

"PARSON  
JOSIAH  
HOPKINS"

1880 - - 1937



ALBUM

To Betty Seiler

141 N Bixel St

Los Angeles

California

Presented

From

Parson Josiah Haskins,

Sarah Haskins,

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*"Parson Josiah Hopkins"*

*Dr. Wm. B. Hogg*

*October 27, 1880... January 14, 1937*

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OUR BELOVED PARSON at the beginning of his ministry for the Lord he loved. At the time that this picture was taken, he and "Sarah" and the real Dan were riding in the hills of Tennessee, preaching to the Neighbors of the real "Goose Creek." It was his dream to re-live, via radio, those days of happiness and peace in the hope that many a tired and broken-hearted listener would yearn for the quiet, child-like faith that "Goose Creekers" knew.







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THE PARSON just outside the door of the little Country Church, thinking of what he has just told the Neighbors:

“As I was a-sayin’ — all are lookin’ fer somethin’ good to come. ‘Course every now and then folks git persimmon juice spilt on their souls: either that or they make a mistake and put vinegar on their bread instead o’ molasses. But, average it up, and you’ll find there’s a site o’ hope in this poor broken-hearted world. Folks a-hopin’ where it don’t look like there’s a chance in the world fer their dreams to ever come true, but the surprisin’ thing is — every now and then a ship does tie up at the harbor of dreams fer somebody and unload jest about all their hearts ever hoped fer! But take it in general over the world, and they’re a-lookin’ fer ships that never will come in. What I want to ask is, how did this git proned in the human heart? Well, it’s jest this: we are all over-made fer this world, and there’s a hunger inside us that nothin’ here can ever satisfy. God has built us for another life where the ships that never come in here can anchor in the heavenly harbor loaded to the water’s edge with all our dreams!”

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Josiah: "This yard'll soon be as full o' pretty flowers as our dog is full o' fleas."

Sarah: "You ought never connect flowers an' fleas, Josiah."

Josiah: "Aw, honey, you mustn't think that I was sayin' they won't be pretty—You an' ever'body knows how I love flowers."

Sarah: "I reckon flowers is the prettiest things on earth, an' cause the most work. If I don't start home an' begin to weed my hollyhocks, the Johnson grass'll eat 'em up before mornin'."

Josiah: "Honey, there you go a-wearyin' yoreself down over work. You know where I got my idear about takin' things easy?"

Sarah: "I'd love to know."

Josiah: "Right out o' the Bible! Right here in Matthew 6:28. Speakin' of the lilies, it says, 'They toil not! Then, it goes on to say, 'Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' There you air! No 'toil' yet the lilies have everything! The trouble with people is that they over-work and over-think theyselves, then the first thing you know, they go down with nervous pesteration in the head. Folks ort to be contented to do what they can do an' let well enough alone. You never saw a wrinkle on the petal of a lily! God gave it a duty to perform, an' it never overworks itself tryin' to do more than its share!"

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THE PARSON just back from meetin', telling Sarah in the Parsonage about what he had just been preaching:

"Me and little Charlie Walton was a-drivin' towards the beautiful sunset. The Purdues was a-burnin' trash, and the blaze from the fire was mighty large. Little Charlie says to me, "Don't let the man-made fires blind you to God's sunset!" That got me to thinkin', so this is what I told the Neighbors this mornin': There's plenty of God's beauty still in the world; the trouble is man-made light blinds people to God's beauty along the way. It's sorter like the time I was in the city—A policeman feller blowed his whistle at me and says, 'Old Timer, didn't you see the stop light?' I said, 'Mister, all these lights on the street blind my eyes.' An' it's that way a lot o' times—We git dazed with so much to see we don't see God's stop lights neither. My doctern is—Keep your eyes fixed on God's lights of beauty and of warnin' and the Road we call Life will be a beautiful promenade. They ain't nothin' ahead to scare you—that is, ef you keep your eyes on God's sky as you travel the SUNSET ROAD. The reason I think God makes the sunset so pretty is to take fear out o' man's heart about what's beyond Life's little day. Remember, Neighbors, the sunset is God's promise of a pretty sunrise in the mornin'!"

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SAID TO SARAH the other night while we wuz a-settin' around the fire-place, I says, 'Honey, why is it that folks don't enjoy their work like they used to?' Sarah answered right back that it might be that-a-way because people's hearts wasn't in what they're a-doin'. She went on to say that things might change, but people don't. You know, that's a good thought! Now, you take the old-fashioned dinner bucket — what was grander than that in our boyhood and girlhood days? I remember Mother would get us chillern a long tin bucket to take our dinner to school in, and, let me say right here that WAS a real dinner in them old buckets! Why, the sweet smell that'd hit you when you'd pull off the tin top had more real substance in it than a whole handfull of these little thin lettuce sandwiches they make fer poor little chillern sometimes now! Yes, Mother'd wash out a quinine bottle to put our molasses in; then, she'd git another bottle fer the buttermilk; then, she'd put turnips in the bottom of the bucket, a pone o' cornbread, an' a slab o' home-cured ham — Oh, them was days! An' that ain't all! We had time at school to eat it all. There was three recesses: one

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about 10:00 o'clock in the mornin'; then a hour at dinner time; an' then, another little recess in the afternoon. All day long, we chillern'd set an' watch them dinner buckets a-hangin' on the nails in the wall. Ever'time we went out fer 'recess' we'd take our dinner buckets. Some o' you younger folks sorter smile at them days! Well, they turnt out sich men as Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Henry Clay, an' Dan'l Webster. Right good men in their day!

"Times has changed now; dinner buckets wouldn't stir folks that-a-way. An' why? It's because human people is in too big a hurry, an' have got away from the simple things of life. It ain't what we've got that counts after all—it's our attitude towards it. Instead of people gittin' things — why, the things has got them! Yes, if we could find out how to turn loose the things that we've got, well, things'd be a site better. 'Course, that's jest my humble jedgement!"





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SEEN' them little chillern o' Jeff Batts a-playin' put me an' Sarah to talkin' over old days. It does look funny now that playin' store with old cans an' packin' boxes ever satisfied us; er playin' dolls, an' 'housekeepin'' with little bits o' glass ever made women folks happy! But they did! After a while, all the play things was laid aside, an' the boys got 'em a shore nuff store an' sich like, an' girls traded off the little dolls fer babies of their own that could say 'Mama' in a rale way. But, as I was a-tellin' Sarah, that's the way it is in life — we outgrow our playthings! The little trinkets an' make-believe might charm us fer a day, but God has put in the human heart a hunger fer the rale an' the eternal. There ain't enough in this whole world to satisfy always. We lay aside our playthings one by one: dolls fer babies; playin' ladies fer really bein' ladies; playin' store fer a rale store; play money fer stocks an' bonds. But, after a while folks git tired o' them, an' then they retire, a-lookin' fer somethin' else that will make 'em happy.

"There was a little sick girl that Sarah an' me went to set up with. She shore was a pretty little darlin', but

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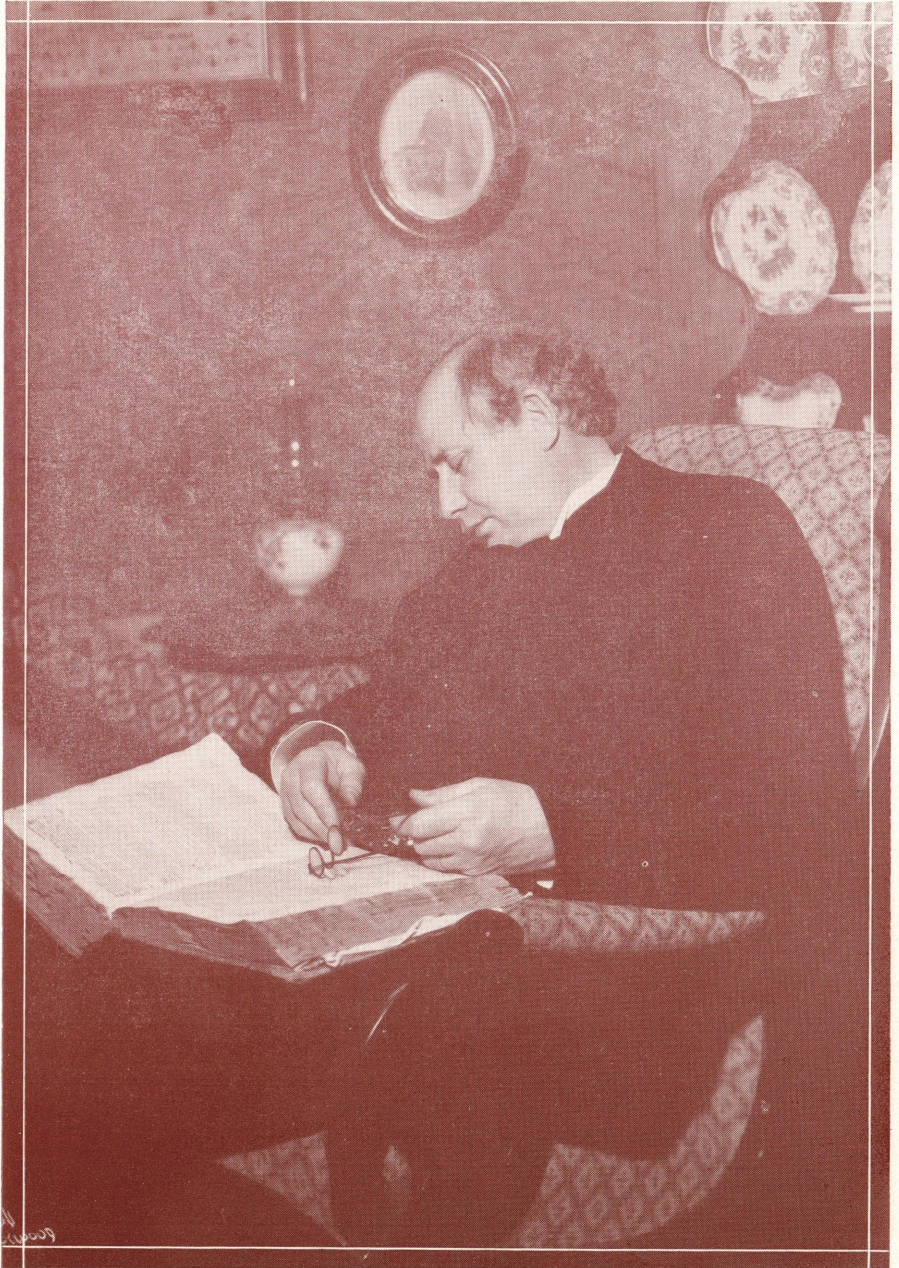




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the Doctors knew she never would git well. She had some misery that was past the doctor's help. So whilst we was there, the doctors called the broken-hearted mother out an' told her the truth. It hurt her something awful, but she gethered herself together fer the little girl's sake. The doctors said, 'You kin let her have anything she wants now—nothin' matters.' So, we all went in to where the little angel lay a-lookin' fur off to another world. Her mother gethered her in her arms an' said, 'Darling, is there anything you want?' The little girl shook her curly head. The mother said, 'Your dolly?' The little head shook again. The mother went over all the playthings that had gladdened the little girl's hours of health, but she said 'No' to them all. Then, she turned her face to her mother an' said, 'Oh, Mama, I jest want you!' Neighbors, that's what the Lord meant when He said that He came to give us reale life! All life without Him is jest playin' like we're a-livin'. An' there'll come a time when the playthings of life will be laid aside, an' our hungry hearts will jest want God!"

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ARAH, these mornin' glories a-bloomin' out here around the little church reminds me of something I told Sister Walton about little Charlie. Poor old Dan, he loves little Charlie! Who don't love him? It looks to me like more birds come to sing around his winder than anywheres else in Goose Creek. As I was a-sayin' to Sister Walton—when she was so worried about little Charlie bein' worse—you don't have to live as long as Methuselah to build a beautiful life. Some flowers bloom quicker than others. They tell me that there's a plant that blooms once in a hundred years—but mornin' glories bloom in a few days. Human lives is like that, I told Sister Walton. After all, we didn't come to stay. I reckon we ort to be more willin' to leave this pretty world than we are. Sister Walton was a-tellin' me that she had so hoped to see Charlie grow into a wonder man like his father, but I says to her, 'Sister Walton, if this world was all, I wouldn't have nothin' to say, but this human life is to jest git us ready for the next life. Didn't the Lord say right there in John 10:10, 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.'

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"An' so we say 'Goodbye' until this time tomorrow.  
God bless you an' keep you until we meet again.

"May you face this day with courage, an' be sus-  
tained by faith.

"An' though you travel far, so far, God grant your  
road will turn this way again an' bring you back to us  
sometime in the Country Church of Hollywood.

"Remember, we'll all be lookin' for you!"

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