

Luke Alexander Denny

CARTHAGE -- Funeral services for Luke Alexander Denny, 82, of Carthage, will be held at 1 p.m. on Tuesday August 8, from the Carthage Chapel of Bass Funeral Home. Burial will be in Cookeville City Cemetery.



Mr. Denny died on Sunday, August 6, 2000, at Alvin C. York Medical Center in Murfreesboro.

He was born in Buffalo Valley to the late Hugh Toi and Martha Ann Huddleston Denny. Mr. Denny was a farmer and appliance salesman. He was a veteran of World War II.

His family includes a son and daughter-in-law, Charles and Ruth Denny of Old Hickory; a daughter and son-in-law, Marilyn and Fletcher Smith of Springfield; a sister, Helen McBride of Smithville; three grandchildren, Christy Argo, and Nathan and Aaron Sobezak; and two great-grandchildren, Ashley Argo and Jerry Argo III.

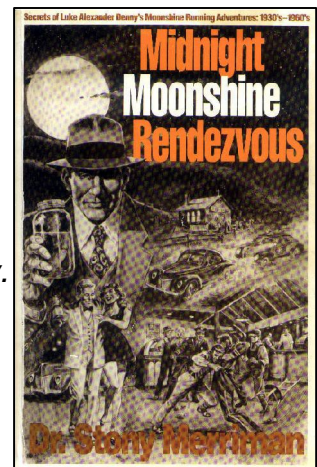
Elder Charles Allen Gentry will officiate at the services.

Denny, Luke Alexander – Cookeville City Cemetery,
Putnam Co., Cookeville, TN
b. 21 November 1917, Rock Springs, TN
d. 6 August 2000, TN, Alvin C. York Medical Center in Murfreesboro
Wives: Jewell Ray Koonce
Nellie Ora Keathley (1926-1982)
Alice Jewell Whitehead
Father: Hugh Toi Denny - Mother: Martha Anne Huddleston



*I would not sit in the scorner's seat
nor hurl the cynic's ban
Let me live in a house
by the side of the road
and be a friend to man*

Featured in the book: 'Midnight Moonshine Rendezvous' by Dr. Stony Merriman. All about the life & moonshine times of Luke Alexander Denny.



Name: LUKE A DENNY
SSN: 412-24-6311
Last Residence: 37172 Springfield, Robertson, TN
Born: 21 Nov 1917
Died: 5 Aug 2000
State (Year) SSN issued: TN (Before 1951)

**House by the Side of the Road
By New England Poet,
Samuel Walter Foss (1858-1911)**

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze the paths
Where highways never ran-
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by-
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Nor hurl the cynic's ban-
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles and tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan-
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by-
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish - so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.