



Family Matters

Volume 1

August 2004

HEY YA"LL...

Welcome to the very first issue of what I hope will turn out to be a quarterly family newsletter. I guess I thought I had room to add one more task into my unbelievably busy family history workload. This should be lots of fun and well worth the time, I'm sure.

I hope this issue finds everyone doing just fine and gearing up for our annual reunion. I'm especially excited about this one because I've planned my vacation around it as well. I intend to stick around for the week following the reunion and do lots and lots of digging and research. Who knows, some of you just may find me and my camera on your doorstep one fine day. Don't forget to smile pretty!



Nice To Meet You

In all of my sifting, sorting, and shoveling my way through the fog that is genealogy, I met someone who has become very important to me as well as to my work.

This wonderful person is none other than Ronda Denning Darkus. Who is Ronda Denning Darkus, you ask? Well, let me share. Ronda is the great-great-granddaughter of John Norman Denning.



Still not enough? Okay, John Norman Denning was an older brother of Susan Elizabeth Denning, the mother of our beloved Mama Parrish. That's him in the picture. We figure the picture was taken sometime in the early 1880's. He sure had some crystal blue eyes.

Ronda will be joining us at the reunion this year, so be sure to hug her neck and make her feel welcome.

WELCOME TO OUR WORLD



We have some new little ones God has blessed our family with this year. Dylan Andrew King was born to Darryl and Amy Carter King on April 19, 2004.



John and Melanie Burtchette Kraft welcomed their little Abigail Marie on June 3, 2004.



And so our family continues on into the next generation. Step proudly little ones.

Still Searching

Just this past May, I was given the opportunity to spend some time in Charlottesville, Virginia for a conference. As is true of all seasoned conference goers, I set aside a day to play! Imagine my surprise and Christmas morning-like glee when I learned that Scottsville, Virginia was less than an hour outside of Charlottesville.

Scottsville is where Britton Langdon, Jr. was when he died during the Civil War. Britton was the father of Joseph Marion Langdon, which makes him my great-great-great-grandfather. Grandpa Britton died of pneumonia on April 10, 1864 in the hospital in Scottsville.

The first thing I learned as I drove into Scottsville was that the town is very, very small. As a matter of fact, there is no hospital in Scottsville. There is, however, a great love of history and heritage and an overwhelming pride for its Confederate soldiers. Everywhere I went, I found folks that were so eager and willing to help me in my search.

I learned that the town's Baptist church had served as the hospital during the war. I visited the church grounds and walked the cemetery but had no luck in finding his final resting place. I also learned that the hospital records for the time he was in Scottsville had been lost to a flood many years ago.

I was led to a Confederate Memorial the town had erected to honor the soldiers who had lost their lives there. Once again, no luck. Several soldiers from North Carolina were listed, but not our soldier.

The people who tried so diligently to help were just as distressed as I was that his grave could not be located. As I said, Scottsville takes great pride in its Confederate history. They promised to keep searching and so do I.