

WE REMEMBER

ARTHUR W. GRIMSHAW

As I think of his passing in an early morning hour of February 27, 1961 to the Father's House of many mansions, (John 14:1,2 & 3) I know he had lived in readiness for that hour. It comforts my heart in the midst of grief.

Twenty-two years I spent with this good man. He was good, kind, patient and gentle; truly a Christian Gentleman at all times. An humble man and very conservative in his manner, he never wanted to call attention to himself. His love and devotion for his family was deep and abiding, often expressed by his kindly manner and expressive eyes, rather than words.

His grandson, Max, suggested that the family preserve in writing some incidents of his life, "lest we forget" as the years go by, what a wonderful man he was. It has been a great pleasure to recall the things he told me of himself and his family, and to remember my life with him.

*Naomi H. Grimschaw*

ARTHUR W. GRIMSHAW 1873-1961

PARENTS

Arthur's father, Matthew Joseph, son of Richard and Ann (Rickott) Grimshaw, was born on a farm in Scioto county, Ohio, near Lucasville. It was in 1948 when we saw the house where he was born 101 years earlier. It was in fair condition and was still being used as a home, although many years had passed since it had housed any of the Grimshaw family. Think of the many who have crossed that threshold to take their place in the world; east, west, north and south they have gone.

Matthew Joseph first went out from this home to become a drummer boy in the Civil War between the States. Because of the excitement of the war and also because of the drudgery of grubbing sassafras roots on the mortgaged forty (\$200.) he pleaded with his father for permission to enlist in the army. He promised if he would let him go he would send his allotment home to pay off the mortgage. He was almost sixteen and, being large for his age, easily passed for an 18 year old. So, with his parents' consent, he marched off to war with the Union Army.

When he returned home at the close of the War in 1865 he was still in his teens, but not the same carefree boy as when he left, for his experiences had greatly matured him. More than two years spent in the army were ever fresh in his mind. It was always a pleasure to him to meet with fellow soldiers in after years at Veterans' meetings.

He carefully saved his army papers and badges and Arthur, in turn, treasured them as memories of his father. Matthew Joseph's children grew up hearing stories of army life. Songs around the camp fire, such as "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" were never forgotten. He was in "Sherman's March to the Sea" (U.S. History book). During a battle he was slightly wounded in one foot, which was not serious enough to lame him for long but left a thickened scar. In after years, when asked what size shoes he wore, he would say 8½ was his size but because of his foot he wore 9's. As he said the same thing again and again, it became a family joke. His sons would say it was because of their feet that they too had to wear big shoes. Arthur said his father would just smile as he usually did when the joke was turned on him. Probably such a smile as Arthur would have on similar occasions.

When he came back from the War to the family home on Blue Run he thought his father should have given him some praise or credit for paying off the mortgage, but it seems that it was never mentioned between them. He was not one to hold a grudge and only mentioned this casually in later years. This could have been a reason for his fair and impartial dealing with his own children.

The next year he married <sup>6-8-8</sup> Eliphel Morris, <sup>which was Grandma Sloan</sup> "the girl he left behind" when he went to war; a little bright-eyed girl whose nickname was "Plit" because of her happy, light-hearted nature. She was the youngest child of Thomas and Phoebe (Wood) Morris. This family of eight children lived several miles over the big hill from the Grimshaw home in a community which bore the name of Flat Woods, as did also the Methodist Church and the country school she attended. They were both nineteen and regular attendants of the Methodist church.

*Thomas & Phoebe Wood Morris was Grandma Sloan's Mother & Dad.  
Wood was Grandma Sloan's maiden name*

*Sister, her name was Lucretia Morris. Grandma Sloan's Mother.*

After living more than a year in Ohio they moved to Illinois when Lem was a tiny baby. There they farmed a year or two and their second son, Charley Clifford, was born in that state.

People were constantly moving westward and, as land was so expensive in Illinois, they decided to move on to Missouri where government and railroad land was cheap and plentiful. Some unimproved timber land sold for \$1.25 per acre. They moved in a covered wagon piled high with their possessions. Several families of their relatives and friends from Ohio were in the wagon train when they crossed the Mississippi River into Missouri. Among those making the trip in 1870 and a few years later (besides the M. J. Grimshaw family), were his brothers Wes and Ben and their families, his sister and husband (Nancy and Joe Stritmatter) and two of his wife's sisters and their husbands, (Eunice and Theophilus Sloan and Emily and Jeff Field.)

They planned to go to Meadville, Missouri, where some of his mother's folks (the Ricketts) were already located. However, one of the wagons broke down on what was then known as the Humphery Hill, just a mile east of the present Grimshaw home. While waiting to fix the wagon some of the men scouted around looking at the country. They decided to locate here rather than go on. The Grimshaw family decided to settle on the Chariton River near Peggy Ford. The other families of the party located on the hills bordering the river. Strong ties existed between these families who had travelled many miles together to establish homes in a new place. They were glad to locate together. Some stayed and became established members of the community. A few soon went back east and others pushed on to the far west after a few years.

Section 9 in Valley Township of Wacon County was owned and operated by Henderson McCully. As timber was plentiful and not much of the land was ready for farming (except the prairie bottom land which was gumbo), Mr. McCully operated a saw mill. This was an important business at that time when settlers were constantly moving in and buying land for homes or proving up on government land. Some built small log houses while others took logs to the mill for lumber to build frame houses and other buildings. The shingles were riven out by hand for both the log and frame houses. When a shingle machine was set up near the sawmill a few years later it was considered a great improvement over the laborious method of making them by hand.

M. J. Grimshaw's quarter section of land joined the McCully section on the south. He had steady employment at the sawmill during the years they lived on the river, when not busy clearing and farming his own land, which greatly added to his income.

On March 28, 1873 Arthur Grimshaw and his twin brother Reuben were born in the little log house on the bank of the Chariton river. Twenty-five years later Arthur's first child, Coral, was born at this same place, but in a different house which had replaced the old log house.

After the twins were 75 years old, when Reuben and his wife were visiting in our home, we took a drive in the afternoon to visit their birthplace. The location was just a mile west of our home, but we had to travel 25 or 30 miles to reach it because the old Dodd bridge across the drainage ditch had washed out and never been replaced. The

twins were only given one name for each boy while the other children of the family had double names. Arthur had been named for one of the McCully boys. When they grew up they wanted double names and initials like the other children, so Arthur decided to use the letter "W" from his grandmother Morris' maiden name, Wood. For a middle name Reuben chose his grandmother Grimshaw's maiden name, Rickett. To me it is interesting to note that A. W. Grimshaw's name begins and ends with the same two letters - A.W.

The family lived for seven years where the twins were born, but after being flooded out annually during those years they got tired of living on overflow land. The spring rains would bring the water out over the lowland and when the water reached a certain height they knew it was time to store belongings above the high water mark and move the family out to the hills. The homes of relatives and friends were always open to those flooded out of their own homes.

Arthur's father considered buying a 40-acre tract on the hills which would be near enough to do his farming on the river land, but the owner asked \$100.00 for the unimproved land, covered with trees and brush. After looking it over he told his wife, "You couldn't raise a goose there." He had grown up near the rich farming land on the Scioto River, had farmed in Illinois and had settled on river land here. The hills had very little appeal to him, except as a place of security from flood waters. They were too much like the hills bordering Blue Run back in Ohio. But next year, after moving out three times because of high waters, his wife thought that that was enough, so he went back to look at the same 40-acre tract. In the meantime the owner had built a log house and raised the price to \$200.00. They bought it though, and moved out to the farm which has been the Grimshaw home since 1877.

Matthew was a good farmer in a day when many farmed in a haphazard sort of way, and he took good care of his land, using methods of soil conservation similar to those now recommended by farm program leaders. He loved trees and would have appreciated this line from a poem, "Only God can make a tree." His trees were carefully culled and thinned to use for fuel, rails, fenceposts and lumber. With trees everywhere his boys could see no need of being so careful, but he told them they would see the day when timber would be scarce.

He was an industrious man with many talents and with the true pioneer spirit of his forefathers. Rainy days found him busy in his shop doing his own repair work and the blacksmithing necessary to keep the farm work going. He did his own building too; a new house and all the farm buildings were made from lumber he had helped saw. After a few years the log house became too small for the growing family. The new house had four large rooms besides the porches and two small storerooms off the kitchen, one called the dark pantry. His wife was a real helpmate to him and a wonderful mother to their children. Arthur often mentioned her singing as she went about her work. One song, "I would not live always away from my God," made a great impression on his childish mind as she sang with tears in her eyes.

Though they were busy with cares of their own family, they were never too busy to help others. To be a neighbor and to have a neighbor meant much to them. Good neighbors shared the joys and sorrows of life

together. They were often called to help care for the sick. He was honest and intelligent and many trusted him to do business for them when he made trips to town.

People kept in contact with their neighbors then by visiting; not just an afternoon call, but with all the children loaded in the wagon they would go to spend the night. The Grimshaws and Wards frequently made these over-night visits. The houses were small and the families were large, but that seemed to be no problem to them. As the men cared for the team and discussed events of the day, their wives prepared the meals, made beds on the floor and visited as they worked. The children enjoyed these times together. There were 12 children in the Jack Ward family, and Arthur's lifelong friend, Tyrene (Tiny) and his twin brother were two years older than he and Reuben. In later years Tiny liked to tell that he was of a family of 22 children. After his mother's death his father married a widow with five children, and five children were born to them.

Open range for livestock was legal until about 1885. Each farmer had his own brand mark on an ear of his hogs and cattle. The hogs were turned out in the fall to fatten on acorns (mast, they called it). Pens and loading chutes were kept where the owners could round up their hogs and mark the ears of the pigs following their sows. Some unscrupulous men would come through the season with lots of pigs, while others would find pigs of a different earmark in their bunch. Cattle were easier to keep track of on open range. The leader cow from each herd wore a bell and every man seemed to know the tinkle of his own bell. A herd usually grazed together and would follow the milk cows home to the calves shut up in the barn. The fields with growing crops and barn lots were fenced with split rails and making rail fence was slow work. Arthur remembered the first barbed wire used in the neighborhood, and for years he kept a short length of it which was given him by a neighbor at that time. It had a peculiar kind of barb, like tiny flattened pieces of tin, and when I last saw it a few years ago, it still had a good coat of galvanizing; not rusty after all those years out in the weather.

The children had very few toys and those they had were mostly home-made. Arthur and Reuben's father made a little wagon for them with thin cuts of small logs for wheels. This wagon was one of their prized possessions. When the neighbors helped the family move from the river farm, as they neared the new place, one of the Ward boys set the little wagon out by the roadside, saying they wouldn't need it any more. The twins (4 years old) began to cry, having no idea that they were within a short distance of their new home.

When Arthur and Reuben were about 3 years old their father borrowed a two-seat carriage to take the family to Macon to have tintype pictures made of the children. One picture was made of Lem and Charley and another of the twins on their father's lap, with just his hands showing. The boys were too shy to pose without him. Arthur kept these pictures through the years and we do not know if there are any other pictures like them in existence. If any reprints were made in those days they would have been sent back to Ohio to the grandparents. No other pictures of the Grimshaw children were taken in childhood, except in a school group.

The borrowed carriage had doors between the seats, and on the way home from town while the children were playing on the floor, one of the doors came open and Arthur fell out. Before the team could be stopped a wheel ran over his arm, breaking it. They hurried on home where his father made splints and set the bone without help from a doctor. It knit together straight as before, but he was such an active child they could hardly keep him quiet after the first few days in bed. One day his mother came into the room and found him turning somersaults.

After Grandmother Morris became a widow she lived among her eight children, spending a year in Missouri about the time the twins were 10 years old. Most of the time she spent in the Grimshaw home, making regular visits with the other two daughters. She was in fairly good health and, in spite of being almost blind, she helped by knitting socks as she sat by the fireplace. It was a mystery to Arthur how she could knit with seldom a dropped stitch, although his mother had to set up the sock on the needles and toe off the finished product.

School days started for the twins when they were five years old. An older neighbor girl kept watch over the boys as they crossed the creek with her, following the path that led to the old Ward school. The first day of school Arthur cried and the teacher, trying to shame him out of it said, "Reuben isn't crying and you are bigger than he is." "I'm not bigger than he is. He's just five and me is just five," said Arthur, as he continued to cry.

He was always interested in school, having an inquiring mind and studious nature. More than twenty years he spent in the school room as student and teacher. He stayed in his Uncle Wes Grimshaw's home and attended the Macon school for a few months when he was fifteen. Later he was a student at College Round, Missouri for a year or more, which helped to prepare him for teaching.

Most country schools got their names from the family giving the school ground or from their location on a creek or in a community. The Ward schoolhouse was the general meeting place of the neighborhood for religious services, spelling bees, singing schools and community gatherings. "Pappy Groves" singing school was well attended by the young people. Arthur was enrolled in his class and felt that the instruction received was well worth the small fee charged. Ward school produced some champion spellers, among whom were his sister Adah, George Miller and William F. Allen.

The doors of the schoolhouse were always open to preachers of all denominations who might be travelling through the country. Mrs. Henderson McCully (Sister McCully as Arthur called her) conducted Sunday School at Ward for many years. Many were the Bible verses learned and repeated by the children each Sunday. Arthur said these verses committed to memory stayed with him while those learned later in life would soon be forgotten. Once, when called upon for a verse, Reuben said, "Blessed are the shoemakers for they shall be called the children of God." As the other children laughed, Sister McCully said, "Now don't laugh at him. The shoemakers' just as well be blessed as anyone." This good, kind spirit seemed to be one of her characteristics and Arthur never forgot her good teaching and Godly life. She was so faithful in her work for the Sunday School, coming out from her home on horseback in all kinds of weather. When Arthur

became a Christian, Sister McCully's family had scattered from Section 9 and she was living in New Cambria. He was always glad when it came his turn to go to mill, because that gave him an opportunity to call on her while he waited for the grain to be ground into flour or meal. Her words of encouragement were such a help to him and she would usually ask him to have prayer with her before he left her home. Many times did he give tribute to her good life.

Holiness preachers were among the travelling preachers of those days who "went everywhere preaching the word" (Acts 8:4). They held a tent meeting in the community and many people saw that "Holiness" was a Bible doctrine. Arthur's parents were among the number saved and sanctified in the meeting, and soon plans were made to build a church. Valley Chapel Church of God (Holiness) was built and dedicated in 1886. Often strangers express surprise to find the church located on a hill, but the name "Valley" comes from the township, not the location.

The Grimshaw home was always open to preachers and many were entertained by this hospitable couple. This tradition has been carried on down through the years, and Arthur's home was a place where preachers were welcome as was his sister, Adah's. Their daughters are following the good examples set before them, and preachers are still being entertained by the Grimshaw grandchildren.

Joe, as his father was called, and Eliphe! made their first trip back to Ohio in 1889 to visit their parents. They took with them Chauncey, Lottie and Purdy, who were all under school age. The years had brought many changes there as well as here. They had left the state as a young couple with one child and now they were the parents of eight children, besides Charley who had met with a tragic death a few years before. Joe's sister, Alice, a little girl of two years when he last saw her, was married and living in another state. On a later trip he did get to see her, however.

*Sarah Jane Jones sisters*  
(Eliphe! and Alice Sloan) (Aunt Eunice's daughters) stayed with the children while they were gone. Tommy, (Uncle Dick), the youngest child left at home, was 10 years old. Alice must have given him special attention and petting because he always seemed to think more of her than any other of his cousins. All the children had their work assigned during their parents' absence. The twins were to milk and churn, and the butter was theirs to sell. One churning was almost lost when they spilled the butter as they tried to drain the buttermilk off, but Alice helped them save part of it. Arthur often told about the tiny biscuits Eliphe! made for them. The novelty of that pleased the children, as their busy mother had no extra time to make little biscuits.

One night Arthur slipped away from home and went to a dance. Just as an onlooker, he was there through curiosity, but soon realized he did not belong in such a place. While there, the first drunk man he ever saw was carried to a straw stack to sleep it off. He said they just tossed him into a hole where the cattle had been eating from the side of the stack, put an old gate in front so nothing would bother him, and walked away. Winged thoughts filled Arthur's mind as he watched them, thinking how terrible that was. Their parents never let them go to such places when under their control and, as Lem was left in charge, he gave Arthur a whipping the next morning with a hitch rein. Arthur later said he was thankful for the punishment Lem gave him, although

he didn't like it then.

Very few small rivers were bridged when the Grimshaws came to Missouri, and people crossed at fords or with ferryboats. Fords were made where the river bed was solid and banks had a gentle slope, where a team of horses could easily pull a wagon through the shallow water and up the bank. (Oxen were not in general use when they settled in Missouri. However, Joe had a yoke of oxen for a short time to use in the timber when logging, but never used them on the roads.)

The fords were used except during times of high water when it was necessary to cross on a ferryboat. The ferryboat was anchored to a wire cable stretched across the river. The ferryman would take people, with their wagons and teams, across the river for a small fee. The Peggy Ford road past the Grimshaw home was a much travelled route through the county from Bloomington, the county seat at that time. A ferryboat crossing was located just a mile farther south, with a large house nearby used as an inn to accomodate travelers.

People coming from the east to establish homes farther west often passed along this road. A neighbor used to watch for travelers, meeting each one as they came down the hill, to inquire where they came from and where they were going. He was always on the lookout for people from his home state of North Carolina. This inquisitiveness caused no resentment because those many miles from home were glad to find friendliness along the way.

It was an exciting day for the neighborhood when a small circus crossed at Peggy Ford. The Grimshaw family was among those who flocked to the crossing to see this unusual sight. Elephant tracks left on the soft ground were seen for a long time after.

#### ARTHUR'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

The Grimshaw children were taught to work. Lem was considered the steadiest worker in the family as he never liked to stop to talk when he had a job on hand. If hoeing corn he would say, "Walk the round with me and talk while I hoe." He liked to hunt and was handy with his rifle. The old dinner bell shows proof of his marksmanship as a boy. He would shoot a bullet into the bell and watch with his admiring brothers as it went around and around, little realizing how dangerous it was to anyone standing near. This fun was soon stopped by the parents when a bullet went through the side of the bell and they found out about it.

Purdy's savings always amused the older ones, since he was the youngest child. He had a small boy's horror of being washed. Once when his mother was washing his neck and ears, he cried and said, "I don't need to be washed. You washed me last Saturday." It was his chore to drive the cows from the pasture to the barnlot in the evening. He called the stick he used "a suffering club" and he liked to make them suffer with a whack across the back when he had trouble rounding them up. When driving cattle in later years, Arthur often mentioned Purdy's "suffering club."



Tommy, when a boy, plowed the steep hillside north of the barn. It had been cleared and was being prepared for pasture. First a year or two of cultivation would be needed to kill the sprouts. It was so steep that it could only be turned down hill, the plow dragged back up, and another furrow turned down hill. Tommy did that hard work without shirking, but he said later that that was when he decided he would not be a farmer.

The first sister, Adah Lois, had an especially warm place in the affections of the four older brothers. They called her "Sister," a name which clung to her through childhood. Her baby talk delighted her father, as she would say she was his girl. She was a wonderful Christian, having sought the Lord early in her married life and served Him faithfully the rest of her days. Her brothers and sister loved her devotedly and when she passed away at the age of 65 years, Arthur said, "She was just like our own mother." He could give her no higher praise than that. The description of a good woman given in Proverbs 31:10-31 fitted her as it did their mother.

The first great grief and sadness came to the family when the second son, Charley, died at the age of 13 years. The horse he was riding shied and threw him against a tree and he only lived a day or two after the accident. He was buried in a new cemetery on an adjoining farm, the second grave in the Howard Cemetery.

Lottie, whose full name was Charlotte Dorcas, was a happy child with quick and ready wit. Her merry laughter was pleasant to hear as she played with her brothers or helped her mother.

Chauncey was rather quiet and studious, with a busy mind, always learning. Many were the interesting stories he could tell of school days and later experiences.

Chauncey and Arthur, finding themselves alone in the old kitchen for a while, carved their initials on the pantry door in bold letters, easily read across the room. For more than 65 years these initials have been telling those who stopped to look that the children who once lived here were much like children of today.

The twins were not much more alike than their names. Arthur had dark hair and eyes and was taller than Reuben, who had light brown hair and hazel eyes. Reuben was jolly and liked to joke and play pranks. One of his accomplishments as a boy was his ability to stand on his head on a teacup. They thought so much of one another. Each one seemed to look up to the other. Arthur always marvelled at Reuben's good memory, and when he forgot some detail of early happenings he expected Reuben to remember. He rejoiced greatly when Reuben was saved at the age of 65 years. Both of them loved to sing the old gospel songs.

One of the stories Reuben often told was of the family attending church at Cook's Chapel Methodist Church (then called "Quail Trap" because of the low, flat roof so unlike other churches of the neighborhood) some ten miles from home. This particular night, as they were returning from church, their mother said, "Joe, one of these children is sick." Stopping the team he started around to the back of the wagon, sniffed the air and turned back to climb on the seat and drove off saying, "He's had a chew of tobacco." In telling this story, Reuben would come to

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the climax of his story by saying he thought he was going to die and "Pa didn't care."

Molasses was a part of the daily diet in most homes of the neighborhood. Arthur always called the ridge west of the house the "cane mill lot" although sorghum molasses were not made on that location much after his boyhood days. With plenty of help in the family, Arthur's father considered molasses-making another means of adding to their income. They sold the surplus after their own needs were supplied and they did custom work for the neighbors.

Much work was involved from planting time until the last gallon was poured into the containers. It was planted by hand and cultivated with a team, but some hoeing had to be done when it was thinned. In early fall, when the heads began to ripen, the boys and their father would start stripping the leafy blades from the standing stalks. Cool weather would cause them to hurry because a frost would ruin the standing cane.

The mill had large, upright rollers turning together to press the juice out of the stalks being fed into the mill by hand. A horse hitched to a long pole furnished the power to grind the sweet juice from the stalks. By the end of the season a well-trodden path circled the cane mill where the patient horse had plodded around day after day. The twins would often be at the mill by 3 o'clock in the morning to start grinding out a barrel of juice. By daylight their father would be ready to start boiling the juice in a large, rectangular pan over the brick furnace. Even starting this early they would be able to boil off only three batches in a day. An abundant supply of dry wood had to be piled near the furnace as the boiling off process required careful attention. The green scum constantly boiled up and had to be removed with the long-handled skimmers, and when the juice began thickening the fire had to be watched very carefully to keep from burning the molasses. To have good molasses the can must be good, but carefulness in making up the product also made the difference as to whether it was good or not.

It was often Arthur's job to sell the molasses, because he was considered the best salesman in the family. He would take a barrel or more at a time to peddle to the coal miners at Bevier or Ardmore, at 10¢ a gallon. Sometimes a storekeeper would buy a full barrel, which cut short the day's work of peddling. He said it was easy to sell any kind of food stuff to the miner's families in those days, but he was glad when he didn't have to go from house to house selling and measuring the sticky product. In later years he said he didn't care much for molasses because he had enough when he was a boy.

The parents always had the love and respect of their children. Many times, in later years, did the children "rise up to call them blessed." (Proverbs 31:28). The brothers and sisters seemed to look to Arthur as the leader of the family after their parents' death. Many were the problems discussed with him and the joys shared. His manner was humble and he was always surprised at any honor shown him and never felt that he was worthy of praise. On one of Uncle Dick's last visits from California he said, "We always looked to Arthur as the dean of the family."

RETURNING SAVING

Arthur was saved in October, 1890, when a boy of seventeen. He was a good, moral boy, but when conviction came to his heart he realized he needed a Savior, for he felt that he was the worst of sinners. A revival meeting was in progress at the home church and some of his friends were getting saved. For a week he was under deep conviction but told no one how he felt. On a Sunday evening, as he was walking to church with several boys, some of whom were already saved, he asked them to turn aside with him to a patch of brush along the roadside to pray. He had carried his burden of sin long enough and felt that he must have help from God. Falling to his knees he prayed, saying, "Lord, save or I perish." Immediately peace came to his heart, his burden lifted and his sins forgiven. The boys went on to church rejoicing because "a new name was written down in Glory."

Although he was a shy boy, he made his way to the front of the church where spring seats from the wagons were placed to make more seating room for the large crowd. When opportunity was given for testimonies, he stood on a wagon seat and told what the Lord had done for him. That was the beginning of his Christian life. In relating this experience, he would often quote from a poem, commencing with this line, "There is a spot to me more dear than native vale or mountain," and ending, "'Twas where I felt my sins forgiven." He well remembered that spot on the road to Valley Chapel.

With the care of the small children his mother was not able to attend all the services of the revival. When he came home that night she had put the children to bed and had retired herself, but he went to her bedside to tell her he was saved. She said, "I knew you would get saved, for I knew you were under conviction and I have been praying for you." A few days later he was sanctified.

His Christian life and testimony was a blessing to many through the years. I never tired of hearing him tell how he got saved and kept saved by doing God's will and serving Him faithfully every day. Like "the old, old story that is ever new" it blessed my heart every time I heard it. Yet not everyone felt that way. One said, "I like Arthur but I just can't bear his religion." But, this same "religion" faithfully lived for over seventy years, made him an outstanding man among men. This quotation from another could easily be applied to him. "Their religion seemed to be a part of their being - as well find fault with the color of their eyes as to find fault with their religion."

SCHOOL

Three years he taught school, beginning when 19 years old. This was long enough to convince him that he did not want to make teaching his life work, although he had no regrets that these few years were spent as a teacher. For the most part his experiences were pleasant and instructive as he learned to deal with human nature in parents and pupils. The memory of those days lingered long with him as he would meet someone in later years who would say, "You taught me to read." His first term was at Ward, the home school which was a large school with nearly 75 pupils enrolled during the winter, including three of his brothers, the two sisters and Lem's son, Anderson.

The school year was divided into two terms, fall and winter, and a

short spring term. The fall and winter sessions of five months were well attended by children of all ages, from five and six year olds to grownups, with some continuing until twenty-one. The short spring term of two or three months had smaller attendance because the older children were usually kept at home to help their parents.

The children were not classified into eight different grades and taught by a course of study as is done now. They were judged by their ability and if one pupil was ready for the next higher class in the middle of the term he was advanced without waiting for the others of the class to catch up. Those who were unable to attend the spring term just took up where they left off the year before, when they entered school again in the fall.

The McGuffey readers were in use during those years and anyone who has read these books know what a store of knowledge they contain. They are now considered as classics among school books. These books were composed of prose and poetry to elevate the minds of children as well as to teach them to read, and occasionally a direct quotation from the Bible was included. Much of the poetry was memorized to recite in class. It would take more than a year to complete (learn) a book. The last of the series, the sixth reader, was studied by the older pupils, although some would never get that far on the road of learning.

The old, blue back speller (I do not remember the name) was a storehouse of knowledge too, with definitions, markings and usage in sentences as well as rules and rhymes. Rivalry was keen in spelling classes. They would line up across the front of the room facing the teacher, who gave out the words, beginning at the head of the class. If the word was missed, it was passed on to the next in line to spell correctly and move up to the head. Sometimes several would miss the same word, giving the one who spelled it correctly a long move up the line to the head. The spelling went around and around until the lesson was over. The pupil left standing at the head of the class was moved to the foot and the second in line was advanced to the head for the next day. Good spellers were only at the foot of the class when rotation placed them there and they soon worked their way back up the line, while the poor spellers spent most of their time near the foot.

Arthur rarely missed a word in the assigned lesson, but he was not considered as good a speller as his brothers and sisters, and was not a star performer in the spelling matches which they would have with other schools. If word was received that on a certain Friday afternoon Rock Creek or Chariton was coming to spell them down, the good spellers got busy. For days the noon hour was spent studying the spelling book, and since the honor of the school for spelling championship was at stake, it was easy to find someone to pronounce words.

The other schools were just as eager to win, and often did, which kept it interesting. The matches were conducted differently from the regular classes in that when the schools spelled against one another, if anyone missed they were out, which often left one lone speller against a few on the opposite side. If both sides had a few good spellers they could count on a long session before the last one was spelled down. These events were looked forward to as times of excitement and fun.

Arthur often mentioned another school book, Ray's Higher Arithmetic.

As a school boy he liked arithmetic and loved to work "hard problems." This book required much study, but was easily mastered by those well taught in the fundamentals of arithmetic. Figures always fascinated him and it seemed almost anything would start him figuring. In later years he was often called upon to go measure hay in stacks or ricks by a simple rule he had learned in school. Others had studied this same rule, but he remembered it. One teacher at Ward had a small class in algebra for a short time for some who had finished the Higher Arithmetic book. Of course, it was just volunteer work on the part of the teacher, but Arthur was disappointed when it was discontinued because a director's son couldn't keep up with the class.

Learning the multiplication table was an important part of school work for the younger pupils. Tommy won a prize for being the first one in his class to memorize them. The mother of one boy said that was not fair - "All the children should have been given pencils because they worked just as hard as Tommy did to learn the tables."

When Arthur was teacher, he was assigning lessons one Friday and told the children to learn as much of the multiplication tables as they could over the weekend. By Monday some of the children had learned them all, but one droll child told him that she hadn't quite learned the "ones" yet.

Bright children with a mind to learn and a thirst for knowledge came out of these schools with a much better education than an average eighth grader, while lazy and indifferent ones got by with very little learned. Arthur had a desire to learn, was well grounded in the fundamentals of education and kept this open mind to learn as long as he lived. Most of these things mentioned were of his own school days rather than his teaching days at Ward, but being a good student himself he endeavored to be a good teacher, giving good instruction and governing with firmness and kindness.

Because it was such a large district Ward was divided into two districts in 1898 - North Ward or Wright, and South Ward or Ward. These schools were continued until a few years ago when they, with several others in the territory, were consolidated with the Callao School. At that time South Ward had only one child of school age living in the district, and almost gone are the days of one-room schools.

At one time Macon County had nearly 120 rural schools. This fall of 1962 the doors of only 15 rural school houses in the county were opened for school. It will only be but a matter of time until these will be closed, as town schools reach farther into the country, with buses for transportation.

Arthur's mother was a busy woman. Her idle moments were but few during those years with eleven in the home. After his wife's death, Lem had returned to his parents' home with his little son for his mother to care for as she did her own. She made most of the clothes for the family, even making suits for the younger boys. Cooking for this large family was no small task, especially making biscuits for breakfast with enough left for lunches. Seven cups of milk was used to make the biscuits. After breakfast lunches were packed for the seven in school and also the father, Lem and Reuben who worked on the river farm.

Arthur's school teaching career was brought to a close with the closing of the fall and winter term of 1899 and 1900 at Fletcher school, north of Callao, when Coral was less than two years old. He was buying the home place and wanted to devote full time to farming. They were then living on his father's place on the river. His wife's brother (Bud Dunsieith), stayed with her through the week while Arthur boarded in the district. Room and board from Monday evening until Friday noon cost 1.75. He used to tell what good food he got for less than 15¢ per meal. His monthly wage for that school was \$26.00, which was more than he had received at Ward or Holman.

### THE TWINS

When Arthur and Reuben were 21 years old their parents decided to celebrate the birthday with a dinner. The young people of the immediate neighborhood and several older couples came to the Grimshaw home for this event. In telling of this, Arthur said they served a 60 pound roast pig to 60 guests, as well as birthday cakes and lots of other food, all prepared in the home. They did not have covered dish or carry-in dinners then with friends helping out, but the older women did help in the kitchen before the noon hour. When dinner was ready to serve some of the young people paired off to eat together. Reuben already had a girl and this gave Arthur an opportunity for what might be called his first date with the little sixteen-year old girl he had long admired, who became his wife three years later. Of all the birthdays the twins spent together this seemed to be the outstanding one for them, with their 80th birthday a few months before Reuben's death coming next in importance. They seldom missed being together on their birthday as they grew older.

The fall after they were 21, the twins and their cousin, Wilbur Sloan, went to Ohio to visit relatives, making the trip with a mule team and canvas covered wagon. They were gone from home two months - two weeks on the road each way and one month visiting. The work connected with their travelling was divided among them. Neither Reuben or Wilbur liked to meet strangers or bargain with them, so Arthur was given the job of buying food, buying hay for the team and finding a place to camp at night. They liked to camp near a farm house if they could get permission.

They took some provisions with them, such as bacon and potatoes. Wilbur was cook and Reuben took care of the team. On their return trip they were very grateful for a watch dog someone gave them during their visit. The only time they were frightened by prowlers at night the dog scared them away by his vicious barking.

Arthur and Reuben stayed with their grandparents, Richard and Ann Grimshaw, and Wilbur stayed with his mother's brother, Lyman Morris, who was also the twins' uncle. The first evening Arthur and Reuben left their team at Uncle Lyman's place and walked over the hill to their grandparents' home, where they found their grandfather sitting on the porch working at his trade as shoe cobbler. Thinking to fool him, Arthur asked if he could keep a couple of young men all night. The answer was, "I know you. You are Matthew Joe Grimsaw's boys." They had not written that they were making this trip, but he knew them. He had seen them some ten years before when they visited their children in Missouri.

The month they spent in Ohio went by quickly. Besides the grandparents there were seven or eight uncles and aunts and several married cousins, and all seemed anxious to entertain the boys in their homes. One uncle, a retired Methodist preacher, was their mother's oldest brother. When she was born he had been grown and living away from home with his grandparents. He was of a jolly disposition, with plenty of time to visit, and many experiences to relate of his long life in the ministry. Arthur enjoyed talking with him.

He was a short, heavy man who, at one time, weighed 297 pounds. Being so near 300 pounds, he said he thought he would bring his weight up to that mark, and so began to eat more fried chicken (Methodist preacher fare) and other rich foods, but lost weight instead. At the time of Arthur's visit he was still far too heavy and could be heard along the street as he sat on his porch in Lucasville, fanning and wheezing as he breathed. It was a saying among his neighbors, "Uncle Billy Morris is still alive. I can hear him."

Throughout Arthur's life this trip was remembered with pleasure. As they travelled along he wrote the names of the towns on their route in a little notebook, which we took with us when we made the trip 54 years later. We passed through many of the same towns, but the paved roads were much different from those travelled with team and wagon. On the last trip Arthur visited with twelve of his cousins, and he went to places of local interest as they had done before. One afternoon we walked to the top of Haystack Hill, a rounded hill of 500 feet elevation, overlooking Lucasville. On Sunday we went to Blue Run Methodist Church to Sunday School, where his father had attended as a boy. The pastor was not there, as they only had part-time preaching, but the Sunday School was well attended by all ages, from babies to those of fourscore years. At the close of the class sessions, the superintendent asked Arthur to speak to the people. He gave a good talk, speaking of his parents and their early days there, and bringing the spiritual application as he quoted from the word of God and witnessed to the grace of God in his own heart. After the dismissal many crowded around him, shaking his hand and telling him that they appreciated his talk, showing that there is Christian fellowship among saved people everywhere.

#### ARTHUR AND ELLA JANE

Arthur W. Grimshaw and Ella Jane Dunsieith were united in marriage April 4th, 1897. It was on a Sunday afternoon when they went to the home of Justice of Peace John William Richardson, where they were married sitting in their buggy. This form of marriage was not uncommon. Actually, church weddings were an exception rather than a rule then. To them, the marriage vows were sacred, solemn and binding, as they were joined together in a marriage blessed by genuine love and respect.

At that time, marriage licenses were issued at the county court house, although it was a fairly recent procedure. Arthur remembered the first license issued in Macon County. It was issued about ten years earlier to a couple living a mile or more from the Grimshaw home. Before this, the ceremonies were legally performed without a license.

After their wedding, they went to a nearby church where an afternoon service was in progress. As a young man Arthur was called "Judge" by

some of the boys, because he was more sober minded than they. When he drove Ella into the church yard one of the boys said, "Why? Judge is married." It had rained a great deal recently, and much mud and water was standing in the road. His wife's white wool dress was ruined from the splashing of the team.

The Dunsieith family came from Scioto County, Ohio too, coming by wagon train in the spring of 1879 when their daughter Ella was just past one year old. Arthur's parents always had a special feeling for Ohio people. They were well pleased when their son married Ella Dunsieith, a girl born in Ohio.

Getting established in their own home was one of the first considerations of the young couple as they began life together. They moved to a rented farm near Barnesville store, which was several miles northeast of the home place. An industrious young man, Arthur had worked and saved to start farming for himself. They faced the future with confidence and trust in God as they worked to make a home and earn a living. A good team and a buggy meant as much to a boy then as a new car does today, but after their marriage Arthur found that a good farm wagon would be more useful than the buggy.

Farming was much different from the present-day set-up. With a team and breaking plow, it took very little other equipment to raise a crop. After the field was harrowed and planted a double shovel was used to cultivate, a stout eye hoe and a sharp sprouting axe was used to keep down weeds and sprouts.

As the years passed and more farm machinery came into use, he added to his supply of farm tools to make for better farming. He lived to see the horse replaced by tractors and power machinery, although he did not make the change himself. He did say, however, that if he were younger he would have a tractor. After he became 75 he rented out his cropland but continued with his other work of caring for his livestock and doing things around the farm. He used his team, Nig and Dan, to the last day of his active life when he was more than 84 years old. He was a "middle-or-the-road" type about many things. He was not the first to leave old ways and methods; neither was he the last to take up new ways of doing things if they proved best. Because a way was old or because it was new did not make it right or wrong in his eyes. He judged by results.

Besides the team they had some cattle, a few hogs and a few chickens. Butter sold for 5¢ a pound and eggs at 2¢ a dozen and were hardly worth selling. Ella sometimes boiled the eggs not needed for their own use and fed them to the baby chickens.

The house on this rented farm had one large log room and a rather open, drafty shed kitchen, which was too cold to use in the winter. They set up housekeeping with about \$25.00 besides what they already owned. One piece of furniture he had gotten as boot in a horse trade a few years earlier, the same dresser with a cracked mirror that always stood in his bedroom. One of their stool bottom chairs is still being used as a desk chair. A familiar sight during the last years of his active life was of him sitting on that chair at the desk writing letter, writing in his diary or figuring accounts. A set of cooking utensils was included with the cookstove. Arthur kept this first stove in the



old house long after it was unsafe to use for heating was water. It had a sentimental value to him.

When they established their home they began having family prayers. The family worship with Bible reading and prayer was continued daily as long as he lived. One evening two lady peddlers (foreigners) came to their house seeking to spend the night. Peddlers walking through the country with a pack of tinware, dry goods and trinkets could usually find a place to stay over night. Some returned year after year travelling the same route and staying at the same houses along the way. For Arthur and his wife, this was their first experience with such peddlers and probably their only one, as they did most of their buying in town. After supper they had prayer as usual. Before bedtime, the women stepped outside the door and began talking earnestly in their own language. Ella was frightened, so he went to the door and told them to come inside and talk so they could understand too. The peddlers hastened to assure them that they meant no harm. They said they were talking about what a good place they had to stay, with such a good man and woman. Arthur was never sure whether they told the truth, but the women did seem to appreciate the hospitality of the home.

The next year they moved from this first home to his father's farm on the Chariton river, where Coral was born, and they lived there two years. These were busy years as they worked and saved toward buying a farm. In the spring of 1900 his parents decided to move to California, as three of their children were already out there. Arthur bought the home place of 76 acres, but his father advised against him buying the land on the river bottom, fearing it would be too much debt for him. It was good, sandy timber land with part of it cleared for farming, but the river overflowed nearly every spring until the drainage ditch was made in 1909. His father sold it for 10.00 per acre, but it is now valued at 150.00 to 200.00 per acre. Arthur often wished he had bought it, because he paid for the home place in a few years and this would have made such good land for him.

His parents and the three youngest children went to California on the train, taking their furniture and livestock in a chartered freight car. After living there three years they came back to Missouri bringing the same livestock and furniture. Reuben and his two little daughters (Chloe and Clarissa) returned with them. They had been living with their grandparents since their mother's death. Reuben and his children continued to live with them on a farm they bought south of Callao, until his marriage two years later. Joe and Eliphael spent three years at this place, but were not very well satisfied and wanted to go back west. Missouri was not the same to them when they were not in the old home, in the old neighborhood, and with the home church. Probably it would have been different had they been on the home place, but California did have a hold on them, calling them back. This time they had a public sale, selling everything and returned, with Chauncey and Purdy, to California. During the three years spent near Callao these boys met the girls they later married.

A few years after buying the home place, Arthur bought a small adjoining farm of 45 acres, known as the Howard place. For a good many years he kept a farm hand who, with his family, lived in this house. With the good, trusty hired man to take care of things and tend to the livestock, they decided to visit his parents in the fall of 1909. All of his brothers and sisters had spent some time in California.

and most of them were living there then. Their glowing reports gave Arthur a desire to see the country too. The long train ride was a thrilling experience for the children with the prospect of seeing their grandparents at the end of the trip, but it was a tiresome time for their mother. On one hot and trying day two haughty women passed through the coach where they were sitting and one said to the other in an audible voice with a sneering tone, "Third class, I would stay at home forever before I'd travel third class." This amused Arthur, but for his wife it was the last straw.

They rented a house after staying a few weeks in his parents' home, because they planned to spend the winter in Hanford and wanted the children to have their normal home life. The time in his parents' home was spent visiting among relatives and friends and sightseeing. Many acquaintances from Macon County were located in Hanford and Fresno. Arthur and his father made several long drives with his team and buggy calling on these people. The whole family made one train excursion to the coast for a view of the Pacific Ocean. After settling down, Arthur got a job in a dried fruit packing house and Coral, Clifford and Floyd enrolled in the public schools.

One day, as the baby, Pauline, was playing on the sidewalk in front of her grandparents home, she happened to realize she was alone and began to cry. A man passing along asked her what she wanted. She said, "I want to go where Mama is." When asked where her Mama was she said, "She's where Grandma is." Her tears were soon dried as her mother and grandmother came out of the house to comfort the little three year old.

The place where Arthur worked was quite a distance from their home. Others rode bicycles to work and he thought that would be easier than walking. To the amazement of the family he learned to ride a bicycle, for he was never very nimble, being of the awkward type. He told of meeting two ladies as he rode down the sidewalk. As he spoke, he turned aside to let them pass and ran right into a tree.

Through all his life he kept the commandments of God, and "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy" was one of them. He did no unnecessary work on Sunday. To him, it was the Lord's day, a day of rest, a day to worship God at church. When away from home he would usually find some church where he could attend Sunday School and hear the word of God preached. One Saturday at the packing house, when they were behind on a large shipment of raisins, the boss told everyone to come back Sunday. In his quiet, unassuming manner Arthur said he did not work on Sunday. The boss told him plainly that he must work or come in Monday to get his pay. Sunday morning he went to church with his family as was their custom. When he went to get his pay next morning he was put to work as usual and was never again asked to work on Sunday while there.

When they went to California, they thought they might stay if they liked it well enough. The next spring they were called home by the serious illness of Grandma Dunsieath. They were glad to get home after more than five months away, and never again considered moving from Missouri.

Ella was of a very quiet and retiring disposition, devoted to her husband and children. A real homemaker, she looked well to the ways of her

household. Having more ambition than strength she often worked too hard with chickens, garden and flowers. She was a home body, always there to welcome her husband and children as they came home from work or school with good meals and a well-kept house. A friendly little woman, but reserved with strangers, she was happiest when surrounded by her loved ones. Many enjoyed the hospitality of her home and preachers knew it as the "preacher's home" where a comfortable room and good meals awaited them. She was loyal to her family. Once, in a business conference, someone made a statement that seemed to question Arthur's word. She was not one to speak out in public, but immediately she arose and said they would look into that, and demanded proof. A cousin, in telling this said, "If you want to hear from Ella just say something against Arthur."

Her health was very frail for many years. Coral was her mother's little helper from childhood. Being the oldest of the family she early learned to do housework when her mother was sick. With three major operations, Ella spent many weeks as a patient in hospitals. Arthur always stayed in the town to be near her, having someone staying in the home with the children and a hired man to take care of the farm work.

After some time spent in Bloomfield, Iowa for observation and treatments with no benefit to her health, she went to St. Charles, Missouri in 1908 for major surgery for a floating kidney. With a second operation following as soon as she was able for it, she had a long siege in the hospital, although she was at home between operations.

Her parents kept the baby (Pauline) and a widow living in the community stayed with the other children. She got so homesick to see her children that the lady took the three older ones down to St. Charles on the train to see her. To get there meant rising early, getting the children ready and driving to Callao to get on the early train. Changing trains, it took most of the day for the round trip with time only for a short visit, but it brought happiness to the mother. Arthur and Ella both appreciated the widow's sincere interest in their welfare. The children were obedient and the lady took good care of them. However, Clifford thought she was carrying her authority a little too far when she forced him to take a dose of medicine. She took the children to church and Sunday School, as was their custom, and one Sunday she took them to the annual May meeting of a church in another community. The hired man always got the team and buggy ready when she wanted to make a trip but he thought she was going too much and grumbled about it to Arthur later.

It was a happy day for the whole family when their mother came home to stay. During this illness she had lost weight until she weighed less than 80 lbs., but after her recovery she gained back to normal and for several years had better health than usual. Busy years followed as the children grew up. Not only were her daughters taught to cook and sew, but she instilled in their minds a love for work well done. Her instructions and example fitted them for the daily duties in their own homes.

A new barn built in 1912 and the new house in 1915 made much extra cooking and other work as they boarded the carpenters. But she liked to cook and the anticipation of a nice, new house lightened the labor and discomfort of living and working in cramped quarters through the

months of building. Theirs was a happy home and she was glad to share it with her father during the last year or two of his life. She lived to see her children go from the home to homes of their own. The grandchildren were a great pleasure to her. Fifty-seven years she lived, but her last few years were never entirely free from pain until she had surgery for stomach ulcers the year before her death in 1935. A devoted wife, mother and grandmother, she left a testimony of faith in God.

#### ARTHUR'S FAITH

Arthur faithfully served the Lord from the time he was saved when a boy of 17 to the end of his long life. He was soon recognized in the community as a true and dependable Christian. As he grew older he was looked to as a leader in his church, and he was often called to pray with the sick and dying, and to comfort the sorrowing. He served as Sunday School Superintendent, teacher or prayer meeting leader whenever needed. He was willing to serve, but never sought to exalt himself.

As he neared the age of 40 years he received a definite call from God to preach the Gospel. Concerning this call, he often quoted from I Corinthians 9:16, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." It was a serious matter to which he had given much prayerful consideration. He wanted to be sure it was God's plan for his life. It would be hard to say when he began to preach because the Lord led him out step by step into religious services and he had occasionally conducted funerals before this. But, he looked back to Thanksgiving Day in 1913 as the first time he had a preaching service. It was known in the home church that he had a call from God, but he was timid about making a start. The members thought to encourage him by giving him an appointment, and also they planned for the service at that time because his parents were visiting in the community and desired to hear him preach. He was glad to have them with him because they were always such an encouragement to him.

A Bible quotation from the 4th chapter of Exodus, verses 10-12 seems very appropriate here. "And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.

"And the Lord said unto him, "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I the Lord?

"Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

A. W. Grimshaw was not an eloquent man, nor was he a great preacher, but his ministry was a blessing to many. He felt that he could only preach as the Lord helped, enlightening his mind and understanding with the word of God, and he often left the pulpit feeling that he had made a failure, to meet someone coming up the aisle to tell him what an encouragement the message was to them. If words of appreciation were spoken to him after a service, he would say the Lord had given special help, thus giving praise to God. This admonition from Proverbs 27:2 he carried out to the letter. "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth."

A girl once said, "I don't like to hear Mr. Grimshaw preach. He is always talking about people getting ready to die." And it probably did seem that way to the young and thoughtless, for he often warned people with the words of Jesus found in the 24th Chapter of Matthew: "Watch and pray" and "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Some think religion is for the old people, but he knew from experience the joys salvation afforded the young, and he recommended Jesus as the way of life to all ages. Many of his messages were for the encouragement of Christians, but he yearned to see men saved, as he lifted up Jesus, the Saviour of the world. No one would lose the way to heaven following Mr. Grimshaw's instruction and example.

He served wherever needed in his own community and in other places when called. He spent several years as pastor of Holiness Churches in North Missouri, and he often preached at school houses throughout the county where Sunday School was being carried on. He had a regular monthly appointment at Rock Creek School house for years. Occasionally he filled appointments for other preachers and usually had a service or two at Camp Meeting. For three years he was pastor of the home church. He was often called to preach funeral services for friends and neighbors. He kept no record, but in later years he recalled more than 120 funerals where he had officiated.

In the fall of 1913, Arthur's parents came from California to visit their children. They timed their visit to see the new baby of the family, Thelma Fern, born September 24, 1913. After a short stay, they went on to make what proved to be their last visit with relatives in Ohio. On the way home they stopped off to spend more time with the three children, Arthur, Reuben and Ada, and so were here at Thanksgiving time.

Arthur saw his mother for the last time when he took them to the train as they left for home. As good-byes were being said, she said, "Arthur, be true to God and meet me in heaven." She passed away with triumphant faith in God two years later. Her last words to him and her last testimony just before her death were precious memories to him. How he loved his mother! He enjoyed Mother's Day when all mothers were honored with songs and readings at the church, and usually gave tribute to his own mother and all good mothers.

After Eliphe's death, Matthew sold his home and returned to Missouri to live with his daughter, Ada, and her family. Two years he spent in this home until he met the appointment of death (Hebrews 9:27) and was laid to rest beside his wife in Howard cemetery. Arthur missed the godly counsel of his father. He was a quiet, sincere Christian with good judgement and sound business ability. Once he told Arthur, "I won't be able to leave you children much, but every dollar I have is an honest dollar." These parents left their children a goodly heritage of far more value than material things.

Arthur loved his Bible and read it through many times. He liked to read it straight through once a year besides the study on certain subjects, and reading here and there as he felt impressed. Three chapters every day and five on Sunday would take him through it a year, but he did not follow this rule closely. During the busy years he would not always read straight through. If he had plenty of time

he would read 15 or 20 chapters and maybe on busy days only one. Thus he acquired his knowledge of the Word of God. Turning through his Bible you could find sermon notes scattered between its pages. On the first line would be written the date and place of the service, followed by reference to the scripture lesson to be read; then the text and other scripture references on the subject. And last would be notes to call to mind illustrations he meant to use. I treasure these notes written by his hand as he prayerfully studied the Word of God. They bring many memories.

As he grew older, he had more time and read the Bible more than ever. A few years before he became an invalid and could no longer read, he started reading on New Year's Day and finished in 2½ months. He had more time in the winter months, but he said that was reading too fast. He got more out of it with slower reading and said with each reading he found new things, for the Bible never grows old. With his constant reading he wore out several Bibles through the years. The last two were gifts from his children. For his 81st birthday his children and grandchildren gave him money to buy a new Bible, because he could best choose for himself as he wanted an exact duplicate of the old one with large print. He was so happy over this gift. He often quoted this poem by Phoebe Palmer, "Blessed Bible."

Blessed Bible! How I love it,  
How it doth my bosom cheer!  
What on earth like this to covet,  
Oh, what stores of wealth are here!  
Man was lost, and doomed to sorrow,  
Not one ray of light or bliss  
Could he from earth's treasure's borrow  
'Til his way was cheered by this.

Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,  
Precious Book, I'll hide thee here;  
Sure, my very heart will bless thee,  
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"  
Speak poor heart, and tell thy ponderings,  
Tell how far thy rovin's led,  
When this Book brought back thy wanderings,  
Speaking life as from the dead.

Yes, sweet Bible, I will hide thee,  
Deep, yes deeper in my heart;  
Thou, through all my life shall guide me,  
And in death we will not part:  
Part in death? No, never, never!  
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee,  
And in the world above forever  
Sweeter still thy truth shall be.

#### ARTHUR'S BELIEF

I would like to explain as best I can what he believed as a Christian. He believed the Bible from beginning to end. As he often said, he did not understand all of it, but he believed all of it. "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out," (Romans 11:33)

He was not troubled with doubts about the Bible being the word of God, for God was a living reality in his life and he knew that "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." (II Timothy 3:16, 17)

Neither did Mr. Grimshaw twist the word of God around, as do some, to fit his life, but he patterned his life by the word of God. Jesus came to the world to save people from their sins. (Matthew 1:21) When conviction came to his heart he followed God's plan of repentance (confession of sin to God, restitution if he had wronged anyone, and the forsaking of sin) and by faith in Jesus name (Acts 4:12) his sins were forgiven; covered by the blood Jesus shed for our redemption.

He was reared in a home where holiness of heart and life was daily manifested in the lives of his parents. The doctrine of holiness being preached in the church, he knew the Bible teaching on this experience of grace such as, "

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." (Romans 12:1,2)

"For this is the will of God even your sanctification," (I Thess. 4:3)

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it (I Thess. 5:23, 24)

Feeling his need and knowing it to be the will of God, he presented his body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God who sanctified his soul. This work of grace wrought in his heart soon after he was saved was always manifested throughout his life,

Different terms are used to describe this experience, such as Heart Purity, Holiness, Sanctification and Christian Perfection. Which is simply a consecrated heart cleansed from inbred sin and filled with the Holy Ghost - filled with the love of God. After our actual sins are forgiven there is yet a sin principle in the heart causing us trouble and a proneness to leave the God we love. When we are saved, the Lord gives us the joys of salvation and grace to serve him in the trials and tests of life, but he soon shows us there is deliverance through Jesus from this sin nature, by consecration of our all to Him as we call upon him for a pure heart. God creates in our heart a hunger and thirst after righteousness, therefore he says, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." (Matthew 5:6)

This experience is much spoken against and misunderstood. Some who do not understand might say that "Holiness" people claim they cannot sin after receiving this grace, but that would be a false statement. It does not fix our hearts so that we cannot sin, but it purifies our heart: so we do not want to sin. To illustrate: The sin nature in the heart

is as an army fighting the enemy, but with one of the enemy's men within their ranks ready to betray them at every opportunity. Remove the inner foe and it is much easier to defeat the enemy. With evil all around we must continue to fight the good fight of faith, but with inbred sin removed there is no traitor within to hinder; hindrances are then from without, unless we break fellowship with God. Mr. Grimshaw taught as the Bible teaches that we are free moral agents. We don't want to sin and we don't have to sin, but we are still free moral agents and can deliberately turn away from God and follow him no more. Some profess this grace who do not possess it, living ungodly lives, and so give people occasion to speak against "Holiness". The Church of God (Holiness) is often confused with fanatical sects, but this is no new or fanatical doctrine. Just the plain Bible teaching of our God, who said, "Be ye holy" (I Peter 1:15,16). Also, it is the same doctrine John Wesley preached when he founded the Methodist Church. It is well explained in a little booklet we have on our bookshelves, "A Plain Account of Christian Perfection" by John Wesley. It is a definite experience of grace in our heart when we are cleansed from inbred sin by the blood of Jesus Christ. Just as definite as when our actual sins are forgiven and we are saved.

To have a perfect heart with God does not mean that we always have perfect judgment. Mistakes will be made but they need not become sin to us if we correct them. Mr. Grimshaw often said in testimony that it was in his heart to do God's will. If he made mistakes, God's Holy Spirit was so faithful and patient to show him and help him correct them. He was an humble man with great faith in our God.

For those who do turn away from God and sin we have these words from I John 3:1: "My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

And now, concerning the Church of God mentioned many times in the Bible. (Acts 2:47, Acts 20:28, I Corinthians 1:2, Ephesians 5:27, etc.) We believe in the Church as it is set forth in the New Testament, simply named the Church of God. We become a member of the church by a "born again" experience - we are born into the family of God. We do not join as Jesus explains in John 3: 3-8. The Lord adds to the church those that are saved and our names are written in the Lamb's book of life. (Revelation 3:5 and 13:8) All saved people are God's children regardless of denominational church membership, but not all church members are saved. (Matthew 7:21) The Church of God (Holiness) movement is a small body of Christians with headquarters at Kansas City where our church paper is printed. Few people see the truth of the New Testament church as our people see it, but Mr. Grimshaw had fellowship with all saved people. He was firm and steadfast in his belief and loyal to the Church of God, but not disagreeable or contentious in his manner. Christian courtesy was a part of his being. Even though he disagreed heartily with some beliefs he was respectful to those who adhered to them. He belittled no one. He did not argue on the subject of religion as some do, but he did speak out and take his stand for right when necessary. He considered argument on any line of little value, often bringing out more ill will than truth. His life was an unanswerable argument in favor of the Christian life.

Our church is supported with tithes and offerings, which is God's plan



for financing his work. (Genesis 14:20, 28:22, Malachi 3:10 and I Corinthians 16:2). We are stewards over what the Lord allows us to have, for he gives us power to get wealth (Deuteronomy 8:18) therefore we owe the tenth to him. That way there is an equality in giving, with each one giving as he has been prospered.

Mr. Grimshaw found when he began to walk with God he had an adversary - the devil. (I Peter 5:8) Satan is seeking to damn souls eternally, doing everything in his power to keep people from coming to Jesus and also to defeat God's children. But "The Son of God was manifest that he might destroy the works of the devil." (I John 3:8) God gave him grace to "resist the devil" (James 4:7) and escape his snares as he walked the journey of life. It was always such an encouragement to him to read of Job who "sinned not nor charged God foolishly" (Job 1:21) although Satan was doing all in his power to turn Job away from God by sore afflictions.

The Christian life is a continual warfare against evil, but it is a glorious life in spite of the hardships because "the Lord will give grace and glory" and "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." (Psalms 84:11) We might ask "Why the hardships we encounter in the Christian life?" God wants people who will be true to Him under every circumstance of life, therefore we are tested and tried, but never forsaken by God as long as we keep out faith and confidence in Him and walk with Him in obedience. Our adversary, the devil, does all possible to discourage people, cause them to sin and damn their souls eternally. In spite of the hardships, we can be overcomers, because our God is greater than the enemy. Read I John 4:4 and Revelation 12:11, also the second and third chapters of Revelation, which tells of the overcomers. "Many shall be purified, made white and tried" (Daniel 12:10). Read of Job who in the midst of affliction says, "When he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold."

Some people say of the salvation Jesus came to bring to mankind, "You can't live it." But with Jesus in the heart you can live according to Bible standards. There is no doubt in the minds of A. W. Grimshaw's family about this, for we have seen it lived in his daily life these many years. There is power in Jesus' blood to keep from sin as well as to save from sin. What is sin? Sin is a transgression of the law. The Ten Commandments (Exodus 12) contain the moral law which, if we transgress is sin to us. In Galatians 5:19-21 some sins are named. Just one sin will separate us from God, "but if we confess our sins to him, he is faithful and just to forgive us." (I John 1:9) and (John 3:16) The fifth chapter of Galatians also mentions the fruit of the Spirit, which is "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance," and truly these were manifested in Arthur's life, for his life was an example of what Jesus can do for the human heart that is yielded to him.

And now the question comes to my mind, why have I tried to explain in detail the faith and doctrine of Jesus Christ as he believed it from the Bible? Because memories of Arthur W. Grimshaw would be incomplete without this. Could he know it, he would be glad for us to "exalt the name of the Lord once more for him" (Psalms 34:3) He believed it, he lived it, and he preached it. We were of one faith together and I have tried to honor God as he would in doing this. And thus "he being dead yet speaketh." (Hebrews 11:4)

I think it was William Carey, a shoe cobbler who later became a famed missionary of the past century, who said that serving the Lord was his business, but he cobbled shoes to make a living. And so it was with Mr. Grimshaw, he farmed to make a living for his family and farming was a satisfactory way of life for him. He was a good farmer in the days of horse power farming. He liked horses and remembered the different ones he had owned and those his father had when he was a boy at home, often mentioning Snap and Tule, Old Bird, Minnie and Imute and others of the many horses owned through the years. He liked to ride horseback. Walking over the hills tired him as he grew older, so he usually kept his horse handy for riding about the place.

Daisy was his last riding horse, but he continued to ride after she was gone, using Dick, a slender work horse. We have a picture of him on Nig, one of his last horses, with the other one standing nearby, taken in 1956. He liked to tell about Ribbon, the riding horse Floyd rode to Hazel Grove where he taught school. The school house was eight or ten miles from home, and Floyd boarded in the district during the week but came home weekends. Someone would go after him Friday evening and then Sunday afternoon or Monday morning Floyd would ride Ribbon back to school, tie the reins to the saddle horn and send him back home. They thought him very intelligent because he came straight home in about the same length of time it took them to go.

Choring was an important part of his day's work. He liked to feed hogs, it being a real challenge to him to see how fast he could feed off a bunch of hogs to market size. He never liked to milk but he was one who went ahead and did what needed to be done, whether he liked it or not. He said he liked to follow the plow and turn a straight furrow, and it was a delight to him to watch growing crops. A continual warfare was waged against weeds and sprouts which became more difficult for him as the years passed. He went through years of drought, depression and inflation, but he had no regrets that his life was spent on the farm, although he sometimes said he might have been more successful financially in some other business. He provided well for his family and where could he have found a better place to rear his five children than the farm where he spent 81 of the nearly 88 years of his life?

#### ARTHUR'S CHILDREN

He loved his children devotedly in his quiet and undemonstrative way. To him love went deeper and meant more than mere words. He was so appreciative of the love and respect the children manifested to him and to their mother. As it was said of one man in the Bible, his life was bound up in the lives of his children. Their joys and sorrows were his, but he was not a clinging parent. They were given good training in the home and Godly counsel through the years, but they had their own lives to live. Like Job of Bible times he continually prayed for his children as they were gathered in their own homes, praying for them around the family altar and when he felt that they needed special help and protection he would slip away to his place of secret prayer in the barn or to the tree on the hillside. His children were ever surrounded by his prayers to God in their behalf. It will never be known how many unseen dangers and snares they have escaped in answer to their father's prayers and his trust in God. According to Revelation 8:3,4 these prayers are remembered before God as sweet incense. But he said very little about these things to others.

Boasting was foreign to Arthur's nature. When he met up with a boaster you could tell by the twinkle in his eyes that he was not impressed by the talk. Later he might quote an apt expression his father had picked up during army days, "His trumpeter must be dead." And if asked, "Why?" he would say, "Well, he was blowing his own horn."

Although he never boasted of his children, he liked to talk about them. His face would glow with pleasure when friends or relatives spoke to him about them. He often talked to me of their home life and school days.

To him the word "Baby" was a word of endearment used for each child. Thelma answered when he said "Baby" until long after her marriage. The term was applied in turn to the grandchildren. Once an acquaintance was visiting in the home and in the course of their conversation he unthoughtedly addressed the man as "Baby". Rene (8 years old at the time) spoke up and said, "Are you going to take that? Grandpa called you Baby." This and other embarrassing situations gradually got him away from its use.

Sayings of the children were long remembered. In a family discussion concerning someone who had moved from the neighborhood, Floyd said, "I think people ought to stay where they were raised." This statement was recalled with amusement when he grew up and went away from "where he was raised."

He liked to tell about Coral asking Uncle Jeff what he was doing. He had hired him to dig a cellar soon after they bought the home place. As Coral, a tiny girl less than 3 years old, played in the yard she would go watch him work and ask, "Goin' Uncle Deff?"

The little sister who tagged along was a mingled delight and bother to the older brothers and sisters. In family "get togethers" the boys liked to tell Thelma what she had said and done as a little girl. Once when she wanted to borrow Clifford's pencil she said to him, "Tichie, you are a good boy. Floyd is a bad boy. Can I borrow your pence?"

Many words and phrases were coined in the family through the years. Lumpy gravy instantly brings to mind Pauline's early efforts of cooking. "Knots and clods in the gravy" was the way the baby of the family described it. "A leaf in the crack" meant work carelessly done, just to get by, as in the days of rail fences when a broken fence was "fixed" with a leafy sprout rather than mended with a new rail. A bright and rosy sunrise brought to mind Grandma Dunsieith who often said it would be a pretty day because it was "modest in the east."

Honesty was a policy of the family instilled in their hearts by the parents and grandparents who considered no other way of living than truth and honesty in their dealings. It pleased Arthur to see his children following in this way. A neighbor had this to say about Clifford's honest dealing when in his teens. Clifford was picking corn for the man and being paid by the bushel. A 26" wagon bed held 26 bushel of corn. Another boy shucking corn in the same field with Clifford would try to get by with short measure. The neighbor told Mr. Grimshaw, "Clifford is honest. Your boys are hones, and my boys are honest, but some boys can't be trusted."

When Thelma was a little girl Arthur hired her to pull cockleburrs. In telling Annella and Shirley about it he said she was honest, because she only counted the plants that pulled up, never those that broke off. The girls asked if their mother was honest too, and he said, "All my children were honest."

Your Name

You got it from your father  
 'Twas the best he had to give  
 And right gladly he bestowed it,  
 It is yours the while you live.

You may lose the watch he gave you,  
 And another you may claim,  
 But remember when you're tempted  
 To be careful of his name.

It was fair the day you got it;  
 And a worthy name to wear;  
 When he took it from his father  
 There was no dishonor there.

Through the years he proudly wore it,  
 To his father he was true.  
 And that name was clean and spotless,  
 When he passed it on to you.

It is yours to wear forever,  
 Just as long as you shall live;  
 Yours, perhaps, some distant morning  
 To another boy to give.

And you'll smile as did your father,  
 Smile above that baby there,  
 For a clean name and a good name  
 You are giving him to wear.

(A clipping from one of Mr. Grimshaw's Livestock Dailies several years ago. I do not know the author, but it sounds like Edgar Guest's work.

A good name A. W. Grimshaw left for his children, and the generations following. "There was no dishonor there."

#### ARTHUR'S GRANDCHILDREN

A. W. Grimshaw thought so much of his grandchildren, loving each one as if that one was the only grandchild. I never knew anyone who showed less partiality in the family. But he was not one to make much of a "spread" over them, just smiled and talked to them as if they were adults. Candy was his one indulgence, for he loved good candy and was always slipping some to the grandchildren. Some of them seemed to think the trunk was full of silky "ay candy bars.

Dale, the first grandchild, could have easily been spoiled by all the attention showered on him by the grandparents and uncles and aunts, but he took it in a matter of fact sort of way and never seemed spoiled.

Quiet and steady, with a pleasant smile like Grandpa Dunsieith" his grandpa said. Nadine was a little talker and charmed the family with her quaint sayings. They lived nearby and were often at Grandpa and grandma's house. Their path to school led through the pasture and by the house. The grandparents always watched for them. When returning from school they usually stopped for a drink and often cookies awaited them.

We were happy when Nadine came from Kansas City (when she was grown) to live on a farm near Ethel, Missouri. Arthur enjoyed visiting in her home, where she was so nice to him, cooking food he especially liked and always anxious to do something to please him; once taking him for a drive to visit his birthplace.

When Dale was on vacation he usually spent some time with his grandpa. Arthur was so please when Dale took us to Brother Ray Kimbrough's church in Woberly one Saturday evening where a revival was in progress.

Max was the grandchild to carry on the Grimshaw name. He and his grandpa were such good friends. The few weeks he spent in their home when he was five years old brought so much pleasure to his grandparents. Everything on the farm interested the little boy. He liked to help his grandmother feed the chickens and gather the eggs, talking and asking questions as they worked. "Duck-o-nory boys" and "water boys" were descriptive names he gave to some of the neighbor children.

Max never outgrew the desire to come to Grandpa's house, always coming with his parents, except when in the navy. For many years Floyd and his family spent Thanksgiving with Arthur, making it a family tradition. After Max's marriage, he and Betty continued to follow the family pattern of visiting grandpa. Their little Jennie Sue was the first great-grandchild to be held in his arms.

Their Grandpa Grimshaw always had such a compassionate love for Jerry, Annella and Shirley. It was such a grief to him when Pauline passed away, leaving her little ones to grow up without a mother, but he appreciated their Aunt Letty's faithfulness in helping their Daddy care for them and make a home for them. We always looked forward to the week Annella and Shirley spent with us each summer. They loved to sing with Grandpa and he especially liked to hear them sing the song their mother taught them, "Jesus Loves Me." Although they had memorized most of the songs they wanted him to use a book. Those were happy times for him as the girls stood by his chair singing with him.

The girls loved pretty clothes and noticed what others were wearing too. Once, when we were getting ready to go spend the day at Coral's house, their Grandpa came out of the bedroom dressed in new overalls. Shirley, (four years old) said, "Grandpa, you look nice." Jerry was a home boy and seldom went visiting unless his Daddy went too. They were all so kind and thoughtful of Grandpa when they grew up. He was so pleased with the cuckoo clock Jerry sent to him from Germany when he was in the service. On the first visit home with her little son, Randy, Annella brought him over to see Grandpa. Shirley spent her last night in Grandpa's home when she came to invite him to her wedding.

Judy was just a tiny baby when she was first brought to see her grandparents. On another visit when three or four years old, after hearing

the cousins say 'Uncle Clifford,' she asked her Daddy if she could call him Uncle Clifford too. These yearly visits were always looked forward to with pleasure by the Grandfather when most of the grandchildren would be together in his home. A bright memory was when Judy, as a teenager, came early to visit a few weeks with her parents. Then, as the years passed and Judy was in her own home in Pennsylvania, she wanted Grandpa to see her little daughter, Gail Ann, so on their vacation Clifford and Helen brought the little two-year old girl with them. At Grandpa's farm she saw the horses, cows and pigs and fed ears of corn to the pigs as her mother used to do. Judy was so good to write to Grandpa.

Rene grew up loving to go to Grandpa Grimshaw's house. As a tiny boy he was always delighted when his parents got ready to go "down home." Once, when dressed in his little red snowsuit he said, "By-by, going to Bobby Shaw-shaws." Often his Grandpa would come in telling amusing things he had said as he followed around helping. It seems that little boys just yell for pure pleasure. Once he bounced out of the barn into the calf lot with a yell, scaring the calves over the gate and to the far side of the pasture which was not so amusing.

As he grew older he was a real help with the chores. He thought Grandpa was a wonderful man. All his life, Rene had attended Grandpa's church, but had never heard him preach since he was old enough to remember until he was a teenager. After hearing him at Camp Meeting he said, "Grandpa is a good preacher."

Of the eight cousins only the Jones children had cousins other than those on the Grimshaw side. During their Grandfather's life they were a close-knit group, considering the distance that separated them. Shirley and Rene, being born after their Grandmother's death, missed the love and devotion she bestowed on the others. Giving gifts was a joy to her heart. She would never consent to drawing names for Christmas because she wanted to give each child and grandchild a gift. Later, as the family increased in size, we drew names for Christmas gift exchange, keeping this custom year after year as long as Grandpa was able to take a part.

A. W. Grimshaw's great grandchildren had a warm place in his heart too - all fourteen of them, whose ages ranged from one to seven years. All of his children had grandchildren. Coral has a grandson and a granddaughter, Roger and Janice May Anspach. Clifford's daughter, Judy, has three children, Gail Ann, Bobby and Billy Long. Little Billy's full name is William Clifford. Floyd has four grandchildren, Jennie Sue, Matthew, Bobby and Ellen Ruth Grimshaw. The baby's name is so like her great grandmother's name when shortened to Ellie. In Pauline's family there are four grandchildren, Jerry's son and daughter, Alan and Judy Jones; and Annelia's two boys, Randy and Steven Lee Crandall. William Kent Cavender is Thelma's first grandson and Curtis the second.

We have pictures of Grandpa with the little ones taken before he became an invalid, showing him with such a pleased expression on his face. He was so good to cooperate when we wanted to take pictures, although he was rather self-conscious before the camera. I am glad for these pictures and wish we could have had more. To most of these children he will be but a name, but a few of the older ones will remember seeing

him. We would like to keep his memory fresh for this generation as well as for those of us who knew him so well.

### ARTHUR'S WIDOWER YEARS

The children were so thoughtful of their Dad when he was alone after their mother's death. The path across the hill to Coral's house was well-worn as they travelled back and forth. Coral did his washing and never a week passed without someone of her family going over to see him, and he often spent a night with them. He expected at least two telephone calls every day - from Coral and from Thelma. If they failed to call he would look for them to come. Coral usually called after the evening chores were done to check if he was all right. Thelma and family spent a night with him nearly every week. He was seldom alone on Sunday because Thelma always planned to be there to get dinner for him if he was home. And Pauline, though so sorely afflicted in her last days, always wanted to do something for her Dad. When visiting him she liked to make one of his favorite pies if she felt well enough. He enjoyed being in Pauline's home with her family. He liked to visit with Grandpa Jones and they both enjoyed the grandchildren. In many ways Pauline was much like her father; kind and patient, enduring the suffering caused by her affliction with very little complaint.

The boys were just as interested in their Dad's welfare as were the girls. They wrote to him often and came home to see him every year. In December 1937 he spent a week visiting in their homes when they were both living in Chicago.

A. W. Grimshaw's children were bound together with their parents by strong family ties. They were not shallow and emotional in their love for one another, but sincere, loyal and true, standing together as a family, in joy or in sorrow. One of his children said, "The Grimshaw's think as much of one another as any family, but they are not mushy." His children were a blessing to him and their care and devotion during the months of his illness was wonderful, and they were so good to me too. Never by word or act was I made to feel out of place in this family.

The family gatherings meant so much to Mr. Grimshaw when he would have his children and grandchildren around him. We would meet together several times each year when Clifford or Floyd was home on vacation, or on other occasions when those living near would get together for a meal in one of the homes. All enjoyed these times of association in the family. Here we give his description of a very special family gathering. This note of explanation in his own handwriting is pasted in one of our Kodak books beside the picture taken on the occasion:

"A. W. Grimshaw and his children. On Thanksgiving day 1955 we were all together for the first time since Pauline's death, Oct. 15, 1939. Floyd has never missed a year coming home since he left, and Clifford has only missed about two years, but they just don't get home at the same time. Last year they made a special effort so we could all be together."

We are so glad this special effort was made when he was well and able

to enjoy the happy reunion. Another happy occasion for him was on Thanksgiving the next year when all of Pauline's children spent the day with us, Jerry and his wife; Annella, her husband and son, and Shirley and her husband.

Thinking back, so many family gatherings are recalled. One more I want to mention. We made much of birthdays, often getting together on these occasions. Pauline's last birthday, July 15, 1939, was celebrated in that way, with the relatives going from church to her home with a carry-in dinner. He was an excellent cook and took such an interest in preparing meals. Although she was no longer able to carry on with the house work, she wanted to have a part in preparing this dinner. I have never forgotten the tasty salad she made of pear halves, filled and attractively arranged on a plate. This was a good day spent together, but there was an undercurrent of sadness because we knew her days would be few. She was of such a cheery disposition, so kind and thoughtful of others. She merited the love bestowed on her by her family and friends. Just three months from that date she passed from this world with her hope and trust in God.

We have stressed the serious side of Mr. Grimshaw's nature and I think that was more characteristic of him, but he did have a lighter side, too. He had lots of fun and humor about him and could see a joke on himself as well as on anyone else. He was always pleasant and friendly, but steadfast in his principles, and not easily moved by every opinion of others when he decided a thing was right. Yet he was gentle and easy to be entreated. You could talk to him because he would listen, and he respected the opinion of others. A wonderful man!

One might say, Did he have no faults? Of course, he had faults and he made mistakes, but I did not see his faults as others would. Certain mannerisms and ways of doing things might seem as faults to some. Very few times did I think he spoke too hastily in judgement or spoke out of turn. If he felt that he had erred he would try to make it right. The virtues of his life far outweighed the faults. Again we remember faults and mistakes are not sins.

He manifested the spirit of the Master - the spirit of Jesus of whom it is said, "Who when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously. (I Peter 2:23). Mr. Grimshaw's way of life crossed the lives and opinions of many he came in contact with, but he sought to "be at peace with all men" (Romans 12:18) and bore much for Jesus sake. He lived the 13th Chapter of I Corinthians. As he went the second mile with some who opposed him they became his friends. He always tried to return good for evil. Jesus had enemies and his followers will have enemies, but the word says, "Follow peace with all men." (Hebrews 12:14) Because he was peaceable did not mean that he was just passive with no mind of his own. He was firm for his principles of right living and would not compromise with wrong, but was not stubborn or headstrong in manner for his own rights. He considered that just being able to have his own way regardless of the rights of others was not important and not worth striving for. Of one man he said, To get along with some people you just have to give in and give them more than their share. That man became one of his loyal friends.

It was noticed by his acquaintances that very little profanity was used in his presence. Those addicted to the habit would refrain from



swearing before him and would often apologize if a word slipped out unthoughtedly. Sometimes these same friends would get it across to strangers that "you don't swear before Arthur Grimshaw." I don't know that he ever rebuked anyone personally for profanity, but his life was a constant rebuke to sin. He was not too much taken in by smooth talk. Of those he felt were insincere he said, "He talked so fair."

He was courteous to everyone, but he was not given to flattery. One of his children said that it just wasn't the Grimshaw way. They had never come in contact with "The Blarney Stone." A. W. appreciated a sincere compliment or praise, but he was a little suspicious of those who dealt in flattery. He was blessed with a quick understanding and an ability to see through people's schemes and well laid plans, although he seldom revealed how well he understood others. At times I have bragged him up a bit when he was not seeing things my way and he would say, with a chuckle, "What have I done now?" It was a waste of time to make a nice speech leading up to something with him. I might as well have gone direct to the point, because he could see right through me, but I believe he did appreciate my awkward efforts at being tactful.

His supply of flowery phrases was rather limited because he was very careful not to exaggerate. When I would show him material I had for a new dress he might say it was pretty if it was red or blue. If he said "I expect it will make up pretty," I knew he didn't like it very well. He was never rude and outspoken, but he was honest. Red was a bright color that he liked, but he thought blue was the color for me. And pink brought to mind his wife, Ella, remembering a certain pink dress and how nice she looked in it.

I have called his attention to a pretty flower and, "Yes, that is nice," would be the best he could do in praise as he glanced at it. Maybe he would add, "I hadn't noticed it before," even though he had walked by it many times. All his "women folks" liked flowers and he expected me to like them too, although he could scarcely tell a flower from a weed. To him growing crops or a field of clover in bloom were much prettier than a bed of flowers. The first year or two I was with him I did not spend much time growing flowers. He seemed disappointed and said, "Ella loved flowers and I thought you would want lots of flowers too." Knowing his indifference to flowers, I was so pleased when one day he brought me a handful of wild violets from the creek. He had tied them into a bunch with a strip of hickory bark.

Mr. Grimshaw was of a nervous disposition. Any sudden noise would startle him, causing him to jump and exclaim, "Oh, dear," and if astonished he might add, "I'll declare," but more often he said nothing. Seeing him so nervous I have asked, "What would you do if anything really serious happened?" I found out during the excitement of a fire on our back porch. On that particular morning he went to the bedroom after breakfast to get ready to go to town with a neighbor, while I cleared the table and washed the dishes. Opening the kitchen door to the porch I saw that the coats hanging on the corner were a flame of fire. They were half burned with the flames going up the wall, charring the wood. I screamed and yelled as I began to throw things out into the yard. He came out to see why I was making such a fuss and calmly went about putting out the fire with scarcely a word.

Arthur was always so good to provide fuel and keep the fires going in the stoves. That morning he must have gotten a spark of fire on the frayed cuff of his coat sleeve when he put wood in the stove after coming in from the chores. While we ate breakfast it smoldered to a blaze and would have soon been out of bounds. We were so thankful it was discovered in time to save our house. Through it all he was so calm and I was the excited one.

He was an industrious and ambitious man, striving for better things in life for his family, seeking to give his children an education, as he provided for their material needs. Yet he "coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel," (Acts 20:33) but worked toward his goal with faith in God. He rejoiced with others over their good fortune without a trace of envy or jealousy and he had compassion for the unfortunate. He was an example of the words, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep," (Romans 12:15)

I fear I was not always as patient as Mr. Grimshaw. In a teasing way he used to call me Peter (from impetuous Peter in the Bible) when I wanted to rush right into a project without much thought. He was not one to move on impulse, but wanted to consider what was best in any matter. Once, when we were discussing something that I did not want to do, he said that it was not always good for people to have their own way. My interpretation of this was, "It will make a good woman of me if I don't always get my own way, but give in with a good spirit." I have remembered this with profit through the years, but he seemed embarrassed when I recalled it because he was afraid he had reproved me too much. I appreciated his good counsel. His was a disciplined mind, with self-control and consideration for others.

He was happy and contented, always interested in the welfare of others. It seemed that he got so much from life, enjoying the simple pleasures that came his way and forgetting as much as possible the unpleasant things that crossed his path. If he was wronged he seldom mentioned it, and treated everyone with courtesy. He set us a godly example.

I believe Mr. Grimshaw loved to work, for he was never an idler. When I thought he should rest he would often say he couldn't rest until he got tired and sometimes he would say, "I can't rest with this work waiting to be done." When at a job, a drink of water and a short rest in the shade would soon refresh him. He did enjoy good water. It was characteristic of him when leaving the house on any occasion to turn back at the door saying he wanted another drink.

He had so much zeal and ambition that it hurried me to keep up with him as we worked together. To relax he liked to lie on the couch, saying if he was going to rest he might as well be comfortable. He did most of his reading as he rested. A careful reader of the daily paper, he missed little that was of interest in the news, although some features of the paper had no appeal to him. He wanted to know what was going on in the world, but he seldom listened to the radio for news as he was hard of hearing. He much preferred getting the news from the paper where he could read and understand. His main interest in radio was getting the livestock market and the weather report. Although he occasionally read other books, and those he especially liked he read over and over, he could be called a man of one book - the Bible - which he read daily. Many pleasant evenings

were spent in our home as he read aloud to me while I did handwork. A. W. was quick to grasp a thought as he read and studied. What he called mental arithmetic always interested him. He tried to teach me to count up and add in my head, giving me a problem and then saying, "Tell me quick."

Yes, he enjoyed his work and liked to keep things done up as much as he was physically able, never neglecting farm work or chores in season. All the grandchildren liked to go to the barn to help Grandpa do chores. The years slowed him down but he led a very active life for his age, and had such an interest in life that he never seemed childish to me as do some older people. He was so good to me and so appreciative of anything I tried to do for him that it was a pleasure to wait on him. Often, after a simple meal that he enjoyed, he would tell me what a good meal he had. Once he touched my hands and said, "These hands have done so much for me." He did so many things to please me, things he was not especially interested in for himself but he did them to please me.

A. W. was very regular in attendance of services at the home church - Sunday School and two preaching services on Sunday and the midweek prayer meeting. If he was absent from any service you knew he had a good reason. He loved to sing. "Amazing Grace" was one of his favorite songs but so many of the gospel hymns had a special appeal to him. He had quite a collection of song books, getting a new one every time we changed at church. He still have his little worn songbook which he had owned most of his Christian life. It has many old songs not found in later books. Sometimes he would sing one of these as a special at church. He often attended fellowship meetings and revivals at other churches, usually going for a service when Brother Ray L. Kimbrough had a meeting in progress at his church in Oberly. He liked to hear the gospel preached by those of like faith and he especially enjoyed the fellowship of his long time friend, Brother Kimbrough, who had preached his first sermon at Valley Chapel when a boy of seventeen years. On that occasion he was entertained in the Grimshaw home, beginning an enduring friendship which grew with the years. He told me once, "Ray has known me longer than any other of the preachers now living have known me."

Brother Arthur Dockum was a good friend of his later years. They had known one another for about fifteen years but it seemed that from the first their spirits flowed together in Christian fellowship and brotherly love. Mr. Grimshaw liked to hear Brother Dockum preach and he liked to attend special services at his church in Kirksville.

While A. W. had many interests, most of them were centered around his home (family) and his church. We will never know how far his influence reached, although most of his life was spent on one farm. To him, an important part of any trip was the return home. Floyd said it was very unusual for anyone to live such a long and respected life in one place. He was an humble man, never realizing that his was an unusual life, respected by many and influencing many. As his ministry began in his home church so it closed in the same church. Little did we think that would be the last time when we listened to him preach the third Sunday evening in May, 1957. His scripture reading for the service was the first chapter of Job. I got so much good out of his message. I knew him, and knowing his daily life, I

knew he walked with God and lived what he preached.

The annual Camp Meetings of our church were a great pleasure to Mr. Grimshaw, for there he met friends and heard the word of God preached by many different ministers. In 1957, after he was injured by the fall, he told us that was the first year he had missed attending camp meeting since 1902. Those fifty-five years had brought many changes. He was a familiar figure on the camp ground, always in his place on the front seat, singing joyfully, and worshipping the Lord in spirit and in truth, the shine on his face showing the joys of salvation in his heart. We looked forward to the local camp at College Mound year after year. We liked to stay throughout the camp of ten days if we could get someone to do our chores. It became more difficult to get help, so the last few years we did our own chores and drove to the camp meeting every day; going early and staying until after the night service. We found this arrangement very satisfactory for us, because he could rest better at night in his own home and we only had to miss one service of the day.

There were five regular services each day - an early morning prayer meeting, a praise service, and three preaching services. Meals were served in the dormitory basement and rooms were available upstairs for the campers. Not only did we attend the camp in this area, but we often drove to the Iowa Camp for a day, and usually spent a Sunday at the General Camp in Kansas City. Four camp meetings passed by while he was an invalid. A few times I went for an afternoon or evening service while Thelma sat with her Dad. Sometimes he would inquire who I had seen and if anyone asked about him. To me the old Camp Ground at College Mound is freighted with memories of A. M. Grimshaw.

College Mound is a historic place as an educational center of early days. The present village of twenty-five or more houses and one store gives little hint of the thriving town it used to be. McGee College, established by the Presbyterian Church in 1853, was under their administration for many years. It was a noted school of high ideals. Many of Macon's business men of an early day received their education there. It was a large, three-story brick building with an additional story towering over each of the two winding stairways on either side of the front hall. In one of these towers hung the bell, which was a very special bell, made of three hundred silver dollars given by the students. Its silvery tones rang out for many years calling students to classes. The same bell is still used during camp meeting to announce services in the small chapel which replaced the old college building.

After some forty years as a Presbyterian College it passed into private ownership for a few years. Then in the latter part of the last century it became the property of the Holiness people who carried on the school under the name of "McGee Holiness College" until about 1920. In addition to the regular course of study, religious training and Bible teaching was given. Many young men went out from the school to preach the gospel. Then the school finally closed its doors, camp meeting was continued as an annual affair, drawing crowds from the surrounding territory and the various Holiness churches in North Missouri. Mr. Grimshaw was a student at College Mound while the Hatton Brothers were in charge of the school.

How times have changed since horse and buggy days when a trip to Macon was an event to those living twenty or more miles away. Going to Macon became part of the routine for us as we went once or twice a week. Friday was a good day to buy groceries, but Mr. Grimshaw liked best to go to town on Saturday. He enjoyed visiting with friends on the street. After the week's work he looked forward to Saturday as a holiday except in the busy season. He was of a friendly disposition and he knew so many people. He served two years in the Agricultural office in Macon, as Chairman of the Macon County Committee in 1934, and member of the Committee in 1935. This gave him an opportunity to meet farmers from all over the county and he liked to talk with these acquaintances as he chanced to meet them in town.

He liked to attend farm sales and community sales, although he seldom took time to go when he was busy, unless there was something advertised in the sale notice that he wanted to buy. He often bought cattle or hogs at sales and sometimes he would sell stock at community sales. Always being interested in livestock, he liked to watch the auctioning even if he had no intention of buying. I like to think of the many trips we made together after I began to drive for him. He did his own driving as long as he owned a Model T Ford, but he never learned to drive a later model car. I enjoyed going different roads and talking about the things we saw as we went to farm sales. Good days which are gone forever.

The daily activities of his life were being carried on as usual until June 20, 1957. That morning after plowing the garden and truck patch with the double shovel and one horse, he hitched the team to the wagon and we went to the creek to fix the water gap. We always had to look about the water gaps after a washing rain, untangling the wire and bringing the small posts back to their place. He was pulling on a strand of rusty barbed wire fastened to a post when the wire broke, letting him fall with force against a large log lying in the creek, striking it squarely across his back. Although he was badly jarred, he was able to get into the wagon with help and ride to the house. Thelma took us to a Kirksville hospital for X-rays. The picture failed to show much damage done since no bones were broken, but he never recovered from the effects of the fall.

He suffered from soreness along his spine for a few weeks, but he was able to be up and around the house with a cane for three months, and once he walked to the barn. On my birthday, July 13, we ate dinner at Thelma's house - the last time he was ever away from home except the trips to the hospital. But he gradually grew worse and we took him to the hospital in August. He was there five days but it seemed they could do nothing for him.

Mr. Grimshaw had kept a diary for nearly 25 years, recording daily happenings and things of interest to him. He had settled many questions as to dates and events by looking in his old diaries. But when he got to feeling so bad and being so nervous he had to give up writing. The last record he made in his diary was dated July 27, 1957.

He finally got so he was not able to walk, had a blood clot in one leg and lost control of his bodily functions. It was September 20, 1957 when he became a bed patient and he spent the last three and a half years on a hospital bed in his own home. He was a kind, patient

man and easy to care for during those years. Never demanding, but unselfish and considerate of others. He did not seem to suffer much, for he seldom complained. He always had an interest in what was going on and liked to watch the front door from his bed to see people as they entered the house. His children were so good to him and so faithful in their care of him.

I am so glad we were able to care for him to the very last. Thelma and I stood by his side as he quietly left this world after being in a coma for a few hours. It was February 27, 1961 when the Lord released him from his tired and worn body and took him home to heaven.

When our loved ones pass from this life we like to recall their words of testimony and assurance of hope in God. Since a boy of seventeen A. J. Grimshaw had lived in readiness for eternal life. Many years ago when Pauline was just a few weeks old he and Coral both had typhoid fever. In his case the typhoid was followed by pneumonia, and he was confined to his bed several weeks, with the doctor coming daily until he began to mend. The worry and nervous strain during their illness and the care of the tiny baby did much to impair the health of his wife in her weakened condition. His condition became so serious that they had another doctor in for consultation. On seeing his folks whispering, he called Ella to his bedside and said, "Don't worry. If I don't get well everything is all right with me."

He gave similar assurances of his trust in God during his last sickness. Soon after he got hurt he asked me to go to the creek to see if the water gap was good enough to keep the cattle in the pasture. When I returned he said, "I've been lying here thinking over my past life and of how I got saved." With a thankful heart he was meditating on the goodness of God.

Then later, but before he was confined to his bed, there came a desire to "exalt the name of the Lord" in testimony when several friends and relatives, including four nieces, were gathered in our home. While lying on the couch he talked to us of God's love and mercy to him, telling how the Lord had kept him, and how his hope and trust was in God who would see him through.

One evening Rene and his wife were in our home when the time came for family prayers, and he asked Rene to lead in prayer. Mr. Grimshaw sat on the couch with bowed head during the prayer because he had not been able to kneel since getting hurt. As we arose from our knees he thanked Rene for his good prayer. He had prayed for his Grandpa in his affliction. He was so appreciative of the prayers offered in his behalf and the many acts of kindness shown to him.

He awoke crying one morning after he became a bed patient. He seemed to have had a dream or something like a vision. "Is this death?" he asked. He had seen something he could not explain and he asked me three times if this was death. By that time we were both crying. Soon he looked up at me and said, "But I'm not unhappy."

We would often have prayer together at his bedside on Sunday evenings while the folks were at church. Sometimes he would feel like praying and other times he would tell me to pray. Our pastors, Brother and Sister Winshall were so good to call on him, coming nearly every

Sunday afternoon to have prayer with him. He watched for their coming. Although he was never able to be at church services after they became our pastors, he appreciated their faithful ministry.

His life through the years was a living testimony for God. The Bible says, "let the redeemed of the Lord say so," and he was ever ready to give a reason for the hope he had in God. "He who are left behind need not these words to prove to us that 'he was a good man full of the Holy Ghost and faith,' (Acts 11:24) but they bring precious memories.

A few weeks after he got hurt, fearing that he might be near the end of life, he told me some things he wanted done. I was so overcome with grief that I could not keep from showing it. He said, "Don't feel too bad. We have had eighteen good years together." How I have cherished those words! To quote from another, "I had riches. Not possessions, but love and loyalty and the companionship of a good husband." His life so blessed and enriched my own life during the years we spent together. How I miss him!

He loved the 13th Chapter of I Corinthians, reading it many times in public services. His heart was filled with the charity (love) described in this portion of the Scriptures. Verse 8 reads, "Charity never faileth, but knowledge it shall vanish away." This was true in his case. During the months of his affliction the knowledge of some things vanished away, but "charity never failed."

These words of Paul written to Timothy (2 Timothy 4:7,8) which he often quoted could well be applied to him: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Throughout his life he was a happy man and he was a blessed man. "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." (Psalms 146:5) "Blessed is everyone that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways." (Psalms 128:1) To me this entire Psalm of six verses seems a picture of his home life.

And now the blessing of God is still his because, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." (Revelation 14:13)

#### THE AFTERGLOW (Author Unknown)

Sometimes long after the sun has set  
As we watch at the close of day,  
The sky is bright with a ray of light  
Mid the evening shadows gray.

Long after a beautiful life is gone  
To that fairer world on high,  
Our eyes are bright with the lingering light,  
For a true life cannot die.

# ARTHUR W. GRIMSHAW'S GRANDPARENTS

## His Father's parents:

Richard Grimshaw . . . . . Feb. 2, 1823 - Nov. 25, 1902  
 Mary Ann (Rickett) . . . . . Aug. 18, 1824 - Oct. 6, 1900

## Their children:

John Wesley Grimshaw . . . . . Sept. 7, 1843 - 1917  
 James Madison " . . . . . Nov. 13, 1845 - June 7, 1946  
 Matthew Joseph " . . . . . May 15, 1847 - Aug. 5, 1918  
 Sara Elizabeth " Field . . . . . April 19, 1850 -  
 Dorcas S. " Buchanan . . . . . April 9, 1852 -  
 Mary Jane " . . . . . Mar. 27, 1854 - Feb. 13, 1855  
 Wm. H. Thomas " . . . . . Mar 7, 1856 - Sept. 23, 1857  
 Nancy A. " Stritmatter . . . . . Jun 12, 1858 -  
 Richard Benton " . . . . . Aug. 29, 1860 -  
 Jonathan A. " . . . . . Dec. 19, 1863 - 1920  
 Emily Alice " Schuler . . . . . Nov. 30, 1865 - 1942

## His Mother's Parents:

Thomas Morris  
 Phoebe (Wood) Morris

## Their children:

William Morris . . . . . 1827  
 Mary " Saunders  
 John " "  
 Eunice " Sloan . . . . . 1917  
 Theophilus " "  
 Lyman " "  
 Emily " Field . . . . . 1846  
 Eliphal " Grimshaw . . . . . Nov. 9, 1847 - May 28, 1916

## Family of Matthew Joseph and Eliphal (Morris) Grimshaw:

Robert Lemuel Grimshaw . . . . . Oct. 22, 1867 - May 22, 1948  
 Charles Clifford " . . . . . January, 1869 - October, 1882  
 Reuben R. " . . . . . Mar. 28, 1873 - Sept. 10, 1953  
 Arthur W. " . . . . . March 28, 1872 - Feb. 27, 1961  
 Adah Lois " Coffman. . . . . Apr. 12, 1877 - Nov. 13, 1942  
 Richard Thomas " . . . . . Aug. 9, 1879 - May 11, 1948  
 Chauncey Joseph " . . . . . Mar 22, 1883 - Sept. 22, 1945  
 Charlotte Dorcas " Russell. . . . . Mar. 11, 1885 -  
 Henry Purdy " . . . . . Mar. 17, 1887 - Jan 3, 1954

## Family of Arthur W. & Ella (Duncith) Grimshaw (Ella-Dec. 27, 1887- Mar. 21, 1935)

Nola Coral Grimshaw Whitfield. Feb. 23, 1898 -  
 Otha Clifford " . . . . . Sep. 26, 1900 -  
 Floyd Derwood " . . . . . May 4, 1903 - Dec. 24, 1945  
 Sarah E. Pauline " Jones . . . . . July 15, 1906 - Oct. 15, 1939  
 Thelma Fern " Cavender. . . . . Sept 24, 1913 -



Wood. dont no the first name  
daughters phoebe Wood morris  
daughters Eunice morris Sloan  
daughters Sarah Jane Sloan Jones  
daughters Alice ~~Phoebe~~ Jones McKinney  
son Larry McKinney  
son Jay McKinney

Eunice Sloan died in 1917

Sarah Jane Sloan Jones born March 14-1966 died 11-18-<sup>1934</sup>~~1934~~

Alice Jones McKinney born 7-15-1898 died 1-24-1978

Sarah Jane Sloan Married John J. Jones 1885  
-have half of the marriage license

# ARTHUR W. GRIMSHAW'S CRIMSHAW FAMILIES AND GREAT GRANDCHILDREN

The family of Roy & Coral (Grimshaw) Witfield  
 Iona Witfield . . . . . Feb. 29, 1920 - Feb. 31, 1920  
 Owen Dale " . . . . . Oct. 6, 1921 -  
 Nadine " Anspach . . . . . Jul. 21, 1924 -

Children of Walter & Nadine (Witfield) Anspach  
 Roger Lynn Anspach . . Mar. 25, 1956 -  
 Janice Kay " . . . July 2, 1959 -

The family of Clifford & Helen (Eversole) Grimshaw  
 Judith Gail (Grimshaw) Long . . Feb. 16, 1933 -

Children of Paul & Judy (Grimshaw) Long  
 Gail Ann Long . . . . . Sep. 20, 1953 -  
 Robert Paul " . . . . . June 20, 1956 -  
 Wm. Clifford " . . . . . Nov. 28, 1958 -

The family of Floyd & Ruth (Scott) Grimshaw  
 Max Leroy Grimshaw . . . . . Aug. 7, 1926 -

Children of Max & Betty (Gillies) Grimshaw  
 Jennifer Susan Grimshaw . Apr. 22, 1954 -  
 Matthew Ian " . . . April 24, 1955 -  
 Robert Thomas " . . . Mar. 5, 1957 -  
 Ellen Ruth " . . . Mar. 3, 1960 -

The family of Prosser R. & Pauline (Grimshaw) Jones  
 Jerry Lane Jones . . . . . Dec. 9, 1930 -  
 Annella Lou " Grandall . . . . . Sept. 13, 1933 -  
 Shirley Rae " Bohling . . . . . Nov. 30, 1935 -

Children of Jerry & Mary (Wilson) Jones  
 Alan Ray Jones . . . . . April 19, 1957 -  
 Judith Ann " . . . . . July 20, 1958 -  
 Valerie Kay " . . . . . Feb. 16, 1963 -

Children of Paul & Annella (Jones) Grandall  
 Randy Paul Grandall . Feb. 19, 1955 -  
 Steven Lee " . . . . . Feb. 24, 1958 -

The family of Wm. T. & Thelma (Grimshaw) Cavender  
 Wm. Rene Cavender . . . . . Aug. 17, 1935 - Aug. 23, 1976

Children of Rene & Sue (Hinds) Cavender  
 Wm. Kent Cavender . . . . . Sept. 19, 1958 -  
 Jan " . . . . . August 11, 1959 - Aug. 11, 1959  
 Jill " . . . . . August 11, 1959 - Aug. 11, 1959  
 Curtis Reed " . . . . . Dec. 10, 1963 -  
 Susan Jean " . . . . . June 21, 1965 -  
 Kyle Jane " . . . . . Nov. 17, 1974 -

Arthur W. Grimshaw born Mar. 28/1873 - Feb. 27/1961  
 and married Feb. 8, 1939  
 Naomi (Cavender) born July 13/1903

Sarah & John J. Jones family  
married 1885

Emma J. Jones born 1886 died at about 9 Mo

Mary Ella Jones Sechar born 1888 died 1-18-1931

Effie Jones Sechar Born 1890 died 3-4-1951

John Cleveland Jones born 1893-died 8-16-1928

Eunice Jones ~~page~~ born 1894 died

Vina Jones Harriott born 1896 died 11-17-1938

Alice Jones McKinney born 7-15-1898 died 1-24-1948

Linnie Jefferson Jones born 6-2-1901 died 3-10-1974

Edna M. Jones McDonald born 6-4-1904

Thomas Jones born 4-22-1906 died 2-22-1957

Floresce Irene Jones Shaper born 11-21-1908