

In Memory



The following was written by Leola Huffman in memory of her mother, Gertrude Allen of Mt. Vernon. It was printed in the Dryden Rd. Church bulletin.

We, her children, and our dad, Bentley Allen, wish to share it with you during the Thanksgiving season.

A Virtuous Woman

When Sister Jane asked me to write an article about my Mother for Mother's Day, I asked myself how I could possibly use the right words to adequately describe my Mother. Most of this some of you have heard me tell before, so a lot of what I say will be repetitive.

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The 2002-03 RCHS yearbooks are available and may be picked up at the high school.

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We always called our parents, "Mommy" and "Daddy" and still do. They raised six children in the hills of Kentucky when times were rough. Daddy worked on the railroad for many years and was home only on weekends. Therefore, Mommy had most of the responsibility of raising us alone. Mommy got saved when she was a young girl and always relied totally on the Lord. I believe that every waking hour my Mother lived her first priority was to live in a way pleasing to the Lord. She weighed every word she spoke.

I can remember times when someone would say something or make a remark that wasn't too nice (we had lots of non-Christian relatives). We would say, "Mommy, why don't you tell them off!" She would always say, "Children, it's not in me." She was a true saint and we, even as children, were constantly amazed at her purity.

When a preacher would come into the country to hold a revival they would always stay at our house. We

had little material, but Mommy and Daddy made sure they got the best we had, especially the most private room, so he could pray and rest.

Mommy worked so hard, cooking, cleaning, gardening, canning and sewing. I can see her sitting at her old Singer sewing machine. A long lock of hair fallen over the side of her face with her foot working the pedal. We could hardly wait for the finished masterpiece. We'd be so proud of our little flour sack dresses with bright colored ric-rac trim. And, of course, they were holiness dresses!

Everyone who knew her marveled at her. And she left a lasting impression on them with her hospitality, sincerity, kindness, gentleness, patience, compassion and love. She had such a sweet and quiet spirit but, yet so powerful. She certainly had a hot line to heaven.

When my brother Ralph was younger, he did some drinking (I'm sorry, Ralph). There was a VFW Club or whatever they're called in the area.

Rockcastle County is a dry county, but they were allowed to serve beer in this place. Mommy had seen Ralph's car parked there and she couldn't stand for her boy to be going into a beer joint. So, she started praying about it and asked the Lord to let it burn down without anyone getting hurt. Two weeks later, it burned to the ground, nobody was hurt! Today, her boy is saved, has been for a long time and singing "God has saved her wandering boy." And, he's almost as sweet as Mommy.

In later years, when we'd all be home and gathered around, our conversations would always, and still do, go back to our childhood. One time we mentioned that as children playing barefoot in the fields and woods, how strange that we never even saw any snakes. Mommy said, "Children, everyday when I turned you out to play, I first turned you over to the Lord." I think something in us always knew that our safekeeping was

due to the watchful eye of Mommy's "babysitter."

Many years went by with her health continually declining. My sister, Carleen, went home for a visit during a time when she had been having mini strokes. She would often cry out in pain. Carleen heard her in her bedroom -- thinking she was in pain, she ran to her. Mommy was lying on her bed singing, "I am blessed, I am blessed, every day that I live, I am blessed!" She patted her chest and told Carleen, "Honey, the joy of the Lord is in there and just to come out."

As her health worsened, she talked more and more about wanting to go home. Her body was failing and her vision growing dim, but her spirit and her hope and faith in God's promises never diminished.

Ralph lives next door to them and he said that anytime he would come in after dark, he could see Mommy, through the large bay window, sitting on the couch holding her big magni-

fying glass up to her eyes, reading her Bible.

She always told us she wanted "Zions Hill" sung at her funeral. We had Mommy's funeral June 21, 1999. What a beautiful homegoing day. An unusual thing happened. When the last song was sung, her six children sitting on the front row with Daddy simultaneously joined in singing "Zions Hill."

Someday there'll be a glad tomorrow.

Where gates of pearl swing open wide.

And when I cross this veil of sorrow.

I'll camp upon the other side!

Oh how blessed we, her children were and are, that God would give to us a most wonderful, beautiful lady, Gertrude Davidson Allen, to be our Mother. This precious virtuous woman. Her price far above rubies.

Her daughter, Leola Huffman.

Thanksgiving Blessings To You & Your Family



Built in 1911, this is the last wagon made by Rockcastle County wagon maker, William Henry Cox, great-grandfather of Bud Cox and great-great grandfather of William Lewis Cox. William Henry had a wagon-making shop in the Wellhope section of the county. He also made caskets for families that requested them which led to the beginning of Cox Funeral Home in 1907 by his son, William A. Cox.

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