

Zadock Norman Timmons

A profile of Zadock Timmons written by his father William Timmons for the appendix to William Timmons' "Life Book," the full text of which is available at http://www.steen-frost.org/Pub/Docs/Timmons_files/1873_Life_Book.pdf.

Zadock Norman Timmons was born in Coweta County March the 14th 1839, Elizabeth Smith wife of Rev. William B. Smith officiating for which she would not have any fee. He was baptized by Rev. Samuel K. Hodges P.E. at the Freeman campground 1839.

He was a healthy boy of a sprightly temperament and stern in his manners but not obstinate. We explain—when he believed he was right all the world could not move him from his purpose or position. His motto was “know he was right and he would go ahead.” We instance one circumstance: I was sent for to assist in a protracted meeting—he was 14 years old. I had left him to plow in wheat. He was to get a neighbor to sow the grain with certain restrictions. The man told him I was wrong and he must change the arrangements. He positively refused, that I said it must be done my way. The man tried to persuade to a change (in order to try his firmness) but to no effect—he was proverbially called “Obedient Norman.”

He always was at church to meet the class leader; in this he was very notorious. One other thing we mention. When in company at log rollings and other boys would talk vulgar, he would leave their company and go where the old men were and hear them talk. Some of them said they envied his religious modesty—he was physically the strongest youth of his age in the region where he lived (17 years). The best bass in the singing convention; he loved to sing—engage him to work alone and he would sing incessantly.

One thing more and we are done with him till Gabriel shall call us up to meet him in the air. He was converted at about 10 years of age in a grove meeting at the Espy campground under the ministrations of Rev. L.J. Allen, a young man of the Georgia Conference. The preacher could not preach much but was a good singer and a great worker in the woods or grove as well as at the altar or church. Norman was converted at the grove. It was as plain a case, old brethren remarked, as ever they witnessed: his face shined above the brightness of the sun—“he rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory” from that time to the day of his death.

His life was adorned with deeds of piety such as is mentioned above. I was teaching school from home only came home once a week. My wife sent for me to come home early one morning—when I got home I found he was very sick—I gave him some Physic—did not mend him. I sent for Dr. Thomason; he said he was dangerous. I then sent for Dr. [Remoine]. He came and they agreed on his case—it was hopeless. I asked him for the reason of his hope. He gave me clear and sound evidence as ever I heard.

The sabbath previous to the fatal attack of sickness—which was inflammation of the stomach and bowels—his brother Robert was at home from school. Just before leaving

for his school he said to him he wanted to sing [Easter anthem]. He wanted to sing the bass & he wished to stand up so that his voice could have fair play—they sung it through; he then proposed to sing the verses—his brother said to him “Norman you can’t sing the words.” He replied “I can trot it through without a bobble.” So they sung it. His brother said he made no mistake. He found he was excited; he saw he was weeping & said it was the best song in the book. His brother asked him why it was the best. He said it spoke of Jesus and the resurrection.

On Tuesday he went to town (Carrollton) and returned with a desperate headache. He ate supper and went to the sitting room while his mother was clearing off the supper table. He commenced singing the song beginning “My Christian friends in bonds of Love.” He sung the song with unusual zeal. His mother came in [and] he said to her his head ached [so] “let us have prayer for I want to go to bed.” He never sang again on Earth. [This] did seem to alarm him. He continued to sink till the 11th day at night he gave way and seemed to take as much pains in talking about his departure as if he was going from home on a few days visit. Just before he expired I was rubbing his cold hand with warm wheat bran—he looked at me very significantly—and said Pa don’t pester me, let me die, and endeavored to throw his arm around my neck—but was too weak. He then seemed to fasten his eyes on some object above him—those that was looking at him thought he would burst out in a laugh—and expired in two minutes. Thus the sun of dutiful set before it arrived at the age of manhood!

This took place 11th day of April half past one in the morning 1856. Rev Samuel Anthony preached his funeral at the camp meeting the next fall. From 1st Thessalonians 4th Chapter and commencing with 13th and ending with the 18th verse.