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1967 August 6 - Ralph R. Flack

Ralph R. Flack

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Mrs. O. Max Gardener
403 South Washington Street
Shelby, North Carolina

Dear Mrs. Gardener:

I find that I already had an extra copy of the Christenberry Lee paper so not waiting for the rainy day but mailing to you now as time is short for me and the rainy day might not come. You will note he says "James Webb was born in the last decade of the eighteenth century." In his writings he also states that he is writing from memory and sometimes he might not be exact in the dates but he would not be far off in the dates given. He also says James Webb was unique in his physical makeup. One of my sons, his mother always he was like the Webbs, he could not throw a ball or rock but had to pitch them like most girls.

The Mountain Creek history gives a complete description of the physical makeup of James Webb. If you have not already written for copy the name of the pastor is Archie C. Hughes, R-2, Rutherfordton, N. C.

Sincerely,

R. R. Flack
(4) I would like to trace the analogy between the improvements of the world and the advance of the church, between the secular and moral prosperity of this section of the country. Sixty years ago there were but few churches in this county. High Shoals was the largest and most noted Baptist church; in fact, it was the only one in the vicinity for some miles around. The house was made of pine logs of medium size, rather roughly hewn with the broadax. The logs were not closely notched and the cracks were very large. The seats were without backs and made of slabs or thick heavy planks. This old log church was honored with the ministry of such men as Drury Dobbins and James Webb. Drury Dobbins was a little advanced in age as far back as I can remember. He stood among his peers as did Saul among the people, “from the shoulders and upward higher than any of them!” I have no definite recollection of his preaching; I do not remember to have heard him preach only a few times. So far as I can recall, he was commanding in person, dignified in address, and attractive in speech. He would hold his congregation spellbound for an hour and a half and on extra occasions for a much longer time. The church has shown her appreciation of his ability and of his Christian character by erecting to his memory a marble monument costing three hundred dollars.

The other man, whose name I have mentioned as having been a leader of the hosts of Israel, I regard as having been intellectually superior to Dobbins. James Webb was the son of Daniel and Selah Webb and was born about two miles below the High Shoals in the last decade of the eighteenth century. He was a young man of fragile body, tall and slender in form. He was unique in his physical makeup. He rode mostly on horseback, do not ever remember to have seen him on wheels, though he may have used a buggy in his old age. He was pastor of High Shoals church for fourteen years in succession. During these years, while I was yet in my boyhood, I attended frequently on his ministry. I was deeply impressed by his earnest appeal to the unconverted. His preaching was largely of the hortatory character, but like John the Baptist he “preached many things in his exhortations.” The first mention that I remember to have heard was from my eldest brother, when I was about eight years old. On Christmas day my grandmother Bedford (Patsy Hawkins Bedford), my great-grandmother, was celebrating the occasion with us at my father’s house. My brother James went to High Shoals church and, on his return, he spoke of the sermon in most complimentary terms, saying it was the best sermon he had ever heard. My grandmother asked who was the preacher; he answered “Jim Webb.” The old lady’s countenance brightened up and the smile covered her wrinkled face as she said, “Well Hook and Jim will be somebody yet.” Hawkins Bedford was the name of her baby boy. James Webb and Hawkins Bedford were young men considerably above the mediocrity in point of natural endowments.