

In loving memory of Ben Whitson

For 65 years that he lived in this life he was a loving husband, a kind father and a helpful brother. We loved him perhaps too well for soon he sickened and died.

He was a good worker, a good provider and worked early and late, always considering not himself but others.

Often traveling a rough and rugged road, many times carrying a very heavy load.

Burdened for the lost, the indifferent and the cold even though he was growing tired, sick and old.

He was thoughtful, patient and willing to share gentleness and help to those in despair.

It is not the things that can be bought that are life's dearest treasures.

It's just the little heart felt gifts that money can't measure.

A cheerful smile and a sympathetic ear a helping hand and a friendly nod were the gifts he gave for he loved the Lord.

God beckoned him with outstretched hand and sent an angel to take him to an unknown land.

He gently held to the nail scarred hand and journeyed to the Promised Land.

In the Bible God promises to guide our way.

Into eternity's bright happy day.

He loved the Lord and was a friend to man always extending a helping hand.

He was faithful to his church and each service at the door he would take his stand.

With a big friendly smile and shake each hand.

And souls like him never die they just go to live with Jesus on high.

And in that happy home above they wait to welcome those they love.

We will always remember when God took our loved one away.

All was sad within our hearts and homes that day for the one we loved so dearly had forever gone away.

But we know he is happy and his crown he has won and we say God's will not ours be done.

And we know his fondest heartfelt token is that in heaven the family circle will be unbroken.

And that we will all be together in that sweet bye and bye in heavens bright home up in the sky.

And with Jesus live forever.

After we cross death's chilly river.

Ben's name is not known in the halls of great fame.

But on God's holy record he has carved his name.

No he was not perfect, no one in this world can be.

Till death has severed from sin and made us free.

And in his heart was a constant plea.

Dear Lord draw me closer to thee.

And that my influence will not be a loss.

But a light to guide others to the cross.

To strengthen the weak and save the lost.

God bless all the family and lad's.

Who will always remember their jolly Gig Dad.

Dedicated to him by his only living sister who is 80 and traveling the last mile of the journey to the home God prepared for those who love Him.

Vannie Evans