

WILLIAM ASBURY ENSOR MEMORIAL

By A Friend

Born March 14, 1825 Ensor Valley, Putnam Co., TN

Died March 12, 1901 Ensor Valley, Putnam Co., TN

The angel of death unfolded its wings over the bed of William Ensor and his spirit, in obedience of its summons, returned to God who gave it. Mr. Ensor was born March 14, 1825, died March 12, 1901. He lacked only two days living 76 years this side of the grave. He was married to Miss Naomi Huddleston Nov. 5th, 1846, and moved within a short time to his new home in the 12th district of Putnam County, Tennessee, where he lived until his death. He and his lifetime companion spent about 55 years together in almost unalloyed happiness. They have eight children, six of whom survive their father. Mr. Ensor's father, Jonathan L. Ensor came to this country when Tennessee was in her infancy. He was married to Miss Ruth Jared early in life, and they had but one son. So William Ensor and His descendants are the only ones of the name living in this country. He was in the late Civil War and did valiant service for the lost cause, and when the Southern Confederacy went down, his heart still swelled with a sense of duty and a patriotic pride for his country.

He was converted to Christianity in the Fall of 1859. He was a member of the M. E. Church South, to which he has been a great stay religiously as well as financially. His home was always a happy retreat for his children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and friends. Especially were his doors always thrown wide open for the traveling ministers. Really his home has been remarkable for its hospitalities and welcome. Mr. Ensor has a strong love for his family, which is a characteristic of his entire race. He based his religion on truth and justice, never was known to be on extremes, but lived up to his standard until death. He was an honest man. He ate a hearty supper Tuesday night March 11, and retired to his bed of rest. Some time in the night he fell asleep in the arms of the

Savior whom he had served so faithfully through life. Within a few hours after his death, all his children who survive him, a number of his grandchildren, and great grandchildren, and a host of his friends were around his death bed.

The same day of his death, his body at the head of the funeral procession, was carried to the lonely hilltop, and deposited in the silent earth, just as the sun was rocking the drowsy day to sleep, in the far off cradle of the west. A very touching and impressive service was conducted by Bro. Dinges, companion, kindred, and friends, together with the hilltops and valleys that knew him so long and so well. If all the noble deeds done by him were flowers, we could gather a million bouquets from the hearts of his countrymen today.

His heart was the temple of truth, his lips were its oracles. He lived through the stormy period of his country but died a hero. He saw the shadow of an invisible wing sweep across his pillow. A pallor came over his face, his heart forgot to beat, there was only a sigh, and tired lips were drawn like purple curtains over tired eyes, tired lips were closed

forever, tired hands were folded on a motionless breast. The awful mystery of life was veiled in the mystery of death.

What is life? What is death? Is it all of life to live? Is it all of death to die? A babe is born into the world. It opens its' eyes to the light of day and smiles in the face of its loving Mother. And they tell us that is life. The child wanders from the cradle into the fairyland of youth and dreams among its' flowers. But youth soon wakes into manhood and his soul is all afire with ambition. He rushes into the struggles of real life, and winds his way through this stormy world. The joys of youth are the blossoms of hope. Manhood gathers the golden fruits. But death robs the bird of this song and steals laughter from the lips of childhood. Death plucks the blossoms of youth and turns the golden fruits of manhood to ashes on the lips of age. But we know there is a God and a place of rest for the weary soul. And let us trust that the Christ who spoke to the troubled waters of Galilee has spoken peace the soul of our parted friend and that his eyes have opened in a blissful immortality. It only remains for us to say: Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb. Take this new treasure to thy trust. And give these sacred relics room, to slumber in the silent dust.

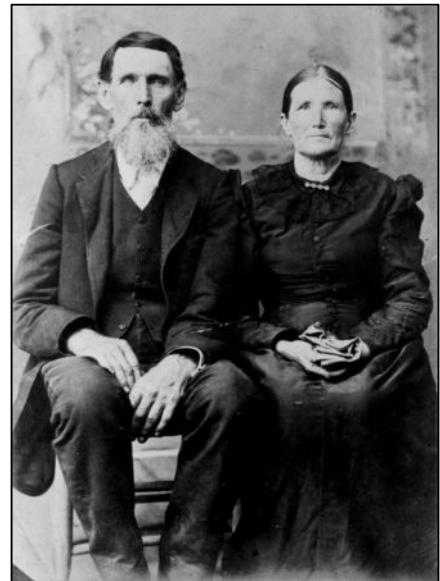
A Friend

Source: Patricia Swallows Carlen Genealogy Webpages:

<http://www.tcarden.com/tree/ensor/>

<http://www.tcarden.com/tree/ensor/WillEnsor.htm>

*See Chapter 8, Isaac Alexander Huddleston & Virginia Jane Allison Family Sheet & Jared files at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>



Capt. William Ashbury & Naomi
Florilla (Huddleston) Ensor
Picture courtesy of
Maurine Ensor Patton.