

John L. Gibson Died Saturday

On Saturday night, August 21, John L. Gibson died at his home, about four miles west of Franklin. His body was laid to rest in the little cemetery at Carson's Chapel the following afternoon by his brethren of Junaluskee Lodge, No. 145, A. F. & A. M., of which he had been an honored member for a number of years.

Mr. Gibson had been in failing health for several months, and his friends who were familiar with his condition were not surprised when the end came. Yet this did not lessen the shock nor the feeling of personal loss felt by all who knew him when the news was circulated that he was dead.

He was an honest man—with everything that the word honest means. If he had an enemy in the world, his closest friends did not know it, neither did they know it if he had anything but a friendly feeling for all men. He was a real Christian, interpreting Christianity to mean service to his kind. He would go—and many are the time he did go—on foot and out of his way to assist and serve those who needed his help. One of the purest joys that came into his life was when he could do some unselfish deed for the benefit of his fellow man, no matter what his station in life might be.

It is difficult—impossible—to express my appreciation and the high regard in which I held my friend, John Gibson. The recollection of his kindly smile and friendly interest will always remain among the most valued possessions in the store-house of my memory.

The following lines from Kipling occur to me as highly appropriate in closing this tribute to his memory:

"To those who are cleansed of base
Desire, Sorrow and Lust and
Shame--

Gods for they knew the hearts of
men, for they stooped to Fame,
Borne on the breath that men call
Death, my brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride
or slough the dross of Earth—
E'en as he walked that day to God so
walked he from his birth,
In simplicity and gentleness and
honor and clean mirth.

So eun to lip in fellowship they gave
him welcome high,
And made him piece at the banquet
board—the strong men ranged
thereby,
Who had done his work and held his
peace and had no fear to die."

Beyond the loom of that last lone
star, through open darkness
hurled,
Further than rebel comet dared or
hiving star swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our
God for that they served His
world." *DAD BILLINGS*