

Owens, Jefferson 1893 - 1985



**INDIAN BOTTOM ASSOCIATION
Of Old Regular Baptist Churches of Jesus Christ
Held at the Indian Bottom Association Building
Sassafras, Knott County Kentucky
September 5,6,7 1986**

OBITUARIES

Submitted by Sheila Seals

Owens, Jeff-Jeff was born August 18, 1893 to William (Bill) Owens and Mary Fuller Owens. He passed from this life December 18, 1985 at the home of his granddaughter, Delia Mae and Jessie Childers at Carrie, Kentucky. In early life he was married to Rachel Conley Owens. To this union were born five children: Edgar Owens, Carrie, Ky., Daisy Cornett, Carrie, Ky., Margie Slone, Wheelwright, Ky., Deletha Baldrige, Leburn, Ky. One son, Ellis Owens, and his wife, Rachel, preceded him in death. In later life he was married to Hannah White and reared two stepchildren, Junior Deaton and Mary Ann Jent. He leaves to mourn his passing twenty-nine grandchildren, forty-nine great-grandchildren, fifteen great-great-grandchildren, and a host of relatives and friends. He was good to everyone. His door was always open and there was food for everyone that came. Regardless of the time of day that anyone would come, he would always ask "Have you had something to eat?" He was a good daddy and worked hard to rear his family. Not only his family, but every young boy that came along and didn't have a home. He would take them in and care for them as he did for us. They ate what we did, and if they needed clothes, they would get them. We love Daddy very much and hated to give him up. We have stood over him for eleven months, and saw him suffer so much. From his testimony, I feel like our loss is Heaven's gain. I feel like Papa is resting around the throne of God. He told me when he was in the hospital that he was going to a home where he wouldn't have to suffer anymore, and all of the children that wanted to could come and live with him. I saw him in a dream last week standing at the gate of a beautiful place with his hand on the gatepost. The gate was open. He turned to look back, I was standing just below him. He looked to see if his children were coming. He wanted them all with him every minute. If they want to see Papa again, they will have to go through the same gate that I feel Papa went through. On December 18, 1985 at two o'clock in the morning, with all his children standing by his bed, I feel Papa went to a home where there will be no troubles, pain or sorrow. All will be peace and joy forever. **Written by his daughter, Deletha Baldrige**