Even if it was raining! Everyone dressed in his or her
Sunday best, as usual: the ladies in their prettiest dresses
and the men in white shirts and ties, and shoes shined
until incandescent.

(When Hal was small, his church clothes were a
shirt and short pants Mother had made him. To buy
his first Sunday suit, Daddy took him to Atlanta on the
train when he was 14. On this trip he ate at a restaurant
for the first time.)

The service at Stockbridge Baptist Church was part
hushed and part ringing the rafters:

He is not here, but is risen...

Luke 24:6

Christ the Lord is ris'n today. Hallelujah!

Charles Wesley

Hallelujah! Christ arose!

Robert Lowry

For I know that my redeemer liveth....

Job 19:25

Morning Devotions

Give us this day our daily bread.

Matthew 6:11

Grandfather and Grandmother were purveyors of spiritual, as well as physical, food for their family. I can picture the whole clan sitting around the big kitchen table for breakfast and Bible reading, in the early morning, about six. Grandmother sits at Grandfather's left. The breakfast is scrumptious: scrambled eggs, fresh biscuits, and sorghum syrup. (Grandmother makes 100 biscuits every morning to last all day. She squeezes out a biscuit-size lump from a huge lump of dough until she has 100.) There is camaraderie and, no doubt, discussion of plans for the day.

At some point, Grandfather says, "Get the Book," or Grandmother says, "Let's read the Bible." The children know the Bible is the Word of God.

Everyone is instantly quiet. The protocol is for my grandmother to read. I imagine that she chooses a passage that will most edify the family. She has lots of choices: the action-packed lives of great Christians in the Old Testament (Jesus Christ saved them too, right?*) such as Joshua

*For if Jesus had given them rest, then would he not afterward have spoken of another day. (Hebrews 4:20)

And he [Jesus] began to say unto them, this day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears. (Luke 4:21)

(Underlines are mine.)

"...our fathers...all passed through the sea;... they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." (1 Corinthians 10:1,4)

and Esther and King Josiah; the sinless life of the Lord Jesus Christ on earth; and His substitutionary death, shed blood, and resurrection. She also focuses on Scriptures telling how to live to please the Lord Jesus.

Now, with great truths echoing through their minds, the Henrys go forth to meet their day—thus fortified, spiritually and physically.

The Love of Walter Raleigh Henry, Sr.

As my Grandfather Henry strode down the main street of Stockbridge, Georgia, Corrie, the candy-store lady, called out, "Mornin', Mr. Walter." He tipped his hat and walked on. Passing by the candy store reminded him of how strict he—Walter Raleigh Henry, Sr.,—was with his children. Was he too strict? He didn't think so. For instance, he couldn't abide gambling; it was the devil's pastime. So, no playing for winnings in schoolyard marbles, buying chances at the candy store, or participating in cakewalks at the fair. And drinking: If he caught any of his boys at it, they'd better watch out! And the same if any of them let loose with a cuss word and Daddy found out!

Thus, the other people of Stockbridge saw him as a stern, steel-jawed man of the earth with incorruptible morals. But they couldn't see inside his heart. In it was a strong, steadfast love for his Annie Lou and their sons and daughters. Is there any greater love than that of a husband and father working tirelessly to provide for his family, and being willing to lay down his life for them?

The loving Breadwinner who provided materially for his family: Walter Raleigh was the personification of these words. And his own family demonstrated that they prized and honored each other. He would have felt disappointed and alone if they hadn't.

Truly, love—generosity of spirit—is evidenced in many seemingly small ways. Once, when Hal earned a

dollar for mowing* the churchyard, he brought it home, expecting to contribute it to the family, as they all usually did with the money they earned. But, this time, he got a surprise. “Keep it,” his daddy said. This was an especially agreeable moment, because a dollar was a lot of money.

Here is love, as well. Although no one knew, no one could see it, Hal’s daddy thought sometimes of how frightened he’d been riding to the hospital with Hal, who had had a ruptured intestine. He had come so very close to losing his son, but Almighty God had answered his earnest prayer and intervened. Hal’s ather was profoundly grateful to Him. And Hal was more dear to him ever after. And he loved God more ever after—not only for Himself and His great Sacrifice, but for the gift of his own son’s life. All his children were uniquely special and valuable to Grandfather Henry. He was a wise father; he taught his young ones by his example to be honorable, to pay their debts, and to work hard at worthwhile tasks.

He prepared them for an adulthood in which there would be things they were not always going to like. He taught them to take calculated risks—weighing costs against expected benefits—which characterize the consummate farmer’s life. All this must be done depending on Jesus, with the maturity the children observed in their parents.

*“The first riding lawn mower”; called a mowing machine, was used to harvest grasses and oats. It consisted of two mules, a rider, and a reciprocating blade.

Annie Lou, the Heart Doctor

As I've written in "Annie Lou, the Doctor," Grandmother expertly tended to her brood's physical needs: nursing them, as well as feeding and clothing them. Yet, she considered ministering to their spiritual needs her most crucial task by far. She was her family's heart doctor.

Before the children entered first grade (There was no kindergarten.), Grandmother—ambitious for all her 1 children—taught them to write on the back of a calendar page, and to read the Bible. Due to their mother's teaching—in partnership with their father—their lives had one central focus: Jesus, whether at work or at play. Grandmother sent them off to school every morning with the affirmation: "Remember, you're a child of the King!"

Grandmother lived her life for Jesus by this precept, which she would assert in her humble, direct way: "I just want to be of service."

Finding an object lesson in the simplest family activity, Grandmother taught her children—each one beloved, each one unique—to walk day by day with the Lord Jesus, and to pray. These principles are what the Henry children learned about prayer:

Praying always with all prayer and
supplication in the spirit....

Ephesians 6:18

Pray without ceasing.

I Thessalonians 5:17

Be careful for nothing; but in every thing
by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving
let your requests be made known unto
God. And the peace of God, which passeth
all understanding, shall keep your hearts
and minds through Christ Jesus.

Philippians 4:6,7

...intercessory prayer is our mightiest weapon
and the supreme call for all Christians...

Robert G. Lee

Even Annie Lou's favorite song attested to her rich
spiritual life. It was "The Great Physician." Following are
two of its four verses and the chorus:

The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
O hear the voice of Jesus.

Your many sins are all forgiv'n,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heav'n,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

Chorus:

Sweetest note in seraph song;
Sweetest name on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung:
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

William Hunter

Grandmother was present on the most important day in my father's life. I will describe what happened on that day. After years of hearing the Gospel Message from Mother and Daddy and watching their example, Hal was ready to accept Jesus Christ. When he was seven, his mother asked him if he wanted to be saved. He answered, "Yes, ma'am!" She made sure that he thoroughly understood and that this decision was due to the Holy Spirit's leading. Then, she drew His little fish tenderly into her net.

My own mother led me at the age of four to repent, confess my sin, and receive Jesus into my heart, just as she herself and my father had done years before. I have strayed sometimes since that wonderful day, but Jesus has always faithfully cared for me.

Like his brothers and sisters who had been saved, after the momentous day of his salvation, Hal was baptized in a nearby millpond. He knew — because his parents had taught him this — that his baptism had nothing to do with his salvation. Water baptism is performed in obedience to Christ's command, given just before His ascension:

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Matthew 28:19

(Underlines are mine.)

Little Hal's water baptism signified to himself and to the world that he had received the Lord Jesus as his Saviour. (Other Scriptures, such as Acts 8:35-38 and John 1:26,33, corroborate the meaning and significance of water baptism.)

Yes, water baptism is meaningful, but not necessary. Remember the time that Jesus, on the cross, welcomed the repentant thief into Paradise with Him. The thief, however, had not been baptized with water.

Take note, then: the most overwhelmingly powerful moment of Harold Robert Henry's life was — and still is — the moment he said, "Yes!" to Jesus, asking Jesus into his heart. Yes, from age seven until now at age 96.

Annie Lou and the Holy Spirit

Annie Lou Flake Henry was exquisitely attuned to the promptings of the Holy Spirit as He spoke to her. She was a voluble, active evangelist. One morning, she was peacefully going about her housework while the children were at school. She happened to glance out her kitchen window at the road not too far distant. This was a common road that ran through Henry property where Grandfather had given land to the county for a right-of-way. A dirt road, it was maintained by the county. Annie Lou could see some men wearing black and white stripes working on the road. A man holding a shotgun and wearing an official-looking uniform stood nearby.

"I believe that's a chaingang," she whispered.

Suddenly, she heard the Holy Spirit speak to her spirit: "Go tell those men about Jesus." "I'm afraid, Lord," she answered. Just as plain as day, He spoke to her again, "Go!"

With that, Annie Lou removed her apron and hung it on the hook behind the kitchen door, took a batch of tea cakes warm from the oven, and placed them in a basket lined with a brightly colored linen cloth. Then she picked up a stack of Gospel tracts and hurried out.

This was but the first of many times that Annie Lou gave out Gospel tracts to chaingang members. You might ask, "Wouldn't Annie Lou think twice about going out alone into the lions den: a group of rough men—even criminals?" Annie Lou would answer you, "With Jesus as your King, you don't question. You obey." And isn't that exactly what Daniel did?

Stockbridge Baptist Church

Grandmother and Grandfather Henry took a strong stand for the Lord Jesus Christ. Because they wanted to worship with likeminded believers and spread the Gospel, they—with several other friends and relatives*—founded Stockbridge Baptist Church in 1917. It thrived with a congregation of about 100. Dad's Sunday School teacher in the 1930s, Mrs. Gibson, gave the Salvation Message every Sunday. No pupil in her class could grow up and say, "No one has ever told me about Jesus."

The church was characterized by people of formidable substance and ebullient faith. Annie Lou and Walter were among the leaders.

For the transition from Sunday School to the church service, the pianist always played, "Loyalty to Christ."

Everyone knew the song by heart. So the pianist's melody brought the words to life:

From over hill and plain,
There comes the signal strain,
"Tis loyalty, loyalty, loyalty
To Christ!

"On to victory! On to Victory!"
cries our great Commander, "On!"

*Six of the 17 church founding members were Henry relatives: Grandfather and Grandmother; Aunt Eula (Grandfather's sister); Aunt Ruth and Uncle Roy (Aunt Ruth was Grandfather's sister.); and Grandma Rachel Moore Henry (Grandfather's mother). (Incidentally, Dad's grandfather John C. Henry, deceased at this time, had been married to Rachel. He was a veteran of the War between the States.)

We'll move at His command,
We'll soon possess the land,
Through loyalty, loyalty,
Yes, loyalty to Christ!

E. Taylor Cassel

Now, is that substantive or what?

Sword drills took place in Baptist Young People's Union. The purpose of these was to encourage young people to become familiar with the Bible. The participants would compete to see who could find a given verse first, and the one who found the most verses first won an award.

And so, everyone at Stockbridge Baptist Church was encouraged to trust in Jesus and to develop a rich Christian life.

Miracle at Stockbridge School

Yes, Annie Lou and Walter loved their children. Let me tell you a little story about how that love flowered for all to see.

When Hal's sister Rachel was in seventh grade, her mother taught her at home. Why? Weren't Walter and Annie Lou satisfied with Stockbridge School, where all the other children attended?

These are the facts. For about three years, the principal of the school was a very unsuitable man who had a penchant for young girls. Walter and Annie Lou were angry about this and concerned for their daughter Rachel.

But did the Board of Trustees relieve this principal of his duties? Actually, no, for whatever reason —although this untenable situation was evident to all.

Enter Walter Raleigh Henry. He traversed the town of Stockbridge, knocking on doors, with this message: "I will be a trustee who gets things done. Please vote for me."

He won his race!

Then, he proceeded to clean up the school. Gone, finally, was the reprobate principal. The Board hired Mrs. Hankinson, "a clean-sweeping ball of fire" (as my dad has described her), to take his place. Mrs. Hankinson instituted weekly chapel, in which she asked students to stand and recite Bible verses on a volunteer basis.

In addition, this little country school attracted teachers from prestigious Oglethorpe University in Atlanta. These teachers were interested in preparing the Henry

County young people to effectively live their lives as Christian adults.

By the time Rachel was ready to move on— Stockbridge School went only to ninth grade—she had completed two years of Latin. How's that for a small, humble school in the 1930s in a little town in Georgia!

And this marvelous turn of events all started with my Grandmother and Grandfather Henry...

Merry and Glad

Remember our theme for Part 2?

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

Matthew 16:25

When we find our lives, having lost them for Jesus' sake, does He want us to be solemn, grim, and austere? Consider the Henrys. What about Christmas Day? What about splashing and swimming in the swimming hole? What about picking blackberries together, with juice dripping down their chins? The Henry brothers and sisters often laughed with one another.

And Walter and Annie Lou found things funny between just the two of them. (Please see the picture on page 93, of them in 1946, sitting on a mysterious, flat rock the Henry men had found in the field and had brought up to the house.)

Indeed, family fun is good and right. Making merry can make your heart light when you are sad.

For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. It was meant that we should make merry and be glad...

Luke 15: 24,32

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance... he that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.

Proverbs 15:13,15

I will praise thee, O LORD, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvellous works. I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High.

Psalm 9:1,2

(Underlines are mine.)



W.R. and Annie Lou Henry ~ 1946

These two look like they're having a good time,
don't they

Interestingly, this treasured rick is at the home of
one of my cousins to this day.

Jesus gave us all He had to give:
Himself.
And He is
enough. More
than enough.
What a reason to be glad!

To be lost for Jesus'
sake is to be found by
Him.

My Henry Grandparents' Greatest Gift of All

Walter Raleigh Henry, Sr., and Annie Lou Flake Henry had big dreams for their children. Most of all, they wanted to raise good people who loved Jesus and labored for Him. They encouraged their children to have their own dreams and live them out. In short, Walter and Annie Lou inculcated the highest Christian values into the lives of their sons and daughters by word and deed. Their own lives were gifts they gave their children.

Even so, their lives weren't their greatest gift. Their legacy to their children was something truly pure and incorruptible: the invitation to know the Lord Jesus Christ personally, as Saviour from their sin.

This inheritance might seem insignificant to the casual observer, but it means the difference between heaven and hell.

My Henry grandparents knew this. It was what they knew for themselves, what they taught their children to believe with all their hearts, and what they wanted the world to know:

I have trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour; I have repented of my sin and believe in the power of His death and shed blood to save me.

The Bible says:

But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

John 1:12

Have you believed on the Lord Jesus Christ? If not, now's the very best time to do it.

I cherish the earnest expectation that, having received the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour personally, individually, you and I are ablaze and emboldened for Him.

In fact, I envision three areas of extreme, vital import to a blood-washed, born-again Christian. First, meditate always on your very own Christ of the Bible. Second, talk freely with Him humbly and penitently, because He is Everything and we are nothing. (When we realize this, the Lord Jesus Christ will make us something!)

And finally, go forth and tell your world that Jesus Christ is your Saviour and King. Tell them how they can know Him for themselves. By this, you are spreading the Gospel boldly and gently (meaning, there's a Heaven to gain; and a hell to shun).

Then, when each person is ready to choose Jesus, the Holy Spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ will work graciously in his or her heart that miraculous moment of eternal decision.

Make all these things your reason for being. Thereby, receive the resulting, inevitable, refreshing downpours of blessings. These blessings abound yet more

and more to those who seek them. Look for them! Experience them!

And,

Live your Life!*

*1)"The fear of the LORD is a fountain of life...." (Proverbs 14:27)

"2)...the LORD is the strength of my life. "(Psalm 27:1)

"3)... Christ, who is our life.(Colossians 3:4)

"4)...he that hath the Son hath life. " (I John 5:12)

"5)....that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh..."(Il Corinthians 4:11)

6)"For to me to live is Christ " (Philippians 1:21)

7)"I am ...the life. "(John 14:6)

8)"..for [the LORD thy God] is thy life, and the length of thy days.... " (Deuteronomy 30:20)

Rejoice!

End of part 2

Conclusion

When he was in his early teens, Dad asked his father, "What do you think I should choose for my career?" His father replied, "I suggest civil engineering." It was obvious he had given his recommendation serious thought. Dad, in fact, did choose civil engineering. He has never regretted it.

At the age of 16, in 1944, Dad started college at Georgia Tech. Gradually, he began to enter into manhood, prepare for the obligations of maturity, and consider new ideas for the future. At this time, his happy boyhood commenced to recede gently into a rosy glow of pleasant, sometimes exuberant, memories. These have endured to this day. Relating stories of his youth to me, he has taught me to be thankful for what I have. I hope I am learning this lesson well.

In 1946, when Dad was just 18 and teaching at Georgia Tech, electricity came to the Henry homestead out in rural Georgia. Dad wanted to show his gratitude for all his parents had done for him, so he bought them a new electric stove. Grandmother and Grandfather Henry appreciated their son's gift very much. Everyone would always savor the memories of the delectable dishes Grandmother had prepared with love on her old-fashioned, cast-iron woodstove; yet, this gift symbolized the beginning of a new life for all. The other children also expressed their thanks to their parents in numerous wonderful ways.

As the children grew up, life was changing. It was different. But it was good.

Then, Hal's daddy died suddenly on Easter Sunday, 1948. It was a heart attack. He was 71. His death shocked everyone; there had seemed to be so many years of promise ahead for him.

One of the many remarkable things about Annie Lou's beloved husband was this: With consideration for honor and for the welfare of his family, Grandfather Henry never went into debt. Indeed, he always "mysteriously" had the necessary cash on hand to meet his family's needs. Of course, it was no mystery; God faithfully provided, for Jesus' sake. Thus, Walter Raleigh Henry went to be with his Lord debt free.

The linchpin of the family as he had been, along with Annie Lou, Walter had seemed, it might be said, larger than life. His family struggled to get used to being without him.

Certainly, Jesus Christ had always ruled each member of the original Henry family, presented in this book, with never-ending, guiding lovingkindness. Even so, sometimes His dear face seemed hidden from them. (This I know, from my own experience.) But that didn't change the constancy of His presence with them.

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.

Hebrews 13:5

And he said, My presence shall go with thee,
and I will give thee rest.

Exodus 33:14

(Underlines are mine.)

And so, the Lord Jesus was with all of them, helping them adjust to their loss. Surely, Jesus Christ, their Good Shepherd, continued to lead them all the way.

Epilogue

Introduction

Since those long-ago days on the Georgia farm, babies have been born and children have grown up. And there have been a number of Homegoings. Grandmother Henry went Home to be with Jesus in 1980 at age 91, after an illustrious career as a wife, and mother to a flourishing and vigorous Christian family. She had lived the last years of her life in a little cottage down the hill from my Uncle George and Aunt Pam's. All her children had let their mother know by their loving attentions how highly they esteemed her. And what happened to those ten children of the Georgia farm eventually? Let me enumerate:

- 1) Edna married Homer Hasty. They had three children.
- 2) John went to be with Jesus at less than age two.
- 3) James married Mary. They had six children.
- 4) Alice married Sam Whitmire. They had four children.
- 5) Buddy (Walter Raleigh Henry, Jr.) married Lou Ellen. They had five children.
- 6) George married Pam. They had ten children.
- 7) Rachel married Hollis Hurst. They had five children.
- 8) Hal married Ada Sue. They had five children.
- 9) Zach married Norma. They had five children.
- 10) Lou married Roy Clay. They had four children.

Besides being homemakers, some of the women enumerated had other vocations, as well. Among them: teacher, RN, secretary, and social worker.

The men listed above had myriad vocations: university employee, surveyor, judge, residential builder, two physicians, electrical engineer, civil engineer, and agricultural engineer.

Miracles

I want to talk about our marvelous family reunions. First, though, I will exalt the Lord Jesus Christ for the glorious miracles—which we might not even recognize as such—that He performs for us every day. Of course, the greatest miracles—the ones we can't live without—are salvation for the lost; and reawakenings, new surrenders, and rededications for the saints (Christians).

There are other miracles that stir up gratitude in us. Consider my cousin Martha's son Ethan. Severe allergies to almost everything in nature held him back for many years, and involved his parents in much prayer and medical research for answers. The answers came finally -through the right doctors and the right medicines. Since then, Ethan has excelled as a forester. His favorite thing to do is to camp out. Where does this take place? In the great outdoors!

Doesn't it seem like this could not have possibly happened when almost everything outside had made him so sick? But it did occur. Sometimes the Lord Jesus works wonders through doctors and medicine.

I think of other loved ones in our family who have experienced amazing miracles, as well. There's James

Henry Ill, a cystic fibrosis survivor, who has had lung transplants and many other interventions. His contributions are numerous. He gives speeches worldwide as an expert on the universal language Esperanto, he has had his poetry published, and he excels in other areas.

Then there's my brother Jonathan Flake Henry (his middle name is Grandmother's maiden name), a preemie, who overcame many obstacles, ultimately earned a Ph.D. in chemical engineering, and has spent many successful years as a college professor. He is especially interested in creation research and has written books on the subject, as well as textbooks that he and others use in their teaching. (Sadly, his twin brother David Osborne Henry — his middle name is my maternal grandmother's maiden name — lived only five days. Jonathan and his wife Sharon named their first son David Osborne in honor of Jonathan's twin.)

And I want to talk about my sister Rachel Roberta Henry. She was born with a heart defect called tricuspid atresia. Surgery performed when she was two months old, followed by ensuing surgeries, saved her life.

Now, although Rachel still lives with the heart defect, she is a vibrant woman with many avocations. She is a fervent witness for Jesus; a lover of good books; and an outspoken patriot, in that she stands for our Constitutional Republic. She is a music lover, and she has an interest in studying languages. She can identify many kinds of birds by their songs, their plumage, and their habits. She is an avid student of Southern history: before, during, and after the War. In short, my sister Rachel (with whom I happen to live) is my idea of the consummate Renaissance woman.

Indeed, we can see that the Miracle Worker is always on duty, drawing us to Himself as we observe His matchless power. Every one of us, no doubt, knows of tremendous victories that the Lord Jesus Christ has helped us, and those we pray for, to win.

Family Reunions

Many Henrys continue to gather together every year. In fact, we come from far and near to celebrate at an extravagant family reunion. (On page 111, you will see a beautiful picture of the 1925 Henry family reunion.)

There is nothing like a Henry family reunion. You catch up with old friends you haven't seen in a while. What incredible feats have you both accomplished since you last saw each other? You make new friends. You see how much you have in common—such as support for home-schooling—with the other person.

And what a buffet spread! You have so many choices of foods to try (Southern, of course, featured at our reunions). Dad's signature offering is two sliced hams. (They go quickly.) Alas, you don't know where to begin! All right. Take a little bit of everything.

Everyone participates at this wonderful reunion. You might exchange recipes. Anyone into venison or grouse? You might talk about hunting.

Often, a whole new world of fascination opens up to your view. One year, I learned that my cousin Peggy Henry Gordon's husband Tommy is a master gardener. I discovered a little about what this entails. Absolutely: contented fulfillment!

Peggy and Tommy sometimes bring samples of delectable produce—like flavorful, mouth-watering tomatoes—to the reunion, from their out-of-this-world country gardens, to give to happy recipients. And did I enjoy those tomatoes!

At one of our reunions, my cousin Lou Ann's daughter Anna modeled the gorgeous dress—cream-colored with tiny pearl buttons down the back—that Grandmother had worn at her college graduation, and then at her wedding, more than 100 years ago. Anna looked beautiful!

It is the norm to establish close ties with other relatives. For instance, my cousin Rolfe invited my cousin Martha Henry Robertson and her husband Tony over to see his sorghum syrup operation. Rolfe gives out his sorghum syrup very generously to appreciative friends and relatives. One year, I attended the Scottish Highland Games at Furman University in Greenville, South Carolina, with my cousin Gwynn Henry Lindler and her husband Tim. Their son Jacob played in the bagpipe competition. "This was quite a fascinating and instructive expedition into another culture," I told them afterward. Well, maybe not in those exact words.

It seems I could go on practically forever with examples of the warmth we feel for each other. Here's one last one. At my mother's Homegoing reception in 2018, there existed an almost palpable spirit of conviviality to mark her entrance into Heaven. It was a family reunion sorts, because so many Henrys were there. On this occasion, my cousin John Whitmire, son of Alice Henry Whitmire, commissioned Leonard Hörger, my sister Sarah's husband, whom he had just met, to make one of Len's hand-

turned, custom- designed wooden bowls to give to John's wife Stella. John was so pleased with the stunning result that he paid Len a handsome premium for it. Indeed, it's not unusual for us Henrys to establish relationships of trust and honor with one another very quickly, as John and Len did.

So, you can see that a family reunion—especially the Henry reunion, if I may say so—is not only fun, fun, fun, just like the Southeastern Fair; but also it strengthens family bonds and leads to other worthwhile projects and contacts. In short, we broaden and deepen each other, because of familial ties of good will.

What's more, Henry reunions have a distinctly Christian flavor. In fact, one of the Henrys' favorite activities at our reunions is the hymn-sing! And before the dinner, we thank our Father in Heaven for the food of which we are about to partake, and pray His blessing on it and on us, in Jesus' name.

I'm glad to say there's no alcohol or profanity at our reunions—just happy people celebrating our Henryness together, delighting in one another.

And I'd like to go on record as saying, we all are Henrys—by last name, by blood, by marriage, by friendship. Let's embrace everyone who wants to be one of us! Yet, paramount: Do we know, love, and serve the Lord Jesus Christ with all our hearts? If so, you and I will embrace each other in that grand Family Reunion in Heaven with Jesus!

Are you ready?

Watch therefore...be ye also ready: for in

such an hour as ye think not the Son of man
cometh.

Matthew 24:42-44

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

Revelation 22:20, 21



Henry Family Reunion of 1925

What a lovely group of people! My great-grand mother, Rachel Moore Henry (10) was the matriarch of the Henry family in her generation, and she was a charter member of Stockbridge Baptist Church. Annie Lou (5) is holding baby Rachel (7), Hal's sister.

Notice how modestly and femininely all the ladies are dressed, with, no doubt, no tattoos or piercings!



*Annie Lou Flake Henry and
Her Progeny*

picture: circa 1955

Grand mother is seated, in the center, holding a baby
Even as early as the 1950's, see how large Grandmother's
family has grown!



Anni Lou Flake Henry and Her Progeny

Picture: circa 1955

Grandmother is seated, in the center, holding a baby.
Even as early as the 1950s, see how large Grandmother's
family has grown!

*Family Meetings Real and “Real:”
An (other) Epilogue*

A Real Family Meeting

What is the Real Family Meeting I’m talking about? It is this: producing the Groome-Henry Dynasty, by joining Sue Groome and Hal Henry in holy matrimony.

I’m going to describe how this came about. When I’m done, if you’re a woman, you might say, “Isn’t that romantic?”

This is what happened. Hal’s aunt Algene* (from Atlanta) and Ada Sue’s mother Minnie Mae (from Greensboro, North Carolina) had moved from the South to NYC, because their husbands’ businesses had relocated there. The two Southern ladies, who became friends, decided to try to bring Hal and Sue together. It was all harmless, not to say providential, because the ladies and the beloved objects of their matchmaking idea were all four dedicated Christians.

Well, Hal called Sue for a blind date and she accepted. When he called for her at her Uncle Joe’s, and she came down the stairs, Hal thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. It was August 11, 1950. They went out to dinner and ate chicken tetrazzini (which is what we served for their 50th anniversary dinner, but I’m getting ahead of myself). Then they went to the Baptist Student Union.

* Annie Lou Flake Henry’s sister

At this time, 22-year-old Hal was teaching at Georgia Tech and temporarily staying with his mother. He had had such a good time on the date that, when he got back to his mother's home that night, he said to her, "I've found the girl I'm going to marry."

He was right! My parents Hal and Sue did, indeed, marry on December 26, 1950, beginning their own personal dynasty. Their God-favored union is producing many wonderful people, more worthy than I, who love Jesus.

For both Mother and Dad, their uniting in marriage was the second-most important event in their lives — after, of course, the moment each of them received the greatest gift of all: Jesus Christ.

There's more to this story, from my point of view. My pre-eminent decision in life was to choose or not choose the inestimable Christ as my Saviour. I chose Him, much to my delight and relief.

My second-most important decision? I unequivocally choose Hal and Sue Henry as my parents. How do I do that? Here's how. My Lord Jesus chose them for me, and I'm simply agreeing with Him!

In this book, I've talked a lot about the Henrys. Now, about the Groome side of me: Sue Groome Henry is the other half of why I'm here. She led me to Jesus and made sure her children's minds and spirits were saturated with Scripture, by having us memorize God's Word. She taught me to aspire to become a worthwhile Christian adult, by giving me books about great missionaries and other outstanding Christians. She taught us songs replete with Bible doctrine.

Because I know that God, our Father, for Jesus' sake

does with me what He wills, I am inundated with loads and loads of overflowing benefits. For these, I eternally thank Him to the uttermost. Again, I gladly acknowledge that not the least of these benefits is the human parents I was born to.

Now, doesn't all this add up to an unsurpassed Love Story, with multiples upon multiples of undeserved blessings?

May I say one more thing (actually, two) about Mother and Dad? One of Mother's favorite songs was "Satisfied:"

Verse 1—All my lifelong I had panted
For a drink from some cool stream,
That I hoped would quench the burning
of the thirst I felt within.

Chorus—Hallelujah! I have found Him
Whom my soul so long has craved!
Jesus satisfies my longings,
Through His blood I now am saved.

One of Dad's favorite songs is "Amazing Love." Here it is:

Verse 2—Well of water ever springing,
Bread of life so rich and free,
Untold wealth that never faileth,
My redeemer is to me.

Clara T. Williams
Ralph E. Hudson

Verse 1 — And can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?
 Died he for me, who caused His pain?
 For me, who Him to death pursued?

Verse 2 — He left His Father's throne above,
 So free, so infinite His grace;
 Emptied Himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race.
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
 For, O my God, it found out me.

Chorus — Amazing love! How can it be
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
 Charles Wesley
 Thomas Campbell

What riches of Bible doctrine you can find in the sacred music choices of my parents!

A Real" Family Meeting

Ready for something "real" — a sorta, pseudo, faux family meeting? It involves Minnie Mae Groome (my mother's mother, "Granny" to me) and my great-grandmother Rachel Moore Henry (my dad's paternal grandmother). Minnie Mae and Rachel never actually met and were not related. (Someone might opine, whimsically, "They were related way back." But we will pay no mind to whimsical persons who opine, will we?)

My tale goes like this. One day, in 1953 (three

years after Mother and Dad married), Granny was in her New York City apartment, listening to the radio program “Monitor.” Focusing on popular culture, it featured items of interest to its listeners.

On this particular day, the announcer said, “We are in the home of Mrs. Ruth Henry Owen in Stockbridge, Georgia, to interview her mother Mrs. Rachel Moore Henry. She is 104 today!”

Granny couldn’t believe her ears. This was her son-in-law Hal’s grandmother hundreds of miles away in Georgia, broadcasted on the radio in NYC, and the subject of such big news yet!

Granny, of course, had heard about Hal’s grandmother. Still, she had never expected this occurrence. I don’t know what was said in the interview, but I do know that Mother and Dad were astonished to hear from Granny the news of this amazing “coincidence.”

To help endear her to you, let me tell you more about Granny Groome. She was partially paralyzed by a stroke most of her adult life. By the power of the Holy Spirit, she developed a sweet, gentle spirit of her own when confronted by this severe affliction. Thus, she was able to have a significant ministry with other women.

I’m including the closing page from “My Grandmother’s Beautiful Life.” This was a speech about Granny I gave in 2015, for a club that teaches presentation and poise in public speaking. And I have included two photos referenced in the speech. (Both the page from the speech and the photos are following this essay).

Now, concerning my great-grandmother Rachel

Henry (Please see her picture following this essay as well.): Her almost incredible longevity—she lived to age 107— and her love for Jesus remind me of my favorite humorous story of all time. This very brief narrative I’m going to relate causes me to reflect on the joy and satisfaction of a long, repentant, productive life well lived in Jesus— and a finely honed appreciation of the droll and absurd wherever we find it.

This is the story (adapted from one I read). Ninety-five-year-old Mr. Farquhar is on his knees weeding the flower bed in his front yard. His 45-year-old next door neighbor Bob has just planted a tree in his own front yard.

“How long till this tree reaches its full height?”
Bob

calls over.

“Twenty-five or 30 years,” the older man replies.

Bob says sadly, “I won’t be around that long.” Mr. Farquhar stands up, gazes at the younger man thoughtfully for a moment, then finally says,

“We’ll miss ya.”

All jesting aside (although, yes, I do like that anecdote!): On the day of their “meeting”, did either Minnie Mae or Rachel entertain the notion that they would ever find themselves face-to-face?* Probably not.

What, then, was the most remarkable thing about the incident “linking” the two ladies? I’ll tell you.

Like the fictional Mr. Farquhar, Minnie Mae and Rachel both enjoyed clever and amusing witticisms. Yet, above

*Admittedly, Rachel didn’t know Minnie Mae had heard the broadcast.

all, they loved the Lord Jesus and wanted to serve Him.

Assuredly, these two devout Christian ladies had much more in common than any human family connection, even though they never came in contact with each other on earth.

Still, both had chosen Jesus as their Redeemer, trusting in Him for all their needs and desires, because He is faithful. Consequently, their hearts were knit together in zealous allegiance to the Captain of their salvation, until they would be united as loving and devoted friends forever and ever.

All of us who worship the Lord Jesus Christ are truly bound to each other in Him as Minnie Mae and Rachel were, and we will all know each other in His presence one sweet day. . .

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

Revelation 22:20,21

Closing: (Show 8½" x 11" pictures).
 In closing, I want to show you two pictures. This is a picture of Minnie Mae with her daughter, my mother, enjoying a lovely park in Flushing, NY. They became closer and closer through the years. I was five when this picture was taken.

The second picture shows Minnie Mae with her darling Tom, my grandparents. This is a moment during their very happy marriage of 61 years. It was taken in Tuscaloosa, AL, when I was 15 years old.

Now, you've heard the story of her triumph over adversity. I hope I have persuaded you to appreciate the gift of my grandmother Minnie Mae Groome's beautiful life.

Also, I've accomplished my purpose.

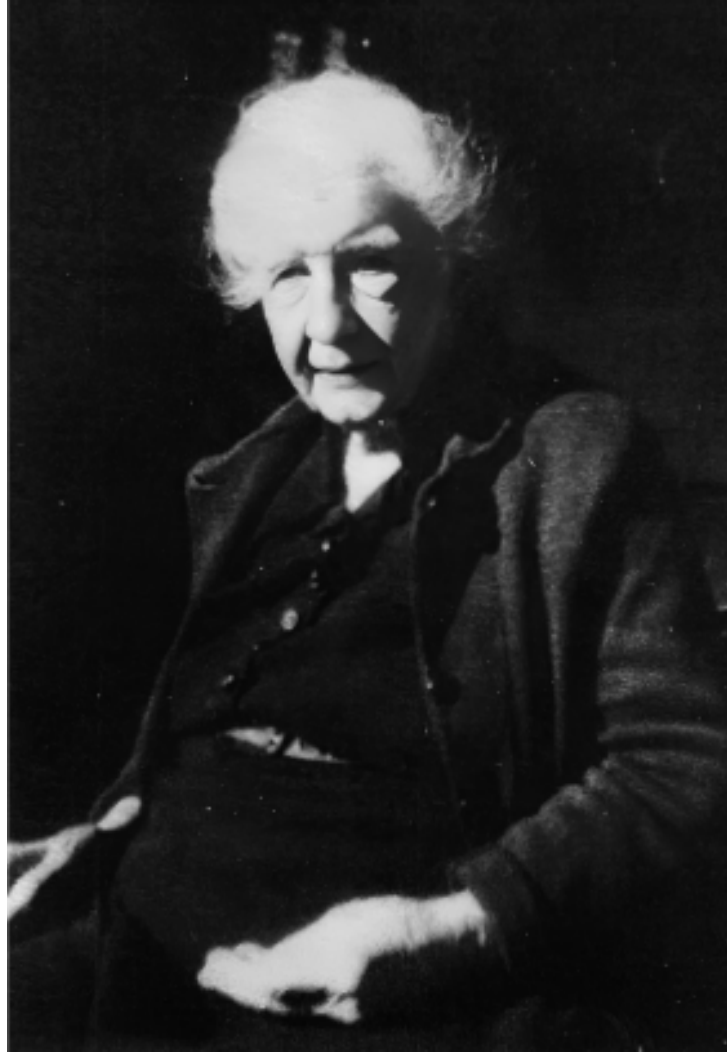


Parents of Walter Raleigh Henry, Sr

John Crawford Henry (1845-1912)

(no picture available)

Rachel William Moore Henry (1849-1956)



(picture made circa 1954)

My great-grandmother , Rachel Moore Henry

“Grandma Henry” as she was called by many people,died
when she was almost 107 years old.

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Many, many thanks to the numerous relatives and friends who supported me with their enthusiastic comments and prayers during the writing of this book.

And special thanks go to Dr. Harold Robert Henry, my celebrated impetus; to Miss Rachel Roberta Henry, whose editing and discernment helped me improve the expression of my thoughts (And she invented the title!); to Mrs. Martha Henry Robertson (who encouraged me to DO IT!) and Miss Leslie Aguilar, who both typed much of the manuscript; to Mrs. Carlie Matonde, who stood by me and worked with me faithfully and superbly as I brought all that you have just read to fruition; and to Miss Sydney Witbeck, and Mr. Immanuel Gnanaprakash, who expertly formatted the final edits.

About the Author



Martha Sue Henry graduated from the University of Alabama cum laude, with an accounting degree. Then, while teaching there, she obtained a master's degree in accounting. She went on to become a CPA while working at Ernst & Ernst, which was, at that time, one of the Big Eight accounting firms. After that, she worked for General Motors as a purchasing agent in Iowa.

The Lord Jesus Christ faithfully used all these experiences—and many others—in her life to teach her that her true life purposes are these: to learn more about Him and to impart this knowledge to others. She believes—that all of us, who are born-again Christians, should have these objectives.

One way she endeavored to accomplish these things was by teaching children's Bible classes for many years. What a blessing to lead little ones to the Lord Jesus Christ! Their innocent faith, as well as their

insatiable desire to learn more about Him, please their tender Saviour immensely.

Unquestionably, He must increase, but we must decrease (from John 3:30). Knowing this, over the years, Martha Sue has desired to assist other women and girls. God, in Jesus Christ, has given her manifold opportunities to give out the Gospel to them and to encourage them, when they are saved, to live joyously and radiantly in and for Him.

She wants to be a helper of their joy, because the joy of the Lord is our Strength!*

She would love to hear from you. Please contact her at:

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*from II Corinthians 1:24 and Nehemiah 8:10

Why I Wrote this Book

The purpose of Life and Love on a Georgia Farm is to demonstrate the transcendent glory, surpassing majesty, unimaginable beauty, and profoundest love of the Lord Jesus Christ, as He shone in the lives of my Henry forebears, 100 years ago. And to demonstrate how our lives will shine for all the world to see when you and I yield to Him.

My father, son of the Georgia countryside, was one of the Henry children on the farm referenced in the title of this book. He continues to teach me thankfulness to our Father in Heaven, through Jesus Christ His Son (“...the firstborn among many brethren.” —Romans 8:29). The praise of my father’s heart outflows into mine.

Need I mention: Dad is nice to be around!

