

## David and Anne

The flags in Charleston had been lowered to half-mast. One could feel the sorrow of the City as it went about the business of burying its dead from the ill-fated plane which crashed in Charlotte claiming many lives, including 30 Charlestonians.

The very old and lovely Bethel Methodist Church was filled to capacity with the relatives, friends and business associates of David and Anne Flintom. It was to this church that the young couple, soon after their marriage, had entered into a membership that lasted over half a century. To this church they had given of themselves and of their substance, and in it they had found an anchor for their deep and abiding faith.

The services that Sunday afternoon were quiet and dignified. The organist played the old, familiar hymns. The minister read the comforting and beautiful passages which have offered hope and reaffirmation of faith throughout the ages. He spoke of their devotion, of their loyalty, of their concern for individuals and for mankind.

Each handsome casket was covered with a blanket of red roses. The only other flowers in the church were two baskets of white spider mums and red carnations. The beauty of the flowers somehow blended with the beauty of the church, neither detracting from the other.

The sunlight filtered through the huge trees hung with Spanish moss in the picturesque old cemetery of St. Andrews Parish. There was an abundance of ivy softening and covering many graves. It was so peaceful, a place where it seemed appropriate to say

... "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

I am sure that each of us gathered there felt comforted by the appropriateness of the timeless surroundings--this last resting place for our beloved David and Anne.

I believe our sorrow was softened by the deep and abiding faith of our heritage, and by our knowledge that they who had walked together in life had begun the new journey together. Always, we remember them together; we are grateful they were spared a painful separation.

After the last services we returned to their home where, for a short time, we visited with relatives and friends, remembering and asking about those who were unable to come or who had preceded us from the family circle.

We were so grateful that our gentle Aunt Mary, our loveable Uncle Dick and precious little Aunt Jo were able to be among us. We were so glad to see the many cousins. Our family patriarch Uncle Ernest and dear Aunt Myrtle were unable to attend but were present in our hearts. We spoke of Aunt Edna, who was ill, and of Aunt Alice who is still actively pursuing her interest in growing plants. We love them all.

The Flintoms, many-strong and spanning three, perhaps four, generations, were gracious and lovely, and I think we all felt a strong bond of kinship.

We had the opportunity to recall lighter moments of days past. We remembered that Uncle David had many times remarked that he believed he could easily get a divorce--that is if he ever desired one--since the inexperienced and young minister who officiated at their marriage had him stand on the wrong side. We remembered assuring Aunt Anne that she still looked young and beautiful after being greeted by an old acquaintance whom she had not seen in years by, "Well, Anne, you've sort of paled out like the rest of us." Each of us had a favorite story. Yes, it was a time for remembering, for sharing, for appreciating.

And on my part, I came to a fuller realization that I, Nell McLaughlin Meyers, granddaughter of Charles and Sarah Bird, daughter of Minnie Bird McLaughlin, next to the oldest, living cousin (I believe Roy Blackwell by barely two months holds the distinction of oldest) is fast becoming, or indeed has become, the older generation.

I love you all!!