

BAMEY (WITT) CARR OBT.
w/o Burton Carr, s/o Andrew F. "Dick" Carr & Carolyn Stillman Jared
Putnam County Herald, Cookeville, TN: Thursday, 19 April 1905

Bamey Witt Carr was born in the year 1851 and departed this life the 31st day of March 1905, aged 50 years. She was converted when very young, joined the Cumberland Presbyterian church and served several years in that church. She was first married to William Conger and to them was given one child which died when very young. Then her husband died and latter living a widow some years she married **Burton Carr** which one son was given, who with his father survives his mother. Several years before her death she joined the M. E. Church at Pleasant Valley, near her home and was always at her place in the church when able. She was afflicted many years before her death but with patience she born all of her afflictions.

I will say to her relations and many friends we should live as she has lived and commend out troubles to God and his grace; who can unite all broken ties. I am sure that the church has lost one of its most useful members, society one of its noble friends, her family a companion and mother of whom they were most proud and humanity a friend whose ears were open to the cry of distress. But if the "Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." She died in full triumph of a true Christian. She was one of the most devoted Christians I ever knew. She was a Christina on the Sabbath day, and all of the week days as well.

She was laid to rest in the Pendergrass cemetery, to rest until God shall call her moldering dust to meet that immortal spirit that never dies; then soul and body will be united again and live together in the sweet bye and bye and walk the golden streets of the new Jerusalem. Praise the Lord. Burial service was conducted by Bro. Alonzo Harris. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Sister Bamey, peaceful be they slumber. Fearful in thy grave so low; Thou no more shall join our number. Thou no more our songs shall yet again we hope to meet thee when the days of life are fled, then in heaven with joy to greet thee, where no farewell tears are shed. W. L. Ray.

*See Chapter 8 & Boyd files at:
<http://www.ajlambert.com>