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A Memorial to Elder John Green Eubanks

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Elder John Green Eubanks was born near Union, S. C. , Sept. 8, 1843, and his mortal life was ended July 18th, 1926. He was married to Mary Massey Rogers October 5th, 1865, in Dallas, Ga. His wife preceeded him in death February 15th, 1924. He leaves a family of five sons and four daughters: James R. and Sylvester Hassell of Louisville, Ky; Wm. Beebe, of Washington, D. C. Oliver Perry of Wilmington, Delaware, and Benjamin T. of Newark, Del; Miss Eugenia of Newark, Del. , who was his faithful nurse and companion all the days of her life, to the end; Mrs. Georgia Pyles of Hudson, Kansas, Mrs. Henry H. Townsend of near Phoenixville, Pa; and Mrs. Dorothy Lee, of Wilmington, Del. Seventeen grandchildren also survive him.

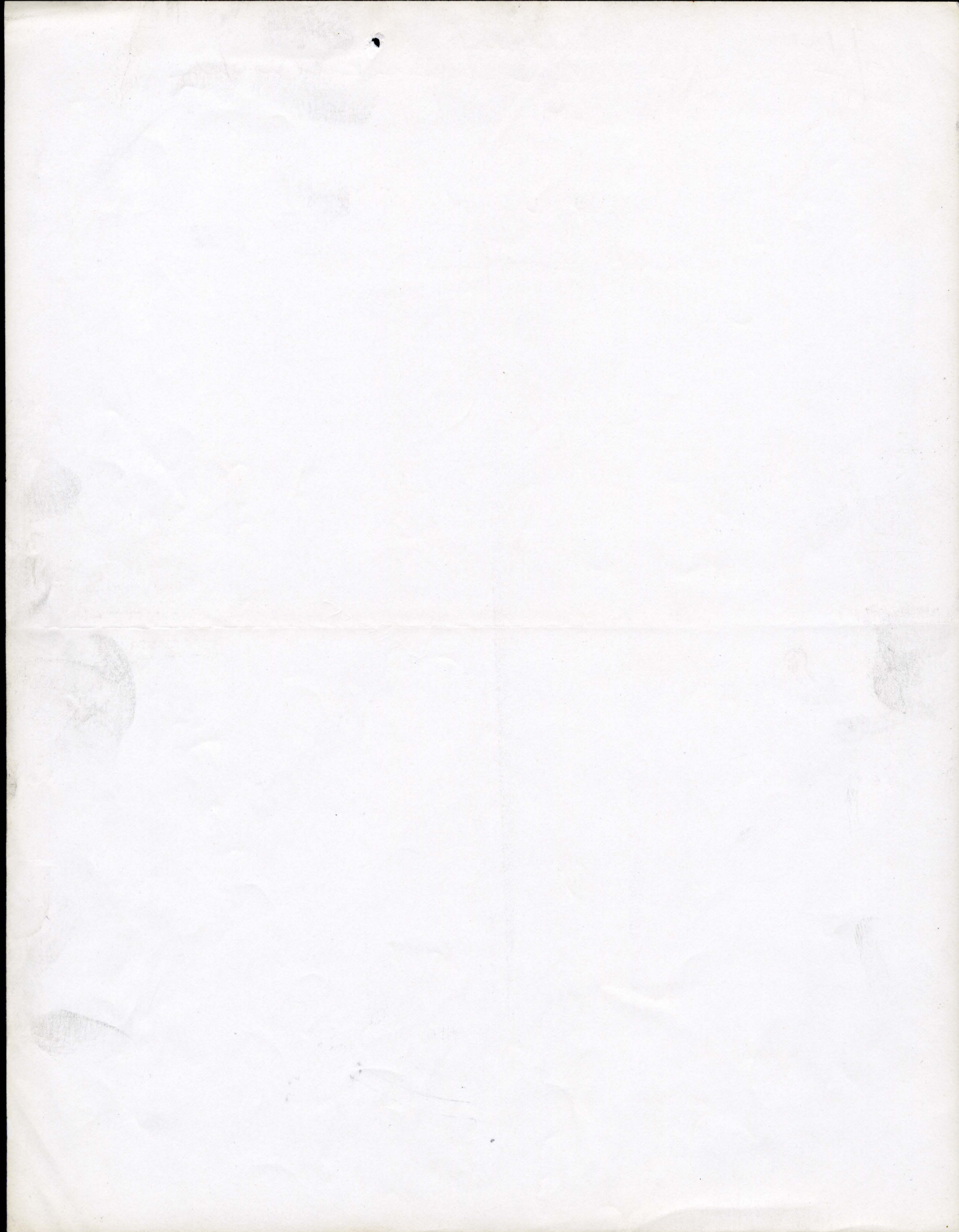
At the age of three his family and his wife's people moved into Georgia where they took up a grant of land as pioneers among the Indians at that time.

At the age of ten he was bitten by a rattlesnake and his life despaired of for a time.

He was drafted into the Confederate Army at the age of 18 and served until captured the last part of the war and removed to Fort Delaware a prisoner for ten months and twenty days, after which he was exchanged and did not re-enter the service. He was burdened and convicted of sin about the age of 12 years. One day while walking in the woods these words came into his heart, --"Created in Christ Jesus unto good works", and had never read a Bible, for he could not read or write for years afterwards, but very little, and ever afterwards he often remarked, he was convinced that there was no other way for the salvation of sinners but by the life of Christ in the sinner, salvation by grace. He first joined in with the missionary baptists, but soon found salvation by grace was not taught in this school, and they saw a gift in him to preach, but on his first trial he miserably failed, and decided never to try again. He secured a position on the railroad and did not enter a meeting house

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for several months. One day his train was derailed and he was thrown under the cars but was miraculously saved by His Creator, and while in this precarious position these words came sweetly into his breast (as he told it many a time) "Are you willing to be a little preacher", and his reply was, "I am willing to be God Almighty's anything." He immediately left his position and returned home, was baptised in the summer of 1865 and ordained at Acworth, Ga., in November or December of the same year. He served Sardis, Malcney Springs and Mt. Zion churches until about 1876, was then called and served Shoul Creek, Holly Springs, Buleah and Jack's Creek churches until about 1890 when he was called to Campbellsburg, Ky., to serve Sulphur Fork, Mays Lick and Mt. Pleasant churches. In the spring of 1902 he was called to Welch Tract Church, Newark, Del., and served her until his demise. He was an ever faithful watchman on the walls of Zion. The principles and doctrine of God our Saviour were ever promulgated by him. He was blessed with a unique gift, doctrine and experience were so sweetly blended that it seldom failed to reach some if not all his hearers. Hymn 233 was one of his favorite poems and expressed better his belief than if he was to write it himself. These words also as often expressed, it was to him as a regulator is to a clock --"If I am right, still in the right, O grant me grace to stay; If I am wrong, then teach my heart to know the better way, Teach me to feel another's woes, to hide the faults I see, That, mercy I to others show, that mercy-- show to me." He was a master of vocal music in his time and his voice in leading the singing will be sadly missed by many churches and associations. It can be truly said that a great gift to the church militant has fallen, but while our loss it is his eternal gain. Eternity and space with him was filled with awe. Of late he dwelled often on Paul's words, "Behold I show you a mystery we shall be changed" he firmly believed this by the faith of the Son of God, if ever man did believe it on earth. He suffered much for forty-eight days and endured patiently until the end,



Not one word of complaint did he utter and a few hours before his death, he repeated His Saviour's words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me," but not in a spirit of complaint, he seemed to look to Him all of the time for support and endurance to the end. The funeral was conducted by the following brethren in the ministry: Elders Rowe, Kerr, Vaughn, Lefferts, Ruston and Dodson who spoke feelingly about him and with the sad hearts in the congregation, keenly felt the passing of their dear brother and gift to the church. His favorite poem, "Death is only a Dream" was read by Brother Rowe, it was befitting to such a character and now he realizes it in fact. He was laid away in mother earth and there to await the change, his spirit has flown to rest with Jesus. Much more could be said but he would rather not have it that way if he could be questioned. By request of the family.

---John B. Miller, lifelong friend

Clerk of Welch Tract Church

Written in 1926

John F. Webb Trust, Inc.

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