



Family Matters

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HAPPY HOLIDAYS



I sure do hope this holiday season finds all of you happy and healthy. I know some of us have been going through some trying times but I also know that all of us can still look to God as our refuge. Always remember that He is “the Author and the Finisher” and that His plans for each one of us are more than we could ever hope, dream, or imagine. All we have to do is **BELIEVE**.

Our website, www.wemightbekin.com is steadily growing and enjoying lots of visits from people all over the country. I’ve been contacted by so many people who have found their own ties to our family and are willing and eager to share their personal family treasures with the rest of us. How wonderful is that?

I do want to take a moment and recognize a few folks who have been indispensable to me in the forest of genealogy. Thank you so much to Joyce Parrish Carter, Eleanor Chapman, Pat Grissett, Rebeth Parrish Mitchell, James Norris, Pat Stephenson, and Carla Townsend. If I have missed anyone, please forgive me and know that I so appreciate all the help that has come my way.

Happy Diggin’,

Deb

THE SEARCH FOR GRANPA...

As we all know, Britton Langdon, Jr. died in 1864, in Scottsville, Virginia, during the Civil War. We also know that his burial site is not marked and no records exist to tell us just where his remains were interred. That is simply not acceptable and not something that we will continue to overlook. If he could have ever known the family that grew from his seed, I’m sure he would have stuck out his chest and been so very proud of each and every one of us.

The sense of family that exists among all of us even today is not something that is common across the nation. We are a family that cares and a family that is proud of our history and legacy. For that reason, I am working with the United Daughters of the Confederacy to have a memorial erected to honor Grandpa Britton. I believe it would be so fitting to have that marker placed in the Joseph Marion Langdon Family Cemetery and I certainly hope you all will agree with me. In a very real way, father and son would be united once again, as it should be.

Ronda Denning Darkus is a sitting board member of the UDC and is gathering all of the necessary hoops which must be jumped through to make this happen. It may even be possible for an official ceremony to be held to place and dedicate the marker. I will keep you posted on our progress.

THANK YOU, THANK YOU

I need to take a moment and send out a very big and very special “Thank You” to my Great Aunt, Rebeth Parrish Mitchell, oldest child of Eddie & Ethel Langdon Parrish. Aunt Re, as she is known to all of us, made every photograph and newspaper clipping in her collection available to me for our family research. She also made her mother, Mama Parrish’s, photos available and even let me take the whole kit and caboodle back to Virginia with me to scan the photos and get everything into the computer.

I have been so amazed with the things I have found among the memories and I am doing my best to get it all on the site so we can all enjoy it together. As soon as this is done, the entire collection will be lovingly repacked and returned to its rightful owner, my Aunt Re.

By the way, this is a picture of Aunt Re that I snapped at this year’s Farmer’s Day Parade in Coats. She was the Queen of Hearts! How fitting.



CEMETERY HOPPIN’

That title sounds a little morbid, doesn’t it? It is actually very, very interesting and quite a lot of fun. Whenever I get a chance to spend some hoppin’ time, I head to my Great Aunt Joyce’s house in Harnett County and she and I set out on an adventure.

Aunt Joyce is the youngest child of my Great Grandparents, Eddie & Ethel Langdon Parrish, and my late Grandmother’s baby sister. She lives on the farm that she and her late husband, James Carson Carter, ran together. Of course, the houses two of her daughters built and are living in with their own families now occupy a good portion of the land. There is always a lot of love running around there and I truly enjoy spending time with them.

I have to admit though, even Aunt Joyce raised an eyebrow when I first mentioned “cemetery hoppin’”. I do believe she thought I might have had a screw or two lose. That is until she hopped with me...smile! She and I traipsed our way around and through a field at the end of a dirt road because she was bound and determined to get to a cemetery I told her was there. My cousin Ronda and I had given up on trying to get to it but Aunt Joyce was not about to be outdone. So, off we went. She may be in her 70’s but I sure was huffing and puffing trying to keep up with her. We got to that cemetery, the Joel Denning Family Cemetery, and I have Aunt Joyce, The Great Cemetery Hopper to thank for it!