







IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME





BYNUM METHODIST CHURCH  
Bynum, North Carolina  
Organized 1901

BYNUM UNITED METHODIST  
CHURCH

1901 – 2001

Our centennial – what a momentous occasion! God has truly blessed us through the years and will continue to bless us as we focus on Him and doing His work.

Many people have entered these doors and found that “Surely the Presence of the Lord is in this Place.” Some are new to our community, other families have worshipped here for several generations. As children of God, we are all precious in His eyes. As God is **our** Father, this is **our** church, and each of us has a role to play and we are charged to support our church through our prayers, presence, gifts and service.

“When Jesus started His Church, the Pastor (Jesus Himself) was being executed. The Chairman of the Board (Peter) was out cursing and swearing that he had never been a part of the Church. The Treasurer (Judas) was committing suicide. Most of the rest of the Board Members (the Apostles) had run away. A few ladies from the Women’s Fellowship were about the only ones who had shown much faithfulness. And look what became of that Church.”

(Source Unknown)

Our church is composed of several groups within which the Holy Spirit continues to work. One of the most influential groups in the past several years is the Women's Prayer Group. Formed in 1984, this group currently meets in the home of Ivie ("Teet") Cooper on Monday mornings. Each week an offering (usually \$1) is taken, which is sometimes supplemented by non-members as well. With this money, many people who have suffered financially through sickness and other tragedy have been assisted. The entire community has benefited through this group, which includes members from sister churches in the area.

In the late 1990's, several church members attended the Walk to Emmaus and have returned to our church with a renewed spirit of Christian commitment. Much emphasis has been placed on our personal relationship with Jesus Christ and prayer.

In the early 1970's there was a very large, active MYF. An effort to revive the Youth Group was made in the past year or so. With a small number of young people in the church, it has been difficult to sustain interest.

Several Bible studies have been well received in the past few years. Both Disciple I and Disciple II have been taught, as well as a recent study on I Corinthians.

Our choir has been successful in providing a mix of old favorites and the newer Praise and Worship music. For several years they have performed Christmas cantatas and one year an Easter cantata as well. We have several individuals in our church family now who perform solos occasionally to enhance our worship services.

We are blessed to have several church members who have attended lay speaker training. This is a mixed blessing, though, as they are often requested to speak at other churches.

For the past several years, a Women's Luncheon has been held, most recently at the Council on Aging facility. A catered event featuring a Christian motivational guest speaker, music, a fashion show and representatives of Pampered Chef, Tupperware, Avon and Premier Jewelry (to name a few), this day of fellowship is much anticipated, not only by our own church members, but by our sisters in Christ from neighboring congregations.

The United Methodist Women have faithfully met monthly for years. This past year, several new members have joined. This group, among other projects, works closely with the Ruritan club providing desserts and assistance during their annual dinners.

Vacation Bible School continues to be a major summer event for children and adults. This year's was particularly successful, and culminated in a softball game, with players of all ages.



Bynum was not always a sleepy little village located approximately 15 miles south of Chapel Hill. Settled in 1779 by Luke Bynum, it began to flourish when grandsons Luther and Carney, Jr. organized the Bynum Manufacturing Company with \$35,000 raised among local landholders in 1872. The Bynum brothers built 14 one story frame houses on the "Mill Hill" to attract a work force. Rent was minimal, but tenants were under strict supervision of the Bynum brothers.

In 1886, John Milton Odell of Concord, N.C. purchased a majority interest in the faltering stock of the mill, dissolving the Bynum Manufacturing Company and becoming part of J. M. Odell Manufacturing Company.

Life for millhands was not easy. A typical workday was from 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. A bell rang to signal these hours. The 8 hour workday was not enjoyed by southern textile workers until 1933, when hours became regulated by the federal government under the National Industrial Recovery Act. Wages were low.

A sense of community developed. Many people had large families whose children played together. A school stood where Mrs. Louise Harris now lives. Among other establishments, there were a theater, two stores, a post office and Hearne's Barbecue, where not only could you eat delicious food, but you could also dance. People worked, played and often worshipped together. Fish fries at the river (such an important social event the men built a fishing shack on the bank of the Haw River opposite the village and outfitted it with pots and pans), chicken stews (often after barn raisings, corn shuckings, wheat threshings and other occasions), dances, revivals, singing rallies, quilting bees, baptisms, prayer meetings, Sunday School picnics (often held at Lakewood Park in Durham or Pullen Park in Raleigh), ball games, box parties (girls brought a box of chicken or cake or pie to the schoolhouse, decorated in such a way that their boyfriend would recognize it and bid for the box, winning the box and a date with the girl), Halloween carnivals, Easter egg hunts, school plays and mill suppers were some of the social events enjoyed by Bynum residents.

Mr. Wes Thompson brought a reel to the schoolhouse on Saturday nights. Serial Westerns were shown, stopping just when your interest was peaked, ensuring that you would return the next week. In the late 1940's, the Star Theatre was open two or three nights a week and admission was 35 cents.

A bit of fame came to a local group, the "Chatham Rabbits," who played on WPTF in Raleigh in 1928. This group was comprised of Walter and Frank Farrell who played fiddle, David Baker (banjo), Briggs Atwater (mandolin), Talt Riggsbee (harmonica) Bob Clapp and Frank Durham (guitar).

Devout Methodists, the Bynum family donated a parcel of land for the circuit preacher's parsonage, retaining ownership. Although members of Mt. Pleasant Methodist church, they permitted construction of our church next to the mill. Church membership was actively promoted and throughout his tenure in Bynum, Mr. Carney Bynum was Sunday School Superintendent.

Bynum Church was organized in 1901 as part of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in the Fayetteville district of the North Carolina Conference. It was part of the Haw River Circuit, which also included Mann's Chapel, Mt. Pleasant, Cedar Grove and

Ebenezer Methodist Churches. A major social and religious event was the annual "protracted meetings," all day revivals. Members of the circuit attended each other's services and sometimes all five churches would gather for all day services and singing rallies.

Prior to December 1924, the pastor was paid quarterly at Conference with money raised by knocking on the doors of church members. For example, at one quarterly conference the pastor received \$76.61 for the quarter, \$21.77 of which was raised in Bynum, with the rest raised by members of the other churches on the charge. To supplement their salary, the people gave new pastors "poundings" (large amounts of food and other necessities).

In 1983 our church went full-time for a brief period but has since returned to a part-time/student basis. Due to our close proximity to Duke, our church is a prime location for a student pastor. Even today, some students have more than one church on their charge. We are indeed fortunate to have had the opportunity to have one minister to serve the needs of our church and community for many years.

## BYNUM CHRONOLOGY

- 1872 Bynum Manufacturing Company organized
- 1886 Mill bought by J. M. Odell Manufacturing Company
- 1893 Parsonage built
- 1898 Methodist Church built
- 1901 Bynum Methodist Church organized
- 1902 Ladies' Aid Society & Missionary Society active
- 1908 Flood in mill
- 1915 Mill pays for typhoid vaccinations
- 1916 Burning of mill
- 1917 Mill begins operations once again in November
- 1918 Influenza epidemic
- 1920 Addition to mill, Child Labor Law enacted, concrete dam built
- 1922 Electric lights in Bynum
- 1926 Carey Durham opens store, Homer Literary Society organized
- 1928 CP&L runs power line to Bynum, addition to mill
- 1934 NRA cuts hours to 40 per week, union organizers in Bynum, one-day walkout
- 1935 Lewis Durham opens store
- 1939 Addition to mill
- 1940 Sunday School classrooms added, new warehouse built
- 1941 Addition to mill

- 1945 Serious flood in mill
- 1947 Frank & Louise Harris open store, Bedspread Factory (in former Bynum School) destroyed by fire
- 1948 Addition to mill
- 1952 Highway 15-501 re-routed outside of Bynum
- 1967 New Hammond organ donated to church, Bill Gattis enters full-time ministry
- 1968 Church brick-veneered, restrooms added
- 1972 Blacks began work in mill, management and sales contracted to Tuscarora Company, mill begins manufacturing synthetic blend
- 1974 New parsonage built, one mill shift eliminated
- 1975 Proposal for HUD grant
- 1977 Work begins on Bynum rehabilitation project
- 1978 Carey Durham dies and store closed
- 1983 Mill closes
- 1998 Bridge closed to vehicular traffic
- 2001 Handicapped restroom added to church

## SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS

1875 – 1909	Carney Bynum
1909 – 1930	James B. Atwater
1930 – 1943	Edgar Moore
1943 – 1947	Roy Riggsbee
1947 – 1949	Layton Jones
1949 – 1951	Julius Suitt
1951 – 1954	Lewis Cooper
1954 – 1956	Cary Durham, Jr.
1956 – 1958	Sally Fowler
1958 – 1960	Marshall Parker
1961 – 1964	Walter (“Corkey”) Harris
1964 – 1967	William H. (“Bill”) Gattis
1967 – 1972	Ralph Suttles
1972 – 1975	Dean Riggsbee
1975 – 1992	Robert Elmore
1992 – 1998	Ruth Lucier
1998-	Jim Williams/Ruth Lucier

NOTE: Special recognition is deserved of C. A. Snipes, Hampton Knight and John W. Snipes who were very active in Sunday School, as well as Julius Suitt’s father, Thomas, who led choir and directed singing during open assembly on Sunday mornings.

## BYNUM METHODIST PASTORS

1899 - 1901	J. T. Draper (Bynum Church organized 1901)
1901 - 1904	R. W. Baily
1905 - 1906	E. E. Rose
1907	N. M. Watson
1908 - 1910	L. M. Chaffin
1911	G. B. Perry
1912	W. E. Troutman
1913	E. L. Stack
1914 - 1915	W. E. Brown
1916 - 1918	G. W. Perry
1919 - 1920	J. W. Autry
1921 - 1922	J. R. Edwards
1923 - 1924	C. H. Caviness
1925	W. J. Watson
1926 - 1929	A. E. Brown
1930 - 1932	L. A. Tilley
1933 - 1935	J. F. Starnes
1936 - 1939	C. Reichard

1940 – 1943	K. F. Duval
1944 – 1945	G. C. Kinlaw
1946 – 1947	D. C. Boone
1948 – 1951	J. M. Cline
1952 – 1954	W. C. Shaw
1955	R. N. Robertson
1956 – 1957	Warren Bishop
1958 – 1962	Frank Lloyd, Jr.
1963 – 1967	J. M. Short
1968	C. H. Beale
1969	Bobby Smith
1970 – 1972	C. P. Pearce
1973	LaVerne Womack
1974 – 1975	Warren Langer
1976	Gary Smith
1977	John Capps
1978 – 1980	Jim Hebel
1980 – 1986	David Francis
1987 – 1989	Carlton Hirschi
1990 – 1991	Paul Bravender
1992 – 1996	David Abbott
1997 – 2000	David Hutchins
2000 -	Randy Blanton

## **THE STORY OF BYNUM METHODIST CHURCH**

**November, 1948 - November, 1952**

**This is the story of Bynum Methodist Church from November 1948 through November 1952 from the memory and perspective of Rev. John M. Cline. I was 27 years old, single, and had finished an important decade in my life: 7 years as a student at Duke University and 3 years as pastor of 5 Methodist Churches in Duplin County, North Carolina; the churches were Kenansville, Magnolia, Wesley, Friendship, and Unity, known jointly at that time as The Duplin Circuit. I had recruited, organized, and launched the Unity Church. As pastor for those three years I lived in Kenansville, N.C. Now appointed by Bishop W.W. Peele I was headed for Bynum.**

**The setting of Bynum was that of a small mill village on a busy North/South highway (US 15/501) with a ball park, a movie, four general merchandise stores, a beauty shop, a cafe, a barbershop, and a scenic dam that furnished power for the mill. Most of the residents of Bynum were neighbors who had known each other all of their lives and who could walk together to work and to church and visit together in well-stocked stores. The Methodist Church was the only church in Bynum and seemed to have a special relationship with the owners and officials of the mill. Word was carried to me early that I was welcome to visit the mill, and those employees running machines seemed to get a lot of fun kidding me about the difficulty of their particular machine. "Come here and let's see you tie up this end." And, of course, I couldn't and wouldn't dare try. But it made me feel good to have this kidding relationship going on.**

**There were five churches on the Bynum Charge. They were Bynum, Mt. Pleasant, Mann's Chapel, Cedar Grove, and Ebenezer. Bynum, the largest church had four preaching services a month, two at eleven AM and two evening services. The other four churches had two preaching services each month. No preaching schedule was in place for fifth Sundays. My first Sunday to preach at Bynum was the Sunday before "moving day". On that Sunday I began quickly to observe their generous and caring spirit. I was approached by members who inquired about my moving plans. In the group was**



**John Snipes who offered to move me with his truck. A few days later John Snipes and another man moved me to Bynum.**

**I mentioned earlier about having access to the mill working areas. These memories are not flashing into my mind in the chronological order in which they occurred. I had been at Bynum 2 or 3 years when my door bell rang and the caller introduced himself as a traveling evangelist. He wanted to put up a tent in the ball park, wishing to preach a week or two. He first had gone to the mill and talked with John London to ask for his approval. John was looked upon as spokesman for the mill owners - either he or Edgar Moore or Frank Durham. He said John London's answer was: "John Cline is in charge of religious activities in Bynum. You will have to get his approval." Whether this was true or not, to hear it said added to the bonding of the lives of the Preacher and the VIP's at the mill. I was humbled by the words of the stranger at the door. I gave him a cordial welcome to put up his tent. Then I spent time prayerfully pondering what an awesome responsibility and opportunity to be in charge of religious activities in Bynum or anywhere else.**

**I had been pastor of Bynum Methodist Church only a few weeks when I became seriously ill. Ten years earlier I had had lung surgery, having the lower lobe of my left lung removed. In those days it was almost an unheard of surgical feat. There was no surgeon in North Carolina who had taken that step. But my doctor was Superintendent of the Guilford County Sanitorium and was extremely knowledgeable about who was doing what in this field. He sent us to Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston and the surgery was done successfully. Now here ten years later a doctor at Duke Hospital is telling me I must have an operation removing the upper lobe of my left lung and telling me that a doctor at Duke has just returned from special training in lung surgery. There seemed only one answer - full speed ahead.**

**The word spread rapidly. Offers of help poured in. A friend and classmate of mine at Duke Divinity School, Walter McDonald, offered to fill my place as minister until I could come back to Bynum. I was delighted and the District Superintendent approved. Walt borrowed my car. Good things happened at the churches under**

Walt's leadership. The people gave him tremendous support. The five churches paid all apportionments to the Conference in full at the midpoint of the Conference year. The Bynum people put indoor plumbing in the parsonage before I returned. Among many gifts of money and blood and other helps, the Youth Fellowship of the Bynum Charge invited a singing group to put on a program at the theatre across from the parsonage. The Youth Fellowship put their profits from the "sing" on my hospital bill. Gifts kept adding up and I was able to pay my bill in full when I checked out of Duke Hospital.

Other exciting things happened: the parsonage underwent further remodeling. A ping pong table was placed in a spare bedroom and there was open house most nights for the young people. Then came croquet on the lawn. Lewis Cooper and his volunteers put up light poles on the parsonage lawn, wires were strung from the parsonage kitchen and the croquet set was properly placed on the lighted lawn. It was an attention-getter both for the locals and for travelers on the highway as they slowed down to figure out what was going on.

Remodeling seems to be a word I'm using a lot, but those were remodeling times. Early in my pastorate at Bynum leaders on the charge got together and decided that each church would take a room at the parsonage and remodel it. Then about the third or fourth year of my tenure the leaders at Bynum decided to remodel the church building - not so much for greater seating capacity as for attractiveness and worship enhancement. During this period of remodeling the worship services were held in the Bynum Theatre, thanks to the generous spirit of owner, Cary Durham. It was interesting to note that the worship automatically became more informal. A few "Amens" here and there. Some people I saw in the theatre I never saw worshipping with us in the sanctuary. I have not figured out just what that says.

Word was slipped along the grapevine that auto dealer Frank Hauser in Pittsboro wanted to help us some in the work with the young people. I followed up on the matter learning that if I would pay the insurance and accept ownership of the title he would give us a used convertible. We accepted his gift and it was a lot of fun for the boys in Bynum.

It seemed that the young people all knew how to cook, and that their favorite menu was chicken stew. After evening church services the late teens (mostly males) lingered at the door of the church and asked the question, "How about us borrowing a rock?" That was phonetics for a chicken stew. Usually there was a frozen chicken in one of the lads' deep freeze, especially at Lowell Williams's home.

Somewhere in church promotional literature there was a recommendation that we try something called "Fill-a-Pew" program. The idea sounded good to me and I tried it in several different churches. Nowhere did it bring better results than at Bynum, where I tried it first. The idea is to assign every pew in the church to an individual. That individual is charged with the responsibility to fill his or her pew on Sunday. At Bynum this plan was very popular. During the week grown men would hale me and ask for a pew. Picture this church when a smiling gentleman enters the front door and begins to look for the pew with his name on it. He is followed by 8 or 10 other people. Then that smile on his face grows larger as he steps aside and ushers his people into his pew. With that scene repeated again and again the church was filled. There was a great joy about it all and everybody felt involved and wanted.

I was single my first three years at Bynum and some contacts made at an evening worship service at Bynum opened avenues for me to meet the young lady who later became my wife. Willis Knight attended that particular service and brought a young lady from Chapel Hill with him. She had a dear friend named Alice who worked in the Business Office at UNC as Assistant Budget Clerk. She arranged for me to meet Alice within the next two weeks. By the end of approximately 6 months Alice and I had become engaged. On October 6th of this year (2001) we will celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary. We remained in Bynum another year and no one could have received a more cordial welcome than that given Alice.

I made many Christian friends in Bynum Methodist Church. I was blessed by wise, devout counsel. My statistical records are combined figures for the 5 churches. When I came the Charge had 670 members. New members added were 103. I am proud of every one of these 103 new members and pray God's blessings upon all, old and new. They were very happy years of my ministry. Thanks be to God.

For the Memory Book at the commemoration of 100 years (Randy, feel free to use any or none of this as you choose or need...assuming it gets to you in time.)billgattis

Where does one begin? The Christmas pageants complete with bathrobes and nativity script, followed by visits from Santa bearing all the children a gift bag filled with fruit, nuts and candy? Or the Sunday School assemblies, standing up front and reciting Psalm 100 by memory? Or is it the memory of being embraced and surrounded by a church family at the unexpected and premature death of my father? Or as a youth having devoted Sunday School teachers like Mr. Carey Durham and Mrs. Louise Harris? Or perhaps it would be the chance to preach one Sunday when in the 10th grade, extended to me by Rev. Frank Lloyd? Or would it be as a young adult singing the melody and harmony with the Bynum Church Quartet along the church homecoming circuit afternoon sings? Or would it be a student under the faithful Bible teaching of Mr. Gurney Williams and his all men's class? Or would it be the witness of a mother who found such fullness to her life, and throughout her life, from the members and memories of Bynum Church? Where does one begin?

Some things have no beginning nor end. It is just a continuous journey throughout the ages that began with the entry of a Child...the Christ. And since then some of us have known that Child most intimately and completely through a church and congregation like Bynum Methodist.

Perhaps the most defining and transforming memory that speaks profoundly of the nature of Church for me was the annual Sunday School Picnic to Pullen Park in Raleigh. I still remember as if it were last week, loading up at church and driving in caravan to Raleigh. Then it seemed like a distant town. And Pullen Park with its cityfide swimming pool when all that most of us had ever known was Mr. Gurney Williams' and Mr. Jack Parker's ponds or Hearne's Hole in the Haw. And there was the gazebo right outside the bathhouse where the big boys and girls cut a "mean rug" to the jukebox playing. I would stand in admiration and long for the time when perhaps I could dance like that with girls like that. And then there was that little electrical powered choo-choo train that encircled the entire park, and one could ride for a mere dime as I recall. And then we would gather just about 6 pm under one of those tent-like picnic shelters. Some of us would just wander up from the train ride, or swimming, or just hanging out, and there would be picnic spread sufficient to feed every citizen of Wake County. Fried chicken, potato salad, deviled eggs, ham biscuits, corn-on-the-cob, and cakes and pies of every description. Some one would say the blessing. And now I recognize what a blessing it was...and how blessed I was being there. You didn't have to worry about staying with your parents, because everybody there were your parents...your church parents. I never worried about getting lost or getting left because my family there was bigger than merely my mom and dad.

Some have popularized an old African proverb that says, "It takes a village to raise a child." The one who said that was describing Bynum...particularly Bynum Methodist Church. Thanks be to God for the way that Bynum Church took seriously its spiritual parenting of this child. William H. (or Billy Hughes) Gattis

**WALLACE UNITED METHODIST  
CHURCH**

301 SOUTH COLLEGE STREET  
WALLACE, NORTH CAROLINA, 28466  
285-2857

Rev. Frank I. Lloyd, Pastor/Minister

From: Frank Lloyd  
To: Bynum UMC



Subj: 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary

Things I remember. At the time I was there you could not separate the community from the church.

Warren and Kathy Bishop letting us stay at the parsonage because we arrived from Fla. for NC annual Conf.

Billy Gattis helping us unload.

All the nick names of the folks there and the history behind them.

Cute - Frank Durham - girls used to chase him and called him cute.

Jay bird - Carrie Durham - used to take water to workers, but wasn't enough in the bucket for a jay bird.

Weissy - Roy Eubanks , I don't know.

Partner - Leighton Herndon - when bigger boys messed with him he would get a partner and fight them.

Skin - Roy's wife I assume she used to be skinny.

Hammerhead - I don't know.

Pune - Jones - the biggest guy around.

Charles Ray picking up the back end of Warren Durham's car out of the ditch on our driveway.

Also hitting home runs.

The first revival I preached. Frank Durham closed the mill and strongly suggested that everyone attend.

Folks were sitting on the lawn, etc.

Billy Gattis, the Parker boys, Corky Harris, and Arnold Reynolds (died in a tractor pull) singing.

Arnold singing that great "Judgment Morning." "The gambler was there with the drunkard, and the man who sold them the beer, and the men who gave them the license, together in hell, they did sink."

Sleepy Williams - looked like he was asleep. Teaching the men's Bible Class.

His wife bringing communion late, (in the middle of the service) because the time had changed and she forgot.

Playing dominoes and cards at various homes.

Looking at the satellites. Dottie falling off the Embank's porch.

A man trying to say that the other churches wanted me to leave, and a group of men going to confront him and asking me to wait in the car.

**WALLACE UNITED METHODIST  
CHURCH**

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285-2857

Rev. Frank I. Lloyd, Pastor/Minister

The barber shop and free haircuts from Lewis Cooper. Tom Maynor always kidding me about being the richest man in town. And Lewis telling me to tell him - "It takes brains to be a preacher Tom, and you don't have any." Tom quite kidding me. The guys racing up and down the road, and some men agreeing to stop them, and meeting at Durham store, and Jay bird coming with a shot gun, and Tom Maynor beating one of them up. The high way patrol giving out tickets, and I went to court to testify.

Brick veneering the church.

The mill houses served with outhouses.

Trying to heat the parsonage, I almost went broke.

Jay bird Durham's store, and allowing me to charge things. I left owing him money and when I returned to pay him, he gave half of it back to me.

The Lincoln car I won as a door prize. Donated by Ken Cooper.

The first Bible School and I volunteered to teach the youth. We studied the lesson, went to Parker's swimming and then played baseball. The first session, I told them there wasn't anyone I couldn't whip and they had better pay attention and not give me any trouble. They said, what if three of us jump on you. I said try it and knocked two of them down. The class grew each session, and the only one who didn't come back was the one of the three who I didn't knock down.

Sleeping Williams giving me a cow. Jay bird Durham selling me a freezer for \$100 with the promise he would buy it back for \$100 when I left.

Mrs. Harris, when I asked her why her name was not on the roll, told me she was a Christian. At that time I did not know "Christian" was a denomination.

Setting the field on fire. Pouring gas in the ditch after filling it with grass which I had cut with either Sleepy's or the Moore's tractor, and what a big explosion it made.

Coming back for Revival and Homecoming.

Some of the guys being wounded and one killed in the war - It think it was the Korean.

Snipes beating me at Badminton

Joey Snipes becoming a Christian, and beating the table and saying, I got it Mr. Lloyd, I got it.

To my good friends in Bynum,

Congratulations on being 100 years old! You barely even look half that age! It is indeed a special day of celebration as you recall the many souls that were saved and preachers that have been trained during that time. I can think of no other place I would rather be than in that little brick church by the mill but because of commitments in Maine, I am unable to be with you today. However, y'all are in my prayers.

As I reflect on the four years that I was honored to serve in Bynum, I have many wonderful memories. Gathering sermon material in the corner of knowledge up at the General Store, crossing the YAHWEH Highway into the Yadusky yard and onto the hill (watching out for the poison ivy), cutting my grass on the first Sunday that we were there (I still believe the Holy Spirit set that into motion!), receiving my own "Clyde Critter", learning how to pickle, looking at the Dogwood blossoms on Easter morning, celebrating the empty tomb in the cemetery, wondering if everyone in town had a nickname and where some of them came from, trying to be polite and eating a little of everything at homecoming (tables and tables of marvelous food), driving up the driveway for the first time and seeing the ladies who had been cleaning the house and finding a refrigerator full of the best home cooking, finding out that okra is better left untouched, that "O Come, O Come, Emmanuel" #211 is a favorite Advent hymn of the piano player, being welcomed in Bynum as Christians and not just yanks from the north, understanding that some are blessed and the others root for UNC or NC State, and that there is nothing finer than Ruritan BBQ and hush puppies on a Saturday night! I am getting homesick just thinking about it!!

However, one of the most powerful memories and gifts from God during our time in Bynum was the many opportunities that I had to simply sit and listen to stories of the past and present. Learning how life was in a mill town where everyone watched out for everyone else. Where an entire community raised a child, and how all were welcome at each other's table for the breaking of bread and sharing of a meal. Where folks loved the richness of their lives in the early years and didn't realize they were poor until others from the outside told them so. Over and over again, I was challenged to see life from a different perspective and as a result how my life was enriched. I treasure each story and memory as a mental scrapbook of very special people in a very special time of my life.

As I reflect back on the struggle of our time, whether to go into full-time ministry or not, I know without a doubt that God intended Bynum to teach and raise up new ministers for the benefit of all of God's people.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "David Abbott". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the page.

Dear Family,

When we began planning our Centennial Celebration several months ago, I thought it would be a wonderful idea to have Bynum United Methodist Church's previous ministers write a letter reflecting on their time here. It would allow them a chance to reminisce on their time here, it would help us all realize how special this church has been to so many people, it would allow us "new" members an opportunity to learn more about dear members who have passed on, and it would allow everyone the opportunity to reflect on the past. This reflection could be very personal, for those of you who know the names and stories, or vicarious, for those of us who can only romantically recreate them in our own minds. Most importantly, I felt sure I would not be asked for such reflections since I am new to the church family. However, that one word, "family", epitomizes Bynum United Methodist Church and is the reason I write these words.

Family! Upon arriving in the community of Bynum it became clear that one word could be used in so many ways to sum up the church, which simply reflects the community. To try to separate one from the other, especially in the early years, would be difficult.

First, the church and community are named for a family. The Bynum family chose this particular spot in northern Chatham County to begin a textile mill. Soon a town grew up around the mill and it took the family's name. Being loyal Methodists, they deeded land for a church and parsonage and now we celebrate one hundred years of service in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Second, who could travel to Bynum and not realize the significance of family names? Beginning with the Bynum name and continuing with names such as Durham, Eubanks, Cooper, Williams, Harris, Jones, Riggsbee and Ellis. All of these, not to mention the ones I overlooked, are still used to name roads and businesses. But more importantly, they form an intricate system of relationships that is the ancestral lineage of Bynum. When I arrived in Bynum a little over a year ago I was told, "Be careful what you say about someone, they're all related." Little did I realize how honest this statement truly is. Furthermore, some individuals ("Teet" Eubanks Cooper and Beulah Cooper Eubanks) decided to make it even more difficult for former "outsiders" like me by marrying each other's brother. In Bynum, it is an over simplification to refer to "The Family Tree". Much more appropriately, it should be called "The Family Web".

But the beauty of this family called Bynum United Methodist Church is that it does not limit itself to these founding families. The beauty of this family is that it continues to accept "outsiders" and quickly makes them part of the ever-changing, ever-growing family. We are all familiar with how the Scriptures bear witness to the fact that the kingdom of God and the world as we know it often define words differently. For God, family is not forged through bloodlines. Instead, it is forged through baptism. And as a result, people who scarcely know one another can refer to one another as brothers and sisters. This is the beauty of Bynum United Methodist Church and this is why I write these words today. Because my family and myself, with no connection to Bynum whatsoever, were immediately welcomed into this community of faith and made to feel like family.

Dr. William Willimon, Duke Divinity School professor and well know author, said that there used to be a day when the minister came riding into town on a white horse, was immediately revered by the community, was immediately accepted into the community. However he said that those days were all but gone and gaining the acceptance of the community was much harder today. Maybe somewhere, but not in Bynum! Instead of being forced to prove myself, I was accepted "as is". And when I made mistakes, I was forgiven. That's just how families operate.



Families communicate with one another. My first introduction to Bynum United Methodist Church came via cards and letters. Two months before we arrived in Bynum, we began receiving cards and letters from church groups and individuals. “Just wanted to welcome you to Bynum. We look forward to meeting you and your family.” “We hope you will find Bynum UMC to be filled with loving, dedicated Christians who will welcome you as leaders of our church family...”. “We want you to know we are praying for you because we know God hand-picked you for us—we will support you in every way possible...”. (These are actual quotes as I still have every card and letter.) For a petrified man who was wondering why God had chosen him for the Lord’s work, this was invaluable. Words like “welcome”, “family”, and “support” speak volumes about the character of the Bynum family. And I have witnessed this same attitude repeated over and over as “outsiders” are made to feel at home.

Families share “bread” with one another. When we finally arrived in Bynum, our lives were in complete disarray. A new house, a new community, and a new calling. Oh and by the way, a truckload of boxes to unpack and put away! The last thing on our minds was food; at least the purchasing and preparing of it. Not to worry! The refrigerator was already well stock with various snacks and beverages. And very impressively, Madeleine had not been forgotten. There were snacks and beverages tailor made for the finicky appetite of a two-year old. But it didn’t stop there! As the day wore on, more and more food arrived. By day’s end, we had enough food to last an entire week without ever having to purchase one thing. All we had to do was heat and eat. What an incredible blessing and welcome.

Families pray together. Thoughtfully, I was given the first Sunday off. I had the opportunity to worship with my new family without having the added stress of leading the worship itself. At the end of the service, I approached the altar, fell to my knees and begged God for strength, guidance, and all the things that I did not even know that I needed yet. Moments later, there were individuals kneeling beside me with hands on my shoulders praying with me and for me.

Family is the one recurring theme I see in Bynum. I have heard it said more than once, “Once you get the red mud of Bynum between your toes, it will always be home.” In my mind, it’s not the red mud that forever connects one with Bynum. It’s the relationships. Once you’ve experienced the family of Bynum in your heart, it will always be home! Lord willing I will live in many communities as I answer my call to discipleship. However, I will never forget how the community of Bynum has accepted me into its family, loved me, molded me, supported me, and helped me understand what being a member of the family of God is truly all about.

This year, the family of Bynum United Methodist Church celebrates one hundred years of service in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ. A book, plaque, and commemorative stone will historically mark the occasion. While each of these is merely an inanimate object, they will serve to spark living memories within each person touched by this community. They will spark memories that I, in my limited time here can scarcely appreciate. They will spark memories of one hundred years of service completed by a family of God. May God continue to bless the service and family of Bynum United Methodist Church.

Peace in Christ,

Randy Blanton

# Section I

90	71	70	51	50	31	30	11 Jerry Clapp ③	10
89 R. L. Ellis ②	72	69	52 Jimmy Johnson	49 Damin ② Snipes ②	32	29	12 J. O. Lane ⑥ J. Ellis B. Ellis	9
88	73 Billy (John) Hingsley ⑧	68 Higgins ⑤ H. Henshaw ④	53 D. N. Beal ④ ④	48 Douglas Neal ③	33 B. L. Herndon ②	28 Clyde Riggsbee ②	13 Gene Farrell ④ Blair ① G. Goodman D. Clark	8 Clem Sanders ⑤
87 J. Hanes ② Morris Heafne ②	74 Jack Parker ③	67	54	47	34	27 John Snipes ③	14 James C. Lane ③	7 Russell Goodman ③
86 J. Hill ② Robert F. Moore ④ B. H. Kershner ④	75 J. G. Williams ③	66	55	46	35	26	15	6
85 Cari Young ① Louise Lippert ④	76 H. G. Gales ⑥	65	56	45 P. H. Mitchell ④ Ray Jones ④	36	25 Ken Cooper ②	16 Lewis Cooper ③	5 Charles R. Ellis ⑤
84 Bessie	77 Warren Durham ③	64 Mannly Durham ③	57 C. E. Durham Sr. ③	44 Mary Suttles ⑦	37 Eugene Clark ③ STUBBS (2)	24 Clyde Sturt ④ A. Clark ②	17 Cecil Ed Ellis ④ ④	4 Tom Maynor ③ Pennie Ellis
83 B. Davis ④ Mann	78 Claiborne (Paul) Jones ③	63 Flora Bulard ④ W. H. Henshaw	58 Ray McDuffie ③	43 Ralph Suttles ③	38 James Stubbs ③	23 Roy Lee Eubanks ③	18 Rupert Eubanks ③	3 Mel. H. Fowler ③
82	79 George Smith ④ Mary Johnson	62 Mickler ④ Mickler	59 Frank Johnson ③	42 Mitchell ① P. H. Henshaw	39 Frankie Gilmore ③	22 Terrill Snipes ③	19 Billy York ④ Julius Suttles ④	2 Lora Clark ④
81	80	61	60	41	40	21	20 Billy Cooper ③	1

T. H. V. 11/11/11

# Section II

LINE W/RY

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51	50	31	30	11	10
52	49	32	29	12	9
53	48	33	28	13	8
54	47	34	27	14	7
55	46	35	26	15	6
56 Jim Lannis (4) William Howard (4)	45 Callie Fowler (8)	36	25	16	C. Gylton ↓ 5 Hadsney Frank Dixon (2)
57 John Howell (8)	44 Charlie Howell (2)	37	24	17	Lewis Baby
58 (Emma) George Johnson Lem Frye	43	38	23	18	3

59

42

39

22

19

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60

41

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