

Elisha Thomas Ridings Obituary

Company A, 11th Tennessee Infantry Regiment

Obituary

It becomes our painful duty to write the obituary of our much beloved and highly esteemed brother, Eld. E.T. Ridings, who was born Feb. 23, 1839, was married to Mary E. McIntosh Dec. 1, 1867; joined the Primitive Baptist church and was baptized by Eld. S. French the third Sunday in February (same year that he was married, I infer from a letter I have, of instructions) and was soon afterwards liberated to preach and was ordained to the work of the ministry by the laying on of hands of Elders Samuel French, J.J. Fuqua and J.D. Jones, Oct. 12, 1878.

After a severe suffering of more than two years he died July 16, 1900, aged 61 years 8 months and 21 days. Dear Brother Ridings just before his summons, called all the family around his bed, took them one by one in his cold and icy hands and talked much. He said that he wanted to live in the memory of all the little grandchildren. A few weeks before he died he awoke his dear wife and little daughter by praying, and they heard him preach as sweet a discourse as they had ever heard him. There were many relatives and friends around him while dying. The Lord saw fit to take him from the loving company of a loving wife and dutiful children which made up an [sic] humble and welcome home for the Primitive Baptists. Dear Sister Ridings and children, may you have of the riches of God's grace to enable you to bear up under this sore trial. You have lost, here on earth, one dear tie of nature, one who was firm to the doctrine of grace. It is consoling to think how he so patiently endured all the temptations and persecutions that befell him in this world below. I have often heard him speak of his hope which had kept him through bloody war. But alas! to us he is gone. His voice is stilled in death, yet he speaks in the memory of all his dear brethren and sisters, friends and relatives. The precious doctrine that he taught has landed him safely through this sad world to a world of everlasting glory. His lifeless body lies in the cold ground awaiting the sounding of the last loud trumpet, then it will come forth in the likeness of Jesus. May God prepare us all by heavenly grace to meet this loved one in that glory land, is the humble prayer of one who dearly loved the subject of this obituary, and had he have gotten well, no doubt would have traveled many more miles together, as we had done before. Farewell.

J.R. HATCHER.