

Sally Elizabeth Burney Kinlaw 1879—1943



Through an amazing act of providence, the husband of Sally Elizabeth, Wade Hampton, found himself at Indian Springs in the summer of 1932. Under the influence of Dr. Henry Clay Morrison's preaching he was genuinely converted and filled with the Holy Spirit.

His life was so transformed that the next year Sally came with him. She wanted to see what had caused such a change in her husband. The same thing happened in Sally's life.

She went home and bought her teen age daughter, Frances Kinlaw Moore. The joy of a transformed heart occurred in Frances' life as well. She went home and the next year brought her younger thirteen year old brother, Dennis. In the summer of 1935 Dennis

Kinlaw was also radically converted and filled with the Holy Spirit. It was a beautiful chain reaction of "each one bringing one" until a whole family was changed for the glory of God.

Sally was a woman of prayer. She loved to walk the grounds of Indian Springs with her good friend, Mrs. Edenfield. Both were the mothers of teenage sons. As they walked they would pray that God would call their two sons, Dennis and Reginald, into the ministry. They never told their sons of their heart's desires and their prayers. God wonderfully answered. He called both young men into the ministry. They have given their lives to the preaching of the gospel. Reginald Edenfield became a board member at Indian Springs and Dennis Kinlaw became one of the evangelists.

The legacy God gave to Wade and Sally Kinlaw, through a providential work of grace, now extends to the fifth generation of family coming to Indian Springs.

Submitted by her granddaughter, Beth Kinlaw Coppedge



Jane Davis



In 1926 our parents first attended Indian Springs Camp Meeting. They stayed at the Flovilla Hotel with our oldest brother who was a baby. Under the preaching of Dr. John L Brasher, Daddy received such a blessing that they continued to attend until death took them from us.

Mother attended until 1996, when she was so sick she could hardly walk. She made it to only a few services then. She had to be taken to the hospital and was diagnosed with cancer. She lived only a few days after that. Camp Meeting was her last event, and she would have wanted it that way.

Through the years our family stayed at places provided for ministers. For the younger three of the children, that was across highway 42. Daddy bought the place from the Campground in 1950, giving the family “a place.”

The only fast food place was Fresh Air Bar-B-Que, and we ate there once during Campmeeting each year. After all, the sandwiches were 35 cents! Mother would buy fresh vegetables from farmers who came by, and we would have a full meal, cooked on a kerosene stove. The iceman delivered ice for the icebox and Mr. Browning delivered milk – the best chocolate milk a cow ever gave! Our running water was in a bucket and we did the running down the hallway. Mother made it home away from home, and a time of spiritual growth and renewal.

We sold the place after Daddy’s death in 1964, but Mother continued to attend as some of us could take her. She stayed at the hotel or motel, and attended every service. She insisted that everyone “get the good out of it.” Three times a day no one would sit at the cottage or in a room and not go to services!

Mother left her last meeting because of sickness. She went with a wish that a tree be planted and named Jane. That was her last wish. She would be happy to know that her great grandchildren now play around this tree after attending children’s services, just as we played around the old oak tree across the road.

Written by the Charles Davis Family:
Betty Davis Berkner
George Davis
Ann Davis Leftwich
Paul Davis



Miriam Fletcher Haddock 1903-1989



My mother, Miriam Fletcher Haddock, was the daughter of Maggie Spencer (b. 1867) and John Thomas Fletcher (b. 1864) of Jackson, Georgia. They were among the first cottage owners at Indian Springs Holiness Campground. They began attending meetings before there were cottages. Their horse-drawn wagons would be packed with tents for sleeping, and all other necessities for their family of seven children. Food was cooked over open fires. I was born in 1937, and I can remember my grandmother, who died in 1945. It is from her memories, passed down to my mother, Miriam Fletcher Haddock (1903-1989) that I have this early personal account to give.

Eventually, our cottage, No. 12, was built, but the date I do not know. The lumber used was salvaged from the old Atlanta Exposition of 1895. Boards, perhaps as wide as 16 inches or more, formed the walls and floors. The roof was wooden shingle, covered in later years by tin. The foundations were stone taken from the surrounding ground and just piled up, one on top of another on sticky red clay. This held up two sleeping rooms, about 10' x 12' with a 5—6' wide hall running between. The breezes would blow down the hall. Air conditioning! In later years, a long porch ran across one side, where an iron bed and a cot or two shared the space with rocking chairs. A shed addition on the other side gave space on one end for a large dining table crowded around with many chairs, and, on the other, a kitchen with kerosene cook stove and icebox.

My mother and father met at Indian Springs. He had come from Macon to stay in the Benson Cottage, and fell in love with my mother, the Queen of Butts County, who played piano at an early age in the Tabernacle. She could really rock out those hymns beside another pianist. Later, in spite of her housekeeping duties, she would always attend the evening service. "This is where I fill up my spiritual tank," she would say. Camp meeting every summer was as necessary to her as her next breath.

I would accompany my father, John H. Haddock, to get water from the well. Our cottage was between wells, one uphill and the other down. Carrying water, whether up or down, is heavy work, and water conservation was, therefore, popular. Large pitchers and bowls for washing were in each bedroom. What a happy day when water was piped into the cottage, and finally the appearance of a beautiful toilet. Such luxury!

Haddock (cont.)

Vendors came bringing all sorts of goods to the campers. The ice man would come along the road, crying "Ice, Ice!" My mother would insist on blocks of solid ice; no air bubbles for her. She wanted long-lasting quality. One farmer would loudly call out, "Sweet honey, the bees made it." We would always laugh. Of course the bees made it. Who else?! Milk, eggs, butter, vegetables, fruit, and other needs came this way.

Electricity also arrived, and not a minute too soon, saving us the daily chore of cleaning the soot from the kerosene lantern globes. And after my father had screening placed around the eaves of the cottage, we could skip cleaning up a terrible mess left by owls and squirrels over-wintering inside. And no more ducking under the covers in terror as bats darted over our heads at night!

These memories serve to remind me of how hard the women worked to look after the needs of their families. Many relatives and friends would gather around our table, bringing their own memories and stories. There were serious discussions of politics and religion mixed in with homespun humorous tales. Ours was a very informal cottage, where oilcloth covered the table, hardly visible for the number and variety of delicious dishes. It was the extended family's meeting place each year, some coming from great distances. If the labor never seemed to stop, it was indeed a labor of love.

It is no wonder that long-lasting friendships were made in such a wholesome Christian atmosphere. My parents were early friends of Jack and Lucy Mathews Shepard. Their daughters, Ann Shepard White and Margaret Shepard Jackson remain my close friends although we live far apart. Thank goodness for the telephone, e-mail and easy travel!

I can lie still at night, in Virginia now, and hear the sounds of katydids and soft veranda conversations, the fervent prayers from the Tabernacle -- and the bell, calling -- calling me back to that calm and peaceful world.

Written by her daughter, Miriam Haddock Bell

