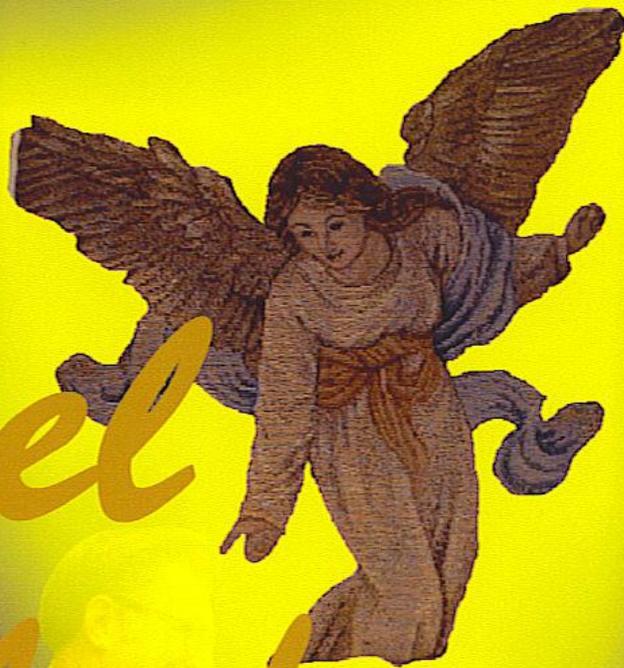


An
Angel
Called



His

Name



"An Angel Called His Name"

By

Peggy Ann Lenoir Buckley

As written in Loving Memory of
James Harper "Harp" Buckley,
Devoted Husband and Best Friend.

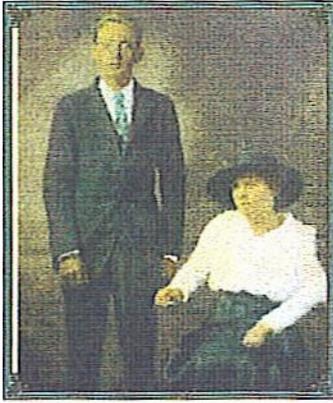


The Early Years

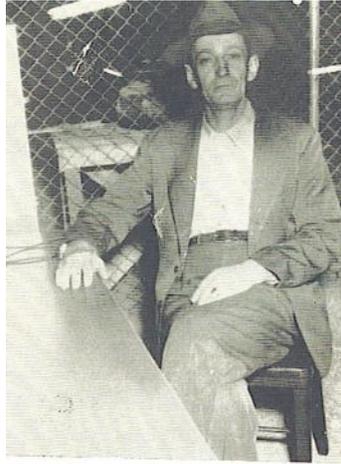
*This is a Legacy of Love written about the life of my husband,
James Harper Buckley,*



son of R.T. and Maude Williams Buckley.



R.T & MAUDE BUCKLEY
ON THEIR WEDDING DAY
DEC. 24, 1917



R. T. BUCKLEY
Construction Superintendent



Mrs. Maude Williams Buckley

A loving tribute to him; it is written for the sole purpose of passing on to his children, grand children, and great grandchildren now and for generations to come, the all inspiring Christian precepts which he was taught and by which he lived his life on this earth. He was lovingly known as "Harp" by his family and friends. He was the fifth child in a family of seven siblings and was born on December 16, 1934, in Picayune, Ms.



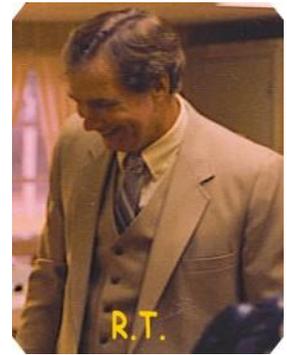
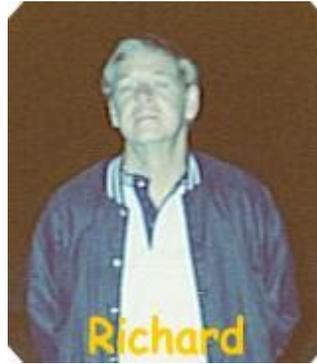
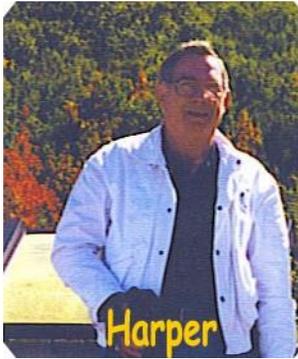
Marge



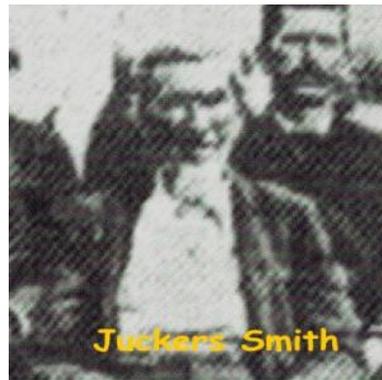
Bill



Gwen



Harper and his brothers and sisters were great grandchildren of the well known Billy "Juckers" Smith.



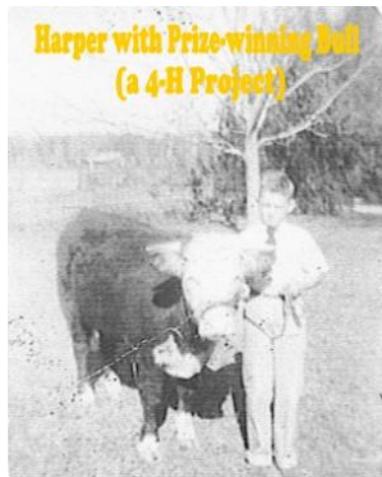
Their grandmother was Annie Smith Williams, daughter of Billy "Juckers" Smith and their mother was Maude Williams Buckley, daughter of Annie Smith Williams.



Harper grew up in rural Mississippi during the depression years when life was simple, but not easy.



Harper, Richard, & R.T., Jr.

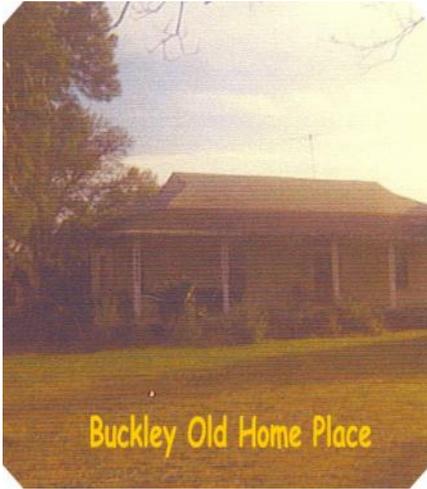


**Harper with Prize-winning Bull
(a 4-H Project)**



Harper in Early Childhood

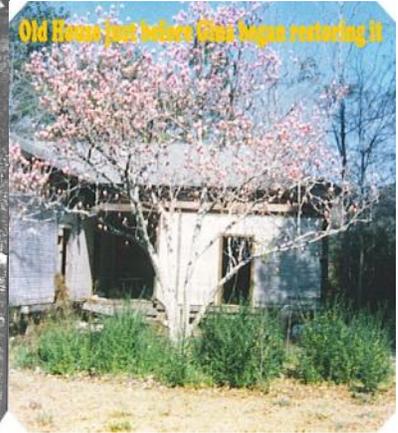
His old home place - the home in which he was born and lived his entire growing up years- still stands on Palestine Road at the corner of Ole Buckley Place Road- and has been lovingly restored by his youngest daughter, Gina- where she now lives.



Buckley Old Home Place



Harper's Mom and Dad
at Old Home Place



Old Home just before Alex began restoring it



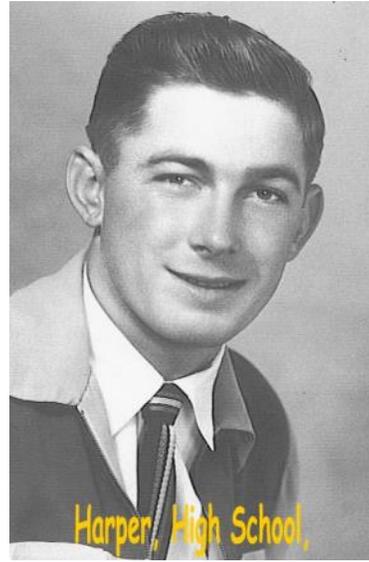
Old Home Place after Restoration—2005

Harper and his brothers and sisters learned the meaning of work and responsibility as they were assigned different tasks by their parents to help earn a living off the land.

Besides farming the land, his father, R.T. Buckley Sr., was employed full-time, and his mother, Maude Buckley, stayed home to raise her children although she had earned a college degree as a school teacher from USM, known then as Ms. Normal College for Women. The whole family worked the land, and as Harper became a teenager his favorite job on the farm was discing the land on his father's "John Deere" tractor. In his early school days all the children in the community walked to and from Union School, which is still standing today on Union School Road. When he graduated from grammar school at Union in 1949,

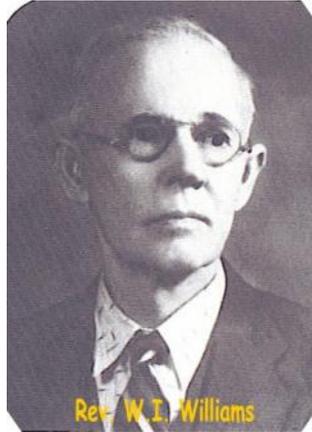


Harper went on to Picayune High School where he played football with the Maroon Tide Football Team.

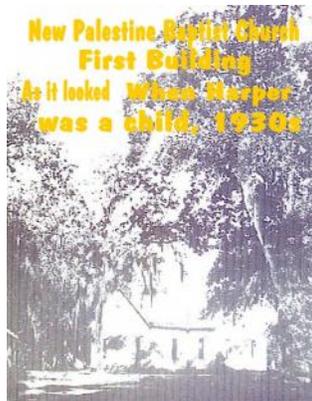


When he was sixteen years old he became very sick and was sent to Baptist Hospital in New Orleans where doctors found that his appendix had ruptured and he spent six weeks in the hospital, gravely ill at first, but he eventually recovered. He returned to school and in his senior year he drove a school bus to help meet his expenses, as senior students who qualified were allowed to drive a school bus back then. So even as a teenager he was trustworthy and responsible. All the while this family was growing up their spiritual needs were not neglected as their parents and their grandparents, Rev. and Mrs. W.I. Williams, saw to it that they were all taught the Word of God and that Sunday was the Sabbath- a Holy day to go to God's house for worship. They all grew up attending New Palestine Baptist Church and became Christians at an early age.

Their great grandfather, Billy "Juckers" Smith, gave NPBC the land it is built on. Their grandfather, W.I. Williams, was one of the early pastors.



He also organized and was the first pastor of Picayune First Baptist Church when it was started in 1904, as a mission of NPBC. Also in 1950, Rev. Williams, who was then 82 years old, preached the first sermon in New Palestine Baptist Church's new building at the dedication service.



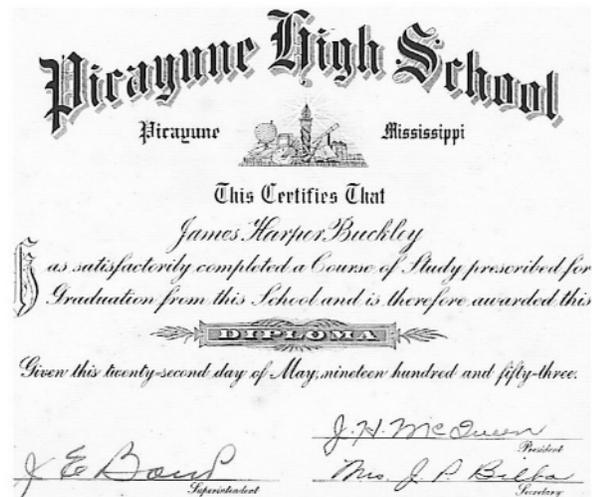
He still taught a Sunday school class at NPBC every Sunday. Rev. Williams had a gentle Christian spirit and deep knowledge of God's word which he diligently taught his family and inspired them to teach their families, and so this Christian Heritage has been carried on down through generations of this family, and it is my belief that Rev. Williams was responsible for keeping his family focused on the Lord. It is my prayer that generations now and those to come will be inspired by this humble servant of God- who had pastored almost every Baptist church in Pearl River County over the years- to carry on

their lives in a way that would honor him by being true to God and the Christian way of life.

This Godly father and grandfather would have been so proud of all his children and grandchildren who have followed in his footsteps regarding his Christian beliefs and teachings. They all became strong Christian leaders through his influence on their lives. Their father, R.T. Buckley Sr., came to the Picayune area with his mother, Sarah Olivia Harper Buckley, as her only living child. His father, Willie Buckley, had died and a younger brother had died. His mother would eventually meet and marry Judge Furr and they would be a strong, well known Christ-oriented family in this area.

Mr. R.T. had also been raised in a Godly home and as he met and later married Maude Williams he was accepted into this loving family. They were given, by Maude's father, the land on which their house was built and they began their family. Maude and R.T. continued to teach the Christian beliefs to their family as they grew up.

Harper, who was named after his grandmother, Sarah Olivia Harper and his Uncle James Furr, graduated from Picayune Memorial High School in May, 1953, at the age of eighteen.



Instead of starting college he chose to go into the military- inspired, I'm sure, by his older brothers who had served their country in this capacity.

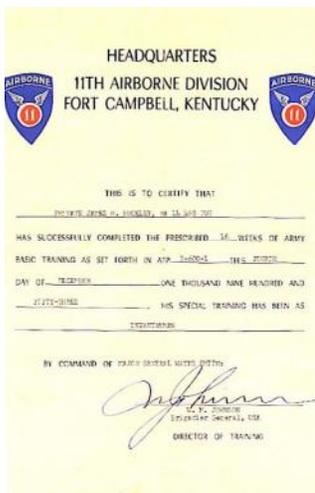


Bill and Catherine



Billy and Catherine Buckley with "Little Bill" in Fort Lewis, Washington, 1950

Bill had been in the Army and J.P. had been in the Navy. So Harper joined the Army in the summer of 1953 and received his basic training at Fort Campbell, Ky. He was eventually sent overseas and spent the most of his three year tenure in Germany and Austria, where he was in the Military Police.



Harper in Germany, 1954



Harper Buckley U.S. Army, 1956

Harper left Mississippi as a boy- to serve his country- and came back three years later, in June, 1956, discharged from his duties in the military, as a young man, ready to tackle life.

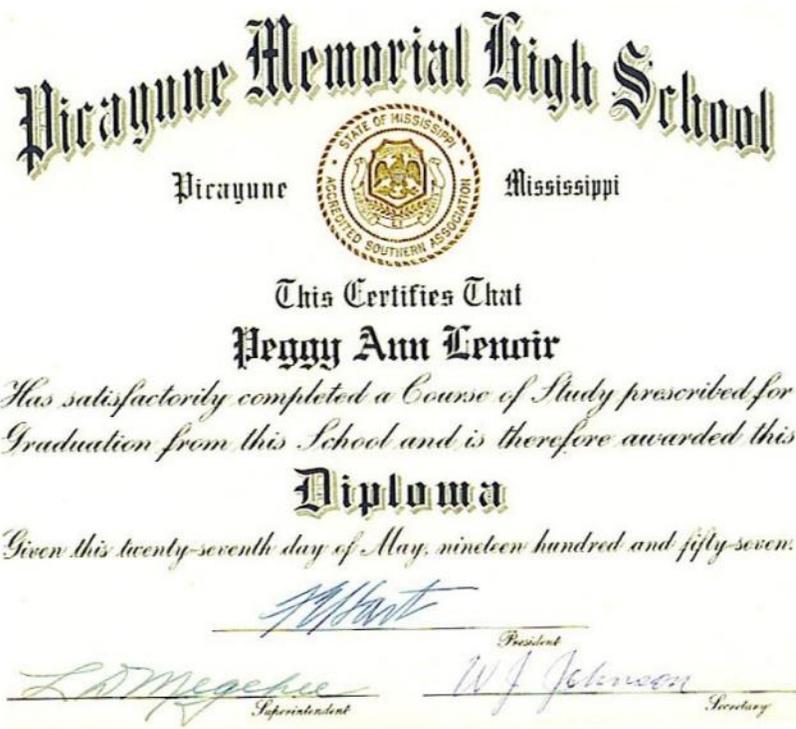
And this, my dear children and all my grandchildren, is when I came into the picture. As a young girl I had just finished the eleventh grade in school and was working in my daddy's restaurant as a waitress for the summer when I saw these two young men come in for a cup of coffee. As it turned out, Harper's cousin, Claude Furr, had brought him there specifically to meet me. So I call this "Divine Providence" in the making.

This young man, before he had finished his first cup of coffee, had asked me for a date and I said yes, and so my life was changed forever. We began dating and it wasn't long before we both knew that we were meant to be together. Before I started back to school to finish my last year of high school I wore Harper's class ring on a chain and he had asked me to marry him. He had totally captured my heart- my destiny was sealed- and I was ready to tackle the world with him.

In September I started back to school and he started college at Pearl River Jr. College, Poplarville, Ms. Every day after he finished his classes he would be back in Picayune to pick me up at school so we could be together. Our love for each other was growing more strong and solid all the time. We attended church together, went to football games together- went to movies, the beach, took long drives- all together. The key word for us was "together." We just wanted to be together. He taught me so much. He taught me to drive his car and tried to teach me to swim but failed in that because I was just so frightened of the water. He taught me his passion for living and I knew in my heart that God had brought us together. I could sense his love for the Lord, his devotion to his church, and his love for children as he took the time to do things with my younger

brothers and sisters and included them in many of our plans. I knew my life would be spent with him. And I can honestly say that not one time in all the years that we were together did I ever doubt this man's true love and devotion for me. So we spent my senior year in school just being together and planning our life together. He continued to help his dad on the farm and we spent many a day, with him tilling the ground on the ole "John Deere" with me bouncing along behind him- holding on for dear life- but contented to be there.

In May of 1957 I graduated from high school in Picayune and he finished his first year of college.



In June I moved to Baton Rouge, La. for a six month business course at Draughon's Business College- I had planned on being a secretary! That move was the hardest thing I had ever done since I had met my true love. He rode to Baton Rouge with my parents to take me to school and I was devastated to be separated from him. I was going to come

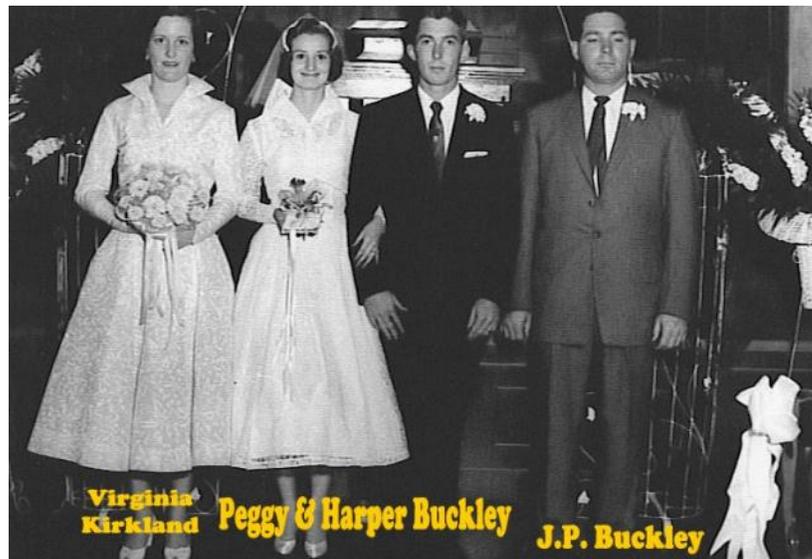
home every weekend and he was going to go back for his second year of college at PRC. That was our plans, but that was before we both realized that we just did not want to be apart.

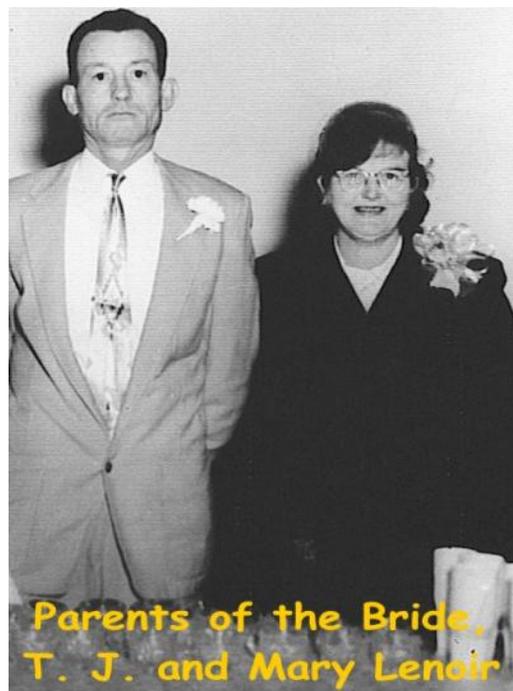
Two things happened that summer: (1) One weekend in July when I came home- by greyhound bus- he informed me that he was going back to Baton Rouge with me and get a job and work there until I had finished school. Well, I was so lonesome without him that I did not argue with him about his decision, so we went back together. He rented a room just down the street from mine and got a job driving a gas truck. So when I finished classes every day and he finished his work we were together again. We would come home by bus every weekend that we could. (2) On my nineteenth birthday, August 10th, he gave me my engagement ring and we sealed our commitment to each other and began planning our wedding to be in December after I had finished school. His parents had been married on December 24, so he wanted us to be married on that date also.

In September we were in Baton Rouge when we received the sad news that Harper's daddy had died of a stroke. He was only fifty-nine years old and his family loved him dearly. He had been their Spiritual leader even though he had been sick for years with Diabetes. He kept on trying to work and keep things going. He still had three sons who were young adults but still needed their father's wise advice and guidance. Besides Harper, there was Richard, who was in the Marines, and R.T. Jr., who had just finished high school and was beginning college at PRC. But God had other plans for this devoted husband and father and called him home to Heaven. So his family was left to call upon this inner strength of soul and heart and mind that he had instilled in them for all their lives to sustain them in this time of grief.

Harper's cousin, Anne, and her former husband, Fred Osborne, also lived in Baton Rouge at this time, and we had become very close to them and their children. They brought us

home to Picayune and helped to see us through this time of grief in our lives. I was so heartbroken for the love of my life and his family. It also saddened me because I would not get to be his daughter-in-law nor get to know him. Harper had been so close to his dad and this loss just devastated him, but even as he grieved for his dad, his strength of character and his belief and faith in Jesus sustained him. I will never forget as we walked from the cemetery-with tears streaming down his face- he said "what am I going to do without him." And all I could do was hold him and let him know that I would always be there for him. We talked about postponing our wedding until a later date so he could give more attention to his mom's needs, but we decided we would be there for her together so we went ahead with our plans to be married in December. December 24th, 1957, at 4:00P.M. in New Palestine Baptist Church- Peggy Ann Lenoir (nineteen years old) became the bride of James Harper Buckley (twenty three years old).





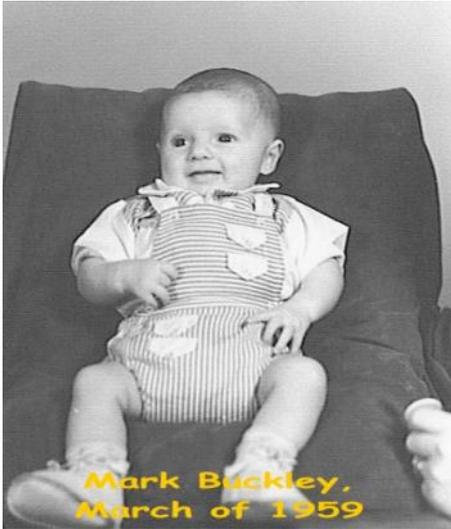
The minister was Rev. Hoyt Nelson, our good friend and pastor. We were surrounded by our family and friends. We had a small, simple wedding- the first wedding that Bro. Nelson had conducted in our church since becoming our pastor. Yes, it was small and simple, but, Oh, so beautiful to us. We were now one flesh, united till death us do part and we were so happy. Short on money but not on love. I remember that we had to borrow

my dad's car to go on our honeymoon. We went to Florida for a few days and on the way we stopped to see Uncle James and Aunt Bessie Furr in Pascagoula and they talked us into spending our first night together with them. So we got up early on Christmas Day and Aunt Bessie had fixed a big Christmas breakfast for us. We had breakfast with them and went on to Florida. Well, after three days Harper got sick with the Flu, so I had to find a doctor for him and then we came on back home. We were just a little disappointed, but not too much- we were together and that's all that mattered to us. So began our life together that through the Grace of God would span forty-four and one-half years and take us to the far corners of the earth as we traveled together. My first major disappointment came early into married life. Harper had already been in the Army and I had no idea that he was contemplating making a "career" in the military. The disappointment came not with his being back in the service, but in knowing that this would mean we would have periods of separation from each other and I was not happy about it. Looking back now, I believe his reason for wanting to do this was that he felt this would be security for his family.

So, within three months of being married, my new husband had joined the Air Force and was sent to Lackland Air Force Base in Texas for basic training and we were expecting our first baby. I stayed behind in Picayune and lived with my parents while he was in Texas, missing him and wondering where the Air Force would send us. When he finished his basic training we were in for a surprise when he found out he would be in Biloxi at Keesler Air Force Base. For a few months he stayed on the base and would come home on the weekends while we waited for our baby to be born, and I continued to stay with my parents.

December 29th, 1958- our life would be changed forever. This is the day our first child was born-at Crosby Memorial Hospital in Picayune. Mark Stephen Buckley had

arrived. God had blessed us with a perfect baby boy and we were so thankful. Harper was such a proud dad!



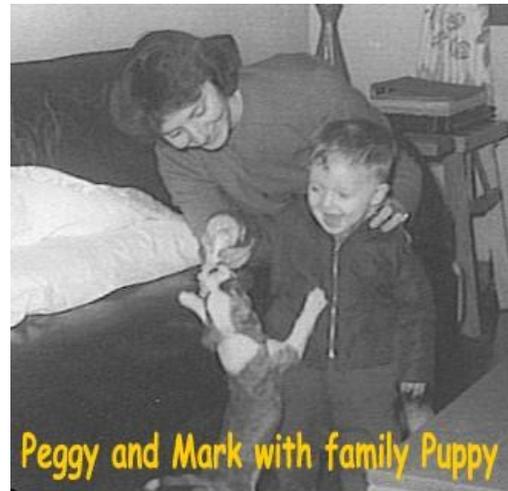
Mark Buckley,
March of 1959



Peggy and Mark



Harper + Mark 1959
Pearl River, La. at Bill + Catherine's

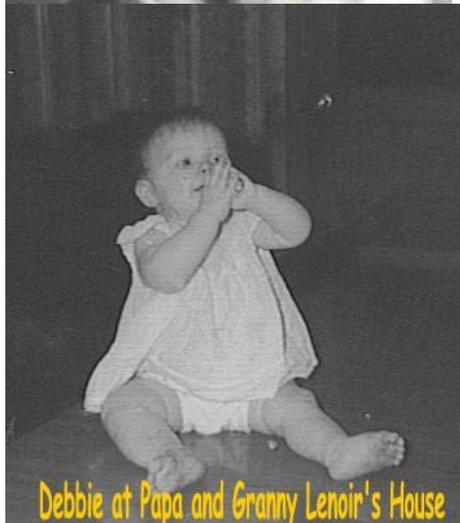
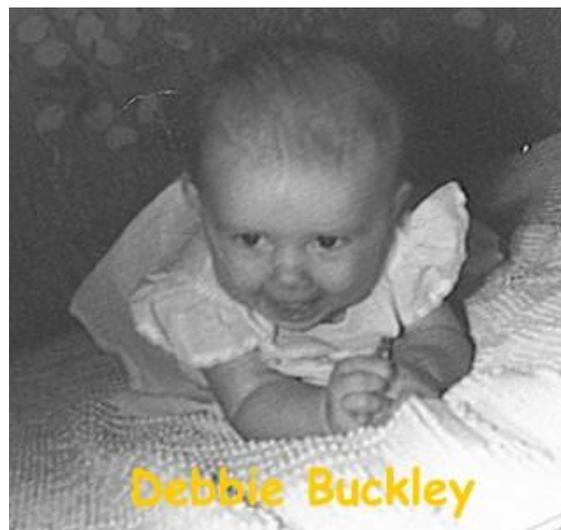


Peggy and Mark with family Puppy

Just a few weeks went by and he had found us an apartment in Gulfport—only a few blocks from the beach—so our little family was together at last. After the weather got warm enough we would take Mark to the beach in the evenings, lie on a blanket, watch our baby kick and play, and dream about what life might hold for us. We were totally happy, but our lives were about to be interrupted again as the Air Force decided to transfer Harper to Perrin Field AFB in Sherman, Texas. But I was not about to be left

behind this time and neither of us wanted to be apart anyway, so we packed our belongings (we had managed to get a car by now), and in May, 1959, headed for Texas. We stopped in a little town called Dennison and liked it, so we found an apartment and settled down again. It was only about ten miles from the AFB so that would not be such a long drive for Harper. By the time that we made this move we knew that our second baby was on the way. We were thrilled because we both loved children and wanted a family.

December 5, 1959—our first daughter, Deborah Lane Buckley, was born at Perrin AFB hospital. A beautiful baby girl!



We had been blessed again and were very thankful for these two children God had given us. I was so young and now had two babies to take care of, but my mom, bless her heart, she was always there for me! She immediately got on a train and came to Texas to stay a couple of weeks with us. She came to stay that long but after being there only a few days my dad had to come and get her due to the death of an aunt, Velma Lenoir. Then after they got home, my grandfather, Boyd Lenoir, died. So our family had joy mixed with sadness that Christmas season.

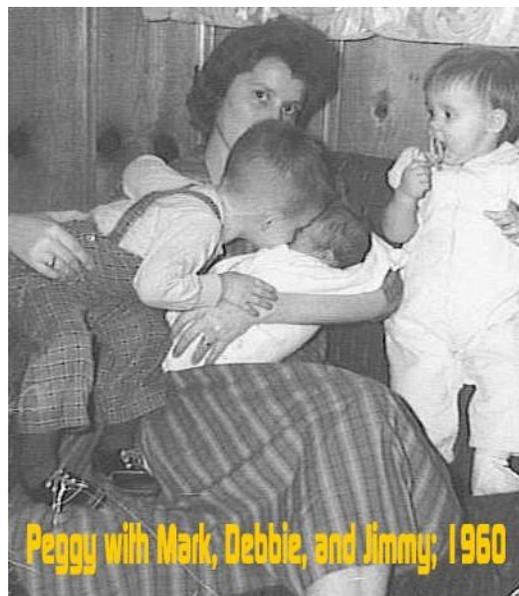
Harper was so proud of his son and daughter. He loved to hold them and rock them. We spent about a year and a half in Dennison. Our babies were healthy and growing and our life seemed to be settling down. But by then we had our third baby coming in Nov. We began to realize that the military was not the life we wanted for our family and Harper began talking about getting out of the service and moving back home to Mississippi. He put in for his discharge in October but it would be Jan., 1961, before he would be released. So we made our plans which would separate us again for a few months.

In Oct., 1960, he moved me and the children back to Mississippi and in with his mom. He had to go back to Texas, and I had a problem on my hands! Not that I did not get along with his mother because we got along fine and she would help me with Mark and Debbie. The problem was with that big, old, drafty, and uninsulated house that I would be spending the winter in trying to take care of three babies. So with two weeks before our baby was due, I sprung into action. I went to the Picayune Housing Authority and found us a nice, warm apartment to move into. Then I went to my daddy for help and he loaned me the money to buy furniture. I had barely gotten settled into the apartment when it was time for our baby to be born.

Nov. 12, 1960, our third baby was born-James Michael Buckley- He was so precious, but I was so lonely for his dad and for us all to be together.



I had three babies, no car, and very little money, and Harper was feeling so guilty that he was not there to see his new son and help me. Believe me, that was a lonely two and one half months. I don't know how I would have managed if my family had not pitched in and helped me.

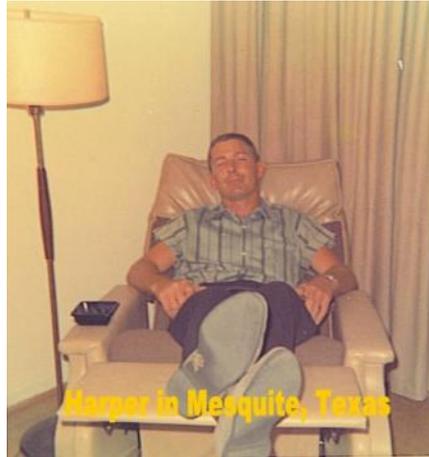


We had Christmas late that year because I wanted to wait and share it together as a family. It was in late January when he was finally released to come home. What a wonderful reunion we had! I think that Harper felt guilty for years because he had not been with me when Jimmy was born and did not get to see him until he was two and one-half months old. But we quickly adjusted and picked up with life where we had left off. He went to New Orleans and found a job and made the long commute every day. Everything was fine for a while, but I could tell that the long drive was becoming too much for him. One Friday evening when he came home from work he was unusually quiet and I knew he had something on his mind. He said to me "Baby, pack me some clothes, I'm going to Dallas, and I promise you as soon as I find a job and work a couple of weeks I will find us a place to live and I will come back for you." So he left us again!

Oh, no, not another move! Would we never just settle down and stay someplace. But, he immediately found a good job with Lewis Engineering Co. and three weeks later he had found us a place to live and was back in Picayune to get his family. So in May of 1961- back to Texas we went. We had a nice apartment on Gaston Ave, in Dallas. We were with-in walking distance of First Baptist Church, where Dr. W.A. Criswell was pastor, so that is where we went to church for the few months we lived there. We had a family now, so we wanted a home to call our own, so we started looking. He seemed happy with his job and I would have been happy anywhere with him and we liked it where we were, so we decided we would buy us a house and settle down in Texas. We had moved so many times- I was so ready to find a place to call home.

Harper had a good job but in order for us to afford to buy a home we needed more money. We had three young children now, so my getting a job was out of the question. So he went out and got a second job-part time. -besides, we both wanted for me to be able to stay home with our children while they were so little. His part-time job was delivering

laundry for a dry cleaning company. He would go to his full time job with Lewis Engineering- come home in the evenings and have supper with us, spend a few minutes with me and the children, try to rest a little while,



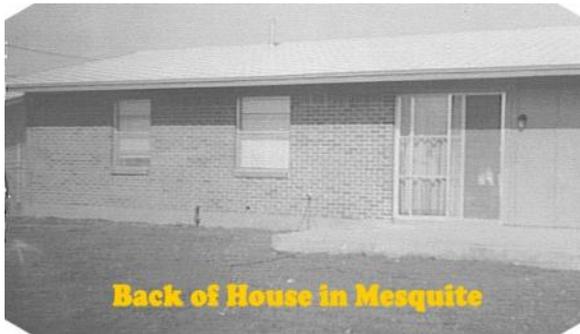
then, on the road again to deliver laundry to working people in downtown Dallas. It was usually around 10:00pm when he would get back home.

The 60's in Mesquite

Fall of 1961- The Dallas County area was growing at an exceptionally fast pace at this particular time and subdivisions were springing up in all directions. We were told that the school system was excellent in a little town ten miles East of Dallas called Mesquite, and that is where we started our search for a home. The area was wide open with mostly small, bushy, Mesquite trees growing everywhere. We looked at homes in several subdivisions. The one we chose was located right off the highway where Harper would be driving to his job in down town Dallas. They were building an elementary school within walking distance which was important to us. Also, a new Baptist church was being built

just several miles down the road. So we chose our new home, obtained a VA loan, and moved in.

Praise the Lord! We were the proud owners of a brand new three bedroom, two bath brick home for our family to live in. 3638 Palm Drive.



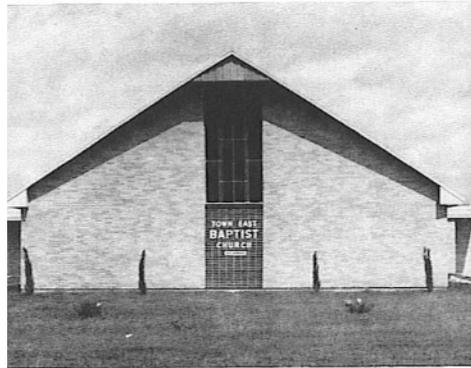
This was a community of young couples with small children like us and we quickly made friends and settled in.

We began attending the new little Baptist church on Town East Blvd. At the beginning of our marriage we promised God that we would try our best to be faithful to Him and his church.

Town East Baptist Church

3117 Town East Blvd.

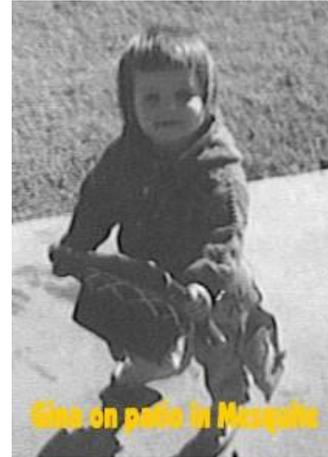
Mesquite, Texas



ORGANIZATION SERVICE

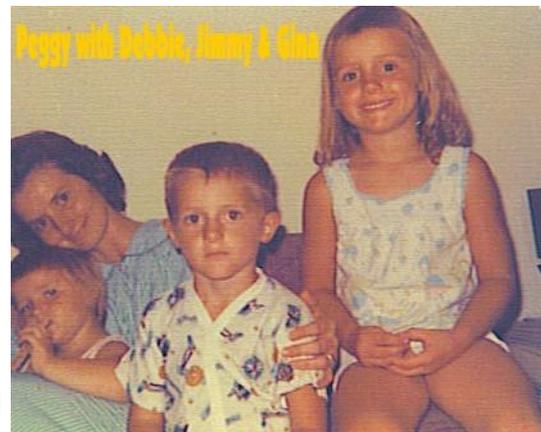
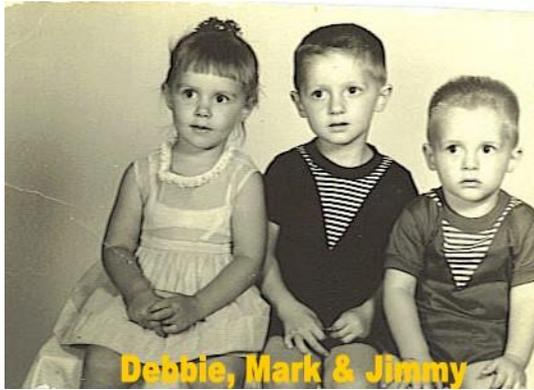
Sunday, September 16, 1962

My young husband was proving faithful from the standpoint of dedication, service, and spirituality as he led our family and took us to God's house every Sunday. By January we felt that God wanted us to be members of this church, so we moved our membership there and began working in the church. I loved to work with children so I started teaching a Sunday school class in the children's department- and sometimes Harper would help me before he started teaching adults. About this time we knew that our fourth child was on the way. We were happy about this, but we decided that when this baby was born- if God gave us another girl- that our family would be complete. We had our second little daughter on Sept. 16, 1962-Gina Michelle Buckley- a beautiful little girl.



So we had two boys and two girls- a perfect little family. God had just blessed us so much. We were very happy and contented.

By the time we had been members of this church for a year it was growing and needed more deacons. In January, 1963, Harper was one of the first four young men ordained as deacons. He was only 29 years old. Our pastor was Rev. Berl Cavin, who became our dear friend during all the years we lived in Mesquite. These were tough years as we struggled to take care of four children. Harper worked hard as he pushed himself to provide for us, but he never complained about having to work such long hours. He did it out of a heart of love for us. Work and responsibility-He learned it as a child and it became ingrained into his very being and never left him. And my job was to stay at home and take care of our children and our home.



He spent most of his time in Dallas and I spent all of my time in Mesquite.- both busy but happy! And one thing I could always count on. I knew he would come home to us when his day was finished. We probably would not have had to struggle quite so hard during those first early years if we had been more committed to giving to God the tithe due Him out of the money He blessed us with. We were young and that commitment would eventually be revealed to us. But God led us through those difficult years and always provided for us- our needs if not our wants- always.

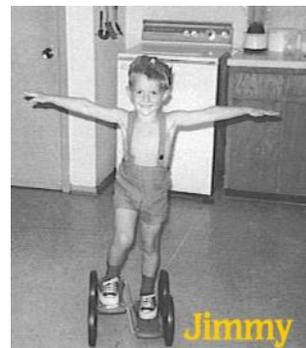
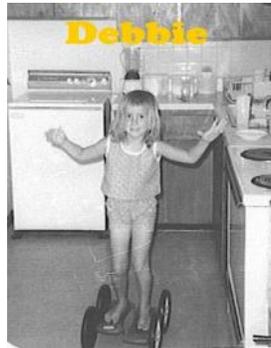
I want you children and grandchildren to know that this man you called "daddy" and "papa" always put your needs and mine before his. I've seen him give to us his last dollar- always trusting that more would be provided when it was needed. Yes, we both worked hard to keep this family going but we enjoyed our life and Harper was a dedicated

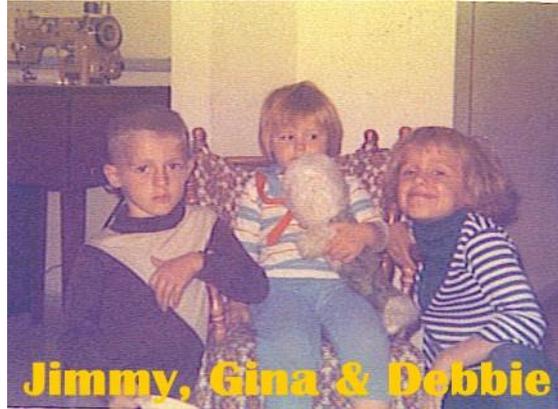
Spiritual leader for us. Although he was away most of the time during the week-weekends were ours! Sometimes we planned things to do on Saturdays, but usually this day was just for "hanging out" at home together and doing the chores that all families have to do. We always began Sundays by going together as a family to God's house-Sunday school and then worship service. Harper was always very family oriented and enjoyed doing things as a family. Many, many Sundays he treated us to "lunch out" after church. We usually went to this same little restaurant in the Sands Motel- not far from our home. This was a super treat for us! On Sunday afternoons he would sometimes take us for long drives because he knew I spent most of my time at home, and needed to get out of the house. And kids- remember Grapevine Lake! Your daddy had such fun playing in the water with all of you, but sometimes we just played in the yard at our home with all of you kids, and sometimes he was so exhausted he just had to sleep for a while. And then we always ended Sundays by being back in church with our family. Many Sunday evenings after church we young couples would take turns having fellowship in our homes so we could learn to know one another better.

These early years were wonderful and carefree and we grew even closer as we learned to depend on each other by living away from home and extended family. One thing that kept us close as the years passed was our promise to each other to never end the day mad with each other. Harper told me that his daddy had taught him this when he was only a little boy-"never let the sun go down upon your wrath." This was one of his daddy's philosophies of life that he lived by also. Many a time if we were angry when we went to bed, we would talk way into the night until we got things worked out and every thing was ok again.

I hope that you children and grandchildren reading this will understand that it takes a heap of living, loving, and forgiving to make a house a home. Sometimes the road gets rocky and Satan continually throws darts of confusion and doubt in your path. But if two

people truly love each other and love the Lord, then they have all they need to work things out. You have to turn loose of your pride and be able to say "I'm sorry-will you forgive me?"- and go on. We both had to do this many times, but swallowing a little pride was a small price to pay for keeping our relationship healthy. Our love was strong and we always knew that we would weather all the storms of life to be together. Mesquite, Texas had become our home and we felt comfortable there, but I think that deep down in our hearts we always knew that we would return to Ms. to live. Early in our marriage we had decided that "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." Joshua 24:15, taught to Harper by his parents. As each of our children were born, we dedicated them to the Lord and promised Him that we would bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord and teach them His ways as best as we could. We tried to stay true to that promise although we made many mistakes and failed many times. But God is so good! He knows we are only human, after all, He created us, and He is always ready to forgive our sins and mistakes if we just come to Him with repentant hearts and ask His forgiveness. During these early years in Texas we were very busy taking care of our young family. Our house rumbled with laughter and tusselling! I hurried to keep up with it all.





We called on God for wisdom and guidance in handling different situations. Thank you Lord for how You helped us teach our children about Your love. We tried to share Your lessons with them as we went about our activities at home and as we prayed together at bedtime. We dedicated our lives to these children and You, Lord, and I know for sure that your hand will be upon them throughout their entire lives. One scripture that comes to my mind is one that we tried to live by in rearing our family. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it" Proverbs 22:6. So from the beginning our children were taught that the Christian way of life is the only way to live- to have faith in God and to trust in Him.

By the time they were young teenagers they had all made a commitment to the Lord and trusted Him as their Savior. This is not to say that all was perfect in our lives, but the bottom line was- when we encountered difficulties along the way we had a firm foundation- built upon the Rock- that would sustain us and help us work through all the trying situations of rearing children. And our loving Heavenly Father was with us every step of the way. As family oriented as we were, we both wanted to stay in close touch with our families back in Ms.- so at least every four to six months we would pack our clothes and make a visit back home to see them. Sometimes it would be only for the weekend, leaving on Friday evening when he would get home from work and having to return back to

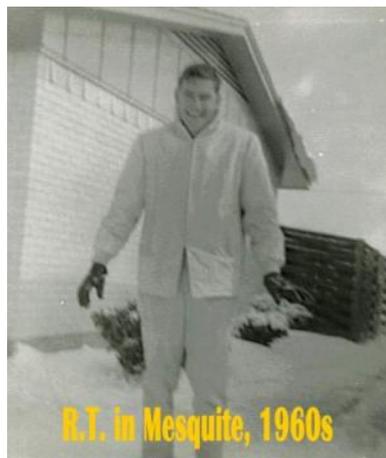
Mesquite on Sunday night with me driving because he had to be back at work on Monday morning. I cherish the memories of those days and our youth- our innocence and carefree days with our young family- completely oblivious to the trials and tribulations we would be called on to deal with later in life.



Buddy was a friend in Mesquite, Texas - Early 60's

Harper's Plymouth
Given to him by Buddy Valentin

Although our house was small, we welcomed any of our family members who wanted or needed to stay with us. One year Harper's brother, R.T., came to Texas to attend the Baptist Seminary in Fort Worth and lived with us for one semester

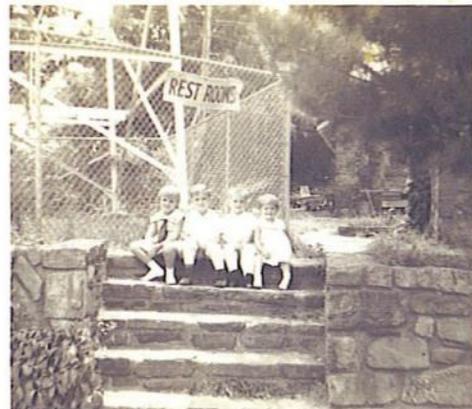
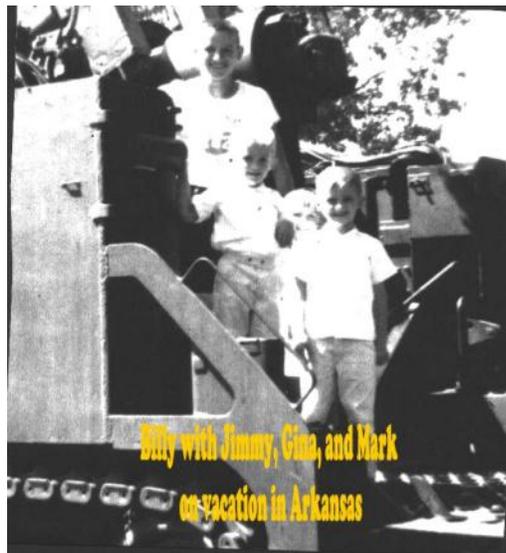


R.T. in Mesquite, 1960s



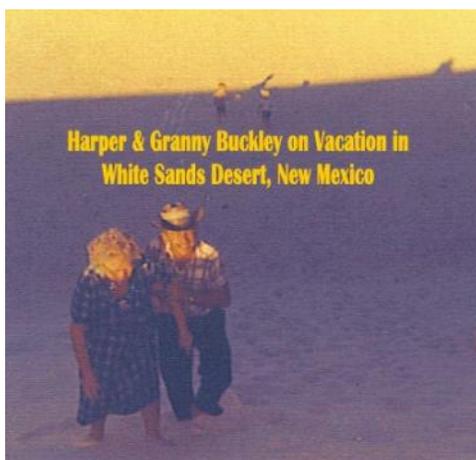
R.T. in Mesquite, 1960s

until he found a job with a small church and moved there. Another time my sister, Sue, came to Texas and lived with us for about six months and went to a Cosmetology School then went back to Ms. One year my other sister, Charlotte, lived with us for a few months to work in Dallas. Our home was always open to family and friends who needed us. Neither of us had gotten to go on family vacations when we were children, so we tried to take family vacations as often as we could. And Harper would always try to include other family members when possible. I remember that my brother, Billy, went with us one summer when we went to Arkansas

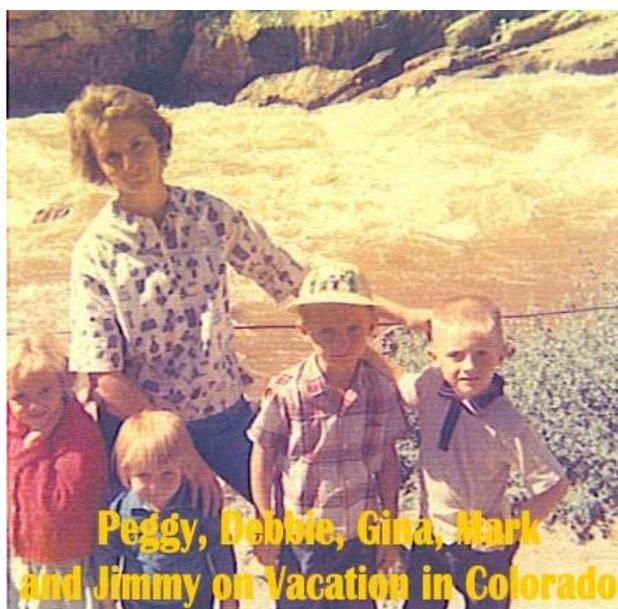
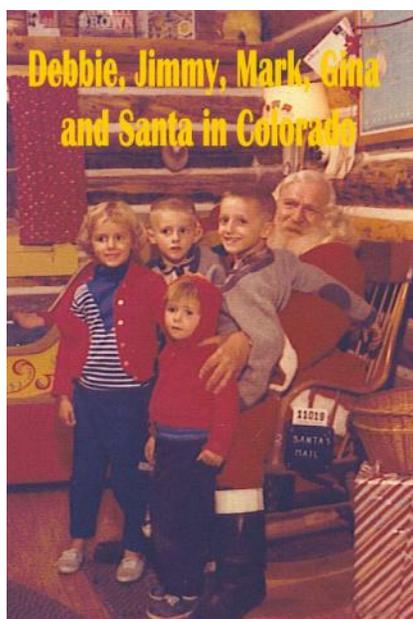


Mark, Debbie, Jimmy -
Gina On Vacation in Ark. 1964

and Harper's mother made a trip with us one summer to White Sands, New Mexico and Colorado.



We went to Colorado Springs (in July) and went to the top of Pikes Peak where they had a Christmas Village and the kids visited with Santa.



That was a special treat for four little kids!

Time was marching on! Sept. 1965- a milestone for our family- Mark started first grade with Debbie to follow the next year and Jimmy the next. Our motto now became "early to bed and early to rise!" Our carefree days of sleeping late and staying up late to see

daddy when he returned home were over. Our lives became a mixture of homework, PTA meetings, school projects, after school games, and Wednesday night prayer service by ourselves when Harper was unable to make it home in time to go with us.

All our children excelled in school with Jimmy needing a little extra help. Mark and Debbie and later Gina did well without much prompting and with a little tutoring Jimmy was able to keep up and make the grade also. We were very blessed to have bright, well adjusted children. Of course they argued and exhibited sibling rivalry from time to time, but I can honestly say that we never had any serious conflicts because it was just not allowed in our home and they knew it. God had also blessed our family with good health. As I look back and reflect on those early years, I realize that we just floated along and although we tried to be thankful for all the goodness that God continued to bestow upon us, I believe that sometimes we just took all those blessings for granted.

Other than the usual childhood scrapes and bruises, the only serious things we encountered were: (1) When Gina was still an infant and asleep in her crib one morning, Mark, Debbie, and Jimmy were on the front porch and I didn't know they were climbing on the cement blocks that went from floor to ceiling on each side of the front porch. All of a sudden I heard this crashing sound with kids screaming and I was terrified. It was midmorning and Harper was at work. Here I was with three injured children plus a sleeping baby! What was I to do? Well, my neighbor friends who lived on each side of us came to my rescue. One kept the baby and one took the rest of us to the hospital for xrays and exams.

Thankfully they only had scrapes and bruises plus Debbie had a fractured bone in one foot and had to wear a special shoe until it healed. That was a scary ordeal! I don't think they climbed on the porch any more. (2) When Mark was five years old we

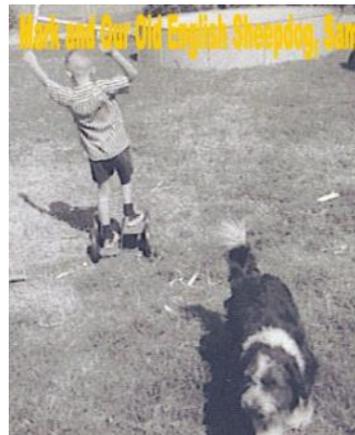
noticed that his eyes were beginning to cross, so after an eye exam it was determined that he had "strabismus" and needed corrective surgery on his eyes. After the surgery his daddy faithfully took him down town Dallas to the ophthalmologist every Saturday morning for six months for eye exercises to help strengthen his weak eye. After this time he was able to go without wearing glasses.

I.N. Range elementary where the kids went to school was only about three blocks from our home so all the kids from our block walked to and from school together. Sept. 1968 - Gina wanted to go to school like the big kids so we put her in kindergarten that a very good friend of ours, Pat Gleason, had opened. She enjoyed this experience and for the first time in years I had time on my hands during the daytime. For a while I enjoyed this freedom, but soon the highlight of my day became when my kids came home from school in the afternoons. I would let them take a break and play for a while, then on to homework and reading while I prepared our evening meal and we waited for their daddy to come home for a while. This was truly their highlight of the day! As they saw him coming up the street, they would shout with glee as he came up the driveway, jumped out of his van and met them with outstretched arms! Yes, this young father had a special bond with his children that would last a lifetime. They knew they were loved. He was still working full time during the day and ran his laundry route in the evenings. That was the loneliest time of my day.- after we had eaten and spent a little time together he had to leave again and I faced the lonely hours of finishing the day with the children by myself and waiting for his return which was usually around 10 pm.

During the summers while school was out he started letting Mark, Debbie, and Jimmy take turns riding with him to deliver laundry. This was good for them each to have some quality time alone with their daddy. Once Harper left the motor running in his van while he went into the cleaners to get a load of laundry and his van was stolen. Three days

later it was located in Austin, Texas, so he flew to Austin to get it and let Gina go with him. That was a special treat for her.

Harper had always been a lover of animals more so than me. He was always buying pets for the children. I remember one day he brought home this pair of black and white rabbits that they named Ping and Pong which they kept for a long time. My favorite pet that I remember them having while they were little kids was a beautiful black and white Old English Sheepdog that their daddy got for them and they named him Sam.



Gina always liked cats and they most always had various kittens and puppies around. Debbie, especially, liked horses, but we lived in a subdivision. This, however, did not stop their daddy from getting a pony when he had a chance! A friend of his had offered to give him this Shetland pony named Angel, and he was as excited as the children about it. This, however, presented us with another problem. Where to keep a pony? So we started looking and found a boarding stable about five miles down the highway from our home. Now our afternoon ritual had changed a little. They would be raring to go every evening to feed Angel and pet her. Of course it fell my lot to take care of Angel, but one rule we had- they had to wait for the days when their daddy could go with us to ride her.

This new experience provided an exciting adventure for us and helped to ease the boredom of not having their daddy at home very much.

It was during the late 60's that Harper and I both began talking about moving back to Ms. to live. We were happy with our life in general, but he could see no end to continuing to work long, exhausting hours and leaving us alone most of the time during the week. He had tried to take a few college courses throughout the years and he had begun to talk about wanting to finish college and teach school. But his dream had been to go to USM in Hattiesburg, Ms. So, I said "lets go for it!" and our days in Texas were about to be over.

We had many discussions and prayed about whether this was the right thing for us to do before we made a final decision. The kids kind of liked the idea of living where they had somebody to go see all the time. No more having to stay at home with mom all the time. The move back to Ms. would open up a whole new way of living for them and they were excited! Grandparents, aunts and uncles, and cousins by the dozens! They could hardly wait. We felt like this move was God's will for us so we began planning.

As soon as school was out that year-1969- we put our house up for sale and in June we left it with a realtor, packed our belongings, said goodbye to our dear friends, and headed home to Ms. We still had our Sheepdog, Sam, and our Shetland pony, Angel, and we couldn't leave them behind, so we rented a trailer big enough to carry them.

We had lived a comfortable life in Texas, made many good friends, watched our kids grow strong and begin their educations, and took vacations with our family to the mountains and beaches. But it had been hard work, especially for Harper, although he never complained

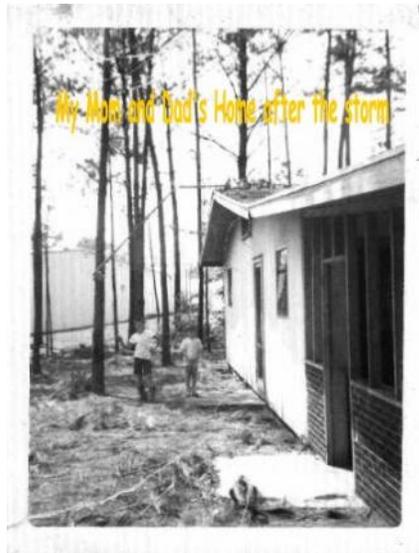
because he loved us so much. But I knew he was ready for a change. He was ready to pursue his dream!

We came back to Ms. trusting God to show us what He would have us do. Of course we had no place to live, so we stayed with Granny Buckley while we looked for a house. As we began our search for a house we learned that some very good friends of ours, Urban and Margaret Stewart, had a house out in the Pine Grove Community, about ten miles out in the country, and that we could live in it (rent free!) It was a nice house and big enough for our family with land for the animals, so we cleared it up as it had been empty for a while, and moved into it in July. We were so thankful to have our family back together in a place to call home.

Little did we know that a major catastrophe would soon hit South Ms. that would change people's lives forever. On Sunday night, August 17, 1969, Hurricane Camille came roaring in with a fury like we had never seen before. All that weekend we kept hearing weather reports that a severe hurricane was in the Gulf and heading straight for Ms. By Sunday afternoon it was clearly evident that we were in its path, so we decided to board up the house we lived in as best as we could and leave our animals because we felt that they would be safe there, and go back and stay with Harper's mother in her house—the old family home on Palestine Road. That is a night that will be etched in my memory forever! As the storm raged outside, we huddled together and prayed for our family and friends and our town—that God would spare our lives. We spent the night sweeping and mopping up water as it blew in under the doors, and listening as shingles popped off the roof and tree limbs snapped like match sticks. That was a long and scary night, but my faithful and courageous husband was there to hold me and keep me ever focused on trusting God to carry us through this ordeal. I once heard Harper make the comment

that the best thing a father could do for his children was to love their mother, and I truly believe he felt that way because he was always there for me—always.

When daylight finally came and the wind and rain had subsided, we were able to open the door and go outside. We were totally unprepared for the destruction that awaited us. We just wandered around looking awestruck to see the damage all around us and so thankful to realize that God had chosen to spare our lives. With no phones and no electricity, the first thing we did was to start checking on family members. As we went from house to house, we witnessed miracle after miracle. Amidst massive property damage, with trees pulled up out of the ground and gigantic root systems showing, power lines down everywhere, trees fallen on houses and automobiles with chaos everywhere— the miracle was that not a single life had been lost. Praise God!



Power saws were buzzing everywhere as people got past the shock and began the long and grueling task of cleaning up, repairing, and rebuilding. After we had checked on family and found everyone ok and busy, we had to go home and check on our animals. That was a tiring journey as we had to stop and saw tree limbs out of the road a number of times to get through. The last several miles we just parked the car and slowly made our way

through all the downed limbs and debris and power lines across the road. It was a happy site to see all our animals accounted for and running down the driveway to meet us. We had left our van parked under the carport and a pine tree had fallen across the edge of the house. Minimal damage and house still standing intact! Another blessing.

Yes, we had survived Hurricane Camille by the grace of a loving God and we would spend the next three weeks without electricity, but grateful to be alive! However, people directly on the Gulf Coast where this vast storm had hit landfall bore the brunt of total destruction and more than two hundred people lost their lives, as many had failed to heed the warnings to evacuate before the storm hit. People in Picayune began gathering food, clothes, furniture, bottled water, medical and cleaning supplies, and other things in answer to pleas from the American Red Cross to help people on the coast who had lost everything. They were also asking for volunteers to take these emergency supplies to the people. So, my husband, true to his love for all people and his genuine Christian heart, immediately said he would drive a truckload of supplies to the coast. I was not about to let him make that trip alone, not knowing what he might encounter, so before the end of that week, we left Picayune taking a truck load of emergency supplies to the coast.

As my mind goes back to that day, words can hardly describe the destruction and devastation that was all around us. Just reaching the coast was almost impossible. We had to take many detours to even get there. Once there, we were speechless as we witnessed people among ruins of what had been the beautiful Gulf Coast. What we saw was courage personified! While it only took us in Picayune just weeks or months to get things back to normal, it would take years to rebuild this historic area and some relics of history were gone forever.

As Harper and his brothers and sisters surveyed the damage to the old house, they determined that it would be best if they helped their mother obtain a loan and build her a new house rather than try to repair the damage that the storm had done. So work began on a new house for Granny Buckley- a house that Harper and I would later buy after his mom had died. Her house was completed in Feb. 1970, and when she moved into it she gave the old place to us. She was so happy, but I truly don't think she ever felt as content in her new house as she did in the old homestead. But we were happy to finally have a home again. We put on a new roof, put paneling in some of the rooms, did some other minor repairs and moved in where we continued to live throughout the rest of our family's growing up years.

So we were back in Ms. and had weathered a terrible storm. Now what! As we settled back into our home church, New Palestine Baptist Church, we had a series of pastors who became our life long friends- Bro. Oscar Whitescarver, Bro. Harry Barnes, Bro. John Hilbur, Bro. Ed Knox, and Bro. Grover Glenn, all held a special place in our hearts.



One reason we had made the move back to Ms. was for Harper to fulfill his dream to go to USM. Our plans had been for me to get a job and work while he went to school, but God had other plans in store for us. As I searched for a job I began to realize that there wasn't much opportunity in Picayune for a person like me who had been a stay-at-home mom with no job experience, and besides this, I also began to realize that I had a dream too. I had always felt in my heart that I wanted to be a nurse. So we talked about this and prayed about whether I should undertake such a full academic load with four growing youngsters to care for. This was the school year 1969-70 and Gina had started first grade. My day time hours were free, so I decided it was now or never if I was ever going to help ease the financial burden on my husband and help him finish raising our family. So he said "Let's go for it" and we decided that I would go to nursing school first, then I would work so he could start USM. I began making preparations to start nursing school at Pearl River Jr. College in Poplarville, beginning with the 1970-71 school year, and Harper continued to work to support us while I went to school. It took me three years to get through this two year program, but I became a Registered Nurse as I graduated in 1973 with an Associates Degree in Nursing and would spend the next twenty five years working in this field.

Merced River Junior College
 Poplarville Mississippi



This Certifies That
Peggy Buckley

has completed the Course of Instruction and Practice required by the Merced River Junior College and has passed with credit the required examinations and is awarded this

Associate of Science Diploma

In Witness Whereof the following signatures, together with the seal of the College, have been attached this
 13th day of May, 1973



Demaris Fortenberry
Professor, English & Speech
Ferey Smith
Secretary, Board of Trustees

M. White
President of the College
Erwin Seal, Jr.
Treasurer

Mississippi Board of Nursing

This is to Certify that

PEGGY ANN LENOIR BUCKLEY

Having complied with the requirements of the Act of the Legislature providing for the State registration of Nurses amended April 5, 1970 is hereby authorized to be known as a

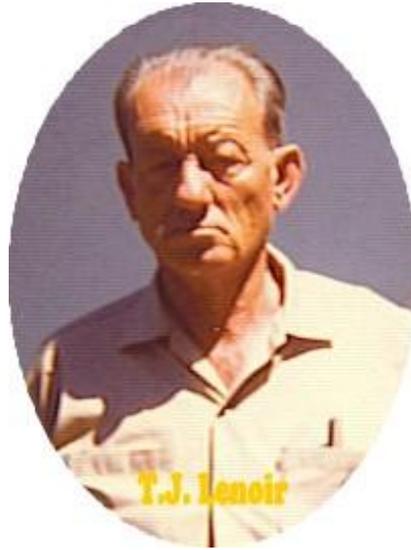
Registered Nurse No. 14,266

In Witness Whereof we have hereunto set our hands and caused the Seal of said Board of Nurse Examiners to be affixed the 6th day of August nineteen 1975



Dexter E. Haskins, R.N. President
Clara May, R.N. Secretary

June 4, 1973, only a few weeks after I had started working, my daddy, T.J. Lenoir, had a sudden heart attack and died. He was only fifty nine years old and we loved him dearly and were so saddened by his death.



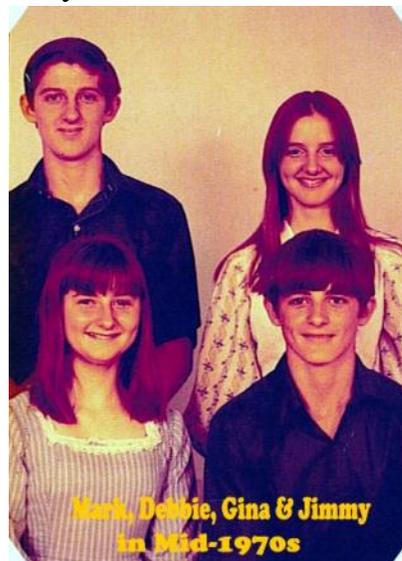
I was scheduled to take the state board nursing exams the next week in Jackson, Ms., but did not feel like undertaking this task so soon after my daddy's death. But Harper said "no, we have to do this" and I realized he was right. Then he said "I'll go with you- I'll be there for you." So he was there for me like he always was, and I passed the exams without any problems. Harper's brother, J.P., was an educator also, and he was on the school board at PRC. He was so pleased when I graduated from nursing school that he presented me with my diploma. That was special to me. He had encouraged me when things got hard and would say "you can do this now."

Only four months later, in Sept., he had a sudden heart attack and died also. We realized again that we had done the right thing by moving back to Ms. because the children got to be with their grandfather four years and got to know him better. His death was followed by the deaths of many more family members over the next years and we were so thankful we were there to give love and support.

The years I was in school were extremely difficult and stressful years. I never would have made it through school without my husband's loving support and encouragement and

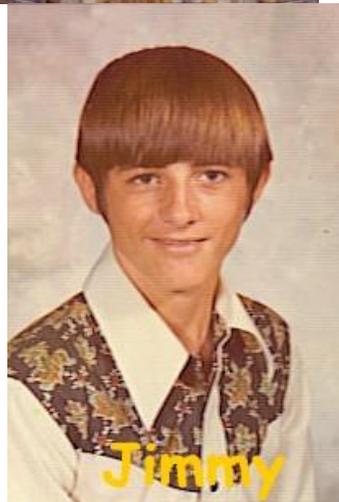
help with the children, the housework, the homework, and helping me battle my way through algebra and helping me study. He took over so I could have the time to study. He was a real helpmate and I could not have done it without him. And we both kept in mind that as soon as I was able to go to work it would be his turn to go to school. In May of 1973, as soon as I graduated, I had a job waiting for me at Crosby Memorial Hospital. My first job! Now it would be my turn to work while my beloved husband pursued his long awaited dream of finishing his education at the University of Southern Ms. In 1973 he started college.

All the while we were busy trying to finish college our children were growing up- too fast! All of a sudden we had teenagers in the house! Thank you, Lord, for placing your protecting arms around our teenagers.



Thank you for caring about them. When we are unable to get through to them, we're grateful to know that you are with them. Thank you for being with us through all the joys and sorrows, for promising us that if we train up our children in the way of God, when they grow older, they will not depart from it.

We decided the first year that Harper was in college to move to Hattiesburg because it was such a long drive for him, and so I worked at night at Forrest General Hospital there so I could take the kids to school in the mornings and pick them up in the afternoons while their daddy was at school, since we lived within the city and they could not ride the school bus. Mark was now in high school, Debbie and Jimmy in Jr. High, and Gina in elementary- three different schools.



With working at night and sleeping little during the day time, I was pushed to the limit, so after one semester we moved back to Picayune and he just drove back and forth until he finished school.

Time was marching on and our family was growing up. The decade of the seventies just seemed to zoom by in a flash. During the early years of the seventies Harper decided that since he could not do much farming and he wanted his boys to learn work and responsibility as he had been taught by his daddy when he was growing up, he bought a rider lawn mower and he and the boys worked together during the summer months mowing other people's yards. He had already begun teaching all the children the meaning of work and responsibility as they were assigned tasks to do while each of us were in school and working.

Our children had been given a firm foundation for life, filled with the love of both their parents and taught to love God and others. They were developing into responsible, caring young people, each one with different personalities and dreams and goals. I knew again that I had been blessed to be in this family as I witnessed the Christian Heritage of past generations instilled into the minds and hearts of my own children, and knew that come what may, they would be able to handle life and handle it well, no matter what hurdles they had to overcome along the way to adulthood and maturity.

Life continued to be good even if it was hectic. We were all so busy. Our life revolved around our church-NPBC- and our family. Harper had a special love in his heart for all children, not just his own. He and I made a number of trips as chaperons with the youth dept., both when our children were teenagers and even after they were all grown. Besides being a school teacher Harper had a deep love and knowledge of the Word of God, and like his grandfather, Rev. W.I. Williams, he taught an adult Sunday school class for years, which he was still teaching at his death. And he served as a deacon in our church, sang in the choir, even played with the Handbell choir for a while and he

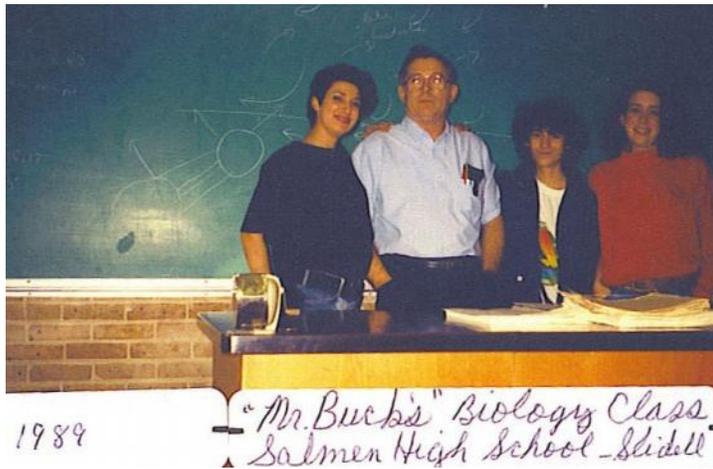
was always available to drive the church van/bus for various trips and did this until the last several years of his life, when his eyesight began to diminish.

Our children stayed busy- they had good examples! They were in church with us on Sundays and sang in the youth choir most of the time. All four of them held jobs while they were in school, at different fast food places, and both girls were in the band- Debbie in high school and Gina in Jr. high. They were in the flag corps and took piano lessons for a short time only- because they were more interested in the band. The boys played little league and Jr. high football but by the time they were in high school they were not into sports as much as their dad had been and they did not choose to play.

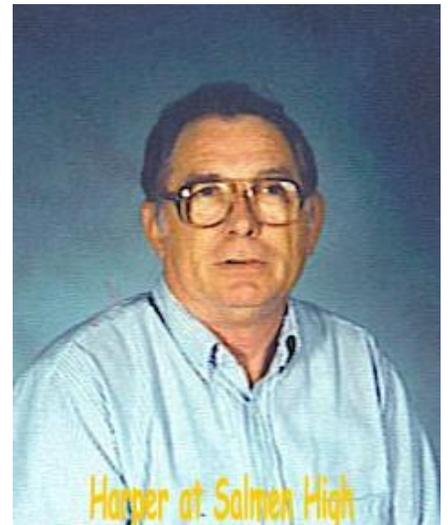
In 1976 Harper finally achieved his dream of graduating from USM. He was now a school teacher!

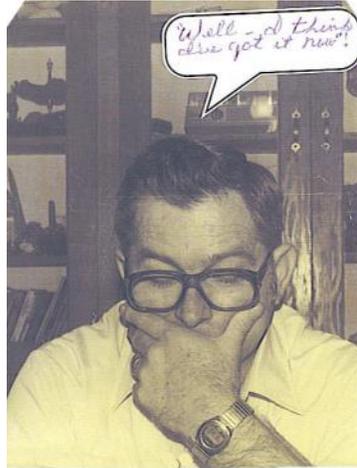


He began his teaching career at Salmen High School in Slidell, La., where he taught Biology, Chemistry, and Math in the Science Dept., where he would work for twenty and one-half years and retire in May of 1997.



Over the years he continued to take college courses and earned his Master's Degree and then his Specialist's Degree in education.





Harper Studying
late 80's

The University of Southern Mississippi

hereby confers upon

James H. Buckley

the degree of

Master of Education

together with all the rights, privileges and honors appertaining thereto in consideration of the satisfactory completion of the course prescribed by the faculty and the Board of Trustees.

In testimony whereof, we have hereunto affixed the seal of The University of Southern Mississippi and the signatures of the officers thereof.

Given at Hattiesburg, Mississippi, on this seventh day of May, 1980.

Miriam O. Simmons
President of the Board of Trustees

Deany W. Montgomery
Registrar



Aubrey L. Lucas
President of the Faculty

Charles Woodman
Vice President for Academic Affairs

State of Louisiana

State Department of Education

VALID FOR LIFE FOR CONTINUOUS SERVICE
JUNE 23, 1982

TYPE A. 029833

EIP 1 1981-82

This Certificate is issued to **JAMES H. BUCKLEY**

by the State Department of Education of Louisiana, based upon the following:

DEGREE: B.S., OUT-OF-STATE COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY, 1977
M.ED., OUT-OF-STATE COLLEGE OR UNIVERSITY, 1980
ANY DEGREE BELOW THIS LINE IS INVALID

SUBJECTS AND SERVICES SPECIFIED:

GENERAL SCIENCE
BIOLOGY
CHEMISTRY
PHYSICS
PRINCIPAL
MATHEMATICS C1/16/84

ANYTHING BELOW THIS LINE IS INVALID

ANYTHING BELOW THIS LINE IS INVALID

John Lee Anderson
President, State Board of
Elementary and Secondary Education

J. Kelly King
Superintendent of Public Education

Eligibility: This certificate authorizes the employment of the holder to teach only those subjects and/or to engage in other services specified on this certificate.

The University of Southern Mississippi



On Recommendation of the Faculty of the
College of Education and Psychology
and by authority of the Board of Trustees
has conferred upon

James H. Buckley

the degree of

Specialist in Education

At Hattiesburg, Mississippi, December 19, 1985 with all the rights and privileges
appertaining to that degree.

Bryce Duffin
President of the Board of Trustees
Danny W. Montgomery
Registrar

Adrian K. Lucas
President of the University
James H. ...
Vice President for Academic Affairs

Harper loved sports, especially football, and he worked with Salmen's football team as their trainer for a number of years and he and his brother, Richard, also enjoyed working as referees at local football games for years.



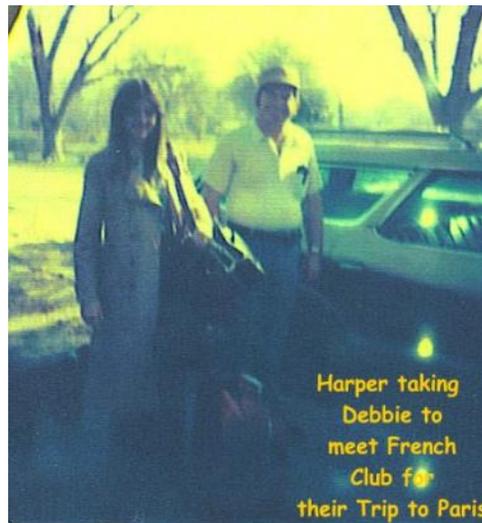
The Salmen Spartans became the football State Champions in 1994, and Harper was so proud of his team.



He was loved and respected as a teacher and would go the extra mile to help a student if he thought they were really trying. His students lovingly referred to him as "Mr.

Back" and would come to him for advice when they had a problem. He used his Christian love and influence to steer them in the right direction.

When Debbie was a Sr. in high school she had the opportunity to make a trip to Paris, France, with the high school French Club. She wanted to make that trip so bad but we could not afford to pay for it, so her daddy went to the bank with her and helped her borrow the money. When she returned she got a job and paid the money back herself. We were so proud of her for being so responsible and working to make a dream become a reality.



I guess this is a good example of one thing we always tried to show our children. If you really want something bad enough- just go for it!

Our lives continued to be busy but rewarding. We began to realize that our children were becoming young adults at a faster pace than we wanted them to. We all had many bumps in the road ahead, but we were always there for one another. You children- this is a gift of love passed on to you by your father and I pray that you will honor him by always being there for your children as he was for you. Unconditional love is what he had in his heart

for all of you. I just hope that you will know how blessed you were to have the earthly father that you had. Your daddy taught me that we had to remain steady and true so you kids could always depend on us and our relationship with the Lord. He would never compromise the standards that God had set in His word. He was kind and generous, honest, and open, clean minded and wise in speech. I never heard him call the Lord's name in vain or say a curse word- Never! He would always remind me that during rebellious times you were only trying to find your own way and that we needed to let go so that you could search out your own personal relationship with Jesus.

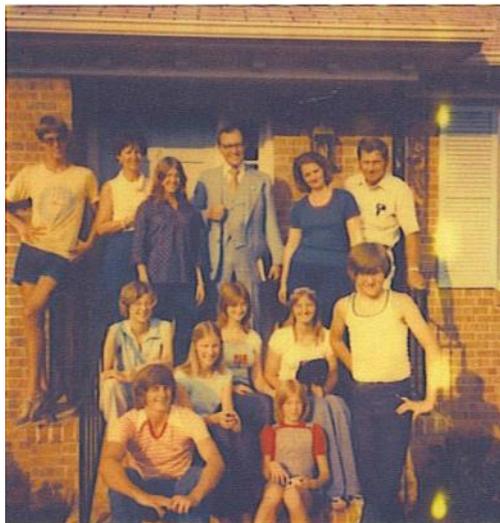
Thank you Lord for the strength you gave us as we tried to be good examples for our children. You are the Lord of their lives, not us. Your plans for them are sure and true.

Harper taught our children the principles of life that he wanted them to live by- not by lectures- but by living before them these principles. He was a kind and gentle man as he matured. (and I see this quality in you, Mark), although in his younger days he sometimes displayed a little bit of a "temper", but never in a destructive or abusive way.

It was usually when he was trying to get a point across to one of the children and didn't know quite how to do it. He was always very outgoing and friendly, with a positive attitude about everything he did. His smile could melt my heart in a minute- and he knew it!

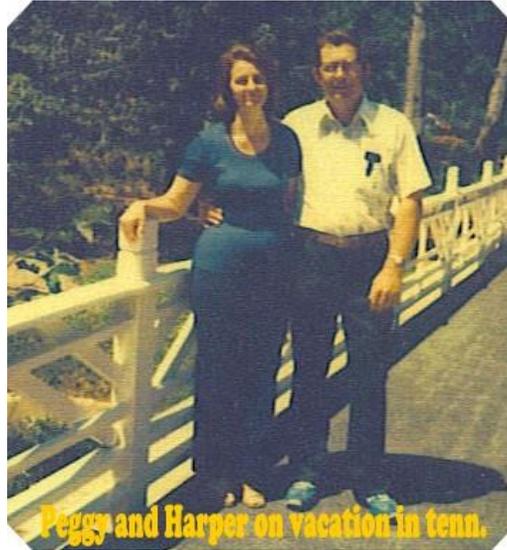
The seventies were moving swiftly along and life was bringing us all kinds of changes and challenges. We had planned another vacation for the summer of 1977 while all four of our children were still at home, and this was to be our last vacation together as a complete family unit. In May of that year my sister Sue's husband, Purcell Mitchell, who was only forty years old, died with a sudden heart attack. Marty was twelve years

old and Sabrina was ten years old. It grieved our hearts for them and their mother to see her lose her husband and them lose their father at such young ages. And it was not until I lost my own husband that I began to realize the extent of my sister's loss. Harper was not about to leave them at this sad time in their lives, so he talked Sue into coming with us. We had a Ford Esquire Station Wagon, so all nine of us packed into it and went on a vacation. We went to the East Coast along Myrtle Beach, S.C. (kids remember camping on the beach, and the mosquitoes!). We visited Washington D.C., went on to visit our former pastor, Bro. Oscar Whitescarver and his family in N.C.,



Vacation to visit Late
Whitescarver N.C. 70's

and came back through the mountains and went to Chattanooga, Tenn.



We all tried to enjoy this trip even though there were undertones of grief at having just lost another family member.

In 1977, just one year after Harper had finished college, Mark graduated from high school.



He started to college at PRC, but he had met Paula Johnson, whose family had moved to Picayune for a few months then back to Ga., so it wasn't long before Mark was in Ga. too! (Doesn't history repeat itself!) In April of 1978 they were married and would live in Ga. until the early eighties when they moved to La. and a short time later on to Ms. for several years before heading back to Ga. where they bought a home and established their life there.

In 1978, Debbie graduated from high school and decided to work a while before trying college.

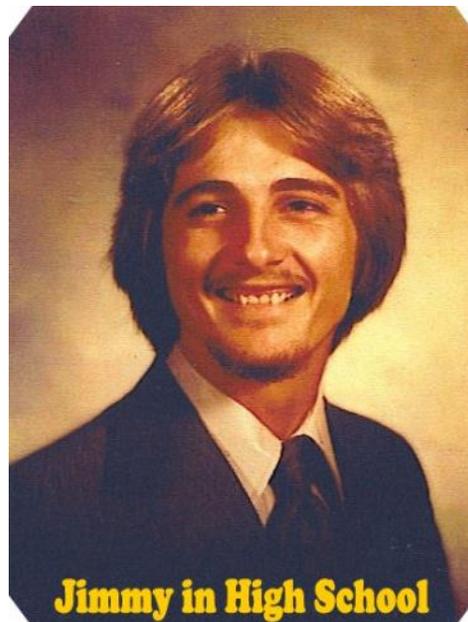


Life was moving on. Early in the school year of 77'-78', Gina, who was only fifteen years old, had met Bill Alligood and decided, much to our dismay, that she was going to quit school and get married, so they were married in May of 78'.



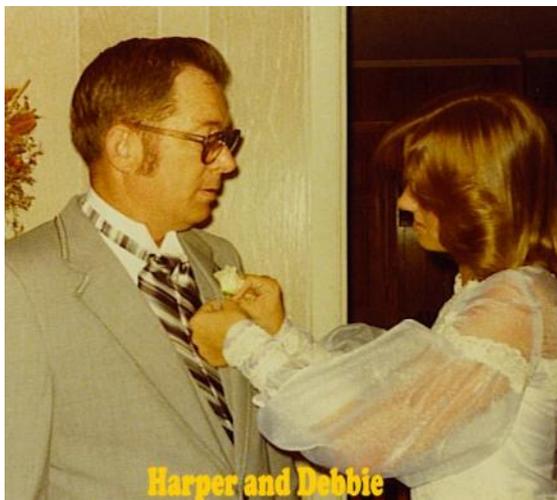
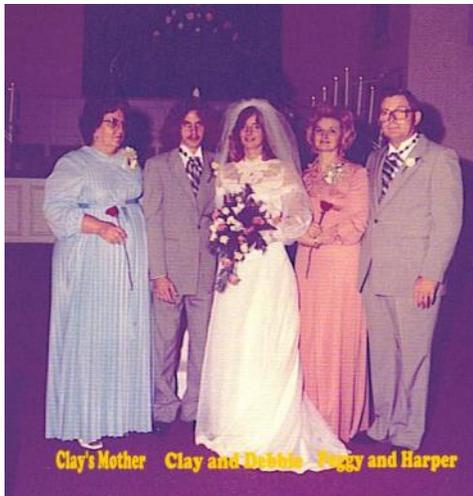
She was just not ready for this phase of life yet. But, no doubt about it, this Buckley clan had learned the phrase "just go for it" very well, with a fierce determination to do things their own way. So we just turned them over to the Lord and tried to be there when they needed us.

1979- by this time Jimmy was a senior in high school and struggling to make it, when all of a sudden he just quit school and went looking for a job.



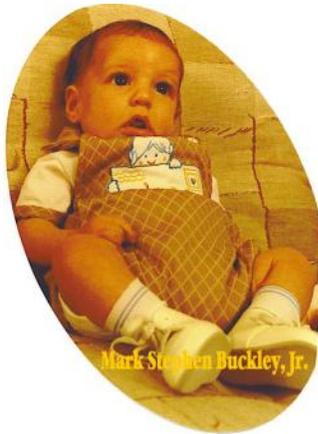
So at this point, none of our children were thinking about college, but having been taught that education was important, they would all eventually begin the task of finishing their education.

In Sept. of 79', Debbie married Clay Kiddy.



She continued to work at various jobs and for several years was happy with this, but she began to see the value of education in her life, so she decided she wanted to go on to college. She was to follow in her daddy's footsteps and become a school teacher.

Two other major events took place in 1979 that gave our lives a new dimension. We became grandparents! And we discovered the real meaning of this word. They were truly grand! In Feb. Mark Stephen Buckley, Jr. was born to Mark and Paula in Ga.,

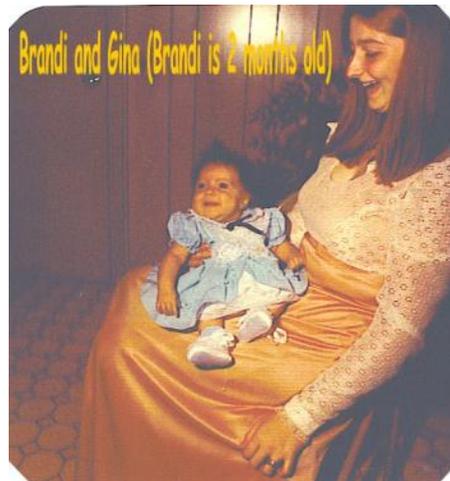


Mark Stephen Buckley, Jr.



Mark and Paula with Stephen (7 months of age)

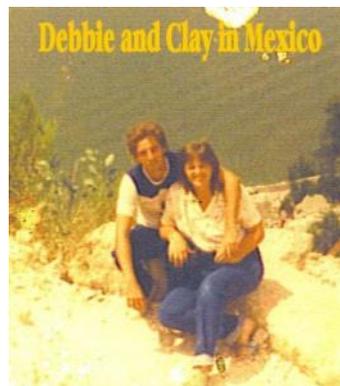
and in July Brandi Michelle was born to Gina and Bill Alligood, in Picayune.



Brandi and Gina (Brandi is 2 months old)

As soon as I found out we were going to be grandparents I had this wooden rocking baby cradle made and Debbie had a rocking horse made and we took them to Ga. The cradle has become a family heirloom and has been passed around through the years. All our grandbabies who were born into the family slept in it. Various cousins, nieces and nephews, and friends used it for their babies. Even several great grandbabies slept in it. As I write this, it is being used by my nephew Marty Mitchell's baby, Seth, born this Feb. And hopefully it will be used in Aug. by Chris and Karen's baby- Debbie's first grandbaby.

Also during the late 70's we began our Mexico Mission trips. Our pastor then was Bro. John Hilbur, who was very mission minded. He and his wife would later become short term missionaries to Barbatas, in the Philippine Islands. He had taken many trips to Mexico with his former church in Jackson, Ms. When he first mentioned taking a group from NPBC, Harper was one of the first ones to say "let's go" as he always had a heart for missions and the Lord's work. Many family members became involved with missions and made the trip to Mexico at different times. One year Debbie and Clay went,



One year Gina went and took Brandi when she was only four years old,



one year Harper's sister, Gwen, and her husband, Lee Rose, went and drove their motor home. Lee had a blast making ice cream for the Mexican children. One year Gwen's grandson, Scott Bilbo, went with us. Harper's cousin, Sue Stewart, went one year and has continued to make the trip several more times. In fact, she and I went last year, 2003, and plan to go again this July, 2004. We always have much work to do on these mission trips. Some of the men usually have a construction project to work on, such as helping to build or repair local church buildings. Different teams hold Vacation Bible School services for children and adults. It is a blessing to see people come to know the Lord through these efforts.

So the seventies were about to end and we had survived major changes in our lives and our family was increasing by leaps and bounds. With God's help, we had raised our family and we were so grateful that He had let us do it together.

All the years that you children were growing up, both your daddy and I had prayed that God would let us both live to see you grown and He granted us this miracle. Now we were seeing the next generation begin and we just felt so blessed to be able to still be here for our family.

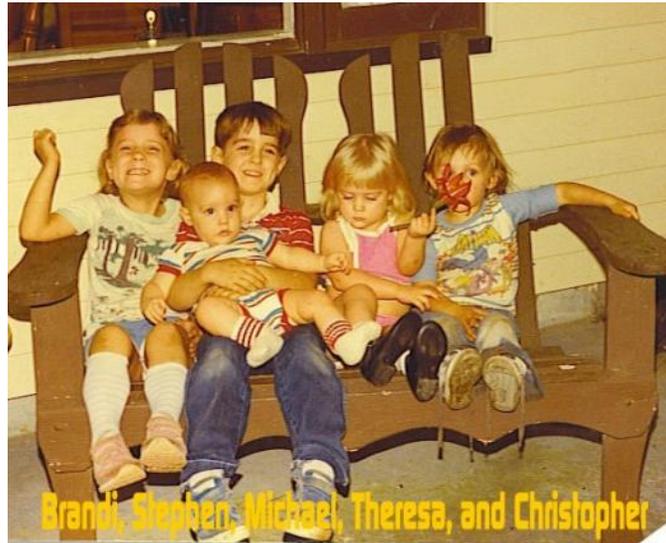
1980's

As we began this decade of our lives we were both still in good health, both still working, and trying to help our kids and help take care of the grandkids. No doubt about

*it we had a full life- it was never dull nor were we ever at a loss for something to do!
We thrived on this family activity and were grateful to both still be around.*

To all our grandkids: Each time one of you were born your papa always wanted us to be there. Stephen, when you were born in Ga. we went to see you. Brandi, Chris, and Theresa, you were all born in Picayune and your papa and I were there, and Michael, we went to Pontchatula, La. when you were born. And later, Caleb and Maggie, we went to Slidell, La. when you were born. Your papa was so proud of each one of you. He loved all of you so much and always tried to be there for you. And Jacqueline, I guess we could say that you were "born" into this family when your mom married Mark- and we were there. Misty and Shannon also when your dad married Debbie, Brian and Casey also when your mom married Jimmy. We even got to be there when you were born, Dylan, our first great grandson, born to Brandi and Lucas- Gina's first grand baby!



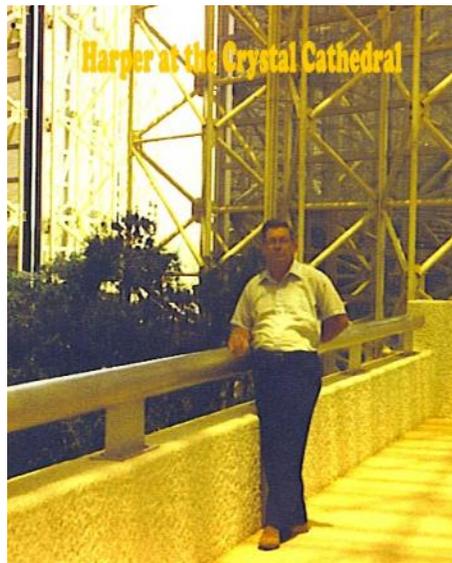


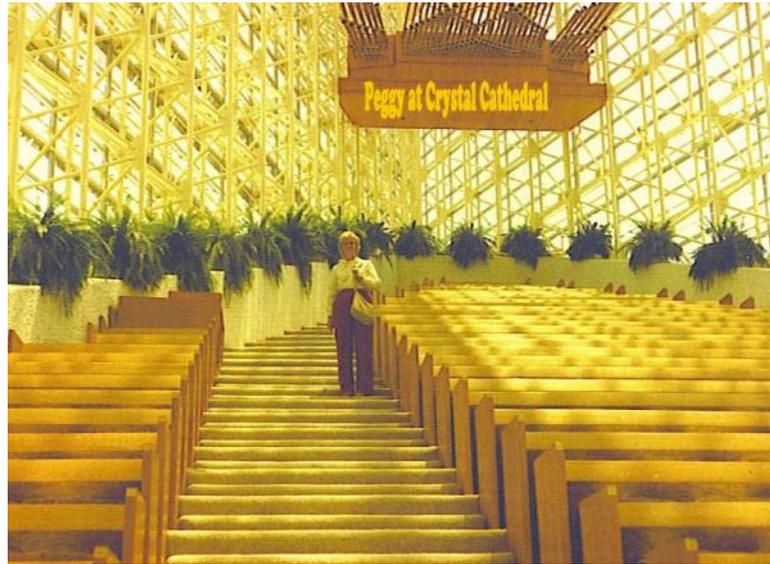
Harper had always liked to travel- in fact I believe that traveling was one of his most favorite things to do. We had enjoyed taking many, many trips together, both with our family, and with church groups, and occasionally just the two of us. Since I also enjoyed traveling, most any time he would say "let's go" I was ready.

But, the ultimate "trip of a lifetime" was about to take shape. He had always wanted to take me on a "round the world" tour. This was his dream! He would talk about taking me to some of the places where he served in the military. He would buy travel magazines and dream about going to faraway places as he flipped through the pages. Early in 83' he decided that in 1984 we would take this trip, so we set the date for June/July of 84" and began making our plans. Although we really could not afford this kind of a trip, my husband had this same fierce determination (that all his kids had inherited from him) to do what he really wanted to do, so he took money from his savings for us to do this.

Harper's brother, R.T., his wife, Fran, and their children, Amye and Michael, were in Bangladesh in Southeast Asia, where R.T. and Fran were serving as Baptist missionaries and Harper had talked so much about wanting to visit them. This was one of the highlights of our trip.

On June 27, 1984, we began our long awaited and anticipated trip. We were packed and ready to go! Mark, Paula, Stephen, and Michael took us to the airport in New Orleans and bid us farewell as we began this journey into the wild blue yonder! We flew first to California where we were met by Harper's cousin, Margaret Williams, and we spent a night and a day with her and her husband, Dean, in San Diego. She took us to many different places- one place was the famous Balboa Park and San Diego zoo. Then they drove us out to Coronado Island to see its beauty and the majestic Coronado Del Rey Hotel. Then they drove us on to Upland to visit with long time friends, Wayne and Gloria Stockstill, who were in evangelistic Christian work. We spent a day and a night there, and Wayne drove us to see Mount Baldy, and on to Los Angeles, where we spent two days with other Picayune friends, Mary and Billy Vickrey. We visited Hollywood, where we saw homes of many movie actors. We toured the well known Dr. Robert Schuller's Crystal Cathedral, which was so breathtaking!





We went to Knoxberry Farms, visited a movie set at CBS and watched a T.V. show "Body Language" being filmed. We had truly enjoyed California and seeing childhood friends, but we were ready for our adventure to continue, so Billy took us on to the airport where we departed for Hawaii. What can I say about Hawaii except that it was the most beautiful place with lush greenery everywhere and sandy white beaches and thousands of people everywhere. We spent two days there and enjoyed the beaches and the clear blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. We took a bus tour around the Island, toured the Dole Pineapple Factory, and just enjoyed the scenery. As we were winding down and preparing to leave Hawaii the next day, we had a surprise telephone call from guess who? Right! One of our kids- Mark- just checking up on us! We got up early the next morning and packed- and repacked- and repacked- and - oh well, we brought it all with us, so its bound to all go back in these bags! But we did buy a few souvenirs didn't we!

Our next stop was Tokyo, Japan, where we only had a brief two hour layover, so we did not get to do anything there but tour the airport and wonder what everybody was saying! When we arrived in Tokyo we had lost the rest of July 4th and gained part of July 5th. We had crossed the International Date Line and gone through five time zones. A strange

new experience! Shortest July 4th we ever spent! We next boarded the plane for Hong Kong where we had planned to spend that night in the Christian Guest House, but when we finally located it, they were closed for the night, so we had to locate a hotel, the Ambassador Hotel, and pay a premium price. Hong Kong was inhabited by millions of people in high rise apartment buildings which looked like they were stacked on top of one another. People everywhere! The next day we boarded a plane and our next stop was Bangkok, Thailand. This land is primarily Hindu. There were elaborate temples and mosques everywhere, so beautiful, but heartbreaking to know those people were worshiping false Gods instead of the one true God, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

We did something there that I would never do again. We actually visited a SNAKE farm and sat in an open arena while five young men performed with this twenty foot Python! I can't believe we did that!

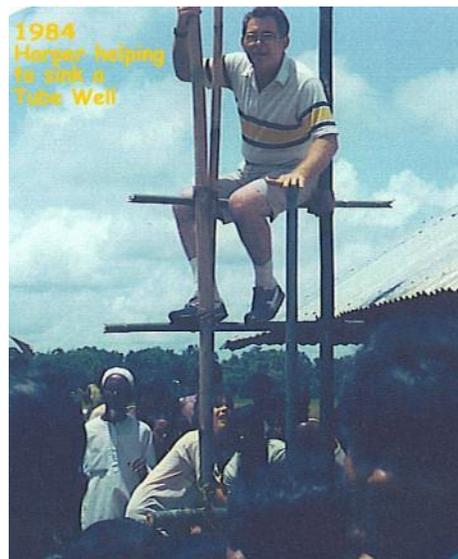
As we boarded the next plane we were Bangladesh bound! That was a long flight, so we watched movies and read books, but were too excited to sleep! As we neared land and started preparing to descend to the ground, what we saw was water everywhere, as this was the "monsoon" season in South East Asia. When the plane finally stopped- there were people everywhere. We had landed in Dhaka, Bangladesh.



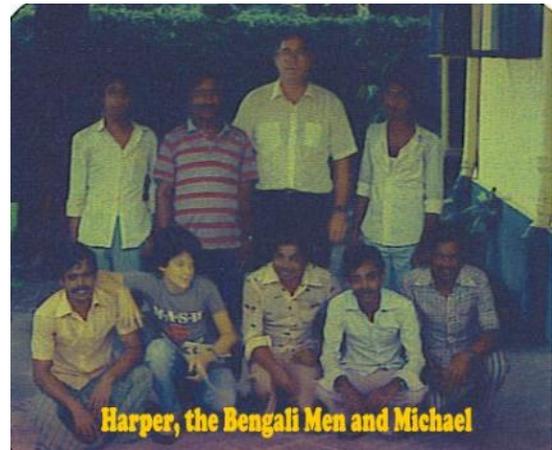
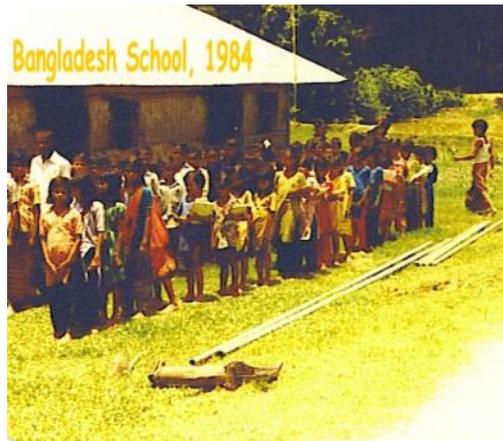
We began anxiously scanning the horizon to find a familiar face- then we saw them- R.T., Fran, Amye, and Michael, waving frantically to us. Boy, what a relief!



We spent three weeks with them experiencing culture shock as we were introduced to this different way of life. We witnessed the simplicity of these village people as we walked mountain trails with R.T., saw the tube wells the missionaries were helping to put down to provide clean, safe water for these people. Harper was excited as he got to help sink one of these wells.

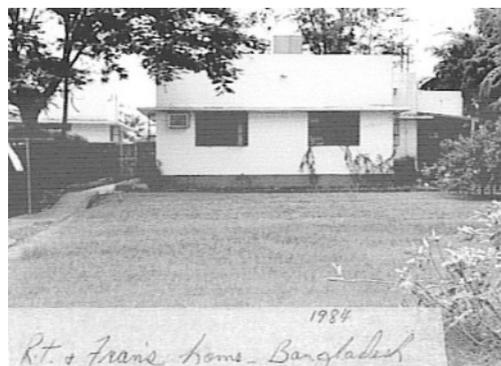


We toured different villages with R.T., met some of the village people he was working with, saw the small school buildings where the Bengali children were taught.



And we ate in the homes of some of these humble, lovable people. We were treated like royalty.

R.T. and Fran were living in the town of Comilla while we were there



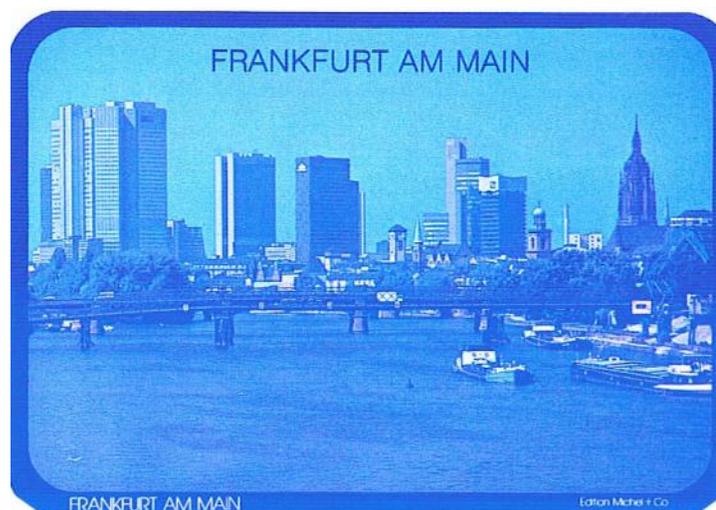
and they took us into Dhaka to the Bangabazar where vendors had set up shop to sell their wares. These were very talented and crafty people. We viewed colorfully dyed and beautifully embroidered cloth made into dresses, tablecloths, and blankets, hand-woven

baskets, leather belts, jewelry, and many other things. We rode through the streets in their rickshaws (small two wheeled carts driven by young Bengali men riding on bicycles.) We did many other things. Fran's mother, Mrs. Louise Gognes, had also made the trip to Bangladesh with another missionary's mother.

We visited with missionary friends of R.T. and Fran, visited a new hospital being built, went to worship services and groups that R.T. was teaching and toured this beautiful land inhabited by millions of people hungry to learn about Jesus. Some of these people who became Christians were disowned by their families and suffered persecution and rejection for their dedication to the Lord. This visit to Bangladesh was an experience I shall never forget.- We talked about it for years. Harper's dream now was to return one day and bring all his children to this land but he never got to do this. We had spent a busy and fun filled three weeks and Harper had fulfilled his long time wish of visiting his missionary brother and seeing first hand how God used these dedicated Christians to help spread the Gospel in these foreign lands.

After we left Bangladesh we went on to Calcutta, India, and on to New Delhi where we visited the Tajma Hal and Harper rode a camel. We were now ready to leave the Far East behind. It had been a unique experience but we were ready for Europe! We would now be introduced to the world of subways and trains as we had purchased tickets to "ride the rails" through Europe. On this part of our journey we mostly did "sight seeing" as we had to go where the trains went, but we did make a few interesting over night stops along the way. One of the very most beautiful countries we saw was Switzerland. In Zurich we stayed at a Bed & Breakfast Lodging and were treated very well. We spent one night at the Baptist Seminary in Ruschlikon, located on a mountain side where you could look down and view the homes in the valleys below, all neat and clean with colorful flowers blooming in window boxes. It was so breathtaking- just like a magazine picture!

We visited Salzburg, Austria, Copenhagen, Denmark, and toured other Scandinavian countries- Norway, Sweden, and Finland. In Finland we took a one night cruise aboard a gigantic ship from Helsinki, Finland, to Stockholm, Sweden. I think that I enjoyed this more than Harper because he was not too fond of ships but he did this because I wanted to. One of the places he had always talked about wanting to show me was called "Hitler's Tea House"- a unique restaurant up on a mountain side in Frankfurt, Germany.

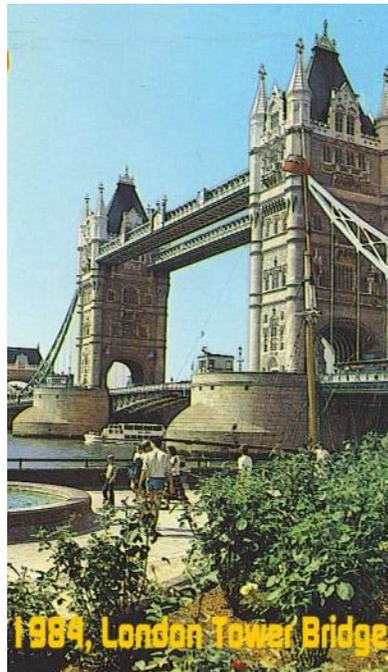


He had been to see this while in the military. You could drive only part way up the mountain, then you had to take an elevator up through the mountain to the top. This was

unique. The views out across this vast expanse were truly awesome! Another interesting thing we did in Germany was took a tour via cable car through a salt mine.

We visited Amsterdam and a surprising thing happened. We were standing in line waiting for a street car when we met this American couple who not only knew where Picayune, Ms. was, but had actually been there! I guess it's a small world after all! In Holland we viewed their windmills, which were everywhere, and enjoyed seeing acres and acres of beautiful tulips in bloom.

We landed at Heathroe Airport in London, England. While there we witnessed the "Changing of the Guards" at Buckingham Palace, which was precisely and solemnly performed.



It would be impossible to recall everything we did and every place we went on this "once in a life time" journey around the world, so I just tried to cover some of the things that

were special to me and meant a lot to your daddy. I also wanted you kids to know that this trip was a gift of love from your daddy to me. He had fulfilled another one of his dreams and it brought him much satisfaction. As we experienced new cultures, worshiped in churches large and small, tasted new and unfamiliar foods, intermingled with people of all races and creeds, and looked beyond the poverty of some parts of the world, we saw first hand the magnificent beauty of the world God had created. We were reminded that all God's creatures are precious to Him and that they all don't enjoy the creature comforts that we have in the USA. So this trip was a very humbling experience for us. It was one of the highlights of our life together.

We had been gone from home about six weeks, had seen and done so much and we were both exhausted. I didn't realize until then that traveling was such an exhausting thing. So we were ready to come home. We flew back to the US, made several plane changes, and landed in New Orleans, where we were met by Debbie and Gina and excited grandchildren, who were glad to see Nanny and Papa again.

By this time Debbie and Gina were both divorced and were pursuing their college educations. They would both go on to finish college at USM. Gina with a BS Degree in Architectural Drafting and Debbie with a BS Degree in Education and later a Master's in Education. Childhood dreams and ambitions had surfaced and they displayed again this fierce determination to just "go for it." So as single moms they both tackled this phase of their lives with gusto, juggling classes, kids, part-time jobs, and study time. And I want you girls to know, just in case it never got through to you- your daddy and I were so proud of you! You had learned well and were willing to make the sacrifice to fulfill your dreams. A family trait taught to you by your daddy. One that I hope you will pass on to your children.

1985- It was around this time that Harper began to realize that his mother's health was deteriorating and she probably could not stay by herself much longer, so his family began looking at how best to care for her.



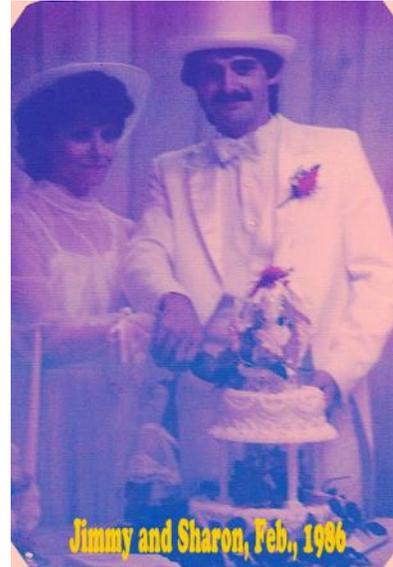
Life can change so quickly and in our family change seemed to be the name of the game. Mark was following in his daddy's footsteps as he moved his family from Ga. to La., then to Ms., and back to Ga. during the early 80's. He finally was able to buy a home for them in Covington, Ga., much like his daddy did for us when we settled in Mesquite, Texas, and they made their home there. We were proud of Mark as he established himself and worked hard to support his family just like his daddy had always done. He had also learned the Christian principles taught to him by his daddy and me and applied them to his life as he raised his boys. He tried to raise them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He worked in his church and was ordained as a deacon at a young age. He has always been interested in music and has helped in the music programs of churches where he has worshiped, sings in the choir, and sometimes sings solos. Due to his interest and ability in music, I gave my piano to him when he moved back to Ga.

The years continued to whiz by. Our family was scattered. Everybody was busy. We were both working full time jobs, but any time someone in the family needed us we tried to be there. Since Mark was now in Ga., we tried to visit them every few months. We missed them and our grandsons. We still enjoyed traveling and took vacations to the mountains as often as we could. One summer we went with Debbie and Gina and all the kids to Disney World in Florida and had a blast!

By this time-1985- we moved into the house with Granny Buckley, as now she could no longer stay by herself. Harper's brothers and sisters and their spouses took turns caring for her on the weekends. And we had a sitter stay with her during the day time hours Mon. through Fri., so I could continue to work. We all worked together out of hearts of love and devotion to care for this aged mother who had devoted her life to caring for her family. We could see that she was growing weaker and on Nov. 14, 1985, God called her to Heaven. She had been an inspiration to me as I witnessed her dedication to serving the Lord, and sometimes her loneliness at releasing her youngest child, R.T. Jr., to serve the Lord on the other side of the world and only getting to see him every four years. Her children would rise up to call her Blessed!

In 1986 Harper and I bought Granny Buckley's house from R.T. as she had left it to him instead of land. He and Fran had bought the house across the street, from Colleen, that she and J.P. had built. So we had a nice house and the "ole house" stood empty for years before it would eventually be restored by our daughter, Gina. Harper loved that ole house with a passion! We could see it deteriorating as empty houses do, but he could not bear to tear it down. Now it stands- home again to a proud Buckley descendant- and a place for all the family to gather at times and reminisce about their life in that old house! Happy times of long ago- gone but not forgotten.

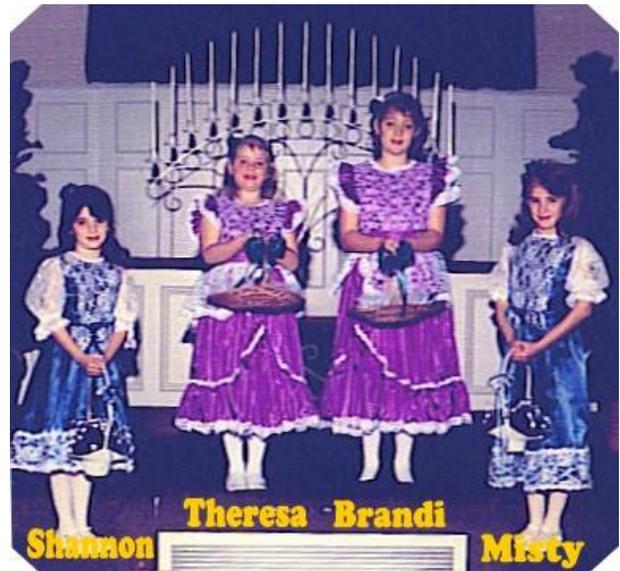
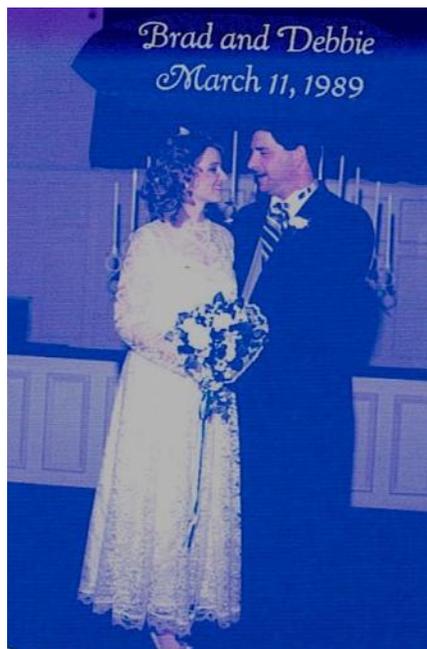
The 80's were moving on and our family kept increasing. In Feb., 1986, Jimmy married Sharon Palmer, and we had two more grandsons- Brian, seven years old, and Casey, three years old.



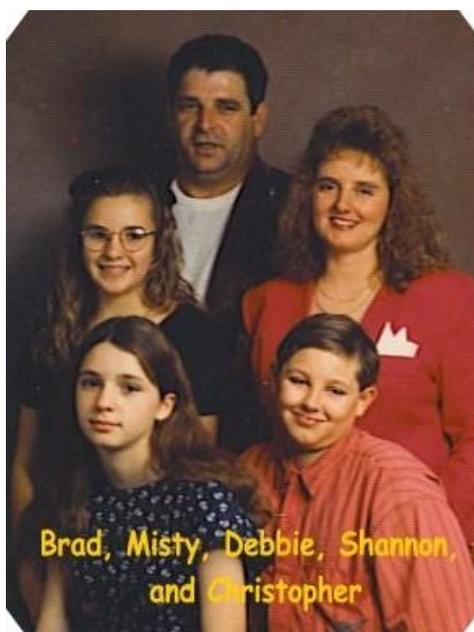
Jimmy was a kind and gentle young man, like his daddy. He was a good provider for his young family, but not get interested in furthering his education, but that would come

later. He was a fun loving person who was always ready to give a helping hand. They lived in Picayune except for a brief stay in Memphis, Tenn. Jimmy quickly and quietly developed a strong bond with his two young sons that could only have come from being raised in a home where love abounded and having a father who loved his children. He taught them many of the things he had been taught as a child- to be kind and love others.

In March of 1989, Debbie married Brad Morrison and we had two more granddaughters, Misty, eleven years old, and Shannon, nine years old.



By this time we had a total of nine grandchildren. God had increased our family by leaps and bounds. We were truly thankful for each one and we loved these children placed in our family by marriage rather than by birth. Debbie had graduated from USM with a BS Degree and earned her Master's in education. She had taught for two years in Picayune when they moved to Brookhaven, Ms., where she taught in the high school there. They would live there until 1995 before moving back to Picayune. A family of five now, blended together and striving to keep things going.



Harper and I made many trips to visit our kids during these years- brief trips just to keep in touch and be a part of their lives. We continued to hit the road quite often as we tried to touch base with Mark and his family in Ga.- Jimmy and his family when they were in Tenn., and Debbie and her family in Brookhaven. Gina was usually in or around Picayune. Just so you kids will know- your papa was happiest when he was around you! You all brought much joy into his life.

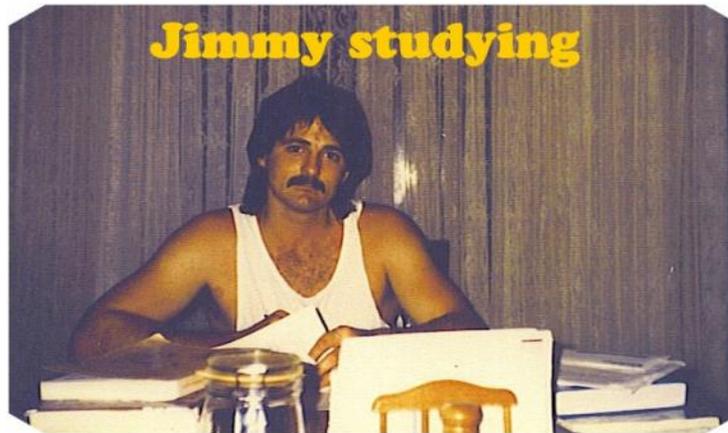
The 90' - Last Decade of the Century

By 1990, my sister, Sue, and I were caring for our mother in our homes. I would keep her one year and Sue would keep her one year. My sister, Charlotte was by this time married and living in Denver, Colo. She had spent years living with mama and taking care of her.

We both had the assistance of Home Health with nurses and nurse's aides coming to help with her care as we both were working. Eventually she reached the point of not being able to stay by herself, so we had sitters with her during the day time.

1991 - Gina graduated from USM with a BS Degree in Architectural Drafting. Her girls were growing up, and she continued to be their sole support. Jobs in her field were not plentiful in our area, so she made several moves to find employment.

1992 Up until this time we had faced and conquered many trials, but nothing like we were about to face as our youngest son, Jimmy, was tragically killed on July 5th, in Pearlington, Ms., in a water skiing accident. We were totally devastated.



James Michael "Jimmy" Buckley

Services for James Michael "Jimmy" Buckley of Picayune are to be held today, July 7, at 4:00 p.m. at New Palestine Baptist Church in Picayune.

Jimmy's body will lie in state at the church for one hour prior to the services. He was 31 years of age and died July 5, 1992, in Pearlington, MS. A native of Picayune, Jimmy was a carpenter and a member of the New Palestine Baptist Church of Picayune.

He was survived by his wife, Sharon Malley Buckley of Picayune; two sons, Brian Palmer and Casey Palmer, both of Picayune; his parents, James Harper Buckley and Peggy Lenoir Buckley, both of Picayune; two sisters; Debbie Buckley Morrison of Brookhaven and Gina Buckley of Picayune; one brother, Mark Buckley of Covington, GA.; and one grandmother, Mrs Mary Page Lenoir of Picayune.

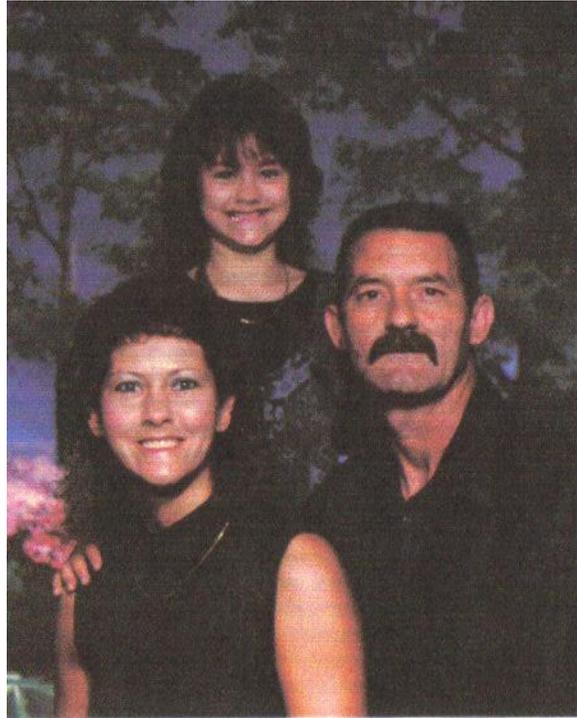
Services will be conducted by Brother Ed Knox of Columbus, MS and burial will be in New Palestine Cemetery with McDonald Funeral Home officiating.

He was so young- only thirty one years old, with a wife of only six years and two young sons. I was so angry with God for a long time until I began to realize that He has a plan for each life and we must accept His Divine plan and go on. God led us through this time of pain and sorrow to a time of healing.

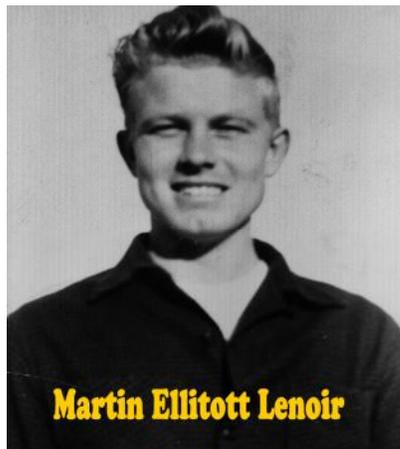
Harper was there for me even though he was grieving for the loss of his son also. I am so grateful that I had him to help me understand and accept Jimmy's death and go on. This is when he first said to me "you know, sweetheart, that death is only God's way of getting us all up to Heaven. That eventually brought much peace and comfort to me.

Jimmy had a zest for life and lived it to the fullest like his daddy. He was the picture of health, but God had a plan for his life on this earth. He had struggled with various jobs to support his young family and the year before he died he had finally decided that maybe he would go to college after all! He had started in the nursing program at PRC- so I was going to have one of my children follow in my footsteps- but it was not to be. So, we had to say goodbye to you, Jimmy. And although you are gone from this earth, you have not been forgotten. Every time I see Mark Stockstill, or Harold Cook, or Louis Mitchell, we talk about you and the things you used to do together. I know you are waiting for us in Heaven- you and your daddy!

1993- We were coping with life as best as we could after losing our son, but death was about to strike our family again as my youngest brother, Gary Wayne Lenoir, was killed in a MVA while on duty as a Pearl River Co. Deputy Sheriff. He was forty four years old with a wife, Becky, and young daughter, Nikki.



We were filled with sorrow again. I really believe at this time that our mother just kind of gave up on life. She had lost her oldest son, Martin, in 1954, at the age of twenty,

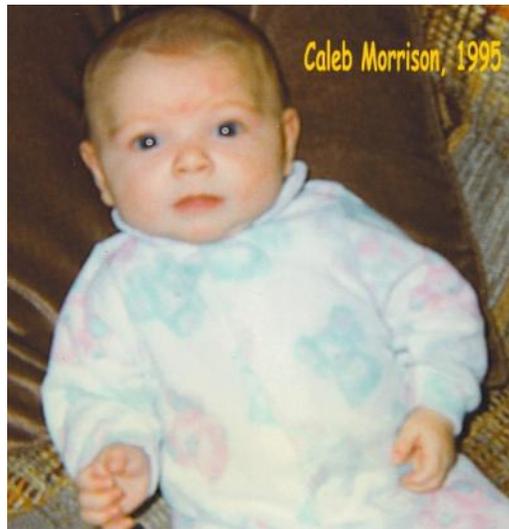


had lived twenty-two years without our dad, and now her baby son was gone. This was in July of that year.

In Aug. of 93' Gina married Bill Penton and they spent a short time in Atlanta, Ga., in Brookhaven, Ms, and Jackson, Ms. before moving back to Picayune.

Mother was tough, so she struggled on for awhile , then Diabetes and also grief began to take its toll on her. As she came back to live with us in May of 1995, I could see her getting weaker so I took a leave of absence from my job to take care of her.

1995 - Debbie and Brad moved back from Brookhaven in May and they stayed with us until they could find a house. And Misty had a bad MVA and lived with us as we nursed her back to health. Harper had taken a year of Sabbatical leave for the 1995-96 school year to help me. In Aug. Caleb was born to Debbie and Brad,



and in Sept. they moved into Gwen's house next door, which they would later buy. We were a full house and life was busy, but we all worked to keep things running smoothly. For the rest of that school year Harper kept Caleb while Debbie went back to her teaching job. I'm glad that he had those early months with his papa . We also had the privilege of helping Misty with Precious for a few months while she lived next door with

Brad and Debbie and worked in Slidell. Our children continued to meet life's challenges head-on as they faced new and difficult situations. We could not always be there when they had a problem, but they had been taught who to take their problems to. They all had a strong faith in God that would sustain them through any situation, and we saw them overcome many trials as they were maturing and making their way through life.

Mother's condition continued to deteriorate, and she died on Nov. 1, that year at the age of eighty three. "Mama" as we all called her was a meek and humble person, but at the same time she could be a little "feisty" if the situation demanded it of her. She had a special love in her heart for all her children and grandchildren and would always be ready to help any one of us if she could. She was always there for us. We all loved her and would miss her very much. She was truly a "Pearl of Great Price" and I know that she too is waiting for us in Heaven.



Harper had turned sixty in 1994 and I was approaching it at full speed, so we began wondering if we shouldn't slow down a little bit, but we never could find a "slowing down" place and we both still seemed to be in fairly good health, so we just kept going.

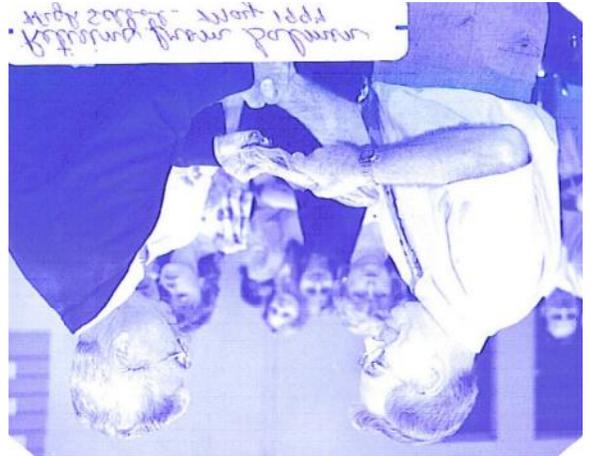
We made mission trips to Mexico every summer that we had the opportunity, traveled with our senior choir from NPBC "the Joyful Singers,"



Joyful Singers

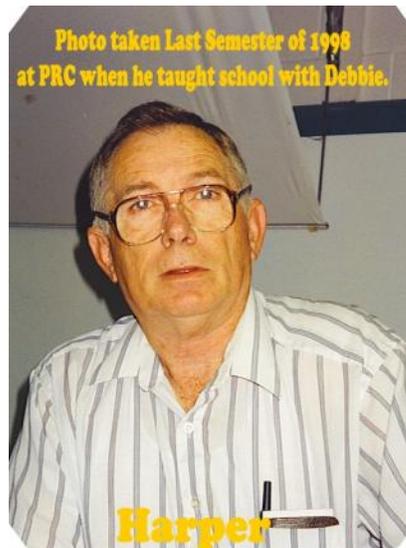
went to Ga. to see Mark and his family, and other places as the occasion arose.

Harper went back to his teaching job for the school year 1996-97 and made the decision to retire at the end of that school year, so he was a very happy man when he finally retired in May, 1997, at the age of 62.





He came back and taught school for one more semester at Pearl River Central High School, in Ms., then he retired for good. We were still able to travel, so we planned a vacation trip to Canada for the fall of that year.



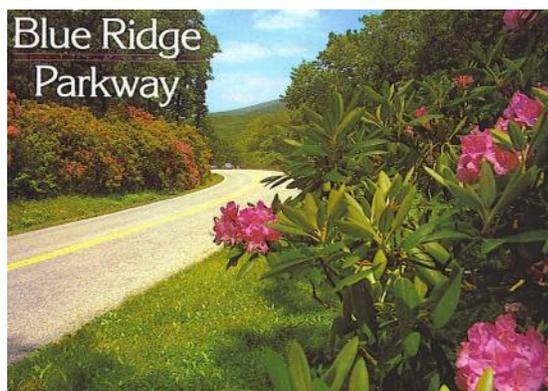
As soon as he retired, he started talking about us making another long trip while we were still able to travel. But, we needed to purchase another vehicle before starting off

on an extended trip, so that is when we bought the van that Harper came to like so much- A red 1994 Ford Aerostar, and made our long awaited trip to Canada!

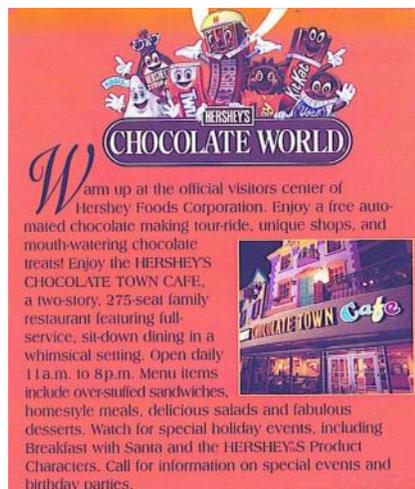


On Sept. 19, 1997, we left Picayune- destination Canada! But we made many stops along the way to visit friends and family, some we had not seen in many years. We spent the first night in Covington, Ga. with Mark and his family, then drove on to Gastonia, N.C. and had a good visit with Bro. Oscar Whitescarver and his wife, Patty, and reminisced about his years as our pastor at NPBC.

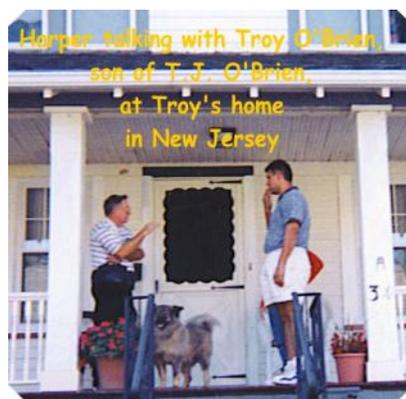
We next traveled through the Blueridge Parkway which was just so beautiful. It brought tears to our eyes just to see the beauty of it all.



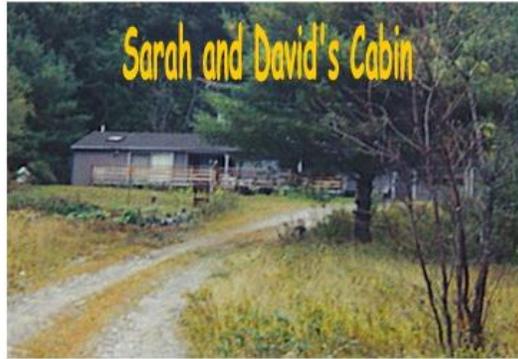
We went to Toms Brook, Va. And spent the night with my cousin, June Merritt Schmeelk and her family. Hagerstown, Md. was next on our itinerary, but we missed seeing Harper's cousin, Margaret Williams, and her husband, Dean. We went on to see the Hershey Chocolate Factory, in Hershey, Pa. where we took a chocolate-making tour ride, toured the Hershey Museum and heard the story of Milton S. Hershey and his unique factory town.



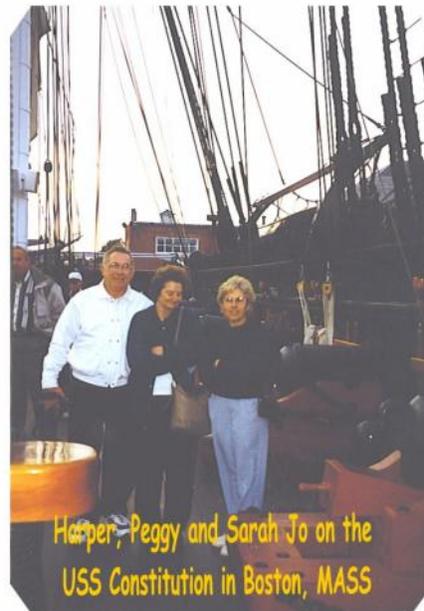
We made a short stop to visit with my brother-in-law, T.J.O'Brien's son, Troy, in Elizabeth, N.J.



Next, we spent five days with Harper's cousin, Sarah Jo Furr DeAngelis, and her husband, David. We toured Wayland, Mass. where they lived and Littleton, N.H. where they had a cabin up in the mountains.

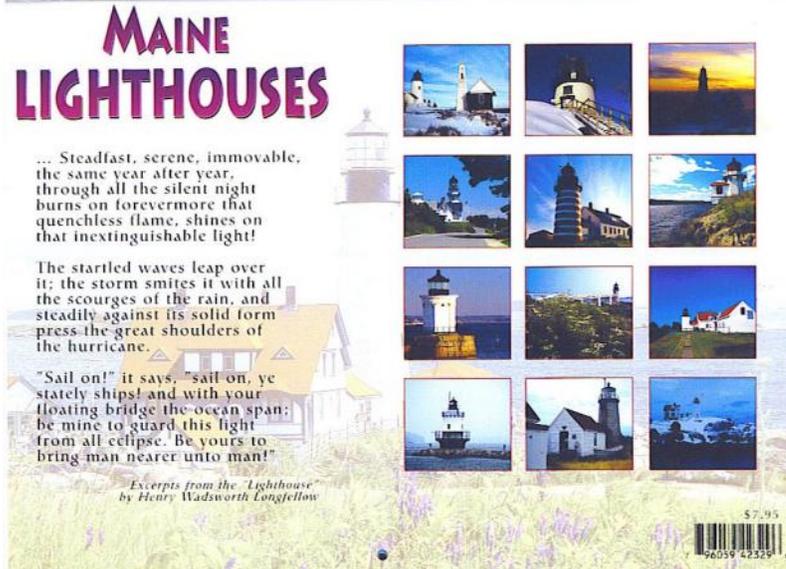


They took us into Boston where David showed us the city and Sarah took us shopping and we toured Boston City Park, and went aboard the ship- the U.S.S. Constitution. We had a marvelous, fun-filled time with them and had wanted to go back sometime.



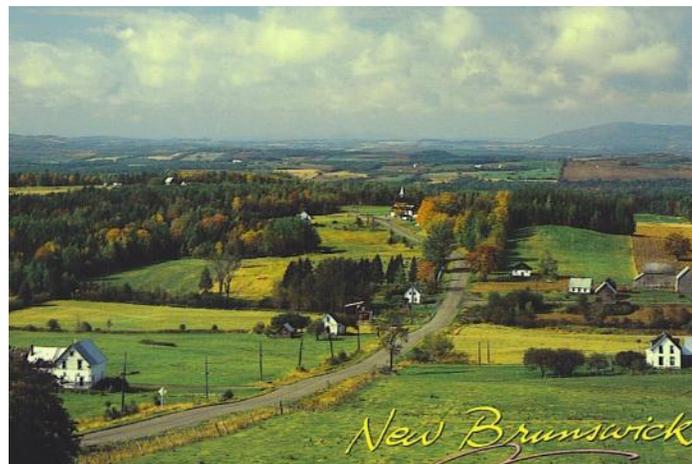
We left Mass. and drove into Maine where we saw many of their lighthouses.

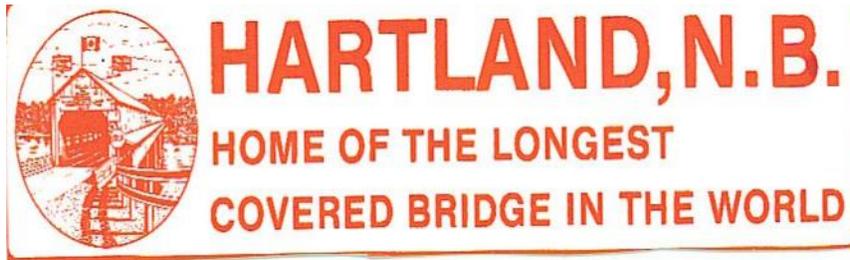
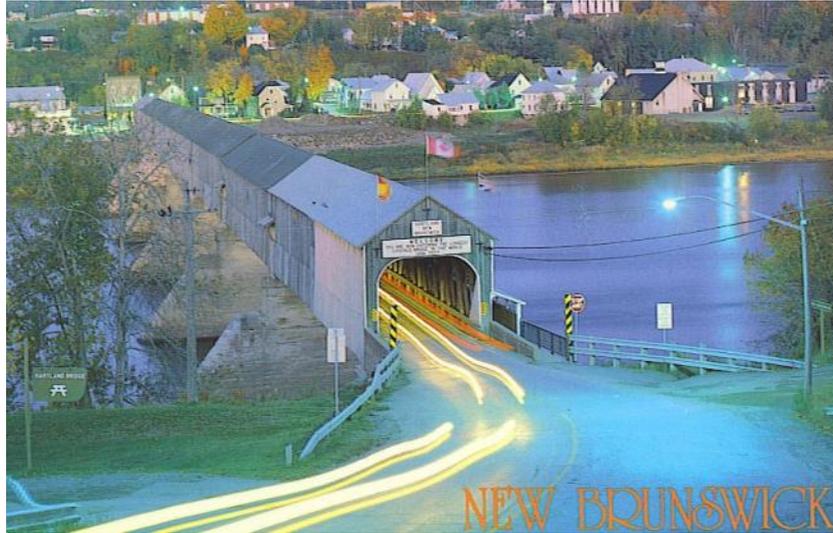
One of the most famous ones and also the most photographed one was the Hubble Light House where we saw the clear blue waters of the Atlantic Ocean from York Beach.



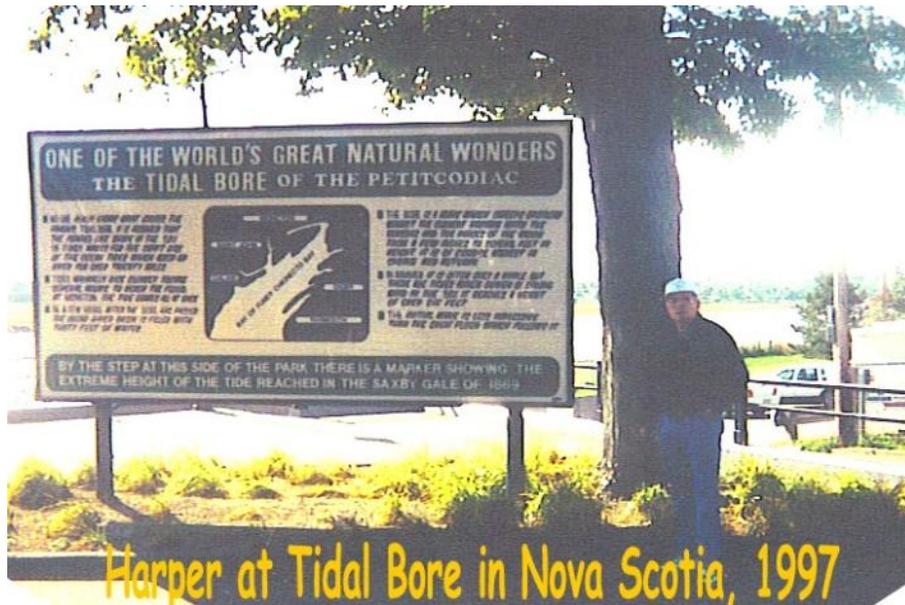
The next day we left Bangor, Maine and drove into Canada.

First we drove to New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and crossed over the longest covered bridge in the world.





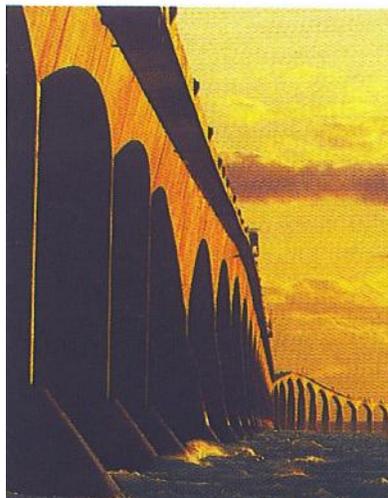
Harper had talked many times about the "Mighty Tidal Bore" at the Bay of Fundi in Hopewell Rock, Nova Scotia- which is a natural phenomenon seen in very few parts of the world. It is noted for it's extremely high tides- the highest in the world, and for its tidal bores which cause rivers to reverse their direction of flow right before your very eyes. We viewed the low tide one morning and watched as a young deer was rescued from the rocks at the bottom of the ocean- then we came back late that afternoon and high tide was twenty feet high! Awesome!



We then crossed over from Nova Scotia to Prince Edward Island via the Confederation Bridge- a nine mile bridge which had just opened in June, connecting Nova Scotia with PEI and eliminating crossing via ferry.

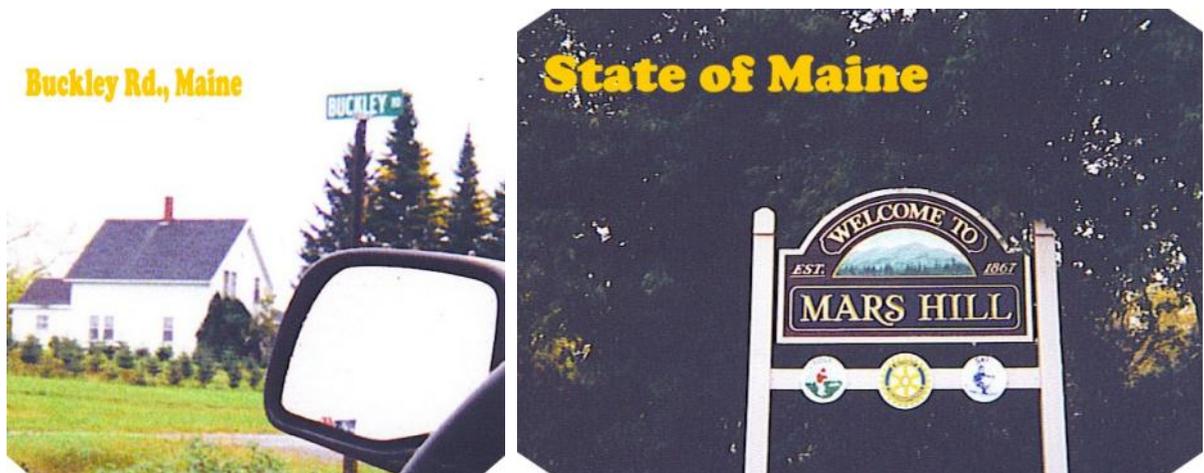
TEN MINUTES SHORE TO SHORE

The trip across the new
Confederation Bridge,



As we explored the coast line we saw many historic sites and we enjoyed just sitting on a hillside taking in the view, and hiking part of the network of trails called the "Confederation Trail".

We crossed back over into Maine and drove to a place called "Mars Hill", where we came across a "Buckley Road."



Then we crossed the border back into Canada via the Trans-Canadian Highway- drove through Quebec- Toronto- and Ontario- where we watched Niagara Falls from the Canadian side. We drove into New York and saw Niagara Falls from the US side.



The falls were just so beautiful and I had always wanted to go there but never thought I would get to do it.

We drove through Ohio where we visited the Ohio Amish Country, saw their furniture factories, country stores, gift shops, and toured an Amish home and working farm. We left Ohio and drove on to Shelbyville, Ind. where we spent the afternoon reliving days gone by with two of my aunts, Edna Thomas, and Betty Douglas, two of my daddy's sisters, and Aunt Bet's daughter, Sandy. We had not seen them in many years.

We drove on to Lexington, Ky. and visited with Jim and Betty McKinley, missionary friends who had served in Bangladesh with R.T. and Fran. On we went- to Pigeon Forge, Tenn. And did some shopping- then on to Atlanta to pick up Harper's computer from Mark, who had worked on it while we were gone.

We were heading south now! We went to visit with some of our former pastors.

We stopped in Columbus, Ms. and spent Sunday afternoon with Bro. Ed Knox and went to Sunday night services with them, then over to Charleston, Ms. the next day and spent several hours with Bro. Grover Glenn. Then on to Picayune, and HOME!

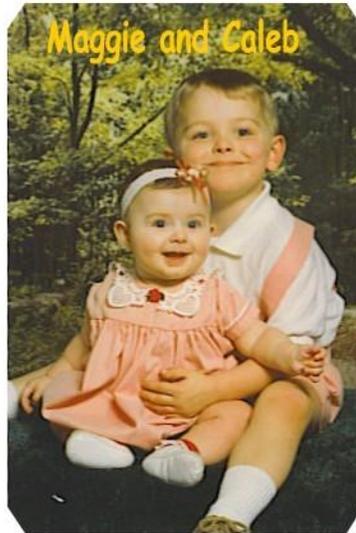
We had driven 6,486 miles. So, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!" We had added another adventure to our long list of travels, experienced many new and different things, and marveled again at the beauty of God's world. When we returned home from this trip I went back to my job and worked for another year before I retired.

Dec. 24, 1997- Our 40th Wedding Anniversary! Four decades of life together. Trials and tribulations, joys and sorrows, happiness and sadness, successes and failures, times of plenty and times of want- all blended together into a life focused on faith in Jesus Christ and knowing that come what may, our Lord would be there with us.

On Aug. 10, 1998, I retired after twenty five years in the nursing profession. Four days later on Aug. 14, Maggie was born to Debbie and Brad.



Between Caleb and Maggie, they had lost a baby through mis-carriage and we now lovingly refer to this baby as "Heaven Baby." Since we were both retired now and they lived next door to us, we decided to keep Maggie for Debbie during her first year. Everything was going good when all of a sudden, in Oct., I had a heart attack, but God is so good! He let me have a complete recovery, so we went ahead with our plans and kept Maggie while Debbie finished teaching that school year. I'm so glad that her papa had that special time with her.



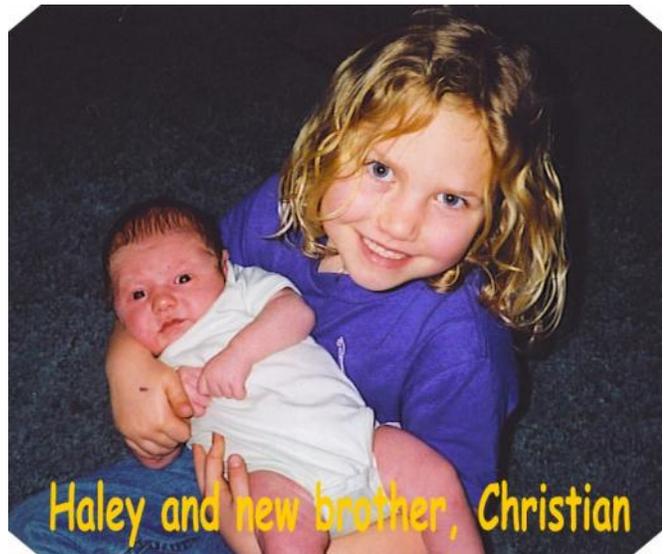
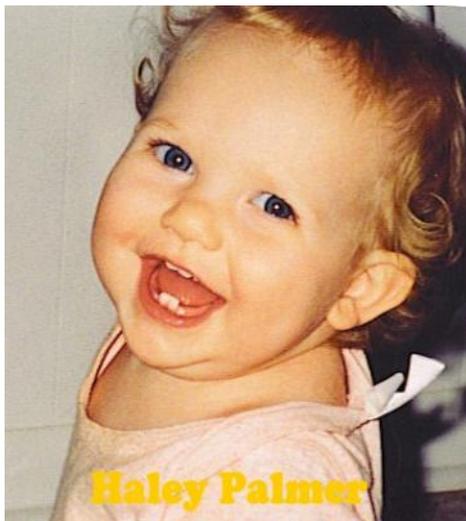
With a family the size of ours, change is inevitable, so life changes kept coming. Jimmy's oldest son, Brian, married Kimberlee Couch this year



and Gina and Bill Penton were divorced. In early 1999, in Ga , other life changes were taking place as Mark and Paula were divorced, and in Picayune, Gina's oldest daughter, Brandi, was married to Lucas Procell,



and Haley was born to Brian and Kimberlee- Jimmy's first grandchild. Of course we were there! Jimmy would have been so proud!



In Nov. 1999, Harper first began having frequent, severe headaches. In early Nov. he spent a week in Slidell Memorial Hospital undergoing many tests, brain scans, and MRI's. Every conceivable disease process that doctors tested for was ruled out. Some type of mass kept showing up on MRI's but they could not determine what was happening to him.

In early Dec., we went to LSU Medical Center in New Orleans for a second opinion and more brain scans and MRI's were done. This mysterious mass seemed to have disappeared and doctors were mystified as to what was going on- but we were not! We had prayed for a miracle and God simply chose to answer our prayers. We could not know that we would only have two more years together on this earth, but we thanked God for each day He gave us together, and this is when we truly learned the wisdom of taking life one day at a time.

On Dec. 2nd of this same year God blessed us with our first great grandson, Dylan, born in Hattiesburg, Ms. to Brandi and Lucas Procell- Gina's first grandchild. And, yes, Dylan, we were there for this special day to welcome you into our family.

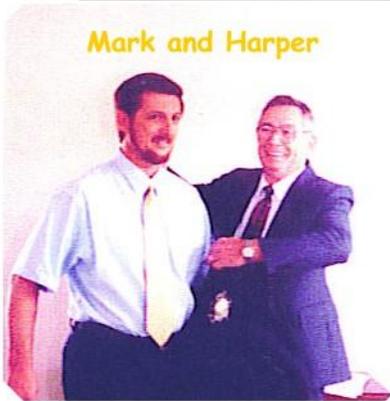
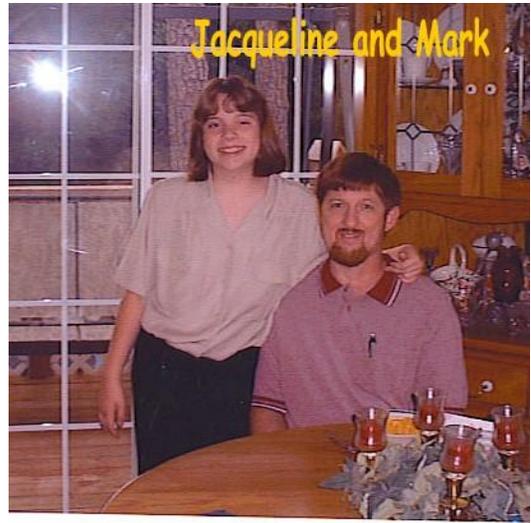
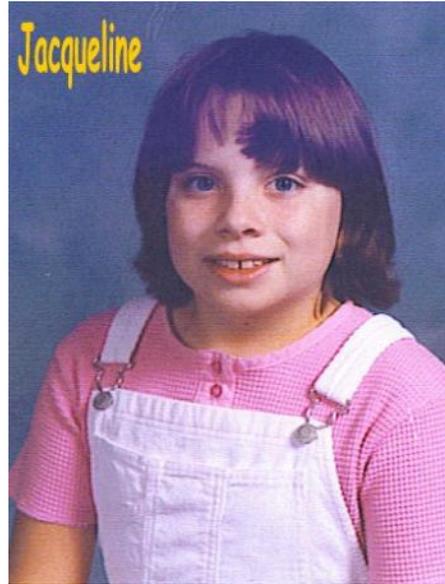




We had been reminded of just how precious and fragile life is and we just felt so blessed to still be around. Harper became strong again and we spent as much time together as we could. And, yes, travel was still on our agenda. I felt a little apprehensive, but not him. His exact words were "God let me get better for a reason, so let's just enjoy it, ok!" So that is what we did. I prayed hard and left it up to God, but I have to confess that I was just a little skeptical at first. Then I saw him becoming strong again, like his ole self- and I just thought "yes, we have it made now!"

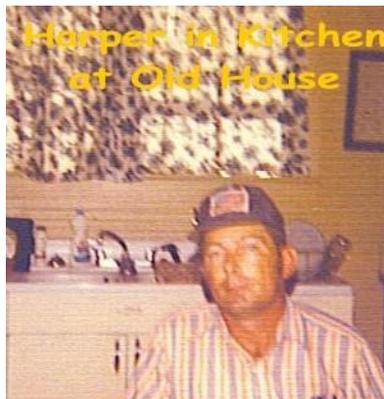
2000's

May 7, 2000- Mark married Sheila Ross in Ga., and we had another pretty granddaughter, Jacqueline, seven years old. And yes, we were there too- to support Mark and to welcome Sheila and Jacqueline into our ever changing family!



Stephen, remember when me and your papa made the trip to Jacksonville, Fla. to meet Gen. Your papa was determined to make this trip simply because you had asked him to. He was so happy! I hope you realize what a dedicated grand-dad you had. He was always ready to go the extra mile for any of his grandkids. He was still feeling great at this time and we had a good trip. I am so glad he got to do this.

Several years earlier Gina had expressed a desire to restore the old home place and her daddy was so pleased because that had been his dream for many years but we had not been able to fulfill it. He gave the place to her and she began to tackle this seemingly insurmountable task! It was so slow at first and she dealt with many difficulties along the way- one of which was pessimistic people- thinking this was a hopeless case- but they just didn't know how Harper had always taught his children to pursue their dreams. Way to go Gina! And she had the same love in her heart for that old house as her daddy had. They worked together as long as he was physically able. He helped her solve many problems regarding restoration. In my mind's eye I can see the two of them now- measuring, sawing, and hammering. It was truly a labor of love! He was so proud to know that the home he loved so much would thrive again- and he looked forward to seeing it completed- but that was not to be either.



Gina enjoyed several years of working with the G.A. 's and playing in the Handbell Choir before she started working as a Disaster Relief Inspector with FEMA. She would go

off on a deployment and come back home and work on the old place. A little at a time it began to take shape, and she continued this process until the job was done.

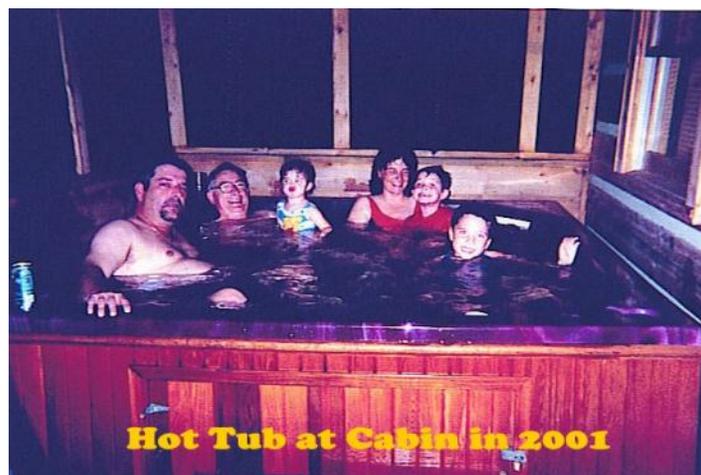
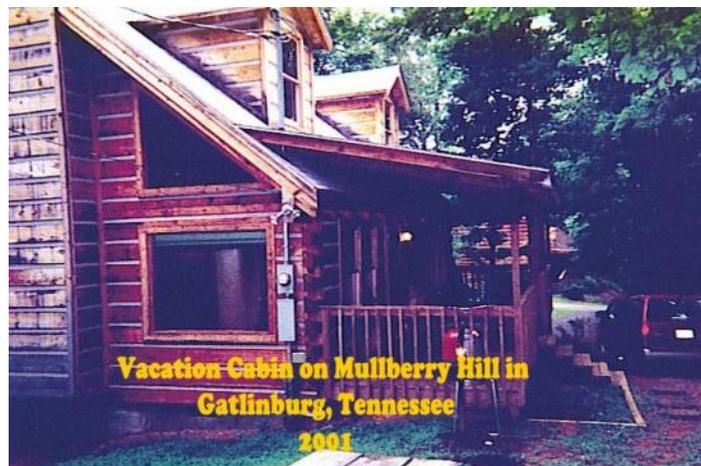
Debbie continued her teaching job at Pearl River Central High School, juggling a job with taking care of two young children and a husband. She eventually became the head of the Science Dept., and in the summer of 2002 was selected as one of eighteen Science teachers across the US to attend a three week DNA workshop (boot camp) in New York led by Dr. James Watson, the scientist who discovered and worked out the components of DNA as it is known today, and in 1969, won the Nobel Peace Prize for his work. Way to go Debbie! I'm proud of you! She works in the children's dept. at church, and plays in the Handbell Choir. At one time Gina, Debbie, and their daddy all played in the Handbell Choir at the same time. Harper was the only man in this choir but that didn't bother him. He loved it. He loved music and he loved the Lord.



And in Ga. Mark was adjusting to a new family and learning how to be daddy to a little girl, which was a new experience for him. And his daddy was so pleased that finally he had decided to pursue his education. He began taking courses on-line and will eventually earn his BS Degree in Information Technology. He is very diligent and committed to his studies and spends an average of 1-2 hours each evening Mon.-Fri. on the computer and is making progress, one course at a time. Way to go Mark! I've no doubt but that he will

reach his goals. After all, he's a Buckley, and Bucleys don't quit. I'm proud of you Mark.

2001- Everybody was busy and life was moving on. We all tried to keep in close contact with each other. In June of 2001 Debbie and Brad took a vacation to the Smoky Mountains in Tenn. And Harper and I went with them. We went in our van and went through Ga. and picked up Jacqueline. On the way Harper and I made up a song and sang it with the kids- "We're going to the Mountains to see Ole Tennessee!- they loved it! We stayed in a cabin up in the mountains and it was beautiful. We had a wonderful family time together that I will treasure forever.



July 2001- Harper was still doing well. He had gained a few pounds, and was making the most of each day. A few years back he had become a member of the Gideon's Association, to which he was very committed. As his wife, I became a member of the Women's Auxiliary. He was faithful to attend the Gideon's meetings every month. We usually went together. He would help out when he could, to distribute Bibles to hotels, hospitals, and schools. He gave of his money as he could, to help spread God's word so others might come to know Jesus as their Savior. Belonging to this organization became one of the joys of his life.

In early July we made what was to be our last Mexico Mission trip together. Harper had obtained, through the Gideon's, a box of 100 Spanish New Testaments and this was his primary objective for this trip- to give these children a way to learn about Jesus. I can still see the joy on his face as he handed out these Bibles, and with the help of an interpreter, shared Jesus with them. Thank you God that he got to do this!



In late July we made our last trip together- in his beloved van. Our grandson, Stephen, was getting married in Peoria, Ill., and his papa was determined to be there.

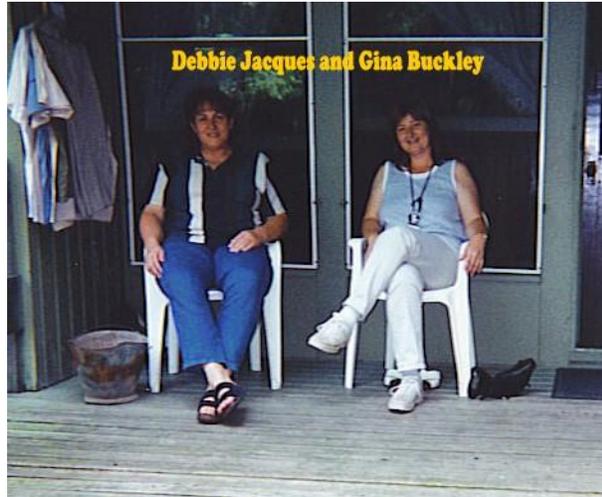


Harper wanted to go other places on this trip like we always did, so after the wedding we went on to visit Mrs. Keyser's brother, Homer Fouts, in Taylorville, Ill.



He had made many visits to Picayune to visit his sister, Mrs. Keyser, who was a special friend of ours, and he always came out to see us. Our former next door neighbors, Doris and Wendel Vandergriff, were now in Dayton, Ohio, so that was our next stop. At this time Gina and her friends, Debbie Jacques, and Pam and Steve Gordon, were in West

Virginia working a deployment as Disaster Relief Inspectors with FEMA, so we went on to see them for a couple of days.



Harper felt good and showed no signs of fatigue or headaches on this trip. He drove most all of the way by himself- only letting me drive several hours at a time so he could rest his eyes a bit. Driving had always been one of his favorite pleasures in life. I believe that God just gave him the strength he needed because only He knew that his faithful servant's time on this earth was drawing to a close. I certainly didn't know it. I looked at him, saw his strength and vitality returning, and thought my faithful, loving, courageous husband was well again.

Sept. 2001- Not long after we returned home from this trip Harper began to have severe headaches again. His vision was becoming affected and he had to give up driving which broke my heart for him because he had enjoyed it so much. We spent the rest of 2001 in and out of hospitals and in emergency rooms as the pain began to get worse.

Brain Scans and MRI's showed that this mass in his brain had returned and doctors were still perplexed as to what it was. Through all the pain and the agony of not knowing what

was wrong with him my beloved husband never complained. He just accepted life as it came and his faith in God never wavered. But he was getting tired and to the point where he just wanted to do something to see if doctors could find out what was wrong.

In early Feb. we went back to the neurosurgeon in New Orleans and Harper consented, on the advice of his doctors, to have the Brain Biopsy done. This procedure was done on Feb. 27th at Baptist Hospital. This biopsy was sent to the renown Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., and we were hopeful that now we would get some answers. In early March the reports came back from the pathologists that the biopsy findings were very complex and difficult to interpret. They felt that two co-existent processes were going on and the relationship between the two was unclear and they could not explain the extensive changes or what the underlying processes might be. They noted two definite abnormalities:

(1) Marked Amyloid Angiopathy- which predisposes a person to bleeding in the brain (they suggested that this could be a hereditary factor caused by a defect in the Amyloid protein precursor- protein (app) gene on Chromosome 21.

(2) A severe Leukoencephalopathy involving the white matter of the brain.

My reason for recording this information is simple- for future generations in Harper's family- be aware of unresolved, severe headaches and other symptoms of CAA (Cerebral Amyloid Angiopathy.) which you can learn about on the Internet at [www. e medicine. com neuro/ topic 628. htm](http://www.e-medicine.com/neuro/topic628.htm). If this was a genetic defect, maybe in years to come there will be tests developed to detect this condition at an early enough time for treatment to be effective.

So as we came home from the hospital for him to recuperate- the prognosis was grim- he was weak but still we were hopeful. There was no magic pill to be taken for a cure. Our future was definitely in God's hands. Within a week he was back in the hospital at SMH with a Staph Infection from the Central IV Line that he had while in the hospital in New

Orleans. He was started on multiple IV Antibiotics. The Infectious Disease Doctor thought that Harper might have a viral infection and added Zovirax- an antiviral medicine to his medicine regime. He wanted him to take this for three weeks as an out-patient at CMH in Picayune, so a PICC Central IV Line was inserted in his right arm on March 14 and he was discharged from the hospital to continue these meds at CMH. On March 17 this IV Line had to be discontinued and he was readmitted to SMH with blood clots in his right arm from this IV Line. So he was back in the hospital and endured many IV sticks to receive these meds. He was put on anticoagulants in addition to all the other drugs- a Heparin drip and eventually Coumadin.

He had a team of five/six doctors treating him. This is when I think the breakdown in communication began in his care. It is my firm belief that Coumadin was not in his best interest due to the CAA plaques in his brain. I questioned his doctors but was told repeatedly that it was safe for him to take Coumadin. So please forgive me beloved for not knowing how to go about following through on my "gut instincts". I have finally forgiven myself and I have come to the conclusion that maybe this was God's way of easing you out of pain and suffering and into your home in Heaven. On March 25 we went home again with nine days left on this IV Antiviral/Antibiotic medicine regime. His brothers, R.T. and Richard, and nephew, Tim Buckley, helped me tremendously by taking him for some of his I.V.'s, as they were ordered for every eight hours.

Throughout this whole ordeal I saw my beloved husband suffer as he dealt with all the pain and uncertainty- they never were able to give us a definite diagnosis- but still he was his usual gentle, courageous self and never complained. We were so relieved when he finally finished these IV meds and the needle was taken out for the last time. At last he could rest and begin to gain some strength back. He still wanted to go and to do things,

but his eyesight was failing and he was weak- but he never gave up. He was a fighter and his strong faith in God was sustaining him.

He was slowly slipping away from me but I did not know it. I wrote a note of Praise and Thanksgiving in our church bulletin in April. God must have put the words in my heart as I wrote "Whether this is only temporary to return again or gone forever is not for us to worry about. We are trying to take it one day at a time and place ourselves in God's hands and just enjoy every day that He gives us." And that is exactly what we did.

He did begin to feel a little stronger, even with having Laser surgery on one eye for Macular Degeneration only a week before he died. He taught his Sunday school class up until this eye surgery- every Sunday that he could be there. He was in church with me on Sunday, May 26.

God knew what was coming so He let Mark be here with us. They came that Tuesday. Harper was feeling good. He mowed the grass that day. We had two days with Mark and with Debbie, who was recuperating from surgery, and Gina was off on a FEMA job. Harper even went to church with us Wednesday night- if he felt any different he did not let it be known. He came home from church, played with the grandkids, talked and laughed, and worked on his computer. This was our last day together- on this earth. On Wed. afternoon Mark and Sheila had taken pictures as we sat on the back porch and talked. Harper had a million-dollar smile on his face!



Thank you God for letting him live a full life right up until You called him home to Heaven.

The next two days are a blur in my mind, but I remember when I got up that Thursday morning Harper was sitting on the back porch and I knew something was wrong. When I told him good morning and that I loved him he just looked at me. I helped him back into the house and he collapsed into his recliner and became unresponsive and never regained consciousness again.

At CMH he was put on a respirator. We were sent to Touro Hospital in New Orleans. The wife in me was crying out and praying for another miracle- but the nurse in me knew- My precious husband was leaving me. The doctor told us that he was clinically dead with no brain activity and that he had suffered a massive Cerebral Hemorrhage. God was calling him home. All our family and many church friends gathered around- we were there with him and trying to get Gina home. She came in that night and was so broken

hearted as we all were. His doctor wanted to leave him on the respirator through the night. I spent the night holding his hand and talking to him.

The next morning I had to make the gut-wrenching decision to take him off the respirator. Tests showed that he was totally brain dead with no chance of recovery, so abiding by Harper's wishes, not to be kept alive on a machine, which we had discussed many times, we sadly gave our permission to take him off the respirator and release him to his Heavenly Father and let him go to his Heavenly Home, never to hurt again.

So, good-bye my love- I'll see you in the morning! I know you'll be waiting for me just beyond the Eastern Gate in Heaven one day.

Forever Your Wife, Peggy



James Harper Buckley

Services are at 2 p.m. Sunday, June 2 at New Palestine Baptist Church for James Harper Buckley, 67, of Picayune who died Friday, May 31 in New Orleans, La.

The Rev. Gary Roberts will officiate at the service. Burial will be in New Palestine Cemetery under the direction of McDonald Funeral Home.

A native of Picayune, he was a teacher and a member of New Palestine Baptist Church, where he served as a deacon.

Survivors include his wife, Peggy Lenoir Buckley of Picayune; one son, Mark Buckley of Covington, Ga.; two daughters, Debbie Morrison and Gina Buckley, both of Picayune; two brothers, the Rev. R.T. Buckley and Richard Buckley, both of Picayune; one sister, Gwen Rose of Picayune; 12 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Visitation was from 6-9 p.m. Saturday, June 1 at McDonald Funeral Home.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests memorials be made to Gideons International Memorial Bible Fund.

Epilogue- Life without Harper

May 31 and June 1 were days of grief and pain as we faced the aftermath of Harper's death and began to make phone calls to family and friends and make the decisions that had to be made. As we gathered pictures for a picture board at the funeral home we smiled, we laughed, and we cried as we collected photos of our happy but hectic life together. I realized again how God had always had His hands on us as we traveled this road of life together. We had always been there for each other. Now it's You and me God! Mr. Buck-that's what he had been to thousands of high school students-Harper to me- Harp to family and friends-daddy and papa to children and grandchildren. Oh, but he was so much more. He was a blend of gentle strength, humility, intelligence, character, and compassion. No, he was not perfect, but I can't think of a time when he purposely set out to do wrong. He lived uprightly before his family, his community, and his God. He is gone now, but his influence will live on in those of us who were fortunate enough to know him.

His unwavering faith in God and his unconditional love for all people were his trademarks. He was simply a good person. He cared.

I hope that by taking you on a journey through my ever changing and challenging life with James Harper Buckley, that generations to come- of our family and perhaps others- will be able to see that love is what life is all about. Love for God and love for others.

Yes -sweetheart, you lived your life well, and I think that the scripture I had inscribed on your headstone- the same scripture Jesus used when talking to His Heavenly Father about Himself- describes you so well. "I have glorified Thee on earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." John 17:4 You tried to glorify God in all that you did.

June 2, 2002- Sunday morning. Harper, you would have been so proud of our family today! I told them you would want us to be in God's house on this Sabbath day- our first one without you by our side. So in the midst of our pain and grief, we were in the worship service together. It tore my heart out to have to be there without you but I knew that is what you would have us do.

Last night the Funeral Home was overflowing with people- your family and friends- everyone who knew you loved you. I am not alone- people are everywhere- many I do not know- but they knew you. But, beloved, my heart is broken. I can hardly bear the thought of having to live the rest of this earthly life without you. You know, we had planned on growing old together.

And I thought you were getting better. I thought God was giving us another miracle like He did when you first began having those bad headaches. But I wonder if God didn't give

you a message that He was calling you home soon. Like Wed. afternoon after you had opened the building for Prayer Meeting and you asked me to drive out in the cemetery and you got out of the van and walked over to every one of your family's graves- you just stood there for a while looking, and with your hand on your chin- just thinking- like you were telling them all "OK, you all, I'll be there soon. When I get to Heaven, I'm going to ask you if you knew you were fixing to leave me. My heart aches for your children, Mark, Debbie, and Gina, but not for Jimmy because you and he are together now. But they have been blessed beyond measure to have had you as their earthly father. You were always there for them. Always ready to help when they needed you. From working two jobs at the same time when they were all little in Mesquite, Texas, so I could stay home with them- to co-signing for bank loans for various needs as they grew up and started having families of their own. You were so proud of them all! I believe there never was a father or grandfather who was more proud of his family than you were! Your eyes would just sparkle and your beautiful smile would light up your face when you were surrounded by little ones calling out "daddy" or "papa".

Sunday afternoon, June 2, 2002. 2:00p.m. Well, the moment has arrived when we must tell you good-bye for now beloved. New Palestine Baptist Church is packed for your memorial service because you were a man who was loved and respected by so many people. But I can tell you- James Harper Buckley- that my own heart has been shattered to pieces, broken asunder, ripped apart, never to be whole again- because you were my soul mate, my one true love, my best friend, given to me by God Himself- to have and to hold- from this day forward- for better or for worse- till death us do part. We had such a special relationship, and I am so thankful to God for each and every day of the forty four and one half years He gave us together on this earth. But I was not ready for this earthly separation, but death reared it's ugly head anyway.

Now we both know that our Heavenly Father could have prevented your death- after all, He is all powerful, but I have to believe that He was just ready to call you to your Heavenly home. And I hope that our precious son, Jimmy, was there to welcome you home. I kind of feel like that he was.

Death hurts, Harper. But I am trying to remember what you used to tell me about this thing called death- that it's only God's way of getting us all up to Heaven!

You would have been so proud of your grown grandsons- Stephen, Michael, and Brian. They each got up and spoke at your memorial service. They told of how you were always there for them when they needed you, how you would talk to them about Jesus, how much you meant to them, and how much they loved you, and what a special grandpa you were. What a wonderful, special tribute to you! And I know they spoke for all your grandkids and great grandkids. They all loved you so very much. My heart aches for the younger ones who will not have the privilege of knowing you as they grow up. But, I promise you that I will do my best to keep your memory alive.

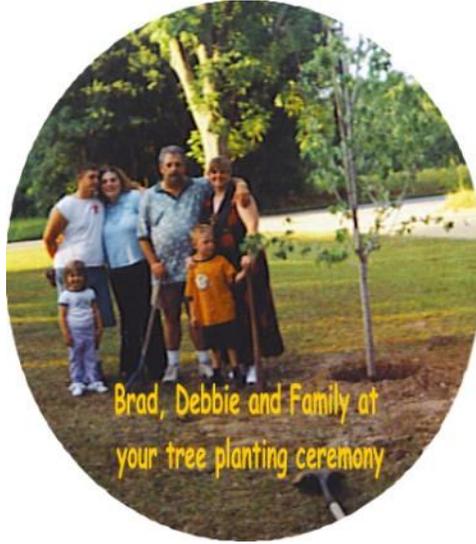
By the way, we sang your very most favorite hymn, "How Great Thou Art. We also sang it for you in the hospital. Did you hear us? And Geri Grubbs sang "The Anchor Holds" for you, which you loved so much to hear him sing.

R.T. spoke at your memorial service also. He spoke a eulogy of your growing up years. I know your family all loved you dearly- and God is calling you all home- one by one. Hopefully it won't be too many years before we are all together again, never to be separated any more. Until that time though, my love, please know that our hearts are breaking at having to say goodbye to you, and that you will be missed so very much. I can't even think about tomorrow- Please, God, just help me get through today- and then

I'll just take it one day at a time. But I don't know how I'll survive without you. The pain is too much.

Sunday Afternoon- 4:00- 6:00 p.m. Well, history repeats itself! We're all gathered in the front yard up at the "ole house" to plant a Red Maple tree in your memory. And I'm standing here looking at the one we planted for Jimmy 10 years ago- July 7, 1992.





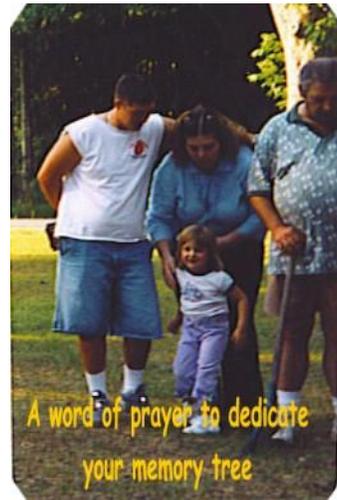
Brad, Debbie and Family at your tree planting ceremony



Watering in your memory tree



More family at your tree planting ceremony



A word of prayer to dedicate your memory tree



Our family at your tree planting ceremony

This is a very emotional moment for me. The last time you were by my side. You were always there for me, to hold me, comfort me, and pray with me. Just your presence was all I ever needed. I just feel so alone today. I'm empty and broken without you. The family is all around me. They are trying to help me through this devastating time, but I have to walk this road, with God's help, in my own way- So, take my hand Jesus- You and I will walk this road together.

They're standing strong and tall- our two Red Maples- symbols that life goes on in spite of death.

Monday, June 3, 2002- When I woke up this morning and you were not beside me- I just wanted to go back to sleep and never wake up again. I'm not as strong as everyone seems to think I am- So you'll have to be strong for me Jesus. I'm depending on your Divine Strength and Love to carry me through all the lonely days ahead of me. I can't do it alone. I guess I'm selfish but I just wish I could have died with you- that we could have entered Heaven's gates together- hand in hand- the way we walked this earth ever since we found each other.

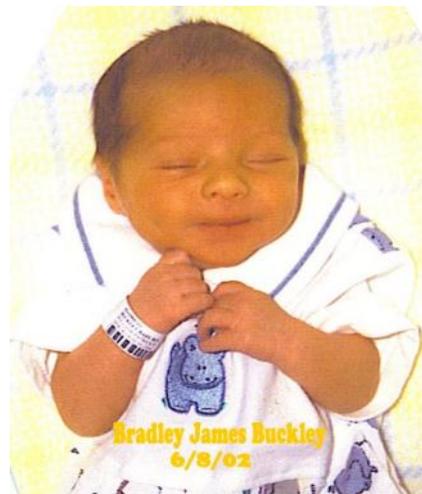
We didn't go to church last night. I think we were all too emotionally drained. We just went back home to be together after planting your tree. I was told that it was a very meaningful service- in your honor/memory with different people standing to tell how much you meant to them and to our church. That meant a lot to me. You know, Harper, folks have really been here for me and our family through all this painful time of losing you. Food has been abundant, many people have sent me money, including your deacon friends. And what you would appreciate most- many Gideon bibles have been sent in your memory. I requested that because I knew you would want it.

So, beloved, my painful journey of learning to live without you has begun. Mark and Sheila have stayed on for a few more days. They have asked me to go home with them and stay with them for a couple of weeks. Mark has been such a help in taking care of things for me- and Sheila also. Debbie and Brad, and Gina also. They have all been so thoughtful. I realize my children have lost their daddy and are hurting too, so I am trying not to be too demanding of them. I forgot to tell you- Sae brought Clyde to your memorial service. He thought so much of you. That took a lot of effort and I appreciated them so much for it. They came to see me. We were sitting out on the back porch. Clyde handed me a \$100 bill and told me how much he thought of you. You know, he is not well either. But, he thought so much of you that he was willing to make the extra effort to be there. I also received money from Ann and Len, and from Marti and Dean, and countless others. Ann and Len also came. She called you her "favorite cousin." I have received so many cards and they continue to come each day.

The little ones have not forgotten their papa. When I sometimes go to Day Care to pick up Dylan for Brandi he will always ask "Where is papa?" And I will say-"papa is in Heaven with Jesus"- and he will say "I want to go to Heaven to see him". It breaks my heart! I took Maggie and Caleb and Dylan out into the yard one night and told them to look up into the sky and find the biggest, brightest star they could and that would be papa's star in Heaven, and any time they missed their papa or just wanted to talk to him- they could just look up at his star and talk to him and I was sure Jesus would let him know what they said. Now, when we're out at night they will say "Look nanny, I see papa's star." I did this to try and help them cope with losing you. You were such an important part of their little lives and losing you has left a void in their hearts that they don't understand either. One day Maggie said to me "why did papa go to Heaven?" and I

said to her "An Angel Called His Name" and I tried to explain to her that when Jesus is ready for his children to come to Heaven, He sends them an Angel to show them the way.

June 8, 2002- The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away! God gave us another miracle today. Stephen and Gen's little boy was born. Another precious great grandson- whole and well- What a blessing! God is so good! But I cried when I realized that he would not get to know you.



They named him after you though- Bradley James Buckley. What a namesake that little boy has to live up to! What a privilege to be named after your great grandfather! I think I'm going to have to write a book about you and the kind of man you were. When I think about these precious grandchildren who won't know or remember you, I am compelled, both for them and for generations to come, to leave for them the story of your life- Your Legacy to them- A Legacy of love- for them, for me, for God, and for your fellowman. You left them a Christian Heritage they can be proud of. I hope that one day they will read what I have written and be proud of who they are. You had no power, prestige, or money, but you left to them something far more valuable than material things. "Your net worth- the things that death cannot take away and time cannot erase."

What set you apart and made you the special person you were was your total devotion to Jesus Christ, your commitment to Him, and your love for all people. You had a genuine "servant's heart." Not a selfish bone in your body! And I want them all to know what a loving, caring grandfather they were blessed to have- and the ones who didn't get to know you on this earth will surely get to meet you in Heaven one day.

August, 2002- I guess what they say is true- Time waits for no man! Summer is almost over, beloved, and I can tell you that time without you is almost unbearable. My heart aches for you. Sometimes I can hardly breathe the pain is so great. That's when I have to stop and turn it all over to Jesus and let Him carry me for a while. I went home with Mark and Sheila and stayed about two weeks. I got to see and hold our new great grandson, Bradley. He is so precious. I gave him a kiss for you and told him you loved him. I will just have to love him for you, too, won't !!



I guess that will be my philosophy for the rest of my life, "whatever I do- I do for you too".

I had to do a gut-wrenching thing today. I deposited a check in the bank- Your life insurance- a check in exchange for your life- the one person who has meant more to me

than any other person on this earth. Believe me when I say it- no one can ever take your place in my heart. You stole my heart when I was a mere wisp of a girl, only seventeen years old, and you took it to your grave with you. I will never again know the complete happiness and fulfillment that I had with you- nor do I care to. Our love was so special and unique. All I have to do is think of you and my heart overflows with memories of our love. But I do have to endure life on this earth until I can take your hand again in Heaven one day.

I remember how much you loved this van and the many wonderful trips we made together in it. But what I remember most about it was when we bought it in Sept. 1997. We looked at it on the parking lot and really liked it, but you were waiting for your retirement check to come in. The salesman was very persistent and tried to get you to put a deposit on it. He kept saying that it might be sold when we came back for it. But you were just as persistent and told him "Look, if the Lord wants me to have this van it will be here." And so it was! And so we bought it! A red 1994 Ford Aerostar.



Then we made our long awaited trip to Canada that you had wanted to make for so long.

October, 2002- I love this van because it meant so much to you. You were so happy driving it. You said that you had promised the Lord that you would use it in His service helping others- and that's what you did. You would pick up Mrs. Keyser on Sunday mornings and bring her to church and if any one of our elderly friends in the church or community needed you, you and your van were always available. You were always ready and willing and wanting to do something for someone else. I also remember that you desperately wanted to buy me a car because you knew that as much as I enjoyed riding in the van with you- I was uncomfortable driving it. So, I'm looking for a car, but at the same time I can't bear to part with your van just yet, so I'll just keep it for a while. I have found a 2001 Nissan Altima at Greg's Auto that I am buying. I know that you would like it and you know that Lee is going to help me keep it in tip-top shape!

November, 2002- Nov. 10- Well, Harper, Clyde has been steadily getting weaker for the past few weeks. He died today. But, why am I telling you- You and he are no doubt already shaking hands and catching up on the past six months. I will try to be here for Sue because I know the heartache she is going through now.

November 16- Well, now another good friend, Urban Stewart, has joined you and Clyde in Heaven- I can just see the three of you now! Sue, and Margaret, and myself- we will have to help one another down here.

Thanksgiving Day- How can it be Thanksgiving already? The kids want to know if we are having Thanksgiving at our house like we always do- and my heart is crying out "how can I do this without you?" But maybe staying busy will help me get through these first holidays without you- so I give in and say yes because I know our family is still building memories and one day I won't be here either.

December 16, 2002- To Harper, my beloved husband. Today is your birthday, your first one in Heaven. How I miss you Sweetheart! I will love you forever. My heart is filled with such grief and pain. I don't know how I can go on. I don't want to walk this earth without you. I just want to come Home and be with you. But I know that God has a plan for my life also, and that one day I will hold your hand again. Until then, Happy Birthday in Heaven my Love. I burned a candle for you today.

In October I received a beautiful white crocheted Angel from MacDonald Funeral Home with your name on it. Since I have been searching for ways to help me cope with getting through this first Christmas without you, I decided that I would create an "Angel Remembrance Tree" in memory of you and Jimmy and all our family members who have died, so that is what I have done.



I made a list of everyone I could remember and bought an Angel for each one of them. I think I have about sixty Angels. The tree is up- all decorated with clear lights, silver tencil, and white Angels. It is really a spectacular site to behold!

December 24, 2002- Today is our wedding anniversary date. On this day in 1957 I became your wife. I will remember this special day in my life for always!



You made my life complete. I took you a red rose today and put it on your grave. I hope that somehow you can know what a void is in my life now since God called you to your Heavenly Home.

December 25, 2002- Christmas Day is here. I have cooked. I have bought gifts. I have decorated. But my heart is not really in it. I just want to be alone with my memories of our happy times together. Right now- I have no tears left- I have cried rivers of tears for you. So, I have to put aside my personal feelings of loss and remember the real reason we celebrate Christmas. The miracle of Christmas is the birth of God's Holy Son, Jesus Christ, and how He left His throne in Heaven and willingly came down to this earth to live a perfect life and ultimately die on the cross to pay our sin debt that all mankind may- through faith in Him- spend eternity in Heaven with Him.

I am trying to keep Christmas a happy time for these grandchildren and great grandchildren to help them have happy memories of their family being together- even after their papa died. I hope that one day they will realize that this family is what it is today because of their papa and the kind of life he lived. You were a kind and gentle man and you loved your family with an unconditional love. You were our Spiritual leader and we miss you so much. We're all gathered together to open gifts and eat Christmas dinner. I'm starting a new tradition this year. We're going to spend a few minutes remembering all our family members who are represented by the Angels on the tree. A moment of reflection to honor all of you!

December 31, 2002- This year will soon be gone. We all made it through the holidays without you- but it was not easy! I have now lived seven months as a widow and believe me, I much preferred being your wife. I have slowly and painfully made my way through things that I just took for granted when you were here. It's tough doing things alone when you're used to doing them together with someone. Things like insurance policies, medical bills, house repairs, getting the lawn mowed, buying a car, and getting the oil changed in it- the list goes on! And, yes, I am going to master the computer, I promise you! I began 2002 with you and now I'm ending it alone and it's scary. I know not what the future holds for me for the rest of my days on this earth, but I do know the One who holds the future! Knowing Jesus and trusting Him is what gets me through the day- one day at a time. Remembering you and your faith in Jesus for all aspects of your life helps me to stay focused on what lies ahead. You had a zest for life and lived it to the fullest! Even though I miss you so much, I know you would want me to continue living and find some level of contentment down here until I see you again. As I think about what God's purpose might be for leaving me here without you- I know He has left me here for our family- to help nourish and guide them to a closer walk with Jesus. Sometimes all I

can do is pray for them, but I know that Jesus hears my prayers and will answer in His own way and in His own time. His timing is always perfect no matter what the situation. Even though I'm not as wise as you were, nor can I discern the Word of God as you could, I will try to be here for them, to help and encourage them like you would do if you were here. So, goodbye 2002- the last year you and I were together as man and wife- and hello 2003. I face you with fear and trembling, but knowing Jesus is always with me and will never leave me gives me courage to go on. You taught me so much about life- and even death. In 1992, when Jimmy was killed at the young age of 31, you were there for me. You were so strong. You put aside your own grief at losing your son and tried to comfort me. Later, as I looked back, I realized how selfish I had been and asked you to forgive me. You just smiled and said, "it's ok we'll get through this together."!

We learned so much together as we traveled the road of life- side by side- and hand in hand. I will forever be grateful to God that He let me share life with you and be your wife and the mother of your children. Inside the last valentine you gave me on Feb. 14, 2002, you wrote these words, "A true valentine and a true life partner. God knows how to match us and preserve us together. My valentine forever. I love you." Your husband Harper.

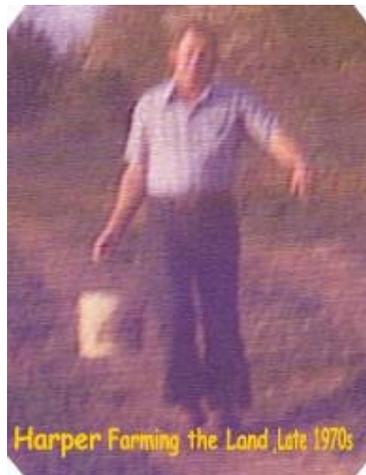
And I loved you too. Yes, I was truly blessed to have you in my life- to be loved by you. Ours was a love story that needs to be told because not everyone in this day and time share such a magical and fulfilling relationship as we did. I hope I can weave into the pages I'm writing the thread of true love and devotion that you carried in your heart throughout your life for us all.

And I want you to know that if it were at all possible-I'd give up all of my tomorrows for just one yesterday with you!

January 2003- It's a cold, rainy, dreary winter day as I sit here thinking about you and missing you. I realize that life does indeed go on and we who are left to live it must face the fact that death goes on as well.

Our job on this earth is to be ready when our time comes with the grim reaper called death. How can I do this you may say. Just put your faith in Jesus as your Savior and He'll show you the way. He'll give you peace in your heart and upon your face He'll put a smile- than you'll be ready for whatever life brings your way. This is called salvation, so if you don't have it, you need to get it- today!

March- Winter is over now- the cold winds gone. Spring is coming. Your and Jimmy's red maples are beginning to bud. I remember that spring was your favorite time of the year. You always started thinking about your garden, buying seed, and plowing the ground for "Good Friday" when you always put your seed in the ground.



True to your generous nature though, you never planted just for us, but also for your neighbors and friends. You enjoyed giving away the fruits of your labor. That was your joy in life- to share whatever you had. You would give to others even if it meant that you had to do without. I've seen you do this many times.

April- Your cousin Margaret William's husband, Dean, joined you in Heaven today. You and Clyde, Urban, and now Dean. I'm beginning to realize the wisdom of God's instructions for us to take one day at a time on this earth because we never know when He will call us to our home in Heaven. Our job is just to be ready! So, I admonish, I beg anyone who may be reading this- if you have never trusted Jesus as your Savior- Do it now! Because you are not ready for death if you do not know Jesus. Neither are you ready for life! Without Jesus in your heart you are not really living- only existing- and that is a tragedy that doesn't have to be.

We have begun to make preparations for our Mexico Mission trip for this summer. I have mixed emotions about going this year because I won't have you with me, but when I remember how excited you were to go and the joy on your face as you handed out Gideon Bibles to the Mexican children at Vacation Bible School- I know I have to go! Remember- "whatever I do, I do for you too." So I know you will be with me- my heart can feel your presence surrounding me. You had a heart for missions. It was your passion! You made so many mission trips to Mexico and other places. Up until the last trip we made in 2001- you always drove the church bus, and you were so happy doing this.



May 31- I can hardly believe that it has been one whole year since you were called from this earth with all it's sin and pain and entered Heaven to receive your reward for your faithfulness to our Lord. I believe you are alive and well in Heaven and waiting for me. You know, you have more family members with you than I have with me. That's a sobering thought! Not a day goes by - hardly an hour- that I don't remember you , my love, and wish you were here with me. I can't imagine facing years and years of living without you- I just can't!

Recently I took a trip down memory lane. Mark, Sheila, and Jacqueline came to get me and we went through Mesquite, Texas, on the way to a family reunion of Sheila's family in Houston. In a way it was painful to remember how you and I had talked about going back to visit old friends but somehow just never made it. The 60's that we spent in Mesquite hold many precious memories of our early years together. Guess what? Delores and David Westmoreland still live on Cumberland Drive in Mesquite- in their same house! We had an enjoyable afternoon reminiscing about days gone by and wishing we had made the effort to get together through the years. I took a picture album of our wonderful life

together and shared it with them. Mark and I drove down Palm Drive- # 3638. Our little house was still there! Our first home together. We were so proud of it. Gina was born in Sept. 1962- our first year in our first home that we owned. Then we went down Town East Blvd. to our church- Town East Bapt.- where we were charter members and you were elected and ordained as one of the first deacons. Your faithfulness to our Lord was beginning to grow as you matured. Then we drove the short distance to I.N. Range Elementary School where Mark, Debbie, and Jimmy all started first grade. Precious memories- but so painful because you were not there to share them with us.

July 2003- Our Mexico Mission trip was a Spiritual and humbling experience, with many people coming to know our Savior. We had six people from NPBC who made the trip- Joy and Wayne Carter, Mrs. Irene Dodds, Carolyn Hampton, Sue Stewart, and myself, and we picked up Joy and Wayne's granddaughter, Madison, from her dad's in Texas. I was able to work with the Medical Team and we held clinics in several different villages and discovered many people with untreated Diabetes and High Blood Pressure and other medical conditions. It was a blessing for me to be physically and emotionally well enough to do this and I hope I can continue to participate in this mission project. To bring a small ray of hope to these disadvantaged people - with much needed medical attention- but more importantly to bring the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ into their lives! On the night that we met for our "Awards Banquet" Joe Young did something that really touched my heart. He remembered you! And that brought comfort to my heart as I was missing you so much. I missed you being with me and giving out New Testament Bibles to the people. I missed your warm smile and the touch of your hand in mine. I missed you so much it hurt. But as Joe gave tribute to you and your heart for missions I knew I did the right thing to come and that I was where God wanted me to be.

Summer is over again. So many things have happened since you left us that I wish you could have been here for. Stephen and Gen were here with Bradley at Easter and we had a good time together, but there was an empty spot- your spot- which will forever remain just that- emptiness in our hearts because you are not with us. No one will ever be able to take your place. You were the best!

You would have been so proud of Brandi. She graduated from USM in August with a BA Degree in Public Relations and English. She wants to teach. Is that following in your footsteps or what! I believe, like her papa, that she is a natural born teacher. She also wants to write- so I tend to think she might be taking after her Nanny there! Stephen also has graduated in Georgia with an AD in Computer Technology.

Harper, Gina continues to work with FEMA and she is making so much progress on the "ole house." You would be so proud of the way it is shaping up. She doesn't say much about it, but I know she really misses you being here to help and advise her. I wanted so much for you to be here when she finally is able to move in and stay there, but I guess it was just not meant to be.

I feel in my heart that maybe somehow you are looking down and know these things that I feel compelled to tell you. I finally have decided that since I don't drive the van very much, I will go ahead and give it to Debbie and Brad. I think they will get more use out of it than I will. Debbie has so much stuff to haul around as a school teacher and with two small children, I think she needs a van. Besides, I can still see it, and maybe drive it once in a while- just for old time's sake. I hope you can understand that it's just so hard for me to let go of you. I don't think I will ever be able to do it. You gave me enough love while you lived to last me for as long as I live.

The holidays are upon us again and I feel just as lost without you as I did last year. I just have to think with my mind and not my heart- for my heart will always ache for you and miss you.

Thanksgiving Day- You remember how Mark has always liked to pull pranks on me- kind of like you did! Well, he and Sheila surprised me today by driving up while we were busy getting dinner ready. I had no idea he was coming home! Of course everybody else knew. So that was a wonderful surprise for me and we all had a great time together.

Dec.- December will always be a hard month for me as I face all our special times alone. Your birthday, our anniversary date, and Christmas, which you loved so much. God is slowly healing my broken heart and spirit by revealing to me that He does indeed have a purpose and plan for my life on this earth just as He had a purpose and plan for your life and that it is my responsibility to live by His Devine plan for me. This does not mean that I miss you any less, my beloved Husband, only that Jesus is helping me to see the wisdom of accepting His Devine will for the both of us, and after all, I have the peace in my heart of knowing that I will spend eternity with you, in whatever capacity God has in mind. I realize that scripture says there will be no marriages in Heaven, but I just believe that God has something much more perfect in store for us humans, don't you!

I have put up our Angel Remembrance Tree and have spent many quiet moments reflecting on the lives of all of you who have been called to your eternal home and what each one of you meant to me. I just wish I could have thought of this idea a few years earlier so you could have taken part in it with me. It would have meant so much to you. I hope our children will carry on this tradition after I have left this earth. We were both blessed to come from families where love abounded- not perfect love for only Jesus had that- but human love with all its faults and limitations. You had an unconditional love in your heart

for us all and I pray that our grandchildren and great grandchildren, now and for generations to come, will be able to see and appreciate what a loving person you were and know that they must follow in your footsteps and keep this love alive until we are all in Heaven together.

December 16, 2003- To Harper, my beloved husband, on your second birthday in Heaven. It's hard to realize that I have lived one and one-half years without you by my side! I guess I just always thought that you and I would live forever- and actually we will, one day when I get there too! They say that time heals all wounds, but even as wounds heal they leave scars- scars which are reminders of the pain. This Christmas Season is still filled with the pain of separation from you beloved. I will always remember and love you. I cherish all the sweet memories of our life together on this earth, and yes, the bitter ones also, for after all, we are only human and had some bad times too. I look forward to that glorious day when I will meet you in Heaven- never to be separated again! Happy Birthday in Heaven my love. Each year on your birthday I will light a candle for you as a symbol that you are not dead but your light is shining in Heaven.

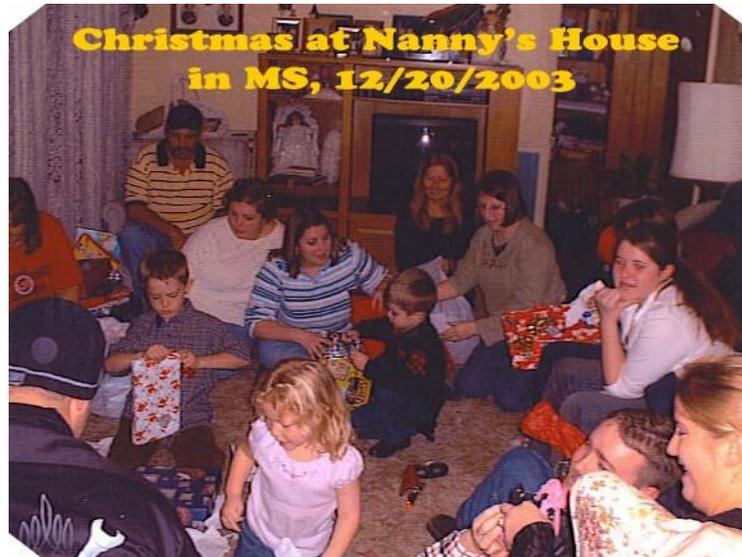
I now have your portrait hanging on the den wall next to Jimmy's.



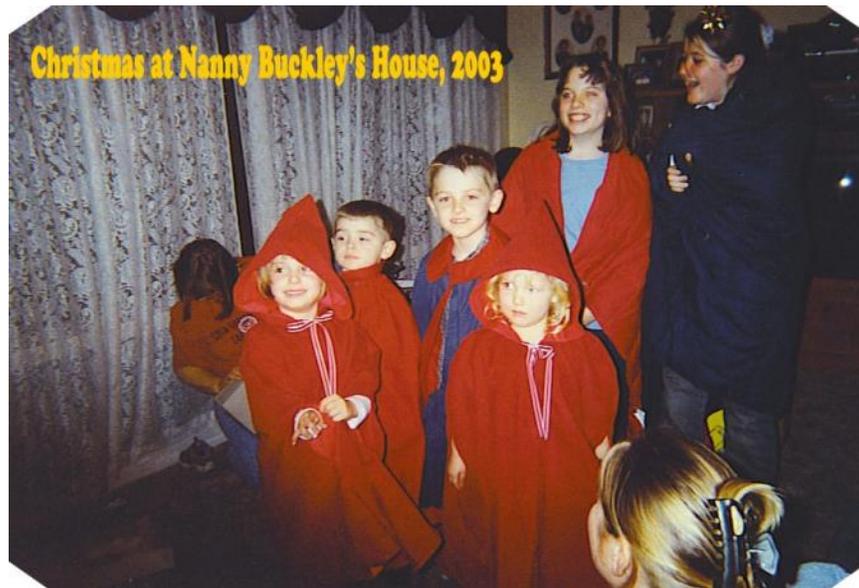
When we were both young and the children were growing up I used to think that if one of my children or my husband died that I could not live either. But, God has shown me different. Over a short span of only ten years I have lost the both of you. I'm grateful that God let you be with me when Jimmy died and the years afterward. It was your strength that kept us focused on God and His plan for all our lives and helped me through those painful years. It is remembering your strength then that is helping me now. I look at your portraits on the wall and I talk to you- both of you- it brings me peace and calms my soul to do this and if this sounds crazy- well then- so be it!

This inner God given strength that you lived by was taught to you by Godly parents and grandparents- the way they lived and taught their children to live. As we made our way through life you taught me to have this strength. Now it is my turn to continue to live by it and teach it to our family. I will try to honor you by being faithful to God our Father and living the way you lived. God help me to keep this family ever focused on true devotion to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Dec. 20- The family are all here. We are having our Christmas together early so everyone can be back home on Christmas Day.



I have not done a good job with gift giving this year. Somehow my heart is still consumed with missing you and every time I thought about shopping- I just could not do it! I promise you I will do better next year. I did do some sewing for the little kids though. I made Red Riding Hood Capes for Maggie and Haley and Kaitlyn, R.T. and Fran's granddaughter, and a Magician's cape for Caleb and a Superman cape for Dylan and bought gifts for Jacqueline and Bradley and then I just could not do anymore.



I have to believe that you did not want to leave us like you had to do. You enjoyed our life together and we were a happy family. I just have to accept the fact that God knows what is best for us all and then go on. It's not an easy road to travel- but travel it I must! Some days I do ok- and then something will happen that will trigger old memories of our life together and then I realize I have to learn to deal with this hole in my heart that will always be present with me. Always lurking just below the surface of my heart- waiting to cause me grief and suffering.

December 25- Christmas Day again! Gina and I are the only ones here today. This house has never been this quiet on Christmas Day. I'm living on memories of happy years together with you. If I have to spend the rest of this life alone, I guess I had better start getting used to it, but not quite yet! I'm going over to Debbie and Brad's for a while and then Gwen and Lee have asked us to eat lunch with them. I am remembering how we used to invite lonely people to eat with us on the holidays, and now that person is me! Life can really take some unexpected turns sometimes, can't it! It warms my heart to know that you're not lonely though. We talked many times about what Heaven might be

like and now you know and I'm still seeing through a glass-darkly-but one day I, too, will meet the Master face to face and then I'll know too!

Dec. 31, 2003- I'm ending my first full year without you. Life is still painfully hard at times, but I am trying to honor you by being a fighter like you were. Besides, didn't you always tell me that "Buckleys never give up! So, I will "hang in there" with this life on earth until God calls me home to Heaven too- I have no other choice. We had so much joy together and I have a warm, loving, caring family to support me as I walk this path without you.

2004- Jan. 14- Harper, our family has been devastated again. Richard and Helen's son, Todd, died in Austin, Texas, today. He was forty one years old. I am so heart broken for them. My mind goes back to when we lost Jimmy and when Gwen lost Byron and all the grief and pain we went through. All we can do is be here for them and lift them up in prayer as they face this time of the great personal loss of their son.

Also, Aunt Grace Furr was called home to Heaven. Although I know her family will miss her greatly, she lived a long and fruitful life and died at the age of ninety one. Betty and Barbara and all the family I know are thankful for all the years God let her be with them.

March 15, 2004- Beloved, your dream for the old homestead is about to become a reality! It is standing strong on that old corner with renewed life and vitality. As I reflect back on our life, I know that some of our happiest times together were spent there when that old place was our home- yours and mine! But now it is Gina's! And she is moving in! How we all wish you could be here to share in this time with us.

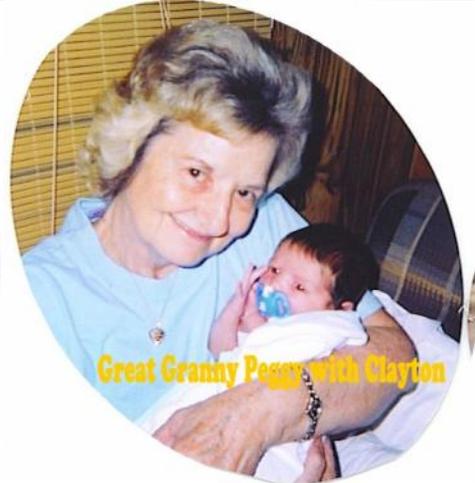
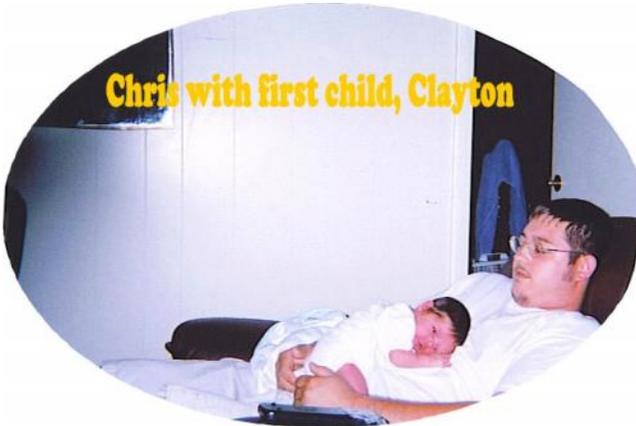
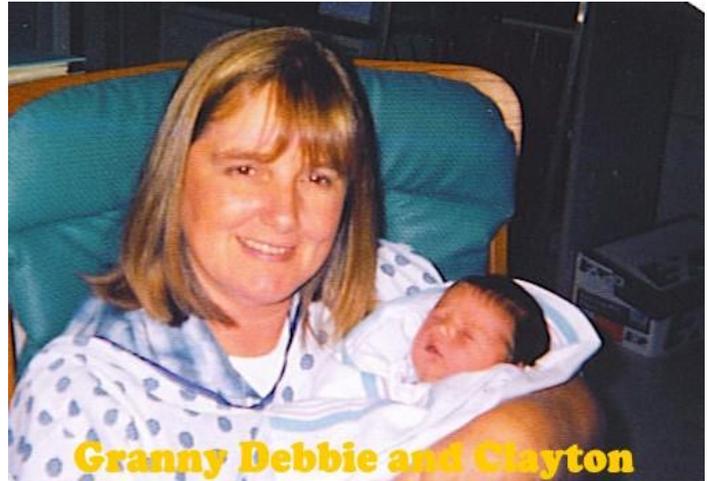
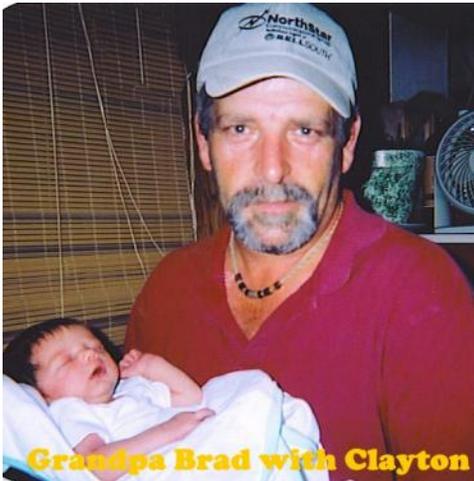
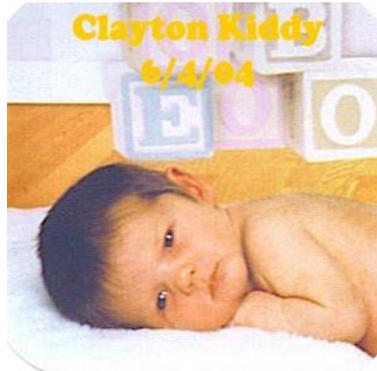
April- Easter Sunday! We had a special day today up at the ole place. Mark was home, so we decided to have an open house with family members. All the family is so proud to see the place restored. We had a marvelous time reminiscing about the "good ole days."

June 2004- We're making plans for our Mexico Mission trip again. Our group is small this year. Bro. Wayne and Joy Carter, Sue Stewart, and myself, and Madison, Joy and Wayne's granddaughter, and Heidi Stephens, will be going from NPBC.



We will join with Bro. Joe Young's group for a team of sixty eight people. July- Once again we had a very meaningful Mexico Mission trip. I will leave it in the hands of the Lord as to whether I will try to go again. This year I took the rest of the Spanish New Testaments that you had left from your last trip and gave them to Bro. Joe Young to see that they were given out. He told me that he had won four people to the Lord with one of these bibles. Praise the Lord! I know you're smiling in Heaven!

August 4- God is so good to this family and continues to bless us beyond measure. Today we were blessed with another precious great grandson as Chris and Karen's baby was born in Jackson, Ms.- Clayton Charles Kiddy- Debbie's first grandbaby!



I know you would have been there to welcome him into this family. One day I want to read to him the story about the life of his great grandfather so that he will know the kind of person you were! Our last two great grandsons, Bradley and Clayton, and all the ones to follow, will never get to hear you say "papa loves you." But I will love them for you!

So as I close this Journal- This Legacy of Love- dedicated to the memory of my precious husband and in honor of all you grandchildren and great grandchildren and your parents- I just want to repeat that love is what life is all about. Your grandfather and I loved all of you even before you were born. We did many things for and with you- not so that you would love us- but simply because we loved you! We learned this from God! He created us, knew all about us, and loved us even before we knew Him!

He sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to pay the price for our sins and gave us the gift of salvation- not so that we would love Him- but simply because He loved us!

With God's help, your grandfather and I enjoyed raising our family, and being blessed to see some of our grandchildren grown, and even getting to be with some of our great grandchildren. We had fellowship in churches large and small- went to faraway places and tasted new foods and cultures- experienced many changes, sorrows, and blessings. As we did all these things, we felt the love of God in our hearts, holding us together and blessing us beyond measure. So, as I write these last pages, I am praying that you already know Him and know of His great love for you also. His love is a gift-just for you. Love is a wonderful thing- inspired by God Himself!

| *"And now abideth faith, hope, and love-these three- But the greatest of these is Love."*

1 Corinthians 13:13

Milestones/Highlights of our life together

50's

1956- Our relationship began

1957- Our wedding

1958- (1) Harper went into the Air Force

(2) Birth of Mark

1959- (1) Our first move to Texas (2) Birth of Debbie

60's

1960- (1) Our move back to Ms. (2) Birth of Jimmy

1961- (1) Harper's discharge from the military (2) Our second move to Texas

(3) Purchase of our first home in Mesquite, Tx.

1962- Birth of Gina

1963- Harper ordained as deacon

1965- Mark started first grade

1966- Debbie started first grade

1967- Jimmy started first grade

1968- Gina started kindergarten

1969- (1) Our move back to Ms. (2) Survived Hurricane Camille (3) Gina started first grade

70's

1970- I began Nursing School

1973- (1) Graduated as RN (2) Mark started high school (3) Death of my dad

1974- (1) Debbie started high school (2) Harper started college

1975- Jimmy started high school

1976- Harper graduated from USM

1977-Mark graduated from PMHS

1978-(1) Debbie graduated from PMHS

(2) Mark married Paula in Ga.

(3) Gina quit school and married Bill Alligood

1979-(1) Jimmy quit school

(2) Debbie married Clay Kiddy

(3) We began making Mission trips to Mexico

(4) Stephen was born to Mark and Paula

(5) Brandi was born to Gina and Bill

80's

1981-Chris born to Debbie and Clay

1982-(1) Mark and Paula moved to La.-then Ms.

(2) Theresa born to Gina and Bill

1983-Michael born to Mark and Paula

1984-Our "Round the World" tour and trip to Bangladesh

1985-Mark and Paula moved back to Ga.

(By this time Debbie and Gina were both divorced and pursuing college degrees.) Harper and I moved into the house with Granny Buckley. She died in Nov. of 1985.

1986-(1) Harper and I bought his mother's house

(2) Jimmy married Sharon Palmer and we had two

more grandsons, Brian, seven y/o, and Casey, three y/o.

1989-(1) Debbie graduated from USM. She married Brad Morrison and we had two more granddaughters, Misty, ten y/o, and Shannon, eight y/o. Debbie and Brad moved to Brookhaven, Ms.

90's

1990-My mother began living with us every other year

1991-Gina graduated from USM

1992-Death of Jimmy

1993-(1) Death of my brother, Gary

(2) Gina married Bill Penton

1995-(1) Debbie and Brad moved back from Brookhaven

(2) Caleb born to Debbie and Brad

(3) Death of my mother

1997-(1) Harper retired (2) Our trip to Canada

1998- (1) I retired (2) Maggie born to Debbie and Brad

(3) Brian and Kimberlee married

1999-(1) Mark and Paula divorced

(2) Brandi and Lucas married

(3) Haley born to Brian and Kimberlee

(4) Harper first began getting sick

(5) Dylan born to Brandi and Lucas

2000's

May-10, 2000- Mark married Sheila Ross and we had another granddaughter, Jacqueline-seven y/o.

2001-Early July-Our last Mexico Mission trip together

Late July-Our last trip together.

2002-May 31-Harper's death

June 8-Bradley born to Stephen and Gen

Nov. and Dec.-First holidays without Harper

2003-Jan. Chris and Karen married

May 31-First anniversary of Harper's death
Mexico without Harper.

July-My first Mission trip to

2004-Jan. Death of Todd Buckley-son of Richard and Helen Marie.

March 15-Gina moved into the "ole House" restored and looking good! A loving tribute to you, her daddy, and her grandparents, R.T. and Maude Buckley.

May 31-2nd anniversary of Harper's death.

July- Mexico Mission trip

Aug. 4- Birth of Chris and Karen's baby

About Your Grandchildren

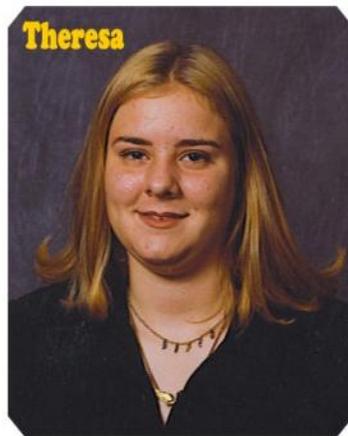
Jan. 2003- Chris married Karen Young in Ruston, La.



When I think back about how you helped Chris so many times- you loved him so much- as you did all your grandchildren. I know he misses your being here on this special day in his

life. He is a fine young man and I know that he was around you enough to absorb your beliefs and teachings into his life. He is a kind and tenderhearted young man. You would be proud of him. I am!

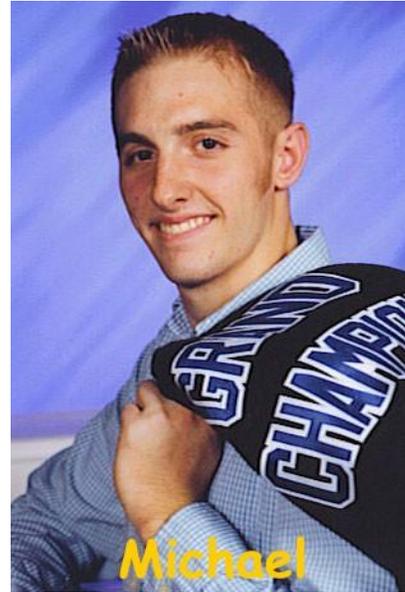
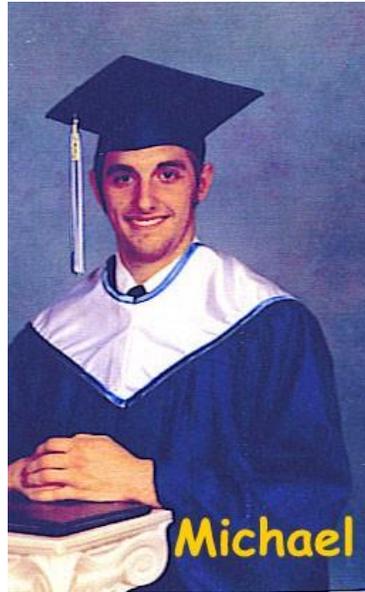
May - Theresa graduated from high school through the GED program.



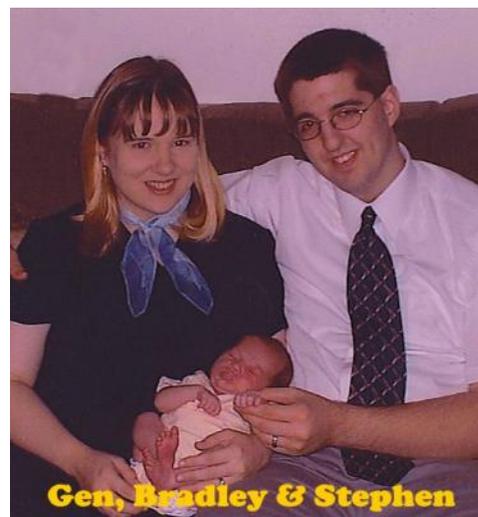
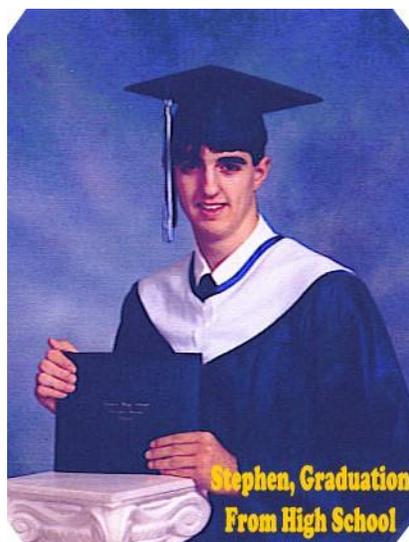
We're proud of her for this accomplishment in her life. She is talking about going on to college and I hope she will. I see much potential in her life that she cannot see yet. She has some things to work out in her life. I am trusting God to help her and I know that He will when she decides to let Him. I have always felt that God had something special in mind for Theresa. He blessed her with a beautiful voice and I hope that one day she will discover this.

May cont.- Also Michael graduated from high school in Covington, Ga. I'm proud of him also, but I did not go to his graduation because he chose not to include Mark's family. I wrote him a letter explaining how I felt about this and why I felt that I could not be there. I hope that one day he will understand this. I see so much potential in Michael and

I know that he can accomplish anything he sets his mind to! So, "Rambo" I'm expecting great things from you!



August - Stephen graduated from Jr. college in Ga. with an AD in Computer Technology. Our first grandchild! Now a husband and a father, working to support his family and trying to finish college.



A very outstanding and responsible young man. He reminds me so much of you! I'm proud of him.

August- Brandi graduated from USM in Hattiesburg with a BA Degree in Public Relations and English.



She wants to teach school and pursue a career in writing. I have read some of her writing and she does well. She is smart, a deep thinker, a loving mother and wife, understanding and kind like her grandfather. I am so proud of her and I know she will do well in whatever she decides to do!

2004- Brian has worked in landscaping for the past few years, so now he is starting his own landscaping business in Picayune. He does excellent work, so he should build a good, solid business. Although he wasn't born into this family, he became ours when his mother married Jimmy.



I can see some of you- and some of Jimmy- in him. You and Jimmy meant so much to him. His life was torn apart when Jimmy died when he was just a little boy. Then he looked to you as a father, and when we lost you, he was just as hurt. But you taught him so much and I know he will be ok. He is tenderhearted and kind- just like you and Jimmy were. You had a great influence on his life. I'm proud of him!

Our other grandkids- Casey, Misty, Shannon-I don't see them much at all. But, I pray for them-that God will touch their lives and help them to see that families are important and they need to stay in touch. Maybe in time God will get through to them. You never gave up on them, so neither will I! I will just keep on praying and expecting a miracle! I hope that one day they will come to believe that we loved them and wanted to be in their lives also!

So your older grandchildren are branching out into life- each one going their own separate ways. These older ones had the distinct advantage of having had you in their lives during their growing up years, and it is my prayer that they will tell these little ones about you. You had a positive influence on their lives, always pointing them toward Jesus. I hope this influence will be passed on down through future generations to keep your memory alive and to keep lives focused on Jesus.

Jacqueline only got to know you for a couple of years when she came into the family in 2000 when Mark and Sheila were married.

But, you know, she took right to you, and I could see a special bonding between the two of you. It was as though you both understood that you only had a short time together. I know you both learned to love each other.

Maggie and Caleb- Maggie was your sweetheart and Caleb your buddy! They loved their papa so much! In 1995 when Caleb was born- you had taken a Sabbatical leave of absence from teaching and you kept him for Debbie to work that year. And when Maggie was born in 1998 we had both retired and we kept her that school year for Debbie while Caleb was in day care. So we had a special bonding with them that I am so thankful for. Maybe it will help them remember how much you loved them.

Dylan had gotten real close to you as we got to see him often when they lived with us for a few months. We would pick him up at day care and keep him until Brandi and Lucas got home. He was your buddy also! He opens my locket with your picture in it and says "that's papa".

Haley was getting to know you. Brian had been bringing her over to see us some. I would see her smile when she saw you.

Misty and Shannon's children did not get to see you much. When they get older and can read about you, I hope they can see that you loved them too and wanted to be in their lives also.

Our two newest great grandchildren, Bradley and Clayton, and all the ones to follow, will never get to hear you say "papa loves you"- but I will love them for you!

.....
Proverbs 17:6 Children's children are the crown of old men- and the glory of children is their father.

A prayer for the family of James Harper and Peggy Buckley.

Father- I ask you to protect our family. Please bless them for generations to come. May the Christian teachings that have been instilled in them be passed from one generation to the next. Grant each one wisdom and strength. I praise you for all the good things that are available to our children. I know that when I am gone, my prayers will continue into eternity with you. Please accept my prayers for these our children, and our children's children, and on through the generations to come. I have no fear for their future because I place them in your loving care.

Thank You for Your peace! Amen. Peggy Buckley

The thread of love runs deep:

~ ~ ~ *Through infancy* ~ ~ ~

~ ~ *Mark* ~ ~ ~ *Debbie* ~ ~ ~ *Jimmy* ~ ~ ~ *Gina*

~ ~ ~ *Through childhood* ~ ~

~ ~ ~ Mark ~ ~ ~ Debbie ~ ~ ~ Jimmy ~ ~ ~ Gina

~ ~ ~ Through teen years ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ Mark ~ ~ ~ Debbie ~ ~ ~ Jimmy ~ ~ ~ Gina

~ ~ ~ Through Adulthood ~ ~ ~

~ ~ ~ Mark ~ ~ ~

~ ~ Stephen ————— Bradley ————— Bennett Wayne

~ ~ Michael ~ ~

~ ~ Jacqueline ~ ~

~ ~ ~ Debbie ~ ~ ~

~ ~ Chris ————— Clayton

~ ~ Misty ————— Precious ————— Kalista

~ ~ Shannon ————— Destiny ————— Earl "Bubba"

~ ~ Caleb ~ ~

~ ~ Maggie ~ ~

~ ~ ~ Jimmy ~ ~ ~

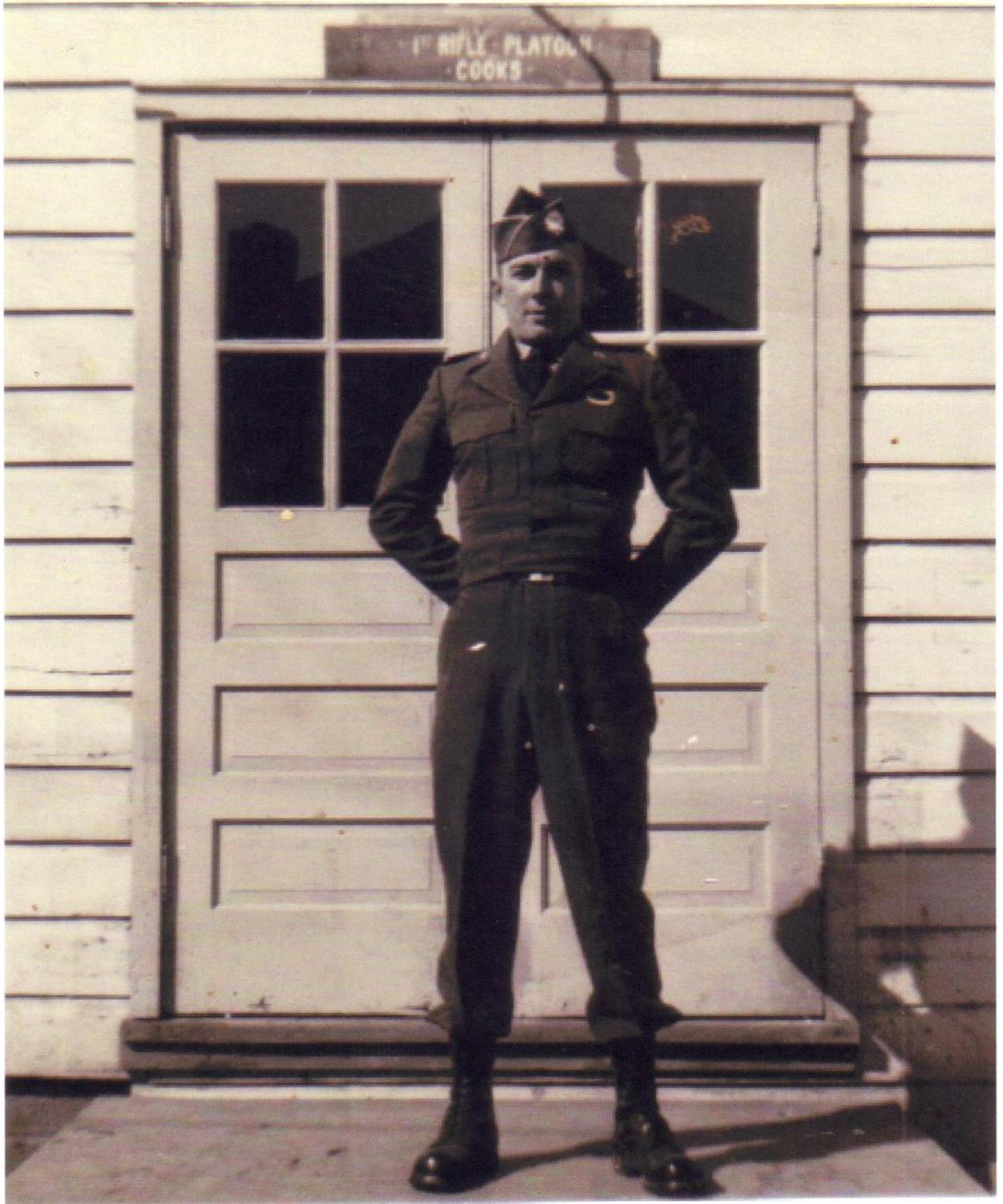
~ ~ Brian ————— Haley ————— Christian

~ ~ Casey ~ ~

~ ~ ~ Gina ~ ~ ~

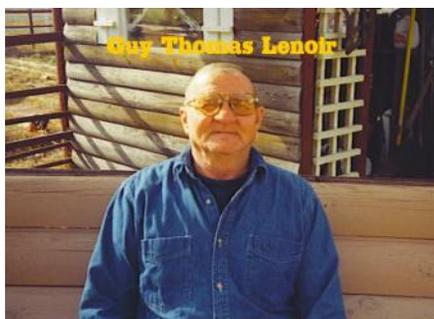
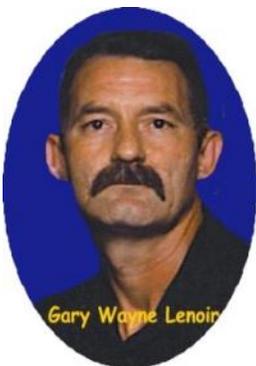
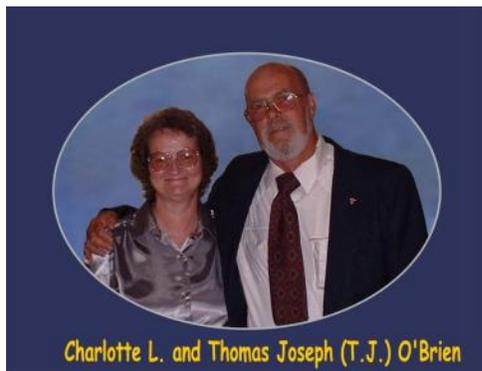
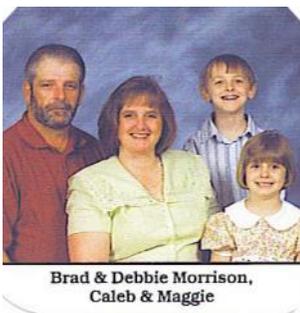
~ ~ Brandi ————— Dylan

~ ~ Theresa ————— Demi Michelle Harper

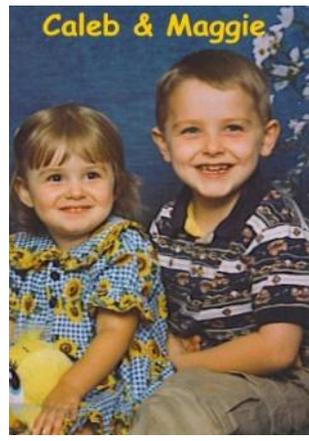
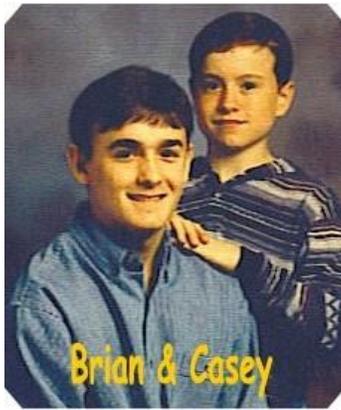
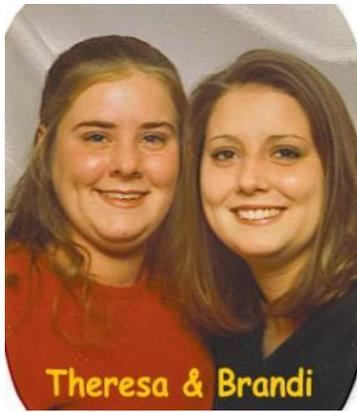
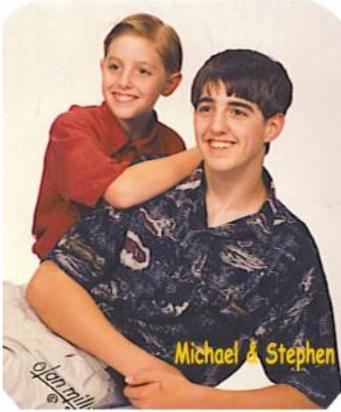


James Harper Buckley, U.S. Army, 1953-1956

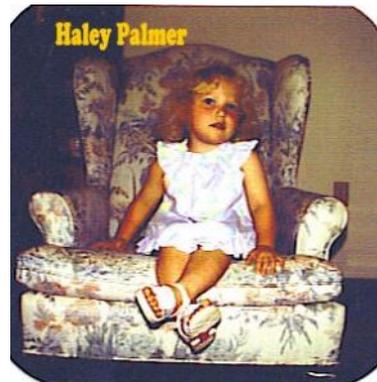
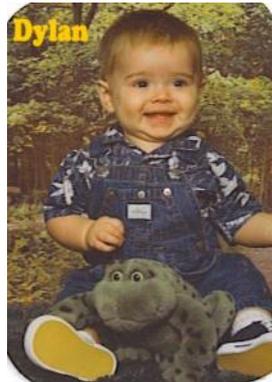
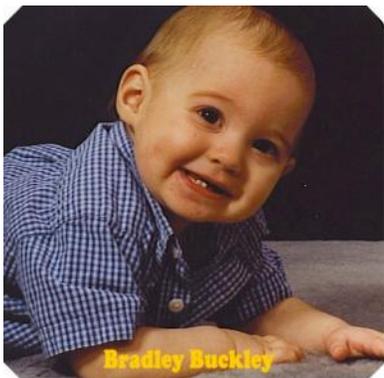
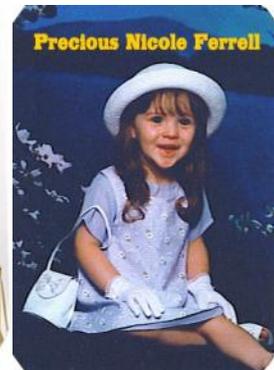
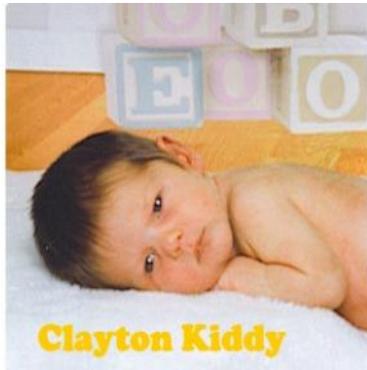
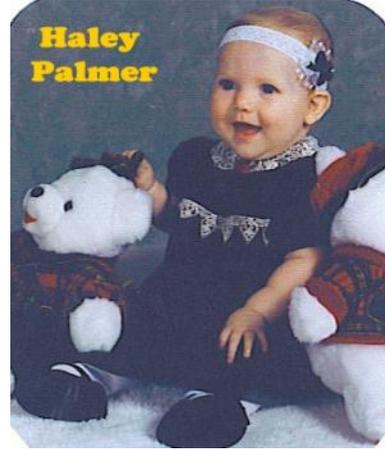
MORE PHOTOS Family



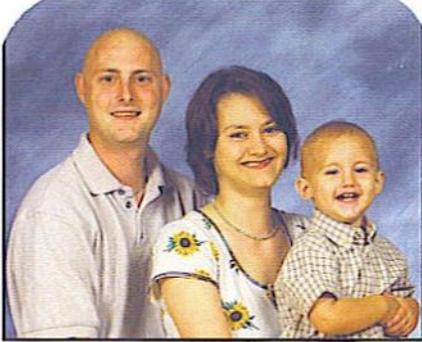
Grand Children



Great Grand Children



Extended Family



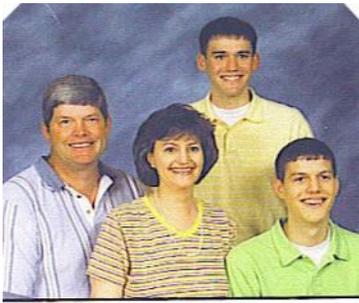
**Dewan & Nikki Watts
& Galen**



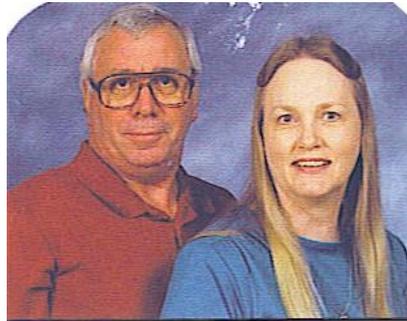
**Martin & Carol Mitchell,
Jocelyne Rains & Seth Mitchell**



Sue Stewart



**Charlie & Judy Williams,
Dustin & Brett**



Mickey & Nanette Williams



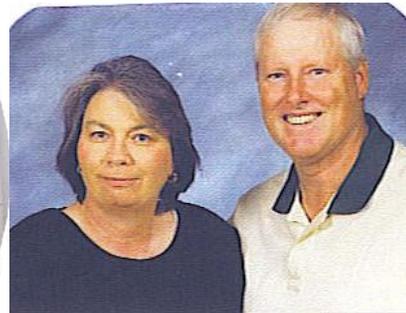
Elaine Prewett



Len Colburn

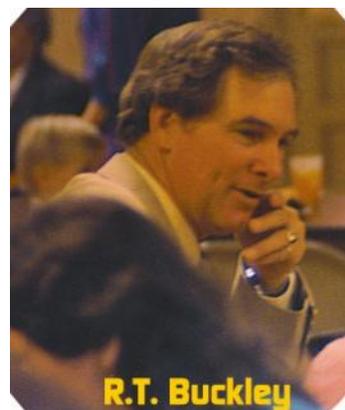
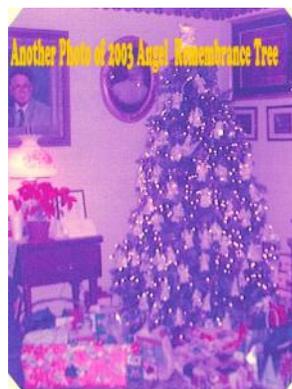
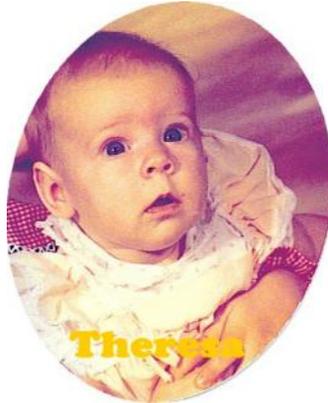


Ann Colburn



Ed & Cathy Williams

Other Assorted Photos

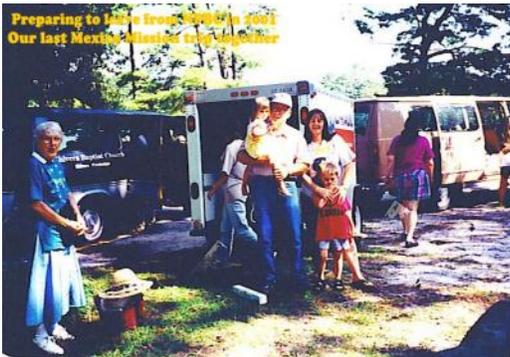


Present Pastorium



D July 4, 1982 - Planting a tree in honor of Jimmy's life.

Preparing to leave from church's yard
Our last Mexican Minister trip together



Debbie & Brad's Wedding 1989



Mark in the late 1970s



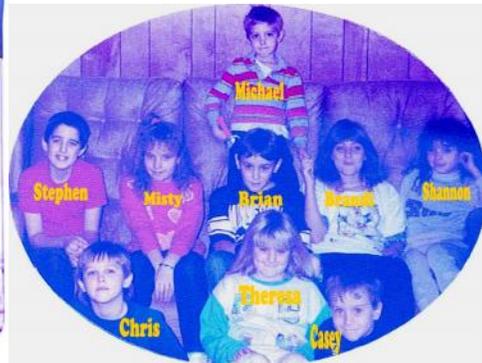
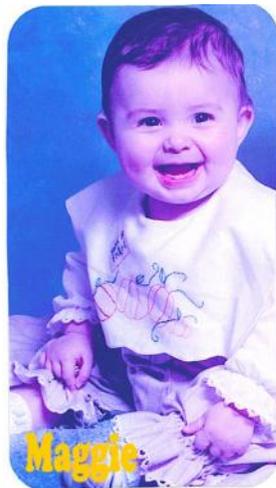
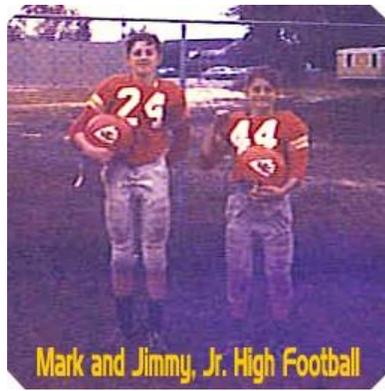
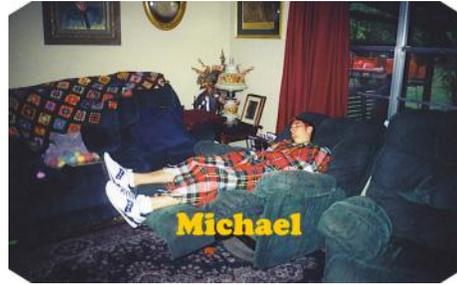
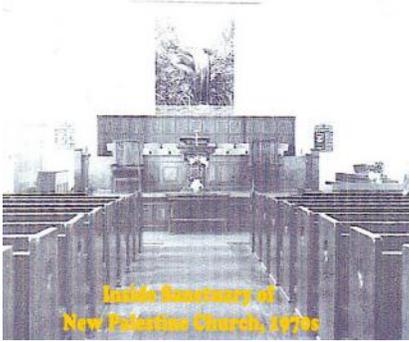
Christopher, Brandi, Nanny & Thresa

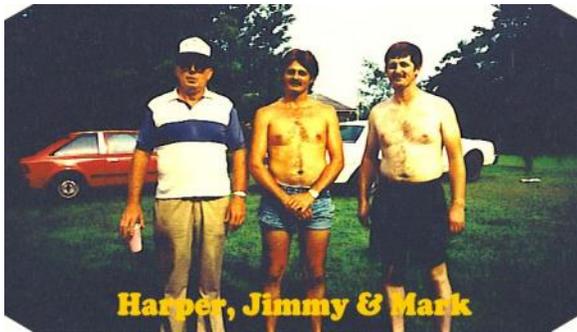
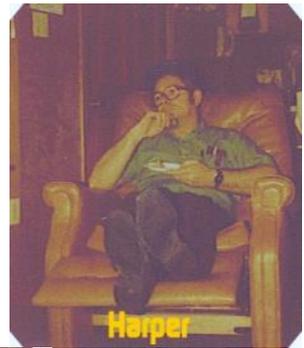
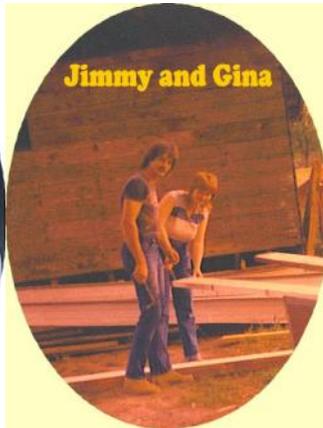


Peggy on the farm late 1970s



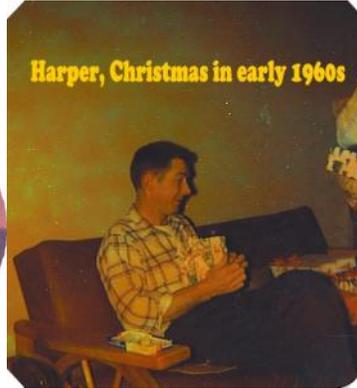
Mark in Mesquite, TX



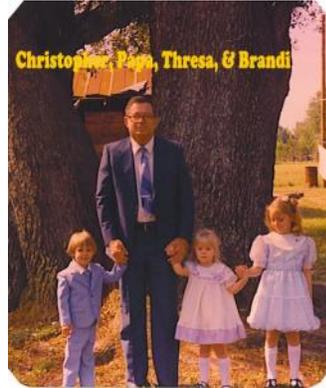




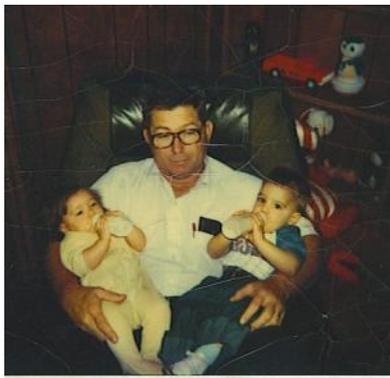
Harper, Jimmy and Mark



Harper, Christmas in early 1960s



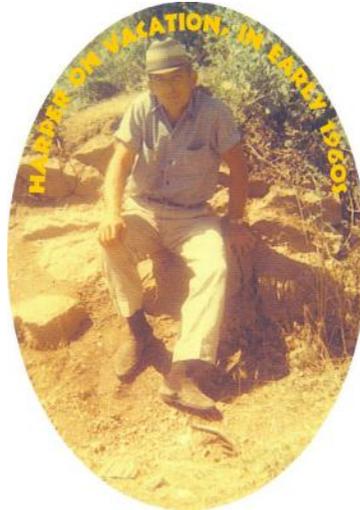
Christopher, Papa, Thresa, & Brandi



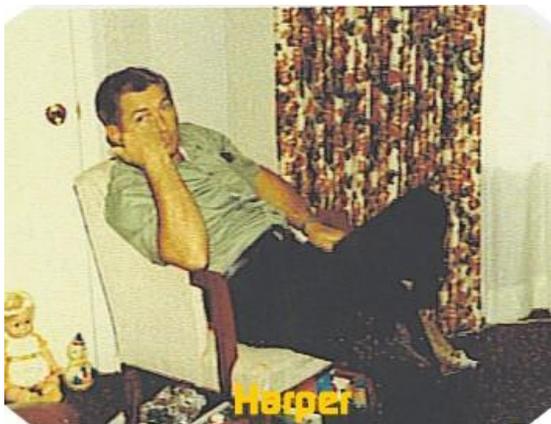
Papa - Brandi - Stephen
1980



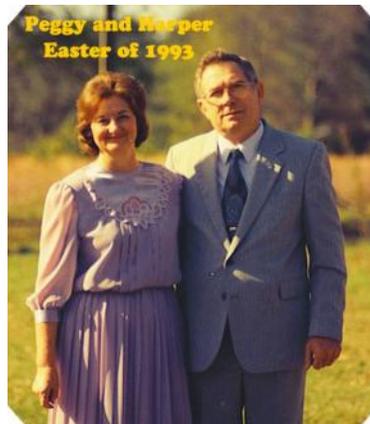
Harper
1986



HARPER ON VACATION IN EARLY 1960s



Harper

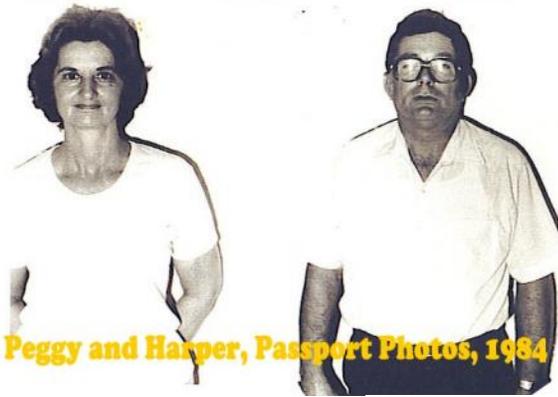


Peggy and Harper
Easter of 1993

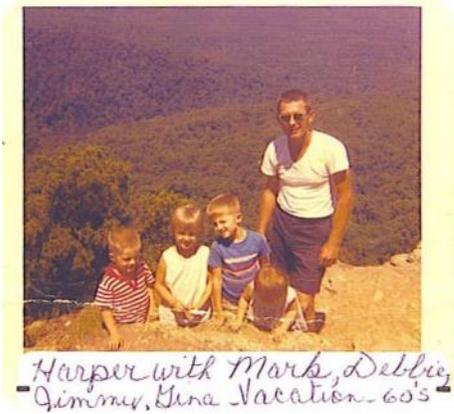


Gatlinburg

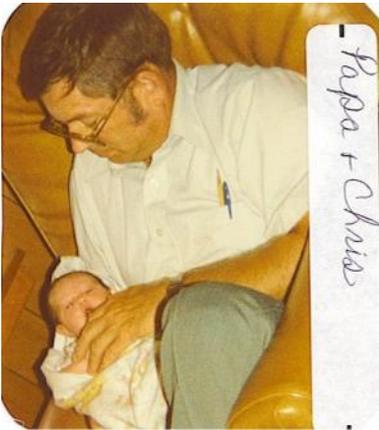
Peggy & Harper



Peggy and Harper, Passport Photos, 1984



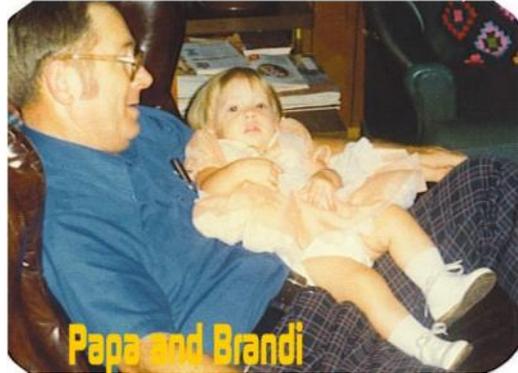
Harper with Mark, Debbie, Jimmy, Gina Vacation 60's



Papa + Chris



Gina, Flag Corps in Jr. High



Papa and Brandi



Gina at PRC



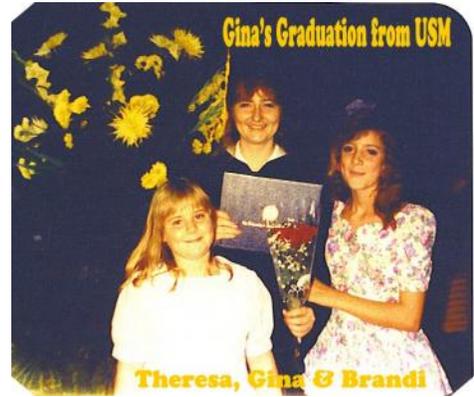
Gina



GINA



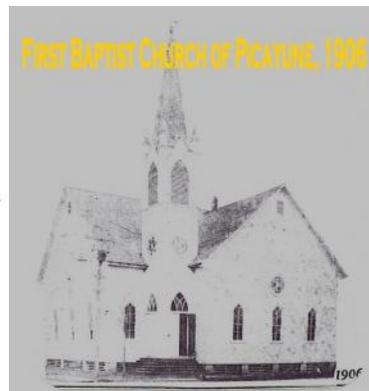
Gina

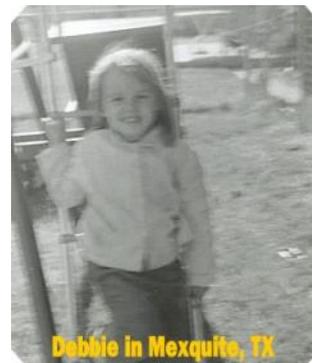
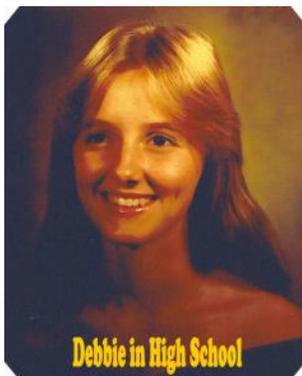
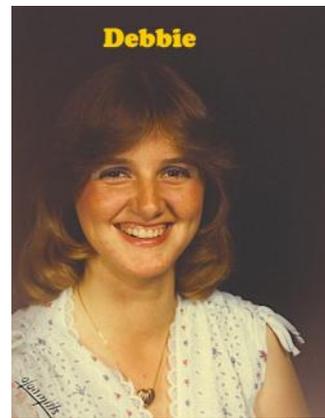
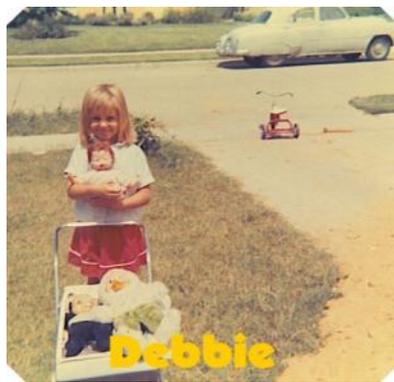
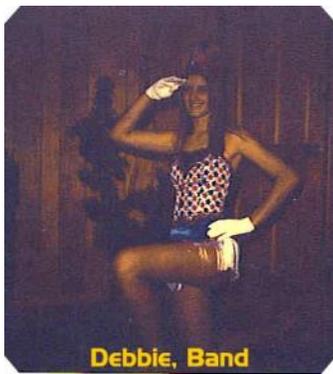
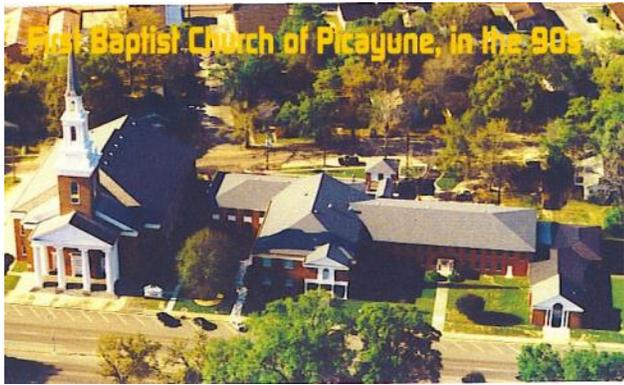


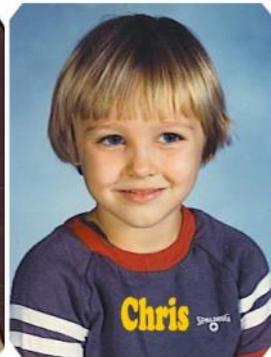
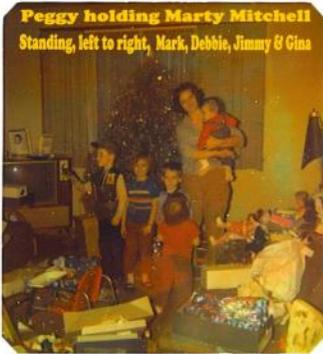
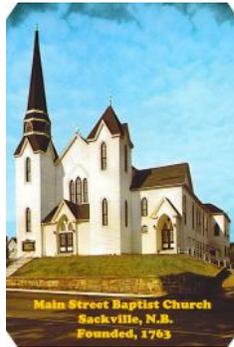
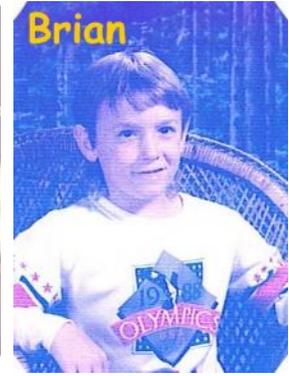
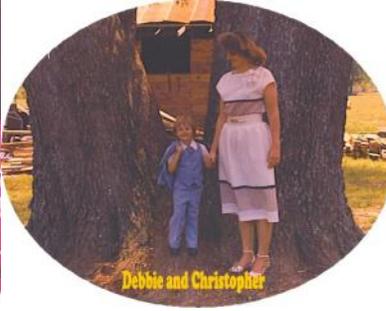
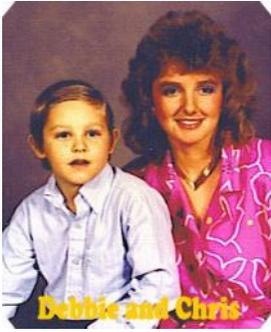
Harper's first Van - bought while we were in Mesquite, Texas 12th 1956

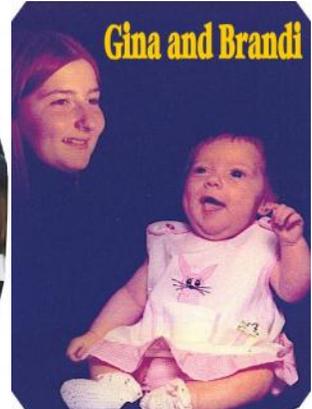
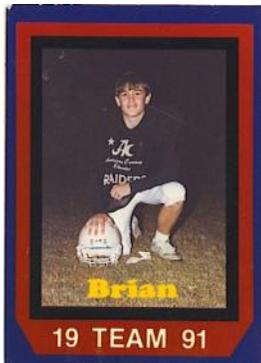
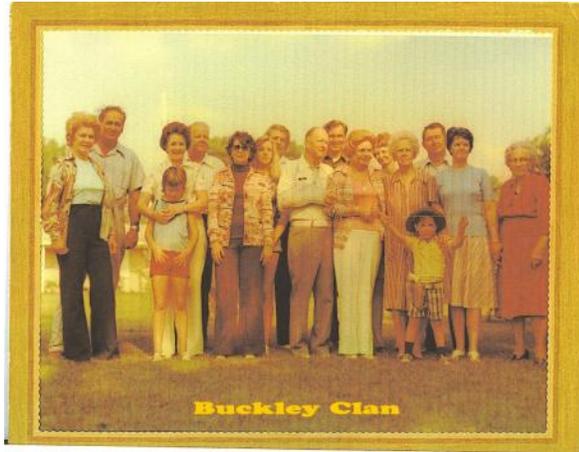
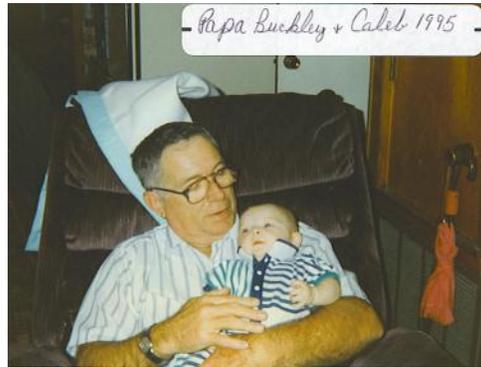
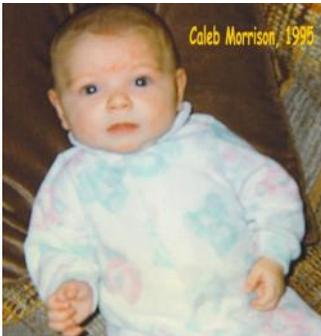
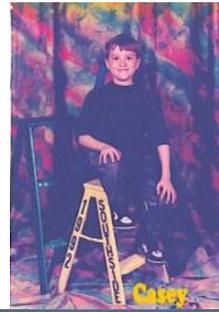
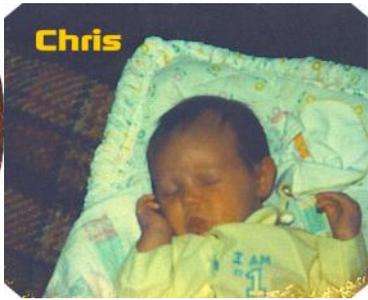
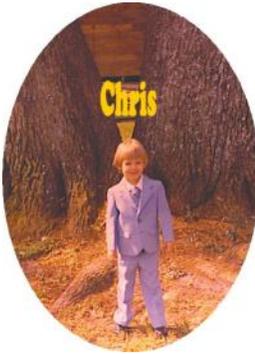


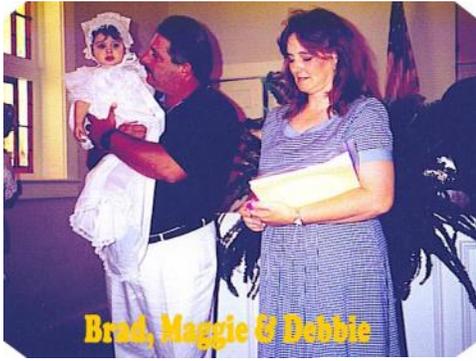
First Pastorium, now used for home of Minister of Music

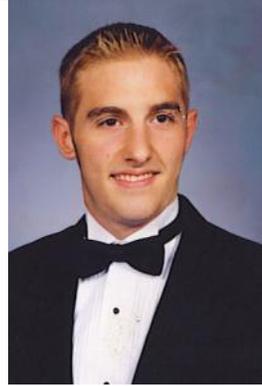


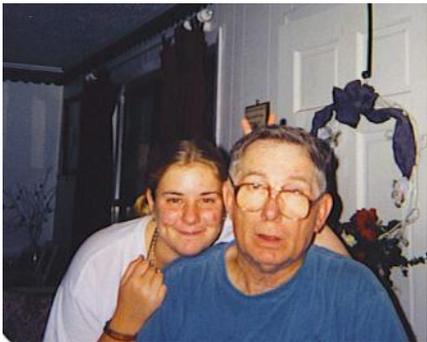
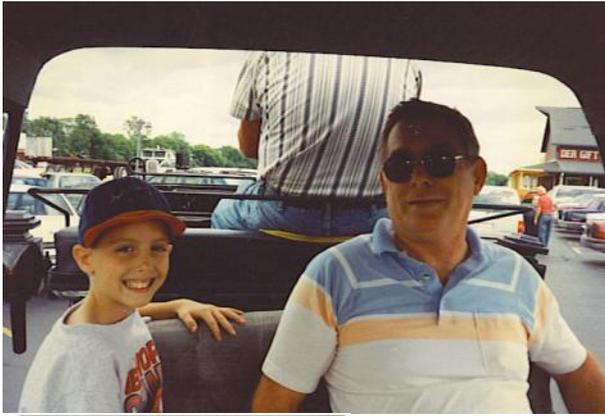


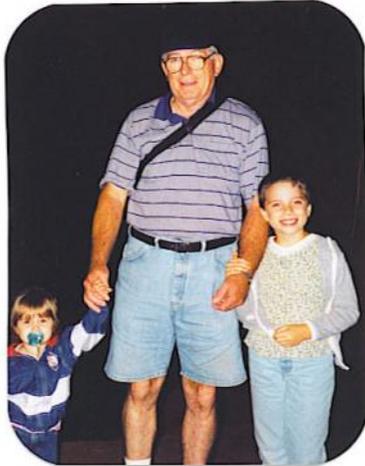












Mark's Family -April 2005

Bennett Wayne Buckley, born to Stephen and Gen, March 30, 2005

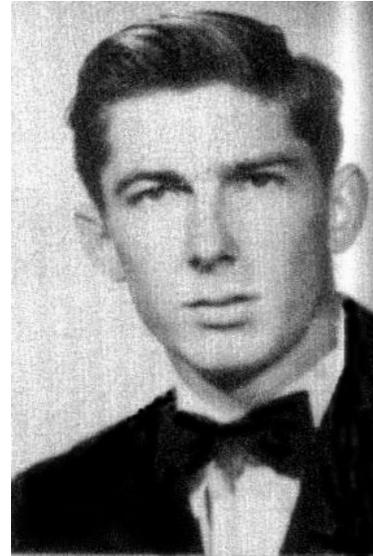
THROUGH THE YEARS



*Peggy's Graduation Portrait,
May of 1957*



*Our Wedding Day, our first
day together*



*Harper's High School Graduation
Portrait*

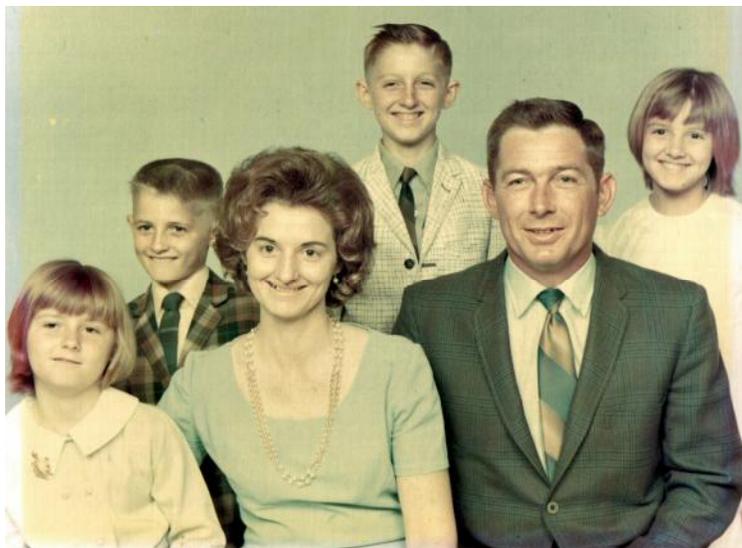


Our Family Early 60s in Mesquite

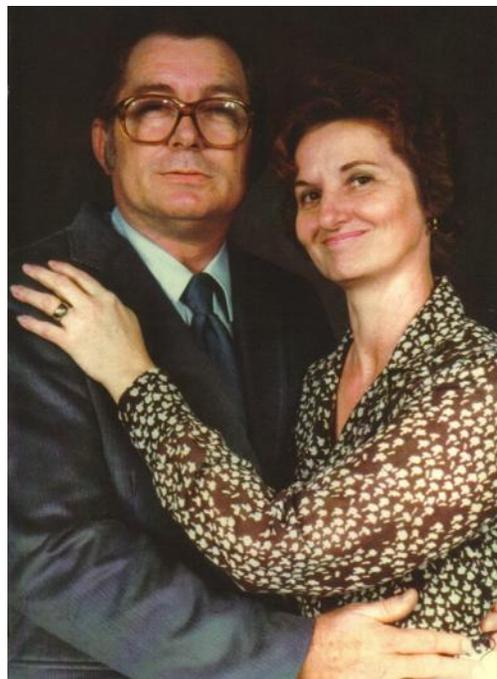


Our Family mid-60s in Mesquite

THROUGH THE YEARS, CONTINUED



Our Family, 1970s in Picayune



Harper and Peggy in 1970s



Harper and Peggy, 1988



Harper and Peggy, 1999

THROUGH THE YEARS, CONTINUED



Mark and Michael

Debbie
with
her
dad



Haley



Gina
with
Dylan
and
Demi



Clayton



Caleb



Maggie

THROUGH THE YEARS, CONTINUED



Last Christmas with Harper
2001

Brian
with
Halley



Maggie



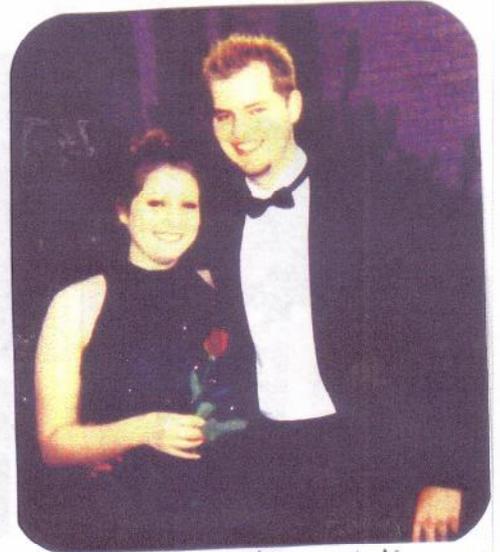
Kimberlee
with
Halley



Michael with
his Mountain
Bike 2005



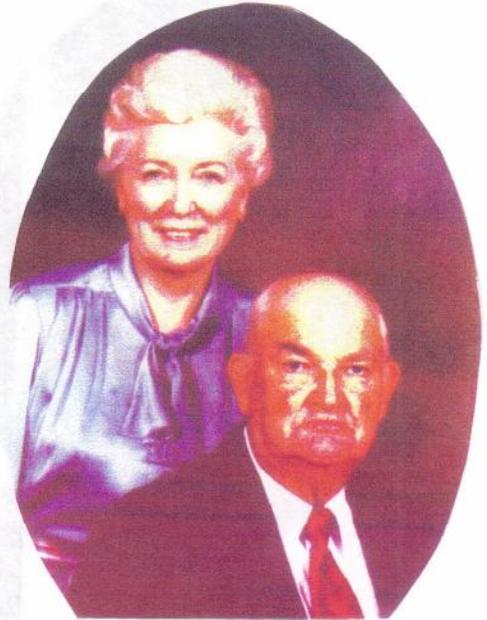
Debbie - Caleb - Jacqueline - 2001
Brad - Maggie - Harper
Vacation in Tennessee



Brandi and Lucas

THROUGH THE YEARS, CONTINUED

Aunt Mildred
Sue, Ann,
Marti -
their only
brother Bing

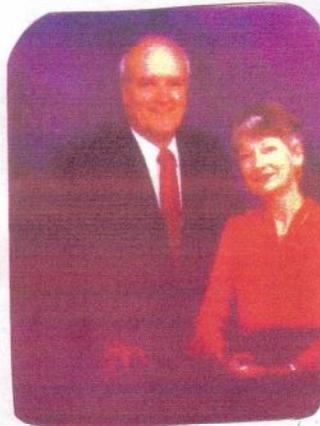


Sue and Clyde



Sue and Peggy
on Mexico
Mission Trip
80's

Ann and Len



Dean and Marti

Lee Rose
with his
ice cream
machine -
Mexico
mission trip



THROUGH THE YEARS, CONTINUED



Sue with
grandbaby
Seth



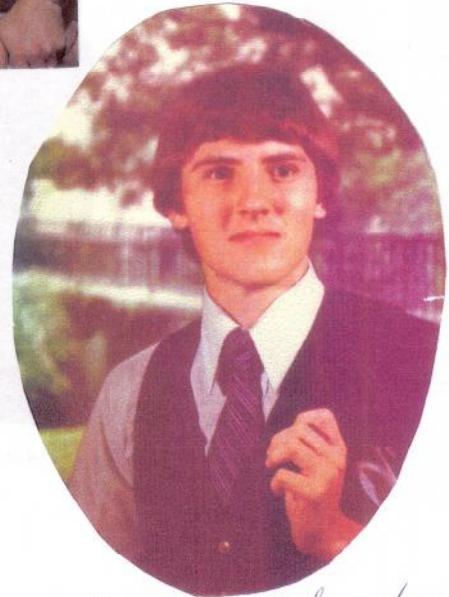
Sabrina - high
school graduation



Marty
with
Beth



Marty, Carol, Jocelyn
Christmas at Aunt Peggy's



Marty - high school
graduation

THROUGH THE YEARS, CONTINUED



Stephen, Bradley and Bennet, July 4, 2005



Jacqueline Ross, 12 yrs. old. 11/2005



Mark and Michael, August 2000



Mark and Sheila, October 2004

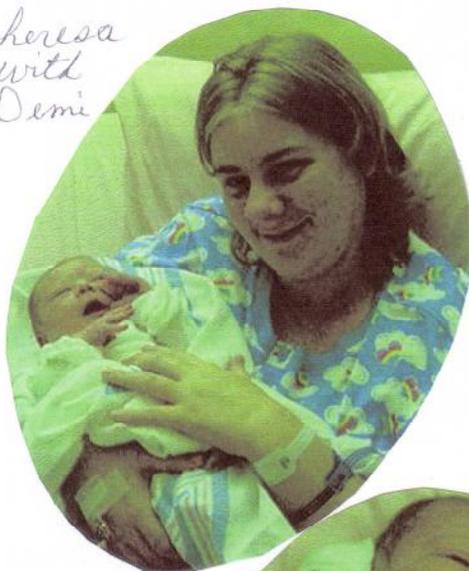
THROUGH THE YEARS, CONTINUED

Theresa with Demi



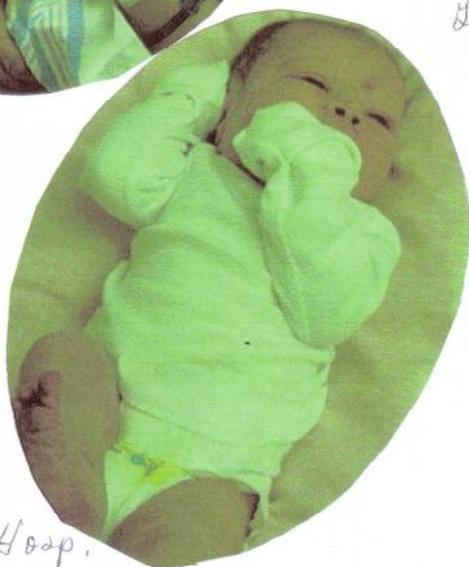
Gina
"Nana"
with Demi

Theresa
with
Demi



Great Grandmother
"Nanny" Peggy with Demi

Demi
Michelle
Harper
Alligood
Born
Oct 22,
2005
at
Crosby
Mem. Hosp.

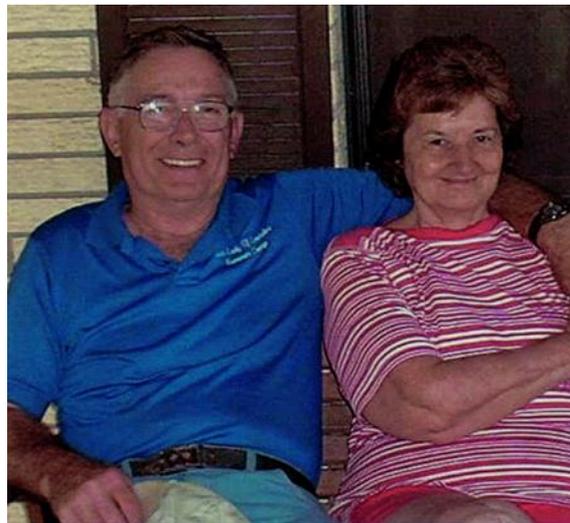


Gina "Nana" with Demi

THROUGH THE YEARS, CONTINUED



Harper and Peggy, December of 2001



*Harper and Peggy on May 29, 2002
"Our last day together"*

*Harper, this was for you
and the wonderful life
we shared. Forever your wife
Peggy*