





YOU intrusted to us a sacred obligation. We have endeavored to serve you in a manner which would lighten your burden of sorrow. Allow us to present this book of Memories in the hope that it will prove a comfort in the coming years.



W. L. Pruitt Funeral Home, Inc.
Moreland, Kentucky

W. L. Pruitt

W. D. Pruitt

Preface

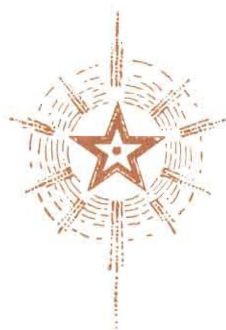
IF LIFE IS SACRED IT SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO PERISH. TRUE, THE BODY WILL RETURN TO THE DUST FROM WHENCE IT CAME BUT THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE LIFE SHOULD CONTINUE . . "WE ARE NOT DEAD UNTIL WE ARE FORGOTTEN"

AS A LAST TRIBUTE TO A LOVED ONE WE HAVE COMPILED THE FOLLOWING DATA IN THE HOPE THAT THIS PRECIOUS LIFE SHALL EVER LIVE IN THE MINDS OF THE ONCOMING GENERATIONS OF THE FAMILY.

*"And flights of Angels sing thee
to thy rest."*

Shakespeare.

Hope Eternal



Dedicated

to those who mourn some departed one, in the hope that
it may lighten the burden which sometime
must befall all of us
and cause the sunlight of hope to
shine through the dark clouds
of Sorrow



*Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:
for Thou art with me.*

A Brighter Home

*Calm on the bosom of thy God
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.*

*Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.*

*Lone are the paths and sad the bowers,
Whence thy dear smile is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In Heaven is now thine own.*

In Memory Of

Harden M. Cormack

Rockcastle County, Kentucky

PLACE OF BIRTH

December 28, 1912

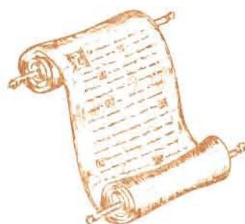
DATE

February 16, 1981

DATE OF DEATH

68 years

AGE



Family Record

DECEASED Harden M.^c Cormack

	BORN	DIED
FATHER <u>Ed M.^c Cormack</u>		
MOTHER <u>Ellen Thomas</u>		
MARRIED TO <u>Jessie Owens</u>		
CHILDREN <u>Charles Edward</u>		
<u>Tad</u>		
<u>Robert</u>		
<u>Stanley</u>		
<u>Henrietta</u>		
<u>Helma</u>		
<u>Louise</u>		
<u>Patty</u>		
<u>Penny</u>		
BROTHERS AND SISTERS		



BEARERS

Wayne Hale

James Jefferson

Truman Ray

Don Johnson

Wayne Johnson

Kevin M. Cormack



Music

ORGANIST

Mrs. Jewell Sandidge

SELECTIONS



Rose Beyond the Wall

*Near a shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.*

*As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.*

*Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride;
It followed the light through the crevice's length
And unfolded itself on the other side.*

*The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before;
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.*

*Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint and fall?
Nay, let us faith and hope receive;
The rose still grows beyond the wall.*

*Scattering fragrance far and wide,
Just as it did in days of yore,
Just as it did on the other side,
Just as it will forever more.*

A. L. Frank.

Sermon Notes

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines, typical of notebook paper. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Lead Kindly Light

*Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,— one step enough for me.*

*I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.*

*So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.*

John H. Newman.

Services

PLACE W. L. Pruitt Funeral Home, Inc.

HOUR 11:00 AM

DATE Thursday, February 19, 1981

Officiating

Rev. Roger Weddle

Minister

Hustonville Baptist



Final Resting Place

Roberts Cemetery

PLACE OF INTERMENT

GRAVE

LOT

BLOCK

SECTION

Mt Vernon

CITY

Rockcastle

COUNTY

Kentucky

STATE

Interred

TIME

February 19, 1981

DATE



Crossing the Bar

*Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.*

*But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.*

*Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.*

*For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.*

Alfred Tennyson.

There Is No Death

*There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.*

*There is no death! Although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms.*

*They are not dead! They have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.*

*They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away
They are not "lost" nor "gone."*

*And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread.
For all the boundless universe
Is Life — there are no dead.*

J. L. McCreery.

Relatives and Friends

Truman Ray

Hershel & Ida Dean Baedock

Haskel & Ruby Murphy

Ray & Phyllis Wilson

Jani Jefferies

Mr & Mrs Sam Wilson

Mr & Mrs Eugene Crow

Velma Snow

Violet Coffman

Edward Snow

Mr & Mrs Joe Laley

James Thomas Tate

Mrs. Franklin Griffin & family

Mr & Mrs Benton Owens

Raymon Beal

Betty Beal

Walter & Nancy L. Brooke

David & Jones



Relatives and Friends

Sonny Jones

Alma Luttrell

Carole Roy

Mr + Mrs Herbert Townes Jr + Son

Selmer Shreve

Pattie Brooks

Mr + Mrs Tom Cochran

Mr + Mrs Allie Monday

Byrdace Buck

Leon Buck

Glynda Williams

Perry Clark, Sr.

Samky Clark

Barbara Brooks

KATHY BROOKS

Uela + Bobby Selch

Donald Johnson

Mrs Perry Clark, Sr.



Relatives and Friends

Mr & Mrs Tad M^c. Cormack

Thelma P. Johnson & Kids

Penny Mapes

Lauree Bupen I LOVE you

Wayne & Henrietta Johnson & Boys

Henrietta E. Johnson

Frankie F. Johnson

Sarahy A. Douglas

Frank L. Kiisewetter

Wayne H. Johnson

Robert M^c. Cormack & Fern & family

Mr & Mrs Charles M^c. Cormick

David Johnson

Lonna R. Johnson

Jessie M^c. Cormack

Billy Robertson

Sarahy Robertson

Mrs Jesse Shuren



Relatives and Friends

David Jones & Family

Barbara Ann Powell

Stella Pendleton

Becky Smith

Patricia Russ

Lena Daugherty

Ruth Ellen - Jay Frederick

James Bryson & Family

Howard Rainer

John Watts

Annie Watts

Mr & Mrs Edgar P. Lawhorn

Mr & Mrs Delmer Tarter

Herbert Rainer

Effie Cooper

Marshall Barlow

Terrell S. Ware

Kay Edgington



Relatives and Friends

James Cochran
Duke Payne
Ricky HALE
WAYNE HALE
Nettie Rogers
Scharlene Jarvis
Mr & Mrs Edgar Lynn
Mae Brown
Gene Brown
Edgar Lynn
Edith Lynn
Jahnie Jeffries
Al C. Baldock



Relatives and Friends



Relatives and Friends



Relatives and Friends



The Watcher

*She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate;

And though we mocked her tenderly,
Who had such foolish care,
The long way home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget!
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.

Waiting till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late —
Watching from Heaven's window,
Leaning from Heaven's gate.*

Margaret Widdemer.

Resignation

*The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!*

*Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.*

*We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.*

*There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.*

*In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
They live, whom we call dead.*

Henry W. Longfellow.

Flowers

Rufus & Eva Brewer

Mrs & Mrs Cecil Luttrell

Walter Brooks & Family

Truman Ray & Family

Charles & Betty M. Cornick & Son

Wendell Withington

Love, Penny

Don Brockman

To Father From Jim, Louise, Tina & Mary Ann

Love, Tad, Jo Ann & Children

Janet

Love & Miss Gaw Dennis Jr & Jay

Mrs & Mrs Jesse Shearer

Grandchildren Velta, Bobby, Billy, Nina & Mary

Hack & Ruby Murphy



Flowers

David + Elaine Jones + Boys
John + Becky Smith
Becky, Donna + Wayne
Waver Snow and Daughters
Friends of H & S Chemical Co. 35 Technical Center
[Mr + Mrs Lane Chadwell
Mr + Mrs. Artis Byrd
Mr + Mrs Thomas M. Donald
Mr + Mrs Leo Brown
Mr + Mrs Willie Chadwell
Mr + Mrs James Patton



Flowers



Flowers

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Newspaper Clippings

ABSOLUTE AUCTION

4 ROOM HOME-WRECKER MECHANIC'S TOOLS

SATURDAY JULY 14 AT 10:00 A.M.

7½ MILES SOUTHWEST OF HUSTONVILLE ON FREYS CREEK.

We will sell for Mr. and Mrs. J.H. [Junky Joe] McCormack, their home and personal property at the time and place mentioned above.

The home is situated on a low hill overlooking a quiet, secluded valley in the heart of the deer country. This would make an ideal weekend retreat or permanent home. The house is a four-room frame with a front porch, well and necessary outbuildings, on one acre.

PERSONAL PROPERTY: 1965 2-ton wrecker, 60 Series; 225 amp electric welder; welding rods; welding table; C Clamps; chain hoist; mounted electric emery; truck jack; knee jack; electric drill; log chains; log tongs; tool boxes; hand drill; brace and bits; electric soldering iron; hand value grinder; 8 hp Briggs & Stratton engine; transmission grease gun; tarpoulin; electric buffer; truck tool box; bed for dump truck; tires; wheels; generator; starter; 5-speed truck transmission; wrenches; flood light; electric water pump; pole climbers; wheel barrow; garden tools; water tank; steel barrel; 5-gal. water cooler; washing machine; bottle gas kitchen range; combination freezer-refrigerator; small T.V.; Motorola color T.V.; 2 kitchen tables; kitchen cabinet; bedroom suite; occasional chairs; living room suite; picture frames; brick line coal heater; ¾ metal bed; electric fan and many other items too numerous to mention.

Due to his health, Mr. McCormack is forced to quit his wrecking business and has no further need for this property.

TERMS: On real estate 20% down day of sale balance on delivery of deed and possession on or before August 1, 1979. Personal property, cash day of sale.

For more information call J.H. [Junky Joe] McCormack, phone 346-5612 or the selling agents.

COCHRAN REALTY CO

Hustonville, Kentucky 40437

**E.B. COCHRAN
Phone 346-3821**

**TOM COCHRAN
Phone 346-5341**

BROKERS & AUCTIONEERS

This is the Story of Junkie Joe and
Sammie Crockron

About

The fussy cow in lonely Hollow

I was standing beside the road in
front of my house.

Sammie Crockron was driving a
cow down the road. He Hallow
head her Joe, as I said, she got
a head Sammie. Sammie said
turn her. I said she already
got the Harry side turn. But
Sammie said darn fool say
something to her.

I said Good morning old
herifer.

Junkie Joe

Barbara Allen

Editor's Note: Probably the most famous of the early ballads of Kentucky is Barbara Allen. Even today, on rare occasions, this old favorite may be heard in the backwoods of our state. With its hundreds of different verses, Barbara Allen is typical of the old ballads once common throughout Kentucky.

All in the merry month of May
When the green buds they were swelling,
William Green on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying "Love, there is a call for you
If your name is Barbara Allen."

She was very slowly getting up
And very slowly going,
The only words she said to him
Were "Young man I think you're dying."

"Don't you remember the other day
When you were in town a-drinking,
You drank a health to the ladies all around
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

"O yes, I remember the other day
When I was in town a-drinking,
I drank a health to the ladies all around,
But my love to Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall
And death was in him dwelling;
"Adieu, adieu, to my friends all,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

When she got in two miles of town
She heard the death bells ringing;
They rang so clear, as if to say
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"

So she looked east and she looked west
And saw the cold corpse coming,
She says "Come round you nice young man
And let me look upon you."

The more she looked the more she grieved
Until she burst out crying
"Perhaps I could have saved that young man's life
Who now is here a-lying."

"O Mother, O Mother, come make my bed
O make it both soft and narrow,
For sweet William died today
And I will die tomorrow."



Barbara Allen

Continued from Page 43

"O Father, O Father, come dig my grave
O dig it deep and narrow,
For sweet William died in love
And I will die in sorrow."

Sweet William was buried in the old church tomb,
Barbara Allen was buried in the the yard;
Out of William's heart grew a red rose,
Out of Barbara Allens's grew a brier.

They grew and grew to the old church tower
And they could not grow any higher;
And at the end tied a true lover's knot
And the rose wrapped around the brier.

Over The River

*Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.*

* * *

*For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.*

* * *

*And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;*

*I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of Death shall carry me.*

Nancy W. Priest.

How Calm They Sleep

*How calm they sleep beneath the shade
Who once were weary of the strife
And bent, like us, beneath the load
Of human life!*

*The willow hangs with sheltering grace
And benediction o'er their sod,
And nature, hushed, assures the soul
They rest in God.*

*O weary hearts, what rest is here
From all that curses yonder town!
So deep the peace, I almost long
To lay me down.*

*For, oh, it will be blest to sleep,
Nor dream, nor move, that silent night,
Till wakened in immortal strength
And heavenly light.*

Crammond Kennedy.



