

*Jessie Marie Carrington Watson*  
*July 9, 1912...*



*"Mama"*  
*Her legacy continues.....*



## Love

The love that a Mother has for her child,  
Should be expressed more than just once in awhile.  
So often we get busy and forget to say,  
words that mean so much along life's way.  
It means so much to say "Honey, I love you",  
Because love has deep roots,  
expressed in words we say and the things we do.



Bertha Green Carrington, her Mother died when Jessie was only 4 yrs old. She's told of standing on a crate at the kitchen table to make biscuits before going to school in the mornings to help care for her brothers & sisters.

# Mother

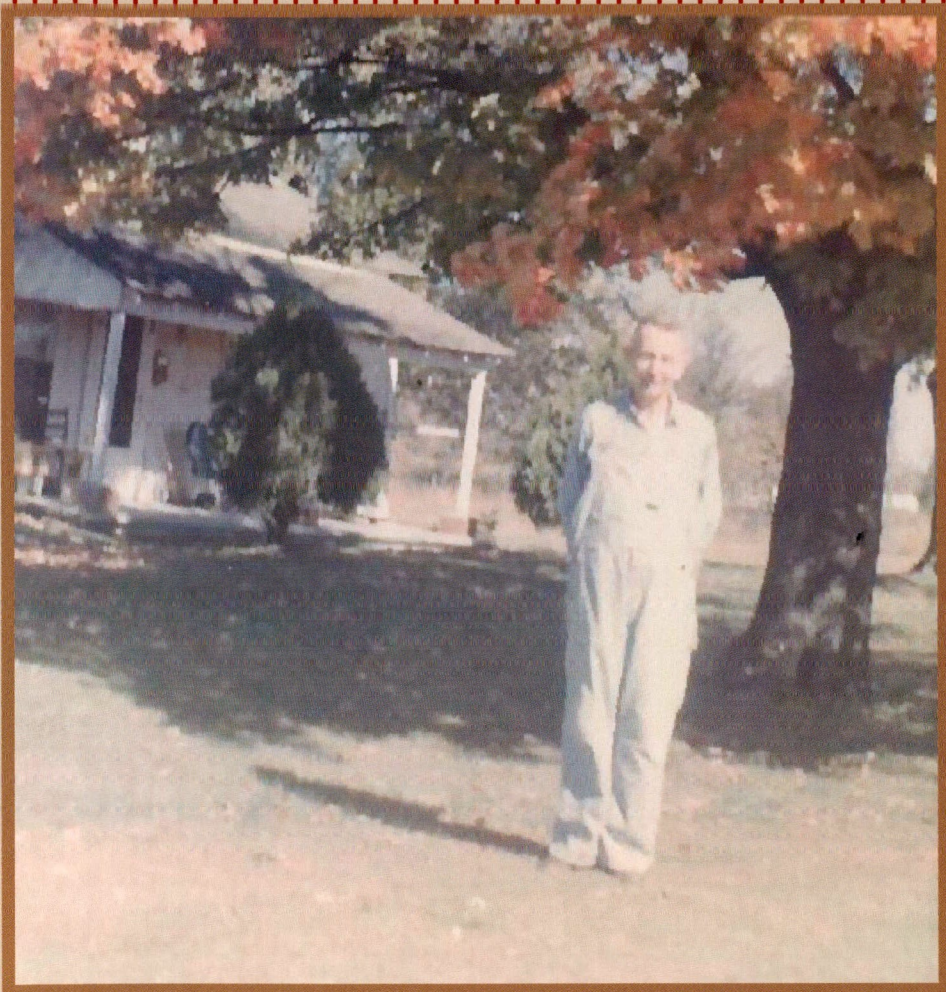


## "A Time to Heal"

It's 1998 and Mother's Day will be the tenth of May,  
There are a few words I would like to say.  
It was April 1916 when God called my Mother away,  
For He needed a rose for His Heavenly Bouquet.  
He choose my Mother to fill the empty space,  
In His beautiful, Heavenly vase.  
Her stay on earth was not very long, so I did not know,  
The kind of love a Mother on her children does bestow.  
It just seemed natural to accept life as it was,  
But the depth of the void in my life was deep,  
As I grew older I realized just how very much I had missed  
The sweetness of a Mother's touch.  
But God in His wisdom and appointed time,  
Gave me two little girls to love - mine all mine.  
He showered me with blessings that were so real  
And filled my cup with Motherly love,  
It was His way to heal.  
Oh, yes, I've had my share of sadness, cried a tub of tears,  
But blessed beyond life's greatest expectations  
For as of now I am the Mother of four generations.  
A wonderful family that loves and respects me,  
And I pray I am the kind of Mother I should be.  
I've learned the meaning of a Mother's touch,  
I love my family, so mere words can't tell how much.  
I've seen more sunshine than skies of gray  
And I'll ever be grateful to my Lord, what more can I say.

# Love





Thadeus Jasper Carrington - Jessie's father  
"Poppy" to his family and friends, standing in front  
of their home in Lincoln, AR

parents



Nettie Agnew Havens Carrington  
Jessie always talks of what a refined  
woman Nettie was and how she taught  
Jessie to be a lady.







Maggie Josephine Harrington Carrington (Jessie's grandmother) and Ruth Carrington (Uncle Carl's daughter)

Francis Frank Green and  
Nancy J Davidson Green  
Parents of Bertha Green  
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Uncle Babe (L.A. Carrington)  
and Aunt Nan (Nannie Ferrell)  
(Jessie's Aunt and Uncle)

## FAMILY

Mabel Lucille Carrington Pearson  
(Jessie's sister)  
Aunt Ethel Green Arnold  
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Jessie Marie





# aunt

## *"To Aunt Pearl"*

*Today in peaceful moments of quiet meditation,  
Again, I came face to face with this realization;  
That in counting my blessings over once more,  
I have so much to be thankful for.*

*And among those I counted today was you, Aunt Pearl  
One of the very best Aunts in the whole wide world.  
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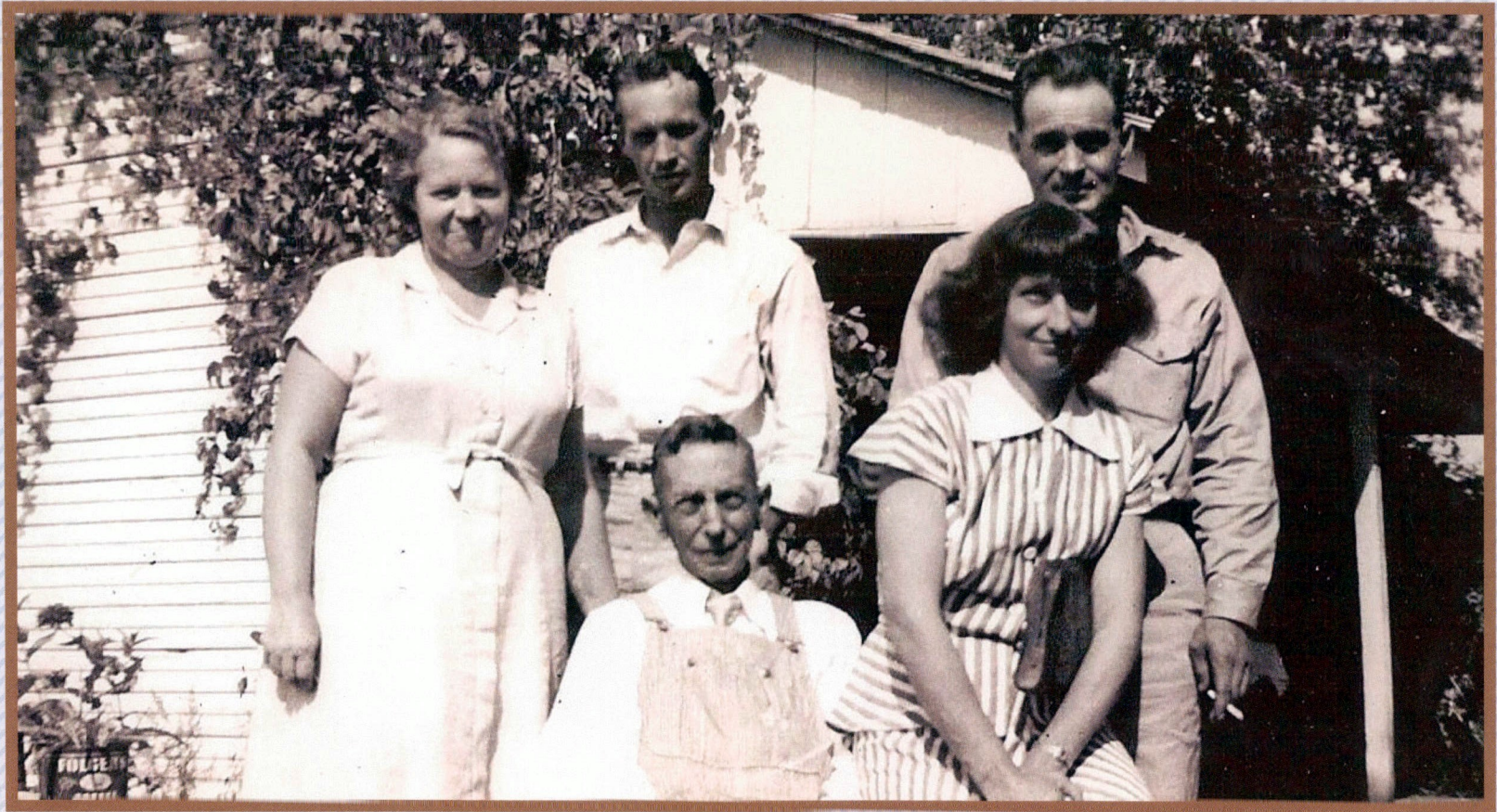
Poppy and Aunt Pearl

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*Jessie Marie, Lester, Earl, Mabel Lucille  
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these are the stories of our family memories & moments. the legacy of our lives together.



# Brothers

During World War II we lived in Oklahoma City. Buddy and Earl were both in the war. Buddy was in the South Pacific. He was in the invasion of Aguirre Island. I wrote him everyday and sometimes he would get a whole bundle of letters from me at a time. I treasure the letter I got from him thanking me for writing so often. He also went to the Philippine Islands and Japan before the war was over.

Earl was in Europe, Germany, France and Italy.

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Ernest (Buddy), Earl and  
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there is nothing quite like **the bond of family**. there is nothing quite like the bond of far

"Our Buddy"

In a little country town our Buddy was born,  
Just at dawn one bright May morn.  
A brand new life to bless this then peaceful land,  
But he's a man now and lending a hand.  
In this war torn world he's doing his part,  
Fighting bravely, though it breaks our heart.  
To have our Buddy so very far from home,  
But when this war is over from us he will never roam.  
He's been "Our Buddy" since he was a very small lad,  
He's still "Our Buddy" and "Buddy" to his Dad.  
Yes, he is serving his country far across the sea,  
Fighting to keep freedom for you and me.  
And each day, dear Lord may we humbly bow,  
Before thy throne and plead our vow.  
To do our part, though it be great or small,  
To help "Our Buddy" endure it all.  
And please, when this war is won,  
Send "Our Buddy" home our brother, our son.  
Yes, this is our most earnest prayer,  
Send "Our Buddy" home safely from other there.

"To Earl"

A letter came to me today,  
From a soldier boy so far away.  
A soldier boy so brave and true,  
To the grand old flag of red, white and blue.  
And in between the lines I could see,  
The longing in his heart to be,  
where peace and rest and joy abound,  
And love for one another knows no bound.  
Now in this letter he goes on to say,  
Somewhere in Germany I am today.  
And here again I read between the lines  
The longing in his heart for better times.  
The longing to be at home with friends,  
Where seeds of love are sown,  
Where a friend is a friend in a time of need.  
Yes, in this letter I can read between the lines  
And understand the aching heart of this soldier man.  
For this soldier man of whom I write,  
Is one I love and pray for each night.  
For my dear brother he happens to be  
Therefore you see why he mean so much to me.





*Mabel and Vern Pearson - Ida and "Buddy" Carrington*



*Virginia and Earl  
Carrington*



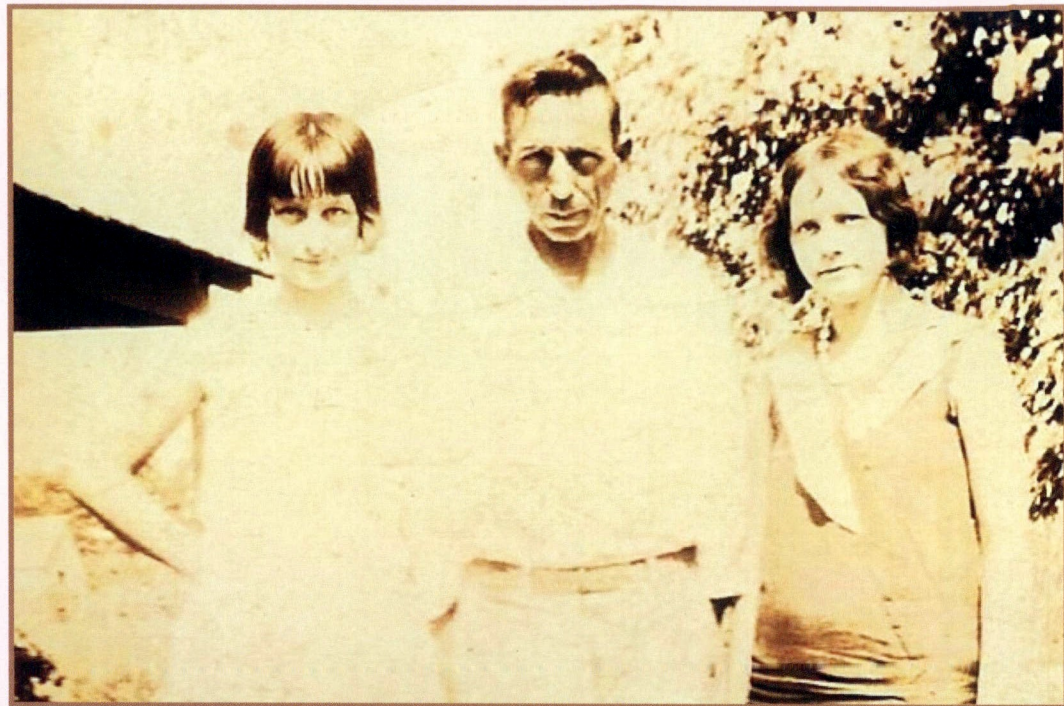
*Hazel and Lester Carrington*

**FAMILY**





*Mabel Lucille and Jessie Marie*



*Mabel, Poppy, Jessie*

## SISTERS







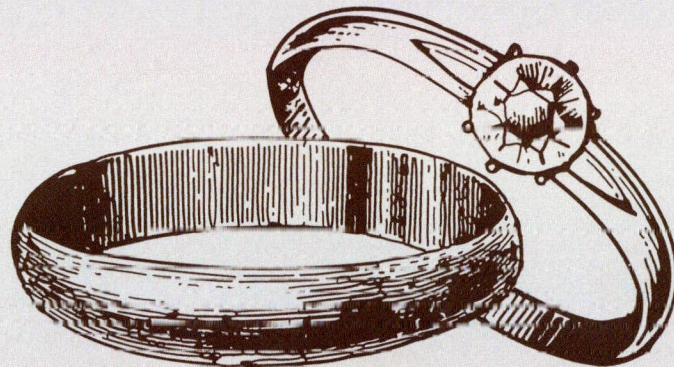


## *a love story*

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Two months later, one Friday afternoon, Fred asked Jessie to marry him. She said "yes" and he asked her when. She said, "next Tuesday" but she didn't have a dress to wear. So, Tuesday, Fred picked her up, they went to town and bought her a dress at Montgomery Wards which was across the street from the courthouse in Fayetteville, Arkansas. She changed clothes in the dressing room and they went across the street and got married. It was October 13, 1931.







Carole Dean and Gena Earlene





## Jewels

When close to my side they lay you, Earlene  
You were the most precious baby I'd ever seen.  
You were a package of joy wrapped in one bundle,  
For me to love and care for - to hold and cuddle.  
And to me you're still that precious, and always will be,  
One of the sweetest girls that God gave to me.

Then nearly four years later, our home was blessed again,  
When another precious little girl, to us God did send.  
To me so sweet and precious, a jewel of highest esteem,  
And this little bundle we called Carole Dean.

And as a Mother I was no exception,  
my greatest concern for each of you was love and protection.

And as I write this, I truthfully can say,  
Thank you, God for two little girls you sent my way.

Love







Sugar and spice and everything nice,  
That's what little girls are made of...







## DAUGHTERS



Carole Dean



Glena Earlene

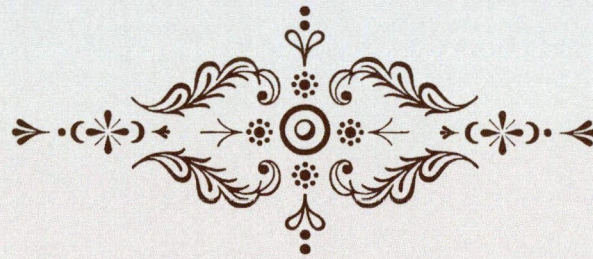








## GLENA EARLENE AND JACKIE LEON COPELAND



Earlene and Jackie Leon Copeland were sweethearts through high school. They were married December 23, 1950 in the living room of Jessie and Fred's home. After the ceremony they headed to Tulsa, Oklahoma for their honeymoon in Jackie's, Dad's cattle truck.

They settled in Lincoln, Arkansas for a time, until Jackie joined the Air Force. During his service they were stationed in Colorado and New Jersey. They had their first child, Jackie Earl on June 20, 1953, however, he was a breach birth and only lived to be 5 days old. They brought him home and placed him to rest in the Lincoln Cemetery.

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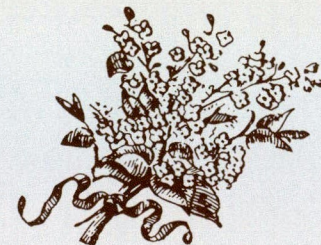
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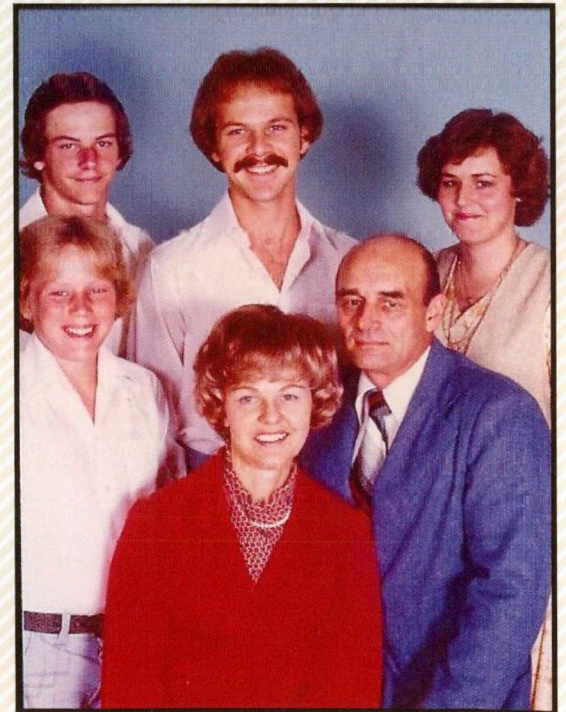
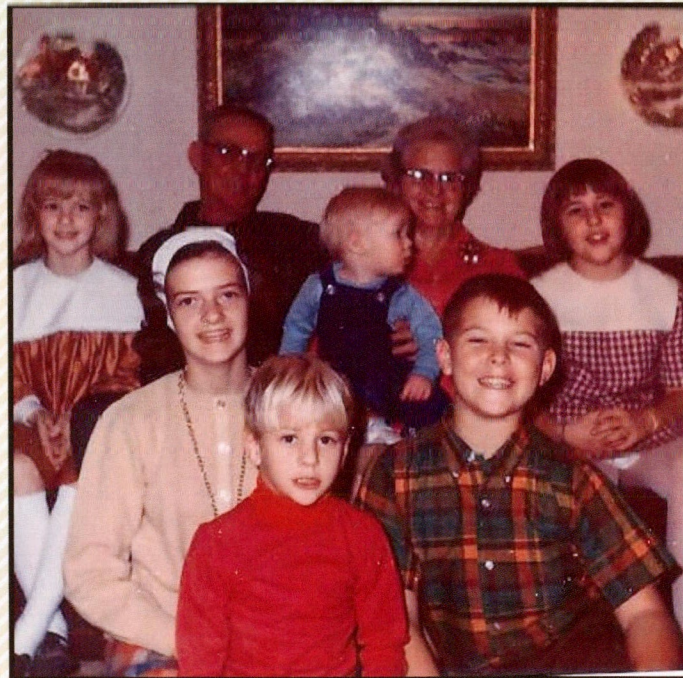
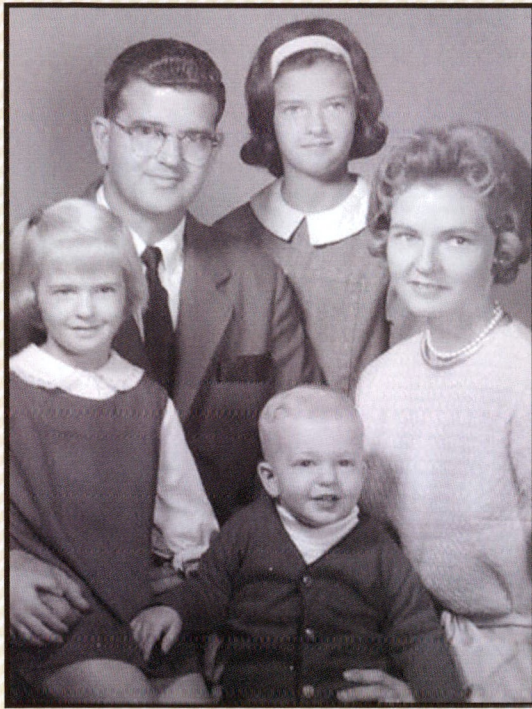






# CHILDHOOD

*where we come from*







Craig William & Jeannie

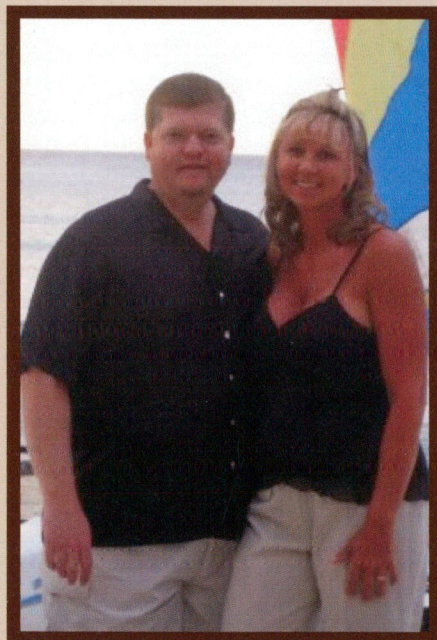


Chris Steven & Jamie



Carvel Gene & Jenny

## GRANDCHILDREN



Leon Watson & Shannon



Caressa Dee



Caren Denise

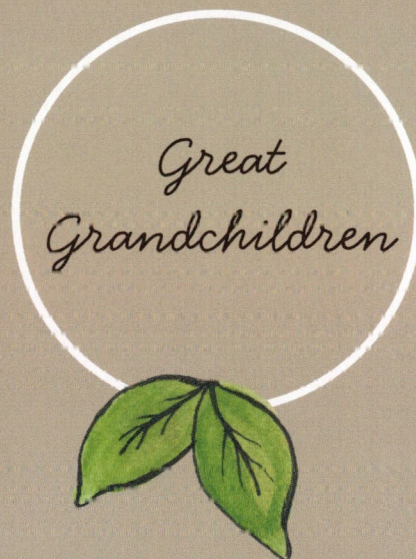


(Cathy)  
Cathandra Dean & Bill





John Lloyd and Brodie



Dillon Matthew

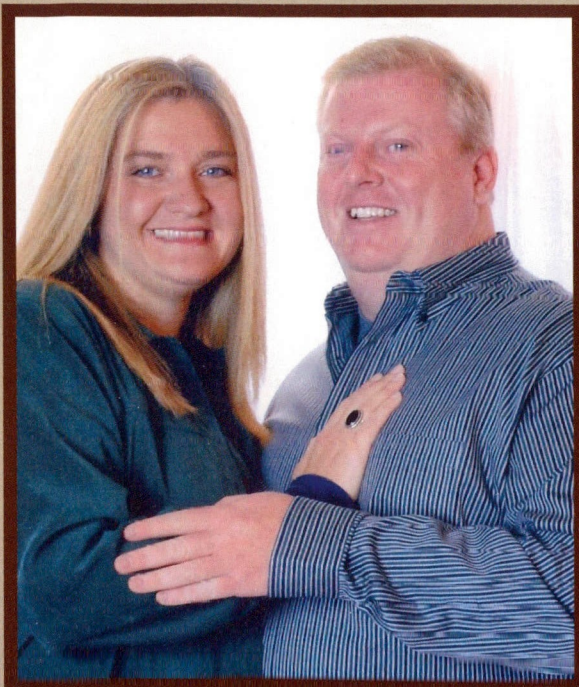


Lauren Michelle & Heath



Ben & Becky

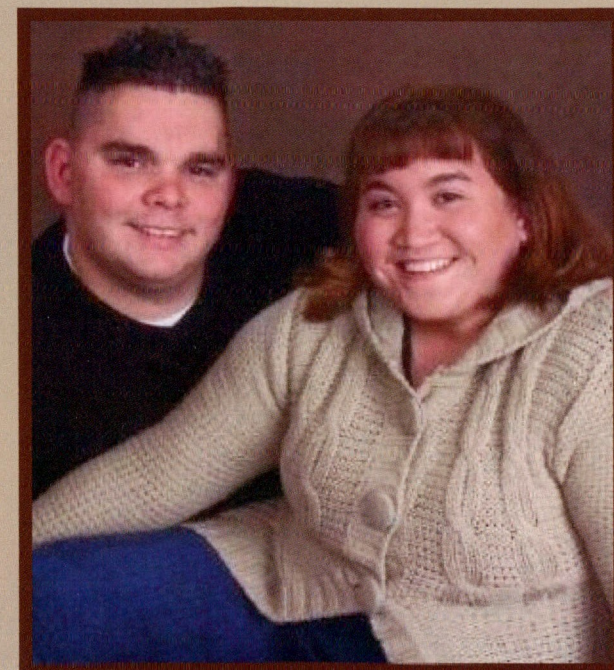




Hope Lynn & Coby



Jacqueline Marie & Scott



Jena Sue & Michael

## *Great Grandchildren*



Joshua Leon & Deanna  
with Colton & Connor



MacKinzie Leighann



Riley Nicole



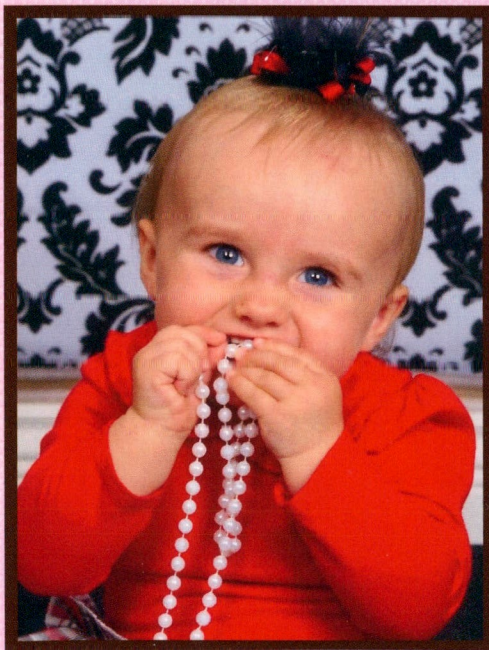
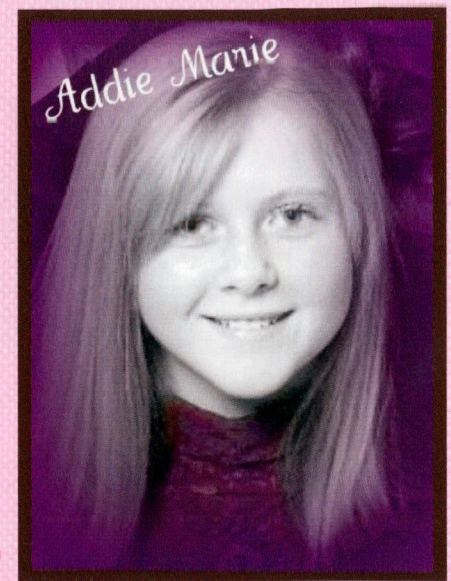
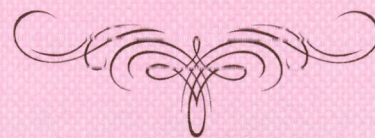


Brodie



Jordan Hope and Megan Leigh

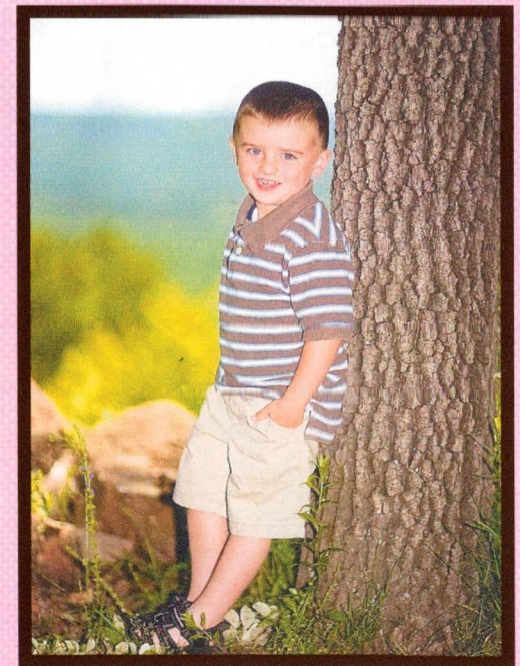
## Great Great Grandchildren



Jessica Lynn  
"Little Jessie"



Connor Evan & Colton Leon



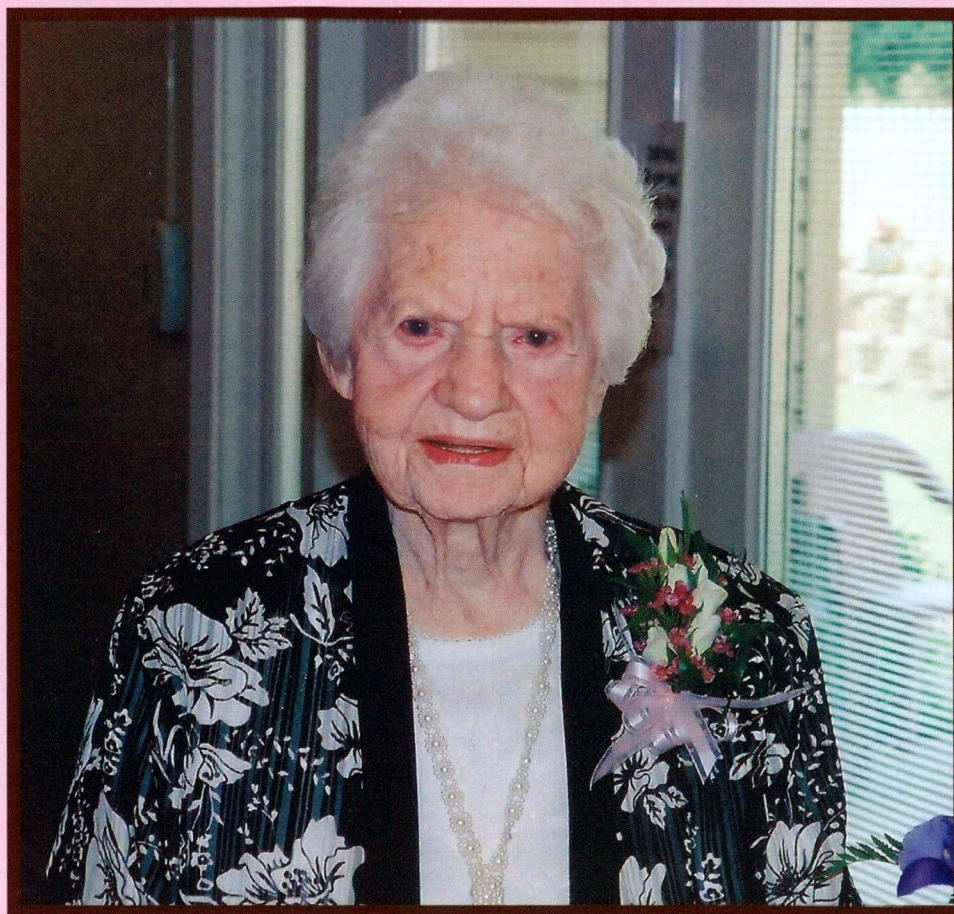
Justin Thomas





....and her legacy lives on





99th Birthday  
July 9, 2011

2 Corinthians 12:9 And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.





This book is created in honor of the Christian life and love of my "Mamau"

Jessie Marie Carrington Watson

Mamau, may God Bless and keep you safe always,

I love you, Cathy

poems written by Jessie Marie



*Jessie Marie Carrington Watson*  
*July 9, 1912...*



*"Mama"*  
*Her legacy continues.....*



## Love

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Should be expressed more than just once in awhile.  
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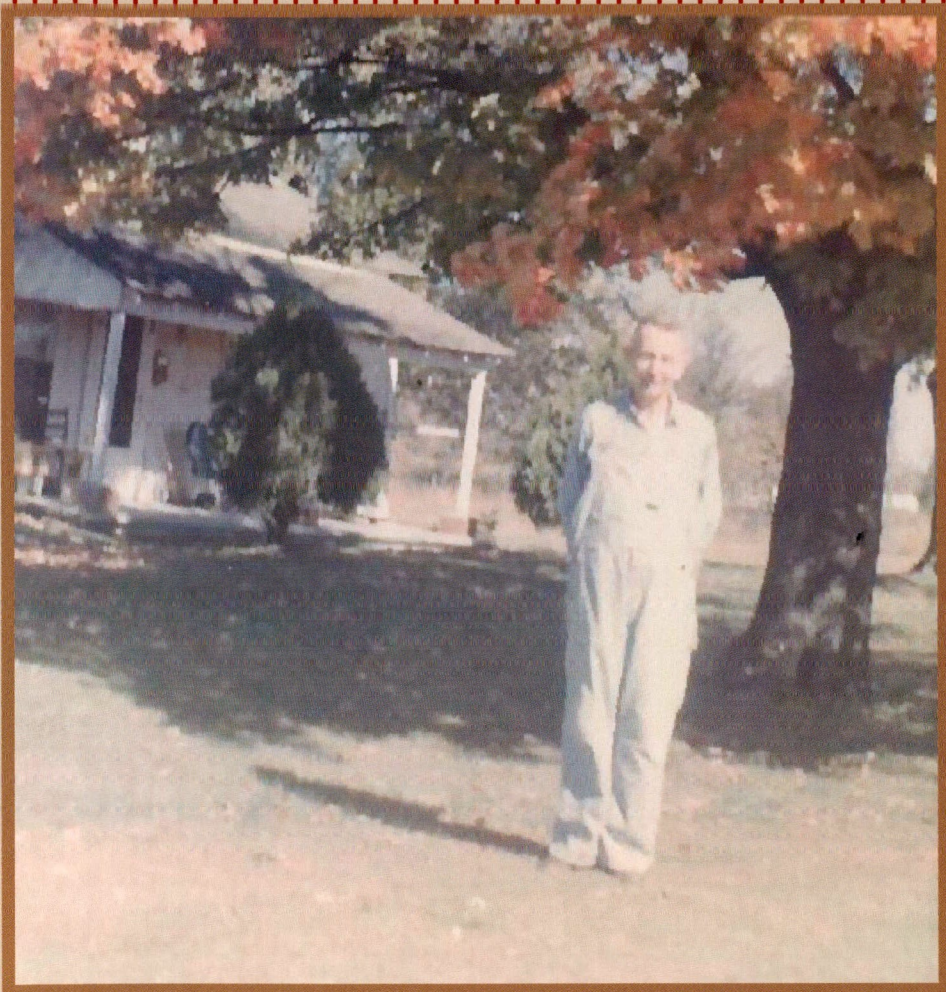


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Thadeus Jasper Carrington - Jessie's father  
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# aunt

## *"To Aunt Pearl"*

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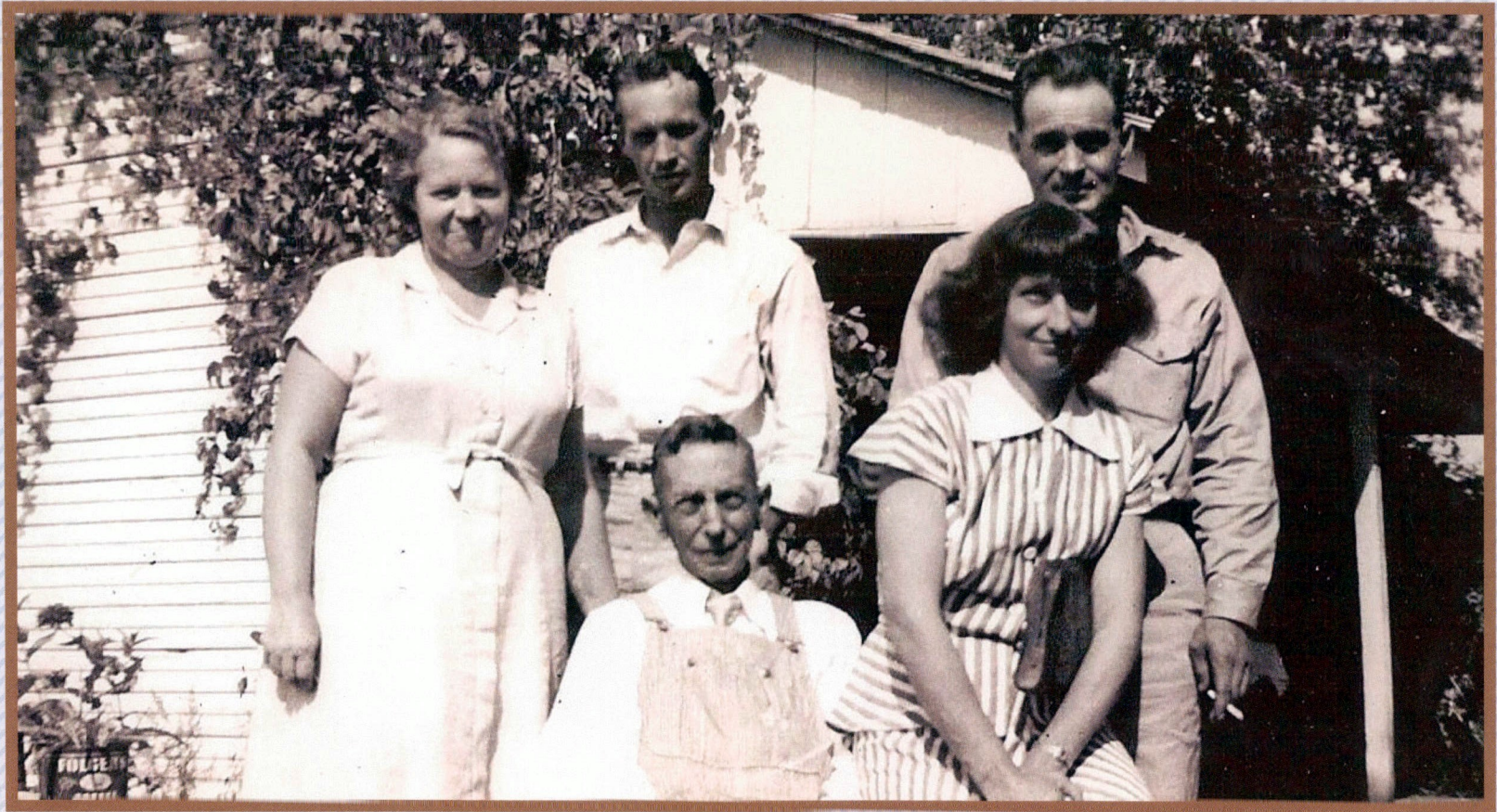
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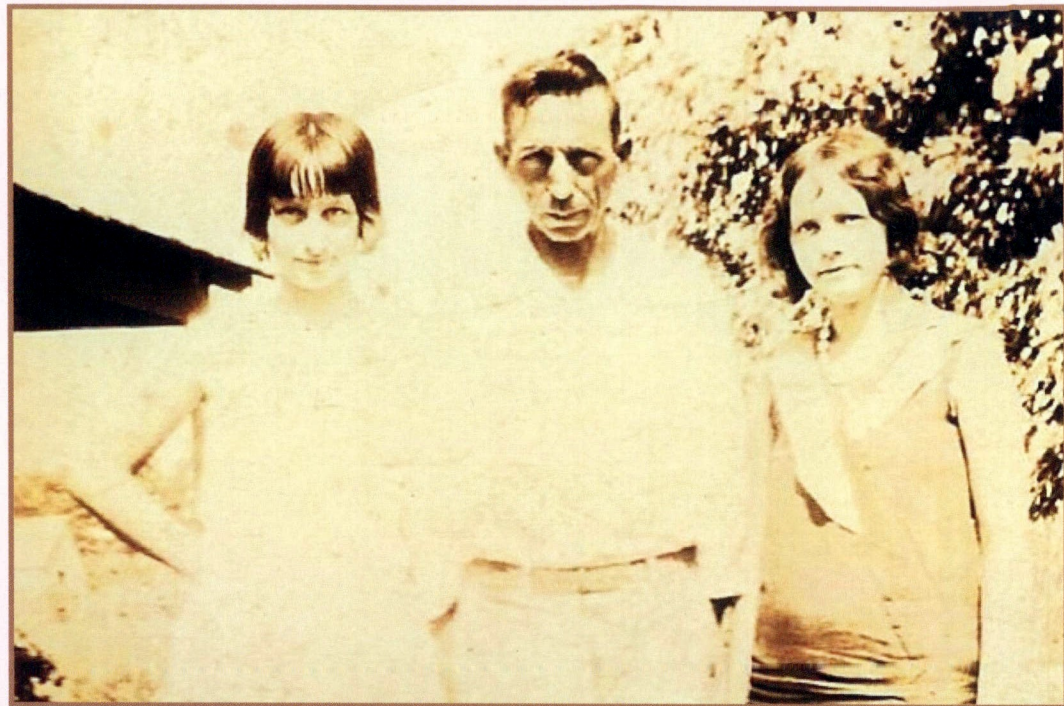
*Hazel and Lester Carrington*

**FAMILY**





*Mabel Lucille and Jessie Marie*



*Mabel, Poppy, Jessie*

## SISTERS







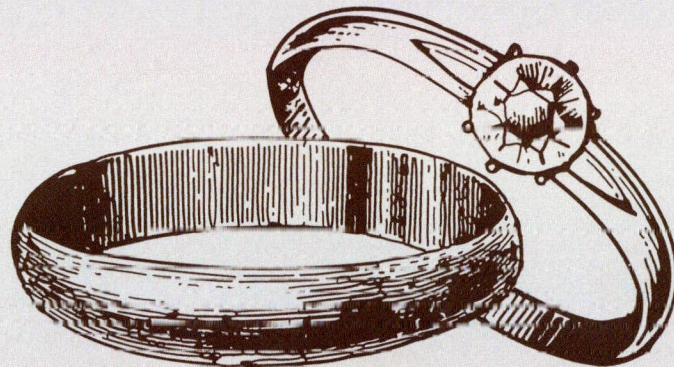


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Carole Dean and Gena Earlene





## Jewels

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You were the most precious baby I'd ever seen.  
You were a package of joy wrapped in one bundle,  
For me to love and care for - to hold and cuddle.  
And to me you're still that precious, and always will be,  
One of the sweetest girls that God gave to me.

Then nearly four years later, our home was blessed again,  
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And as a Mother I was no exception,  
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## DAUGHTERS



Carole Dean



Glena Earlene

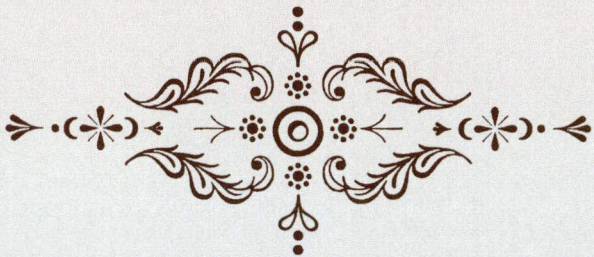








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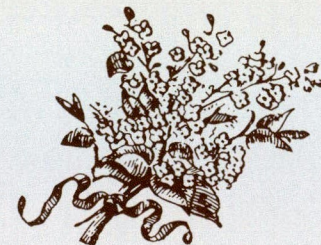
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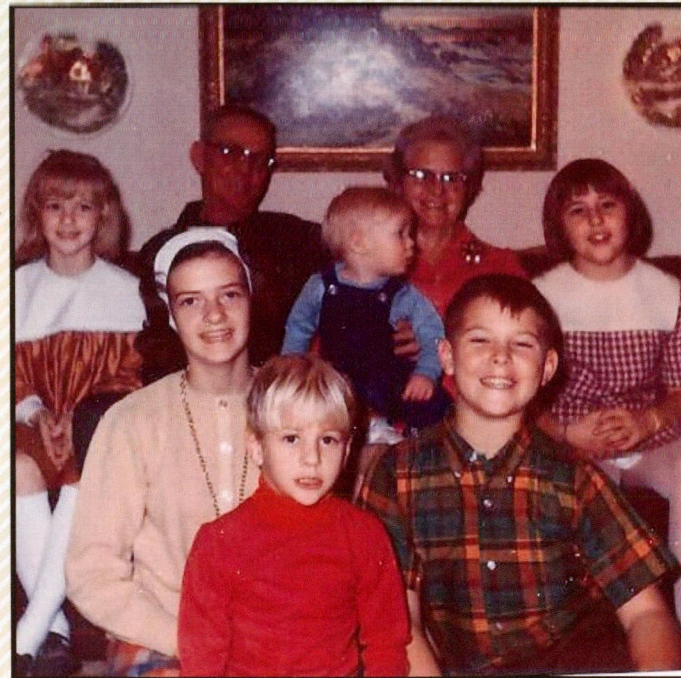
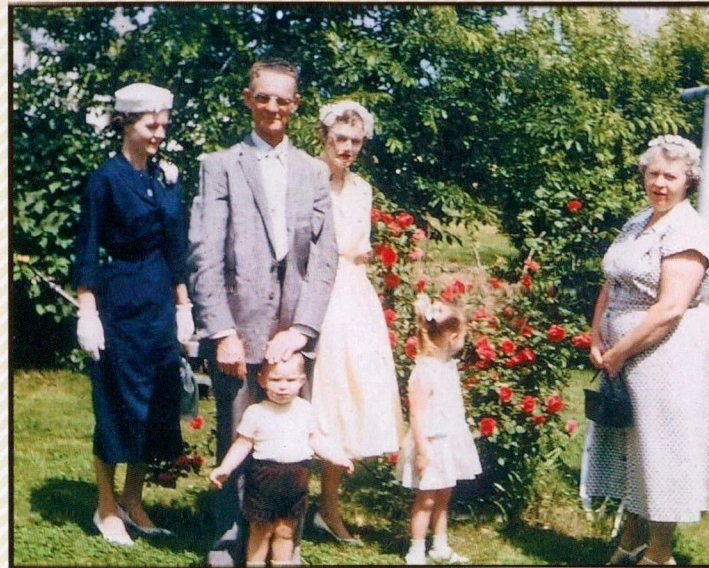
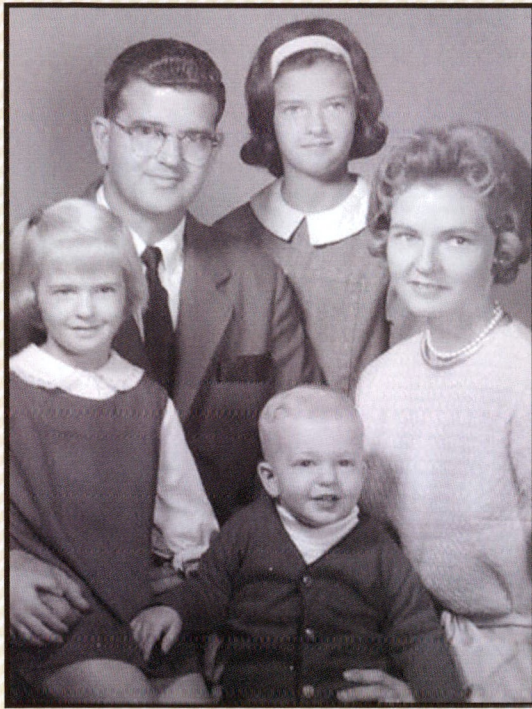






# CHILDHOOD

*where we come from*







Craig William & Jeannie

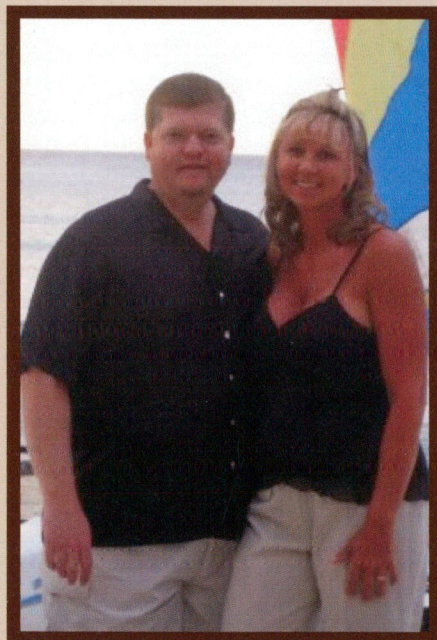


Chris Steven & Jamie



Carvel Gene & Jenny

## GRANDCHILDREN



Leon Watson & Shannon



Caressa Dee



Caren Denise

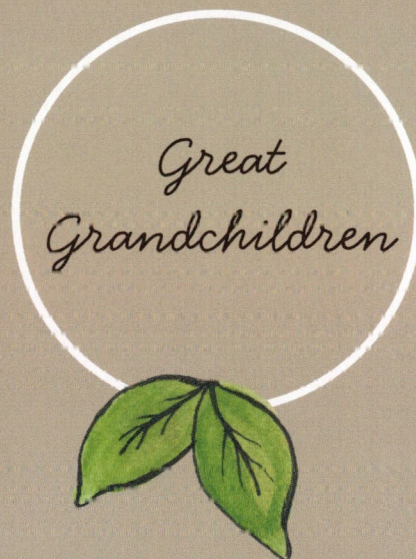


(Cathy)  
Cathandra Dean & Bill





John Lloyd and Brodie



Dillon Matthew

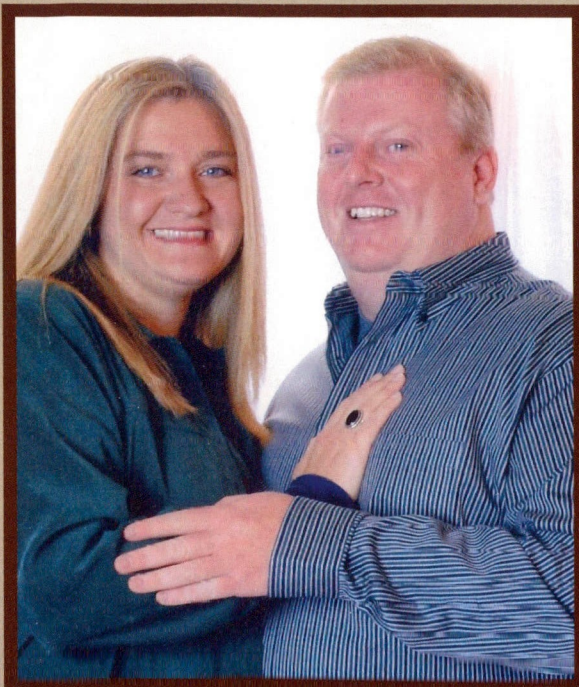


Lauren Michelle & Heath



Ben & Becky

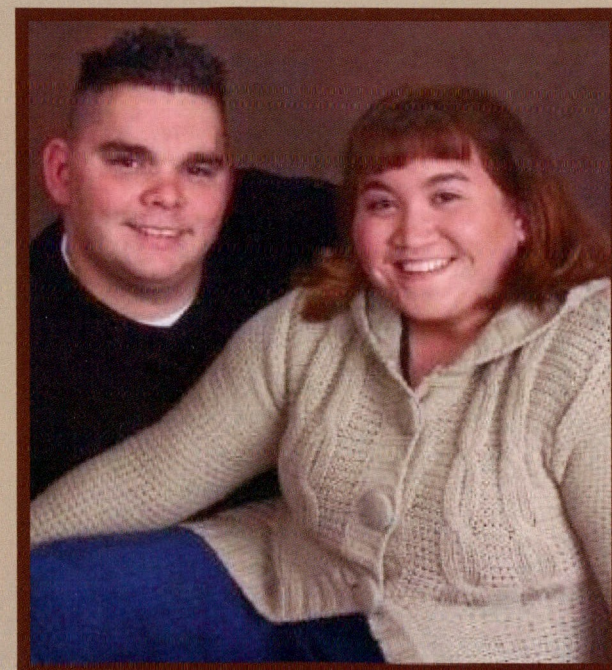




Hope Lynn & Coby



Jacqueline Marie & Scott



Jena Sue & Michael

## *Great Grandchildren*



Joshua Leon & Deanna  
with Colton & Connor



MacKinzie Leighann



Riley Nicole



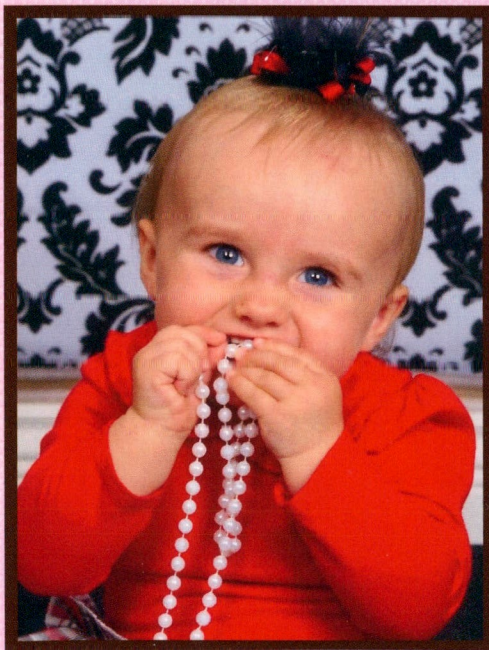
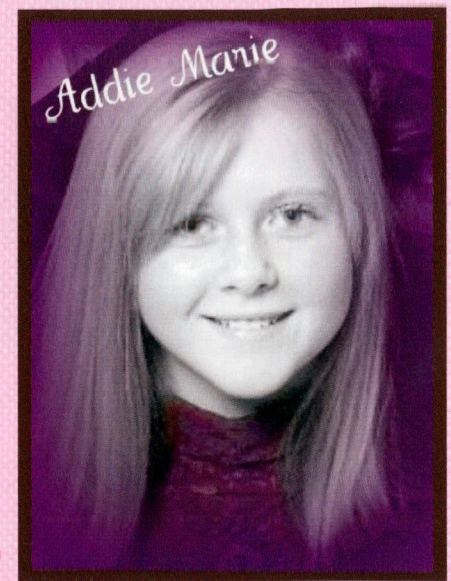
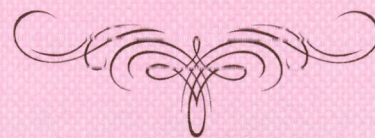


Brodie



Jordan Hope and Megan Leigh

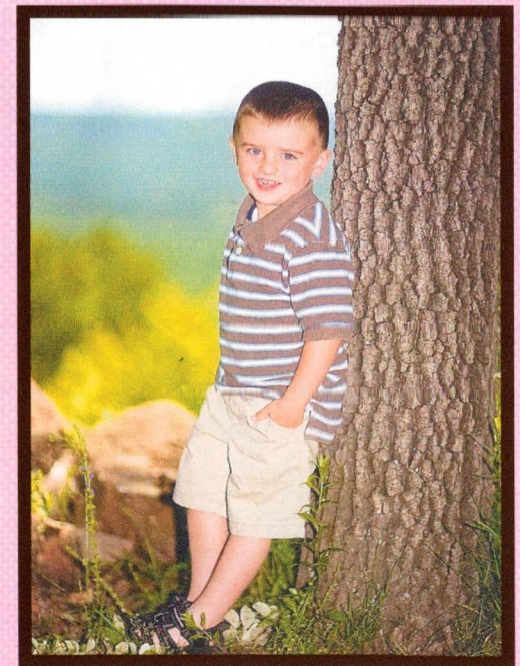
## Great Great Grandchildren



Jessica Lynn  
"Little Jessie"



Connor Evan & Colton Leon



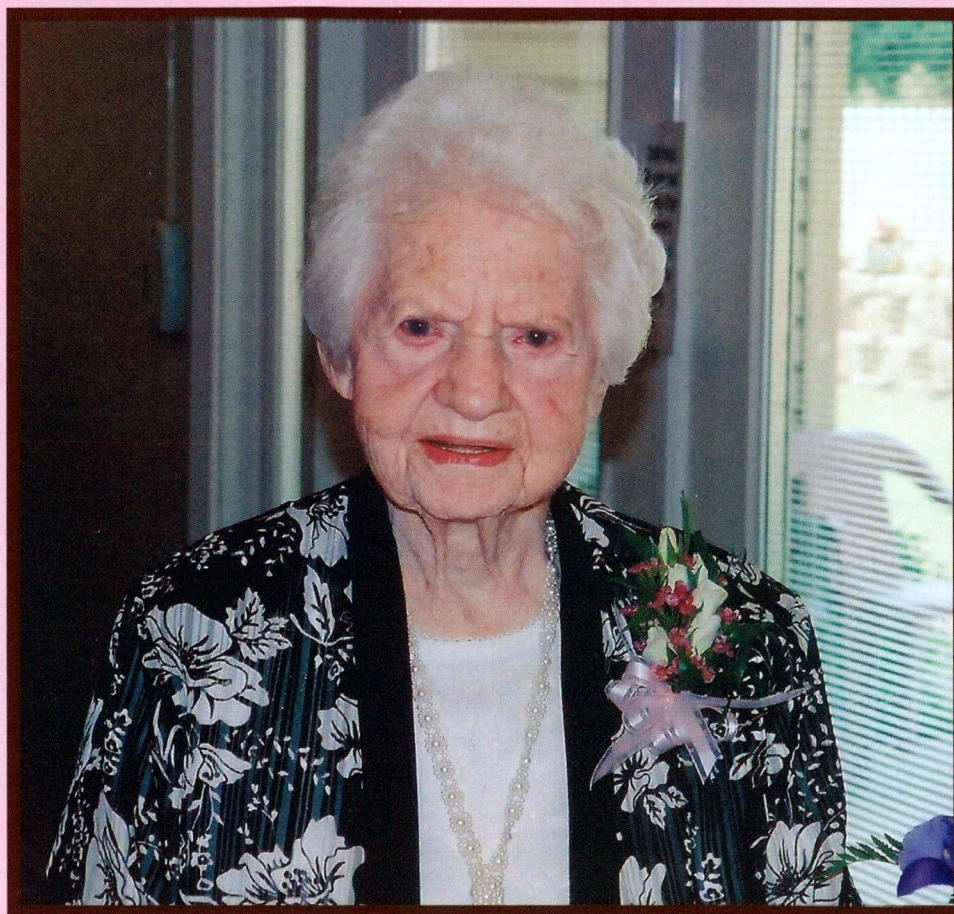
Justin Thomas





....and her legacy lives on





99th Birthday  
July 9, 2011

2 Corinthians 12:9 And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.





This book is created in honor of the Christian life and love of my "Mamau"

Jessie Marie Carrington Watson

Mamau, may God Bless and keep you safe always,

I love you, Cathy

poems written by Jessie Marie



## **"The Home Where I Grew Up"**

**It's great to go down memory land.  
With no worry about riches or fame.  
Just to remember that little four room house  
That we called home  
Where we each had a toothbrush and  
Our very own comb.**

**On the porch were some stools  
And high back chairs  
Where we sat at end of day  
To rest from our daily cares.**

**The yard was always mowed  
And the weeds were cut  
And in the springtime, garden seed  
Were planted and soon came up.  
Around the storm cellar holly-hocks  
Were blooming  
And each bush and tree were neatly kept  
With regular pruning.**



On washday we filled with water  
A big iron pot  
Then we built a fire around it  
To get the water hot.  
Then we brought the washboard  
and soap out  
Then we rubbed and rubbed  
Until we nearly crocked.  
The next day on a wood stove  
Flat irons were heated  
And we ironed pants and shirts  
And skirts that were pleated.

For breakfast each morning  
We had biscuits, gravy, some ham and eggs.  
Other mornings we had biscuits and gravy  
Eggs and sausage seasoned with salt,  
Pepper and sage.  
We washed the dishes, put them  
Up in a hurry  
Because we had to be at school  
By eight thirty.

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**"A Beautiful Place Where I'm Going  
Some Day**

**Here below my clothes are tattered and torn  
But I'm going where white robes are worn.  
To a place very, very far away  
Where joy and peace is the order of the day  
Where angels choirs sing and sing  
And honor is accorded the Royal King.**

**Where love abounds to every one  
And praise is heard on every tongue  
Where anthems are sung over and over  
And love is extended to one another.**



This trip I'm going on covers many years  
But where I'm going there will be no tears.  
The road here is rough, crooked and old.  
But there I'll walk on streets of gold.  
It's a place where time is forever  
Where pain and sorrow are felt..never.

There will be a spiritual river flowing near by  
Where one can sit and rest in the sweet by  
And by.

Oh this beautiful land of which I speak  
Is the one every soul should earnestly seek.  
It's a place of love, contentment and praise  
Where eons of worship to God continually  
raise.

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## **“Foot Prints”**

**What kind of footprints  
In the sands of time  
When my journey is ended  
Will I leave behind?  
Will “Blessed” my children rise up  
And say of me?  
And will the footprints I leave  
Be as they should be?**

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**The kind of life I live  
From day to day  
Will be the pattern each steps  
Takes along the way.  
So it's my choice, my decision  
Here to make  
The right impression with each step  
That I take.**

---

**So with God as my helper  
The one who is divine  
May the footprints I leave  
Be the very best kind.**

**We have to make the right kind of footprints  
for ourselves. No one can make them for us.**



## Spring

The maple tree is dressed in her Sunday  
best.

Robins are planning in her branches a  
nest.

Earth's mantle is robed in a new coat of  
green,

And along the walk blue violets can be  
seen.

Winter's ice and snow have melted at  
last,

The sleep of winter now in the past.

Flowers are blooming, birds now sing,

For everything has been touched by the  
magic of Spring.

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## **The Elm Tree**

**The elm tree in my yard so stately  
stands,**

**With outstretched arms and uplifted  
hands.**

**As if to God it offers it's thanks each  
day,**

**For rain and sunshine and branches that  
sway.**

**For robins that build in her leafy retreat,  
For children seeking shelter from the  
noonday heat.**

**Yes, the elm tree so stately it stands,  
With outstretched arms and uplifted  
hands.**



## **“To What Extent?”**

To what extent am I willing to go  
That my love for others show.  
To what depth will I of myself give  
That others a happy life may live.  
Will I just idly stand by  
When others I could help  
If I would but try?

## **“Smile”**

Some one gave me a smile today>  
I tried to give it away  
To everyone I chanced to meet  
As going down the street  
But everyone I could see  
Would give it back to me.  
Now when I got home besides the one smile  
I had enough to make a mile.

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## **A Time To Heal**

**It's 1998 and Mother's Day will be the tenth of May, and here are a few words I'd like to say.**

**It was April 1916 when God called my  
Mother away,  
For he needed a rose for His heavenly  
bouquet.  
So he choose my Mother to be the rose  
to fill the empty place,  
In his beautiful heavenly vase.**

**Her stay on earth was very short, so I did  
Not know  
The kind of love a Mother on her  
children did bestow.  
It just seemed natural to accept life as it  
was,  
But the depth of the void in myh life was  
very deep because,**



As I grew older I realized ,  
Just how very much I had missed the  
Sweetness of a Mother's touch.  
But God in His wisdom and appointed  
time,  
Gave me two little girls to love, mine all  
mine.  
He showered me with blessings that  
were so real,  
It was God's way to heal.

Yes, I've cried a tub of tears, because of  
sadness, tears, but blessed beyond life's  
greatest expectations.  
For as of now I am the Mother of four  
Generations,  
Have a family that loves and respects  
me,  
And I pray I am the kind of Mother I  
should be.

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## Jewels

God sent two jewels to bless our home,  
Two little girls, our very own.  
Their coming has meant so much to me,  
I pray I am the kind of Mother I should  
be.

Each day new experiences come our  
way,  
Some are happy ones, some not so gay.  
But teach me and help me to ever be  
just,  
To guide and direct in the right way, I  
must.  
These two precious lives entrusted to my  
care,  
Lord, may I ever be worthy is my prayer.

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## Love

The love that a Mother has for her child,  
Should be expressed more than just once  
in a while.

So often we get busy and forget to say,  
Words that mean so much along life's  
way.

It means so much to say "Honey, I love  
you"

Because love has deep roots expressed in  
words

And the things we do.

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**"Yesterday Is Gone - Make Good Use of  
Today."**

**If some of the yesterdays of my life  
I could recall**

**There are adjustments I'd make  
Some big - some small.**

**But time goes on,  
Never to be returned.**

**So today - right now  
Is the time to be concerned.**

**About how we use the moments  
God has allotted you and me**

**And He knows where we are  
the weakest**

**And He said "My grace is  
Sufficient for thee".**

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