

A Tribute to Albert Jennings

By Forrest Morris

In 1957, a man by the name of C. R. Nichol delivered a speech at Florida College. C. R. Nichol was an old time gospel preacher, and was a powerful contender for the faith. He talked about all the debates he had been in during his life. But, there was something else he talked about that day that I want to tell you about.

He told of an old friend of his – one that you could tell that he held in high regard. He started off talking about the man in mid sentence. He said. “ a man named Bogard. A righteous man.” He paid the man the highest compliment any human being can pay another while on the face of this earth. ...he called him “righteous.”

He went on to say that he had the opportunity to go and visit this friend in a little town where he lived and worked. He got there and went up to the secretary’s desk outside his office. He said. “I’m here to see Mr. Bogard, can you tell me where he’s at?” The woman looked up from her desk and said. “Oh, I’m very sorry, but Mr. Bogard is dead.”

C. R. Nichol never hesitated in his response to the woman’s statement. He said. “Oh, that’s alright. I know where he’s at.” You see, he had called his friend “righteous.” Based on that, he knew that he was in a place of rest. He knew that he was in a place of comfort, and not in torment.

I have said all of that to tell you this. I knew Albert Jennings for 30 years. I had many, many opportunities to observe his life over the years that I knew him. I hold Albert Jennings in high regard. And, without reservation I say to you today...I know where he is at. I know. I know where he is at!

Every once in a while we’ll read a book or a poem. Or, maybe it’s a story or song we hear... and it stays with us. Not all of it. Most of the time it’s just the bits and pieces that stay with us. The things that we call memories. Some years ago a songwriter wrote a song about a Rebel soldier that had been mortally wounded in combat. But, before he died he had the opportunity to write a short letter to his wife. There’s one particular line in that song that has always stayed with me. It goes like this. He said. “Do not think my passing means my love has died...I’m only waiting...on the other side.”

Every once in a while, along that same pathway in life that I’ve been talking about we have the wonderful opportunity to meet someone very special. We learn to know them and we grow to love them. But... sometimes, sometimes more often than not...they leave this life before we do. But...they never leave without having left us with those things that can never be taken away. Memories. There’s a song that has a chorus that can explain what I am trying to say much better than I could ever do. It goes like this...“Precious memories, oh they linger. How they ever flood my soul. In the stillness of the midnight, precious sacred scenes unfold.”

Albert Locklear Jennings was one of those special people. And I will keep him in my memory and close to my heart until that day that I too shall fly away. So, Trudy, Debbie, Dennis, Donna & Rick, and all the family and friends that are gathered here today, let us draw comfort from the fact that we know where he is at. And, don’t think his passing means his love has died...he’s only waiting on the other side.