A Genealogy of Thirteen Generations of Hensons in North America

Phillip Henson (arrived in Jamestown, Virginia, from England in 1635)

Richard Henson (b. 1636 in Jamestown)

Robert Henson (b. 1665 in Surry County, Virginia)

Joseph Henson (b. 1689--d. 1742 in Hanover County, Virginia)

William Henson (b. 1725 -- d. 1796)
\{Father of four sons who fought in the Revolutionary War\}

John Henson (b. 1765--d. 1835)

Reuben Henson (b. 1798--d. 1850)

John F. "Blackberry" Henson (b. August 8, 1848--d. May 8, 1912)

Jerry Henson (b. March 17, 1868--d. ?)

John Henson (b. ?--d. 1942)

Darold E. Henson (b. September 17, 1918--
\{Veteran of World War II\}
\[2008\]

D. Leigh Henson (b. August 22, 1942--

Kendra L. Henson (b. October 5, 1972--

Brandon L. Henson (b. April 9, 1977--

Reuben Hilliard Henson (1872--1942)

Orval Chester Henson (1897--1959)

Alma Lee Rockett Henson (1917--1987)
\{Author of A Henson Family History\}
A HENSON

FAMILY HISTORY

BEGINING 1635
PRESENTED TO
BURLE HENSON BY
A.L. "BUD" HENSON
SON OF CHESTER HENSON
GRAND SON OF WILLIAM HENSON
SON OF

BOO K X NO. S
ALMA "BUD" HENSON, AUTHOR OF THIS RECORD, DIED OF A CEREBRAL STROKE FEB. 1987 IN INDEPENDENCE, MO. AT 70 YEARS OF AGE. HE IS GREATLY MISSED. HE DROVE THOUSANDS OF MILES, SPENT MANY YEARS IN RESEARCHING THE HENSON FAMILY HISTORY.

Burl Henson Mar 24-1987
ALMA LEE ROCKETT HENSON (b. Feb. (Bud) 20, 1917, near Orchardville, Ill.) First child of Orval Chester, Sr. and Eva Henson. Boyhood spent in Mt. Vernon, Taylorville, Zenith, and Decatur, Ill. Attend Graceland College, Lamoni, Iowa for two years where he met his wife.

On August 19, 1940, Bud (as he is known by everyone) was married to VIRGINIA LIEGH of Independence, Mo. Two months after their marriage, they made an adventurous trip by car and steamship to Juneau, Alaska, where they spent the first year of their married life. Bud worked for the world's largest gold mine while in Alaska. After the attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941, Bud was called into the U. S. Army Air Corps on Oct. 15. 1942.

Above: Virginia and Bud Henson

Right: Bud Henson in U. S. Army Air Corps.

Bud was at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.; U. of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.; Kelly Field, Texas; Kessler Field, Miss.; Amarillo, Texas; Mather Field, Calif.; Francis Air Base, Calif.; Hichman Field, Hawaii – the next 42 months. He served as a Flight Engineer on an Air Transport Command C-54 attached to the Pacific Division of the A.T.C.

Left: Stephen Hilliard Henson - 1957

STEPHEN HILLIARD HENSON (b. July 17, 1945 at Independence, Mo.) Firstborn of Alma Lee and Virginia Henson. He was 8 months old before Bud got home from the Air Force to see his son. His middle name - Hilliard - was after his great-grandfather R. Hilliard Henson.

CATHY DIANE HENSON (b. June 21, 1949) second child of Alma Lee and Virginia Henson. She, too, was born in Independence, Mo.
JOHN F. (Blackberry) HENSON: born Aug. 5, 1848 - to Lucinda and Reuben Henson in Wayne County, Illinois. John was the youngest of five children. He grew up on the Reuben Henson farm into a strong tall young man with a frame of 6 ft. 3 in. He married Mary A. Burgess in 1865. She was born, Feb. 3, 1847 in Wayne County. John and Mary Ann started their family of 12 children. They work hard, lived honest and both loved people and made many, many friends. Their children - six boys and six girls were:

1. Lewis  
2. Jerry  
3. Cordelia  
4. Hilliard

5. Parthelia  
6. Louvelia  
7. Curtis  
8. Sophronia

9. Jefferson  
10. Freeland  
11. Vernia - died at the age of one year.  
12. Versia - the only one still living in 1962.

picture of children of John and Mary Ann Henson, in their later years. (taken 1914) seated - left to right - men; Freeland, Jeff, Hilliard, Jerry, Lewis. (Curt not shown, died when 29 years old). women - left to right; Versia, Sophronia, Louvelia, Parthelia, and Cordelia. (Vernia not shown died when one year old).
PICTURE OF JOHN F. "Blackberry" HENSON'S FAMILY, SHORTLY
before HIS DEATH IN 1912. MOST OF HIS FAMILY IS SHOWN.

children
Pearl Henson, Nettie
Henson, Burl Henson, Fred Henson, Bradford Henson, Oss Hollar, Orville Shoemaker, Orville Ellis. Curt Henson, Glen Shoemaker.
Ruth Henson, Parlee Webb Henson,
Frank Webb, Matt Sessions, Lizzie Henson.
(Curts wife), Curts baby, Effie Henson and son Rueben
Otto Henson, boy, woman not known, Ruth Webb, girl,
Versia Ellis, Sophronia Shoemaker, Louvelia Bradford, Parthelia
Burkett, Cordelia Hollar, Zack Hollar, Maude Hollar, Oda Hollar,
Freeland Henson.

Jerry Henson, Orville Chester Henson,
third row is believed to be Lizzy Henson, Jerrys
wife, in front of Jerry), Joe Meadows, Babe Shoemaker, Mahala Henson,
Hilliard Henson, George Bradford, Obe Henson, Jeff Henson, Claude
Henson, Ona Henson, Bill Burkett, Lewis Henson, holding son Hubert,
and Fannie Henson.
John F. "Blackberry" Henson married Mary Ann Burgess in 1865. She was the daughter of Lewis and Alice Warren Burgess. John and Mary Ann Henson had a family of twelve children. John was unlike his father, Reuben, who was a restless adventurer who did very little farming, who would rather mount his horse and head for an Indian uprising or travel to Kentucky or Indiana visiting relatives. John's grandfather, Revolutionary War soldier John Henson, also had been a restless man, who from the age of fifteen had had a rifle in hand, and was in battles, and later fought Indians while moving west. John Blackberry Henson wanted to be a minister, and a farmer, and raise his family in the righteous ways in a fast-growing new world.
John BlackBerry and Mary Ann Henson purchased the Reuben Henson farm from his mother, Lucinda, and step-father, Jerry Chapman. With six strong young men and six daughters, they worked the farm, and were prosperous with hard work. They were like the Acadia Peasants whom Longfellow described as the "richest were poor and they lived in abundance."

THE BARN

In the year 1881 John BlackBerry' Henson decided to build a new barn. The older boys were Lewis, Jerry, and Reuben Hilliard—they would be good help. The site was selected south of the house, and it and the barn were in the high ground and could be seen for miles in the region of Garden Prairle. With brothers William Coff and two or three of his sons, they drove their teams of oxen and horses to some tall timber to cut the trees that would be the framework of the large barn. Trees were fell, and they hewed the logs to square timbers of about twelve inches thick. Then the long timber was dragged by the oxen to the building site. The barn would be ninety feet long and fifty feet wide, and sixty feet high. Work had started in May. Large footings were filled with sandstone, and rock. The timber was grooved out on the ends, then holes were bored to drive large round dowels through to pin the large timber frame together. This was done on the ground, and the four teams of oxen and horses were to raise the timber frame into place on these rock footings.

The west end was raised without incident. The east end was being raised, and suddenly a hard jerk by one of the oxen team slipped the timber off of the rock footing and the timbers broke the large ropes raising the frame. It went crashing to the ground, just missing one of the men helping in the raising. When the frame fell to the ground it split out the grooved ends and about a week was lost in which the men had to go back to the timber area and cut more trees and hew out the logs into square timbers. Erecting the falling east side was continued and the north and south end were completed with the large timber frame work. Next the roof pitch would be put into place. These were timbers of six by six inches thick and forty feet in length.

The first day, twelve of the pitched roof timbers were hoisted up into position. That evening around six o'clock until eight o'clock hard rains and strong winds of tornado forces blew the roof timber off of the large frame work of the barn. No damage was done to the frame, but the timber for the roof was on the ground.
The rains made a large mud puddle at the building sight as well. Almost another week had now been lost in the building of "the Barn." Finally the roof was almost done, when Jerry, number two boy slipped and fell from the roof, knocking him unconscious. It took nearly an hour to revive him. Everyone was pretty scared, but it happened that he had no broken bones, as he landed on a soft part of the ground, which probably saved his life. John Blackberry Henson said "Luck runs in threes, and now we had our three—we can finish the barn." It was finished by fall, and in 1881 it was the largest structure in western Wayne County. The barn was called "Blackberry's Barn" and it could be seen for miles in every direction. The old homestead stayed in the family for eighty years.

A MINISTER

John Henson turned his attention to his religion. Church was held in the old Caudle log school house at Brush Creek. John had attended grammar school in this old log Caudle School when a lad, and here he had learned reading, writing and arithmetic. John was ordained an elder in his church on September 1, 1878, and became a powerful preacher of his day. John studied his Bible and did know his scriptures well. John became an assistant pastor Isaac A. Morris, and preached many times on Sunday. John was later called the funeral preacher. Many people of the community heeded the advice of John Henson. Everybody loved him because of his friendly, jolly, and good-natured ways. He had a kind word and always a joke which he used on all alike. He was self-educated, after his grammar school, and possessed some characteristics which few have. He was known as a first principle man and one of the best in his day.

As his family grew up, and with capable young men to work his farm, John Henson was asked to become a full-time minister to travel for the church and preach the gospel of his faith. On April 6, 1895, John traveled to Lamoni, Iowa to the General Conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. John hooked up his team of horses to his buggy and drove to Salem, Illinois, caught the train to Springfield, and then on to Peoria where he changed trains to cross southern Iowa to Leon, Iowa, near Lamoni. At the Lamoni Conference, after John's assignment, he returned back to Southern Illinois District to start his
mission. John travelled from town to town preaching the gospel and baptizing people into his church, like the circuit rider ministers of old. People loved the man, and he worked hard telling his story of faith. For two years, John Henson traveled this area and soon had started several branches in the church. At the next conference in April, 1897, at Lamoni, Iowa, John was appointed to southern missions in Tennessee and Kentucky. He was now traveling into the areas where grandfathers John and Jesse Henson had lived many years before. John had visited cousins still living in Marshall and Calloway County, Kentucky.

John would travel in Kentucky and Tennessee for four or five months at a time, then return back to Wayne County to visit his own family. For three years John preached and baptized people into his church. In a report to the church in 1899, John F. Henson indicated he had preached 166 sermons baptized 57 people, confirmed 49 people and administered to 46 sick people.

In 1900 John returned back home to stay. He felt that his ministry would be more effective, and he wanted to be with his own family and help to raise them. He felt that his family needed him while they were growing up. After John was home he was elected by the people of his home Brush Creek branch to the office of presiding elder, and for the next few years he was back home.

At one preaching service, John Henson was in the pulpit talking to a church house full of people, when three rowdy young men strolled into the church and interrupted the service at Brush Creek Church. John told the young men that they were welcome and they could sit on the front row. The three men had had a few drinks, and they continued to disturb the service, even objecting to the scriptures that the preacher was reading. One young man walked up to John Henson and argued with him while he was involved in his preaching, and slapped at John's face. John quoted the Bible, that if you are slapped, you should turn the other cheek. This the minister John did; and the young man slapped the other cheek. John very quietly grabbed the young man by his neck and the seat of his pants and picked him up and threw him out the open window with great force. The other two men, upon seeing this, realized they had run into a man who would not tolerate their foolishness, and they ran out of the church, not even stopping to check on their friend who was laying on the ground outside the church window. The service continued on, as if nothing had ever happened. John Henson was a very serious man when he was preaching to his people.
Prior to John Blackberry Henson going into the mission field, a small settlement was started about one mile east of John's farm, called Zenith. Zenith seems to date about 1885 when Ross Silvie transformed the old log White Cloud School into a store building and named the place Zenith. He ran the store for ten years or more and also operated the post office there until he sold out to Arthur Burroughs. After Arthur's death, his son, Carl Burroughs, operated the old store. The whole community relied on the General Merchandise Store for food, clothes, hardware and supplies. The farmers would bring their corn to be ground into meal and feed. They sold their furs, chicken eggs and rabbits to the store to be sent to the larger towns for sale.

The old road going north out of Zenith was the main road to Xenia, where the train from Ohio traveled to St. Louis, Missouri. Once a week a team horse took a wagon load to Xenia, ten miles north, to be shipped to St. Louis. Apple orchards were numerous in this part of Wayne County. North of the old store building stood an evaporator where they cut and dried the apples.

The fact that there were so many apple trees in this section helped lead to the changing of the name from Brush Creek to Orchard Township. The township was full of the orchards and this part of the county was called the "land of the big red apple." A committee from this section of the county appeared before the board of supervisors and requested that the name be changed to Orchard Township. They decided the name Brush Creek was too "back-woodsy." Everything else in the area is still called Brush Creek, including the church branch where John Henson was the pastor. Then another town had sprung up south of Zenith named Orchardville. It was three miles south of John Henson's farm.
The men wore leather boots. Boot jacks were a handy instrument in every home, and in many cases a boy would be used to pull off the boots at night in the old fashioned way; many times the lad would land on his head and provide a good laugh for all.

The people were all very fine people; no notes or bonds were needed, as every man's word was considered as good as gold. They were very sociable and free-hearted and they lived for each other. Log rollings and loghouse raising was a day for the entire community; a big get-together and a big time for all.

John Henson had three other children not his own whom he had raised or kept nearly all of their lives. One was named John Roebuck Henson. He was a cousin who had been homeless all of his life. He was a good old man, very slow in his actions and who never liked work at all and always carried his pockets full of trinkets and sinkers and corks. Very often he would be seen sitting on a log or stump resting and going over his trinkets one by one. In his old age, he was kicked about from post to pillar and finally died at the country farm.

Another man by the name of William Sanders was more of a rambling disposition. He too was somewhat of a shirker, did not like to work. He would sometimes disappear from the field, and be gone for weeks, and then suddenly return with a long smile and, in a joking way, make up for his run-away. He loved to sing one particular song, and could be heard for miles in the night going across the fields and woods with these sympathetic words: "Some of these days and it won't be long--You will look for Bill and Bill will be gone."

The last memories of the good natured old man were when they heard him coming far over in the woods singing that lonesome song, and when he got to the house, he wanted to stay all night. Someone had given him a new suit of underwear and he put them on at our house that night and walked out into the room with them on. They were a real tight fit and he was mighty proud of them because they were his first suit of underwear. He slept with the children that night, got up early the next morning and asked Mother to put him up a small lunch. He left singing that old favorite song again. The children heard his voice fade away in the distance. Mother cried when the last echoes of his voice could be heard. She said, "We will never see poor old Bill anymore."
Bill went to Lawrenceville on this trip and passing himself as a tramp stopped on his way at night near his journey's end. He made himself a bed of leaves, built up a fire, and went to sleep. His bed caught fire and then his clothing. He died from the burns he received, a few days later in the county farm.

The third was a girl who was taken in when she was young and she grew up with the rest of the children. She married a man by the name of Gaumer and she was always known as Lilly Gaumer.

J. F. Henson was a very good natured man with a big heart that loved everybody. He always had a word for everybody and would always take time to pass a word and a joke to everyone he met.

GOOD FRIDAY

Near Orchardville, Illinois, in Wayne County.

'Twas early in the spring of 1898 on Good Friday, and a very rainey time, that my grandfather, John F. Henson, who was better known as Blackberry Henson, planned on this day to go visit his daughter--Mrs. Louvelia Bradford and his youngest daughter Versa, about the age of nine.

My mother, his oldest daughter Cordelia Holler, my baby sister, Maude--about 1 1/2 years old at the time (later Mrs. Maude Greathouse of Flora, Illinois) and myself (at this time, 5 1/2 years old) all went with him on this trip.

Now the little mule team--Jack and Beck--was hitched to the old buckboard wagon. A nice little piece of hay was put in the back of the wagon bed and a quilt was spread over it for me and Aunt Versa to sit on. My grandfather and my mother sat up in the spring seat--mother holding sister on her lap.
Mother put my little red hood on me, tying it under my chin to stay on me. Grandmother had fresh-starched and ironed Aunt Versa's little pink bonnet and had braided her long black hair in nice braids with pretty bows of ribbons. We were all loaded in the wagon now and grandfather cracked his whip at the mules and we were on our way.

We had to cross a little river by the name of Skillet Fork. There was no bridge at that time. Aunt Versa and I were so thrilled over our little journey that we sat there and chatted along the road as we went through the bottom roads of some water in places. As Jack and Beck would splash through the waters, Aunt Versa said to me, "Oh, wouldn't it be a joke when we cross Skillet Fork that Old Jack's and Beck's noses would just scarcely stick up out of the water?" As we got near the water's edge, Grandfather stopped to look it over. The waters were swift and about half-bank full. It was deeper than he thought it was.

There was a fellow by the name of Manse White who had ridden up on horseback and was looking over it, too. He said, "Mr. Henson, the waters look too deep to cross. I don't think you should try to cross it. You will never make it." My grandfather said, "I believe I can make it alright, and I'm going to try it." My mother caught my hand, saying, "I'm afraid you will topple out." My Aunt Versa caught hold of her father's coat, then he gave the mules a crack of the whip--well, into it we went. The first that happened was that the wagon bed floated from beneath us. The back wagon-wheels came uncoupled from the front wheels of the wagon, leaving us all stranded out in the deep waters that were very swift, and none of us could swim. My grandfather was a tall, heavy man. He held to the lines of the mules, and they were swimming and pulling him by the lines and front wheels of the wagon. He then, with his other hand, caught hold of Aunt Versa's long braids of her hair.

My mother had my baby sister pressed closely to her in her arms and holding on to me with the other hand. There we were--separated from grandfather and Versa and the mules. My mother and sister and I were floating downstream with the current. We would go down under the water then we would come to the top. We were about at the middle of the stream when grandfather came to the top. He looked over to see if Mother
was okay. He asked her if she could make it, and she said, "No, Pa, I am
gone. I can't make it." Then he reached out his arm some way and,
though scarcely able to reach her, pulled her up to him.

This connected us altogether. He was still holding the lines of the mules
which were pulling us altogether now. He said he would give the mules a
long rain then would tighten the reins at times. That gave them a chance to
swim and pull us, too. When we would come up to the top of the water, he
would always say, "Now don't get scared and we will make it." I will
remember when our feet reached the bottom and they began to wade out to
the other side for the rest of my life.

My grandpa thought of my baby sister—
that my mother had held her in her
arms under water all the time. He
said, "How's the baby making it?
Do you still have her?" Mother
said, "Yes, she is all right. I
have her pressed tightly to me."
But as they were wading now, she
was still under the water all that
time. He said, "Raise that baby
quickly." And as she raised her
up out of the waters, she was
about gone and as dark in the
face as could be. It was a few
seconds before she could breathe.

Now we had reached the other side, all alive, thank God, standing there all wet
and dripping with water. I still had on my little red hood. But Aunt Versa's
little pink bonnet went floating down the stream on a little bunch of nice dry
hay—not even wet and as fresh as it was when she left home. As soon as she
saw it floating down the stream, she cried for pa to go down the stream and
get her pretty little pink bonnet for her to wear the rest of the way. She cried,
"For Oda has her little red hood on and I want my little pink bonnet on, too."
He said, "My child, don't cry over your bonnet. Thank God that we all got
out alive."

My grandfather, John Blackberry Henson, was an Elder in the R.L.D.S. Church
and was a man of great faith and courage. I thought because we were all wet
that he had baptized us all. I said to my Aunt Versa, "Did Grandpa baptize
us all?" He did baptize me in later years.
Well, we all went up the road on top of a hill to a nearby farm house, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mos. Ayers. The lady took us in and tried to find some of her clothes to put on us so they could hang our clothes out to dry. Well, she was a short lady and my mother a tall woman, and her dresses just came to Mother's knees. Grandpa was a stout man and her husband's clothes wouldn't fit him so he had to let his clothes dry on him. She had no children. Well, what was she to find to put on us kids? She put an old-fashioned "bask blouse" with a long puckered-up tail on it which made a little skirt for it and they put that on Aunt Versa for a dress. And, oh, how she screamed because she had to put it on. Well, what would she put on me for a dress? She had nothing to put on me so Mother wrapped me up in a sheet and put me to bed. Of course, there was another scream. I didn't aim to go to bed! But I saw it was that or else. So I decided I had better go to bed and stay there until my clothes were dry.

In the meantime, my father, Zack Holler, had gotten uneasy about us crossing Skillet Fork and had gone down on horseback to see about the waters. He said he swam his horse across to the other side and was sitting up there on his horse talking to this farm man and saying to him that he didn't think Mr. Henson would undertake the crossing as the waters were deep and swift about that time. To his surprise, here we call came up the road like drowned rats.

Well, they borrowed a wagon and we went the rest of the way to my Aunt's house. The next day a number of men went down the river fishing out the rest of the wagon. The wagon had drifted down the stream and lodged in a big drift of logs and driftwood. But the little pink bonnet was never seen again. Poor Aunt Versa had to go on without her bonnet.

When we had to cross the river to go home, my father, Zack Holler, was there to put us in a little row boat and rowed us across. But I was so afraid of the water he had to hold me in the boat to take me across.

Well, years have passed now since this all happened, and through the years, as I look back over it all, I feel that my grandfather and my mother were praying to God for His help. I feel it was a miracle that we all got out alive through their faith in God.

My grandfather was in the mission field about five years in southeastern Illinois, Tennessee and Kentucky. I've heard him tell this story in his sermons many times with tears streaming down his cheeks, saying that he knew that it was a miracle by God that we were spared, saying that many times when he was in Kentucky and Tennessee mission field he had gone out to the woods alone, and sat on a log thinking over how this all had happened and how God had been with him and the family and had blessed us. He saw what a miracle it was that we all came out alive. He said he had thanked God many, many times for this great blessing. I, too, thank God for this great experience and blessing.
All those years have now passed since this all happened. I shall never forget it. And my dear old grandfather and my dear mother have crossed that Great River of Jordan to that Great Life beyond.

(signed) Oda E. Harmon

John Blackberry Henson was an auctioneer along with his farming and being a minister. He auctioned a sale in Orchardville, Illinois at the Squire Spaulding Place. Picking up a pointer stick, he got a splinter in his finger, which turned to blood-poisoning. In less than a week it had killed him.

The day before he died, a whippoorwill landed on a limb of the huge pine tree next to the front door of his home, singing. His wife wanted to scare the bird away. He said, "No, no, that's the warning. He'll be back in the morning for me." Next morning, John Blackberry Henson called his children to his bedside and said, "My son, Hilliard will follow in my footsteps in the ministry of the church. You all listen to him and follow his advice . . . ." John F. Henson died and the whippoorwill was singing on the limb of the old pine tree at the front door of his home. He died on May 8, 1912, at 8:00 a.m. in the morning.

John F. Henson, better known as "Blackberry", was born August 8, 1848, and died May 8, 1912, age 63 years, 9 months and 4 days. He spent his early boyhood days in Garden Prairie. He was married to Mary A. Burgess about 46 years prior to his death. To this union were born twelve children, six boys and six girls. His wife and two children preceded him to the Great Beyond. His six boys were Lewis, Jerry, Hilliard, Curt (who predeceased him), Jeff, and Freelon. His girls were Mrs. Cordelia Holler, Parthelia Burkett, Louvelia Bradford, Sophronia Shoemaker, Veria Henson (who predeceased him), and Versia Ellis. He and his youthful wife joined the Latter Day Saints Church 40 years before his death. A short time after he was ordained an elder of the same church, which office he served well the rest of his days. He baptized into the church hundreds of people, being one of the leading ministers of his country. He preached many, many funerals. The last sermon he ever preached was a funeral sermon. He served as a missionary in Southern Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee and other places, doing a good work in all of those places.
Six years prior to his death, his wife was called to a better world, at the age of 59 years. Four years later he was married to Mrs. Parlee Webb, of Johnson County, who survived him. Just a little while before the end came he told his boys that he was going to make the change and that his time was up. He told them to be men in every respect, and he turned his life work over to his son, Hilliard, who followed him as a minister in the same church. John told him to take his place at the church that he had worked so hard to keep up for so long. In the evening before he died the next morning, he helped to sing two songs, offered two prayers just as good as ever in life, placing himself in the Lord's hands, telling Him he would be satisfied with the results.

John Blackberry Henson was missed very much in his locality, as he had a great influence and was a public auctioneer, always was a good fellow and met each person with a smile. He left to mourn a wife, ten children, 48 grandchildren, one brother and a sister and a host of relatives and friends. The largest crowd that ever was seen at the Henson graveyard gathered there to pay their last respect to the honored dead. His five sons and brother, Coff, acted as pallbearers at the grave. Elder J. A. Morris offered prayer. His son read a short obituary and repeated some of the instructions given to his boys. Elder S. S. Smith of Independence, Missouri delivered a short sermon on the resurrection. We fully believed that he went out of the world leaving it sensing its great loss, but Paradise was honored with another noble spirit.

(signed) R. Hilliard Henson, son.

Left: John F.
Henson Home, where he died.

There are many, many stories of John Henson, and his great love for people. He would give the shirt off his back to help someone in need; he would travel miles on foot to administer to the sick; he truly lived his religion day by day. His friends and neighbors said he was a "great man".