

Tingley Times

DESCENDANTS OF
EDITH GERTRUDE GAGE
TINGLEY AND
NELSON EUGENE
TINGLEY

Volume 17, Issue 2
October 2007

Betty Crowell

EDITORS

Florene Turner



Dick and Peggy Barker's Family. This was taken when Grandma Tingley visited Canada with Helen and Lee Goss.

Peggy Glenn Iris Tingley Barker

**Born August 18, 1934
Birmingham, Alabama**

**Died September 14, 2007
Toccoa, Georgia**

From Grandma Tingley *from "Memoirs #2"*

On north—stopped a little while at Niagara Falls. Then went on to Oshawa, Canada, where Glenn's daughter (Peggy) and family live. Her husband is pastor there of the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church.

Helen told me that morning to put on my good clothes as it was Sunday. Lee timed it just right so we got to the church just as Sunday School was letting out and church was about to begin. Peggy came out to greet us. I said, "How did you know we were here?" She said, "O, I don't know. I just had a feeling maybe

you were out here." So I went in to church.

That was so nice! Peggy and Dick have seven children, the oldest one only 13 years. They are the most model family I have ever seen. Wonderful parents! Wonderful children!



Peggy and Dick Barker



Rick and Dick



Della Beall



Joe Barker



Robert Barker



Debbie Penland



Derilyn Childs

PEGGY BARKER , TOCCOA, GA

Mrs. Peggy Glenn Iris Tingley Barker, age 73, of 4798 Cawthon Road, Toccoa passed away Friday, September 14, 2007 at her residence. The daughter of the late Dr. Glenn V. Tingley and Elva Allen Tingley, she was born August 18, 1934 in Birmingham, Alabama having lived in Canada for eighteen years, Florida and Bahamas for twenty-three years and for the past nine years in Toccoa. She aided in her husband's ministry and was very active in the children and women's ministries. She was a choir director, pianist and organist for numerous churches in which they served. Mrs. Barker was a member of the First Alliance Church of Toccoa and a member of the church choir. Survivors include her husband The Reverend Richard Barker of the home, four daughters and their spouses: Denise and Hal Grafton, Debbie and Jon Penland both of Toccoa, Della and Scott Beall of Houston, Texas, Derilyn and Ron Childs of Raleigh, North Carolina, three sons and their spouses, Richard and Kim Barker of Toccoa, Robert and Karen Barker of Franklin, North Carolina, Joe and Rhonda Barker of Bonaire, Caribbean; twenty-four grandchildren, nine great-grandchildren; a brother Glenn V. Tingley Jr. of Stow, Ohio, two sisters Ruthie Teer of Leeds, Alabama, Alice Schafer of Grass Valley, California. Funeral services will be held 3:00 o'clock Sunday at the First Alliance Church of Toccoa with The Reverend John Harvey and the Rev. Jon Tal Murphree officiating. Sons and grandsons will serve as pallbearers Robert Barker, Joe Barker, Justin Grafton, Taylor Childs, Jonathan Penland and Joseph Penland. The family will receive friends at the Acree-Davis Funeral Home on Saturday from 2 until 4 and 6 until 8 P. M. Interment will be in the Stephens Memorial Gardens with her son, The Reverend Richard D. Barker in charge of the graveside service. Acree-Davis Funeral Home is in charge of the arrangements for Mrs. Peggy Barker.



My Mom!

by Denise (Peggy's and Dick's first child)

There are lots of cute poems and stories about motherhood and moms in the world, but in my opinion, none that I've ever read or heard fully describes my mom. There are lots of funny, serious, religious, and humdrum cards for moms' birthdays and many more for moms on Mother's Day. While I gave my share of cards to my mom on her birthdays, Mother's Days, and other celebrations, I never found one that fully expressed what I wanted and needed her to know. I would underline phrases and add my own little comments and stresses, but they never quite achieved the words I wanted her to read and know, and now, I've lost her, my mom that is, at least temporarily. There is a void, an empty space, a hollow, an ache in my soul that defies description.

She was *my* mom first, or I was the first one to *make* her a mom, whichever way you want to put it. I am the oldest of my parents' seven children. My earliest recollection of my mom is when she was "expecting" (We rarely used or heard the word pregnant in those days!) her fourth child; I would have been about three years old. Mom explained to me that she had to lie down all day so the baby would stay in the safe place God made for it until it was time to be born. My two sisters and I would dress in our pajamas beside her bed, chattering away about whatever it was that was important to us that day. Mom would read to us or tell us a story; we all prayed and scurried off to bed. I remember feeling happy, safe, secure, and very loved. With the expectation and arrival of each new life that became my family, came opportunity to marvel again at the handiwork of God. The person who taught me that was my mom.

As a young child, I viewed her as a strong, loving disciplinarian who adored my dad and made sure we knew that whatever he needed or wanted came first. His word was law in our house. I remember us all, including my mom, running to the door to greet Dad when he came home. The three, four, or five of us would "ride" on his legs, feet, and back, giggling and squealing with delight, while Mom laughed and encouraged us to hang on! There was a time when my dad was real sick with a stomach virus. My sisters and I were terrified, and our eyes became bigger and bigger with each wrenching sound we heard coming from the bathroom. My mom realized how afraid we were and tried to make light of the situation for our benefit. She began yelling to Dad through the closed door, "Hey, did your toenails come up with that one, Mr. Barker? Have you lost your liver yet? Are your eyeballs still in their sockets?" Tiny smiles and quiet snickers replaced our fears; we learned to look for the humor in all kinds of situations. My mom taught me that, too.

There's so much more that my mom taught my six siblings and me. We were preacher's kids, PKs, a breed apart according to some. The bottom line was we knew who was in charge, and it wasn't the kids! We were taught to respect adults, those in authority, the property of others, God's house, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, other children, animals, nature, and God's laws, not necessarily in that order. We were taught to appreciate what we had and to enjoy the moment, because there were many who had much less and nothing to enjoy. While we didn't always practice it, we were also taught to love each other. Often when we kids would be squabbling,

without saying a word, Mom would begin singing a little chorus, *Be Ye Kind*. I used that many times with my own children; my mom taught me that!

Mom lived for Heaven and to see the face of her Savior and Lord, Jesus Christ. She made sure we all knew that there was only one way to Heaven. Mom lived a powerful example of self-sacrifice for the sake of her Lord so that others may know Him. So now, even though I have "lost" my mom from this moment in time, I know that she is having the time of her life with her parents, sisters, parents-in-law, dear friends, and two of my own daughters, Tabitha and Jodie. I will see her again, someday; my mom taught me that, too!



Amber Grafton
(Peggy's and Dick's granddaughter)
and Peggy
(Amber is Denise Grafton's daughter.)



Peggy Glenn Iris Tingley Barker

with love from Alice Mae Tingley Schafer (third daughter of Glenn and Elva Tingley)

I was almost seven when she was born, the FIFTH daughter of Glenn and Elva Tingley. Mother and Daddy had given up on having a boy, and felt that five little girls were enough, and so they named her Peggy Glenn Tingley. About five years later a little boy made his unexpected appearance, and he just had to be named Glenn V. Tingley, Jr., – so little Peggy's name was changed to Peggy Glenn Iris Tingley. She didn't mind, as Iris was the beloved lady who took such loving care of the little Tingley girls while Mother and Daddy were off preaching to the world!

Peggy was a darling little girl, and I loved being her big sister. She was smart and happy and had the most endearing infectious laugh and a fabulous sense of humor. She loved music, and when she was very little, she would watch me practice the piano, and I taught her all I knew – which wasn't much at that time. She recalled recently that she remembered me protecting her from all those big bossy sisters.

We grew up in Birmingham, Alabama. When we all got to be teenagers and were ready for high school, our parents sent us all off to Christian boarding schools. Most of us went to the beautiful school in northeast Georgia, Toccoa Falls College, which had a high school also, but Peggy was sent to Bob Jones Academy for high school; then she attended Nyack College in New York, where she met and married Richard Barker.

You know, I had thought Mother and Daddy were so self-sacrificing to go through the financial drain of sending four teen-aged girls off to school like that at the same time – until I had teen-agers! They were SMART - not having those rambunctious, high-spirited girls around to deal with them and their raging hormones!!!

Peggy and Dick answered God's call to the ministry right out of college. They had the role of pastor in churches in Alabama, Canada, California, Florida, and

Georgia, and ten very wonderful years in the Bahamas. Peggy was very dedicated in her call to be used of the Lord in her ministry with Dick, and there are thousands all over the country who were blessed by her faithful work in teaching, in singing, in playing piano or organ, and especially in her one-on-one mentoring and discipleship training.

And can you believe that she did all that and raised seven children!!! Those wonderful children are her legacy - and they have been ministers, missionaries, teachers, a nurse, and a fabulous mechanic – all born-again Christians living for the Lord.

About nine years ago Peggy and Dick moved to Toccoa, Georgia, to be near several of their children. Dick retired from being a pastor about a year ago, but they both remained active in ministry by counseling and mentoring, and Peggy, in her one-on-one teaching ministry. She was an enthusiastic member of the First Alliance Church choir. Peggy was enthusiastic in everything that she did!!!

Peggy was 73 on August 18. Dick and their daughter, Denise, who lives next door to her parents, had noticed that something was slowing Peggy's speech, and affecting her walking. Something was wrong. Tests were done that showed a large tumor in her brain. Plans were made for further tests, and surgery for that fast-growing tumor. She entered the hospital in Athens, Georgia, on August 29 where she had surgery for the removal of a golf ball-sized tumor. She came through the surgery quite well, and talked a bit, responded to limited range of motion actions, and tapped her foot and hands in time with the music she was listening to on the I-Pod.

Her four daughters and Dick were at her side almost constantly. They were precious in their loving care for Peggy, and they kept us informed daily, but on September 1, due to the swelling in her brain from the surgery that did not seem to go down, she went into a deep sleep

and never did awake fully. Della, her daughter, would call me on her cell phone almost daily and put the phone by Peggy's ear, and I would talk to her and tell her how much I loved her and how I was expecting a miracle for her to be soon well, and I would read Scripture to her and pray.

Peggy developed pneumonia that did not seem to respond to the antibiotics she was receiving. After a few days, the doctor told them that the brain swelling was not going down, and the pneumonia was getting worse, and that she did not have more than a few days left. The kids quickly set up a hospital bed in her home and arranged hospice nursing, and on September 9, they moved her by ambulance back to Toccoa to her own bedroom next to her beloved husband. He lovingly took care of her from Sunday to early Friday morning when she was ushered into the presence of her loving Lord in that Heaven He had prepared for her.



Peggy and her new great-grandbaby, Grayson, the first grandson of Debbie and Jon Penland (Debbie is the third child of Peggy and Dick.)

She was surrounded by her children and most of her grandchildren, and even by her new great-grandbaby. They all got to say goodbye to her and release her to her heavenly Father. Joe, her youngest,



is with the world-wide missionary radio ministry of Trans World Radio, and he could not get there until Wednesday night late, but Peggy hung on, we all said so Joe could say his goodbye to his mother. He had Thursday with her. During the night, early Friday, September 14, she went to be with Jesus.

Since most of her children had been with her for a couple of weeks, and all had jobs and families to get back to, they had the funeral on Sunday afternoon at First Alliance. Dick said more than 300 came to the service. The choir insisted on singing for Peggy's service.

Several from their church in Nassau, Bahamas, came and participated in the service. They are planning a special "Memorial Service for Mrs. Barker" in the Bahamas right away, and are flying Dick and one of his daughters down there for that service.

And so my beloved little sister is gone from us – it happened so fast. She was my dearest friend, my confidante, and my special prayer partner. Bill and I fully expected God to do a miracle and heal her completely, but we have to trust that our loving Father knows what He is doing. What a bless-

ing to know that Peggy was well prepared to meet the Lord.

I am reminded of a quote from A. W. Tozer:

"We have such a short time to prepare for such a long time. We have NOW to prepare for THEN. We have an hour to prepare for eternity. It is an act of inexcusable folly to let anything hinder that preparation."

I am sure Peggy would lovingly urge all of you dear Tingley cousins to be READY to meet Jesus.

LOTS OF LAUGHTER, LOTS OF LOVE, LOTS OF MUSIC



by Della Barker Beall (daughter of Peggy Glenn Iris Tingley Barker and Dick Barker, daughter of Glenn Vincent Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley)

My mother taught me how to be cool in a crisis, how to make lemons into lemonade, how to love unconditionally, how to appreciate nature, how to laugh at myself, how to be a teacher, how to appreciate music, and how to live a life pleasing to God. While there is no such thing as a perfect mother - my mother was definitely perfect for me! The unbearable sense of loss is only relieved by the fact that I know I'll see her again in Heaven.



I Always Loved to Call Mom

by Derilyn (fifth child of Peggy and Dick)

I always loved to call Mom and tell her about my day. No matter how crazy it was, she always saw the humor in some aspect of what I was telling her, and would scream with laughter. Her laugh would always make me laugh. She was always

interested in everything I was telling her as though it was the most important thing in the world. I miss her laugh and our conversations.

From Ruthie

Eldest daughter of Glenn and Elva Tingley, eldest granddaughter of Grandma and Grandpa Tingley

Because Peggy moved away from the Birmingham area after she married Dick, I did not have the opportunity to know her family very well, but I do remember her as my little sister, as I was nine years older.

I loved plants and flowers and growing things and would choose to do my assigned chores outside, and let the

other sisters do the housework. Peggy was little and loved the growing things too, so she would follow me around while I did the yard work. She has remarked that she appreciated me patiently telling her all about the flowers and plants – a love for growing things she acquired when very young.

Once Mother made dresses for

Peggy and me that were identical. After I had gone away to high school at Toccoa, little Peggy told Mother one day "Today I want to wear my dress that is just like Ruthie's so I can be closer to her." She missed her big sister.

Now she has gone on to be with Jesus, and her "big sister" misses her.

I Remember Mom

with love by Robert (sixth child of Peggy and Dick)

I remember Mom taking a Saturday to go fishing with another lady from church; deep sea fishing was just something she wanted to do and did. She enjoyed moments like those.



Remembrances of My Sister, Peggy

Here are some thoughts about my sister, Peggy

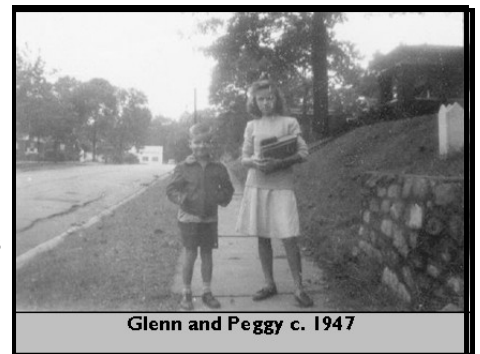
1. Peggy was closer to my age than my other sisters who were away at school or married; therefore we had more time together at home. We got along well. For a while we attended the same school (building). She and I walked to school together. One time I was late leaving, and a neighbor across the street was leaving his house on his Cushman motor scooter and offered me a ride. I hopped on, and off we went. Down the street I could see Peggy walking around the corner. We turned the corner and the little bumper touched the pavement upsetting the scooter. I was unhurt. The neighbor had to fix his scooter. Peggy and I walked on to school. On the way to school, we passed some stores and a dry cleaners owned by friends from church. Peggy would stop in to say hi, and we would walk through the racks of clothes, steam and machine sounds, and out the back door, a kind of short cut. Walking through there was nice in the winter but not in the summer. I remember those times when I pass by a dry cleaners.
2. There were the summertime car rides with my folks that she would remove her shoes and socks and stick her feet just out the car window. When we were getting close to a town, Mother would sing a line from a song, *Put Your Shoes on, Lucy, Don't You Know You're in Town*. Peggy would pull her feet in until we were past the town.

3. My dad had a load of lumber delivered to our property in the woods. Peggy and I climbed on top of the lumber stack and watched clouds drift by. We could see all kinds of animals form and change into other creatures. The smell of fresh lumber brings back memories.
4. She always had a ready laugh. There were times when she and I would sit and look seriously at each other, trying to get the other to laugh first. When one would finally "break," we would both have a good laugh and start in again.
5. One summer, the Barkers drove from Canada to Alabama. I remember the bewilderment of Dick and the kids at Peggy's behavior the last 100 miles. They said her excitement grew with each mile, but exploded when they crossed the Alabama state line.
6. She loved to sing. She and Dick sang a song to a tune from, I think, *Oklahoma*. The words were: "The fields of corn. The fields of corn. The fieeeeelds of coooooorn. The fields of corn." Can't you just hear it?
7. We last spoke by phone the Saturday before her operation. We spoke of the good times we had over the years, of God's goodness to us, and our hope for the future. She said there was maybe something I could do for her. She told of someone who had tape recordings of good, uplifting music and Scripture played in his ears all through his surgery and recovery, and what a blessing it was. I went right out and got an MP3

player for her, and with the help from my church music library, internet downloads of *Sounds of Majesty* radio program, and my daughter (Elizabeth) and son (Glenn), loaded as much selected music and Scripture as time allowed (over 15 hours). They said they could tell that she enjoyed it.

8. In time she went away to school. One year she returned and was looking forward to a visit from a girl friend she had told Mother about. The friend must have been amazing. Peggy was so excited when her friend arrived. She took her friend by the hand and with great delight introduced her friend to Mother. The very great, excited emotion of that event has remained with me. I think of a future time when Jesus will present us to the Father "faultless, with exceeding joy."

/s/ *Glenn V. Tingley, Jr.*
"Brother"



Glenn and Peggy c. 1947



Official Junior Birdmen Action Song Peggy Taught Me

Glenn V. Tingley, Jr. (brother)

1st Make two "Ok" signs with your hands. Tip of thumb touching tip of first finger, hold them for all of the song - other three fingers extended.

2nd With hands in front of your face, raise elbows up high and keep them there.

3rd Rotate hands so palms are up.

4th Bring hands down toward face until extended fingers are hooked under jaw bones.

5th Rotate rest of each hand up so that your eyes are looking through the "finger tip/thumb tip" Os.

6th With your official Junior Birdman mask on, stand up straight and sing the official *Junior Birdmen* song.

"Into the air, Junior Birdmen, into the air
(bend back looking up) upside down. (stand up)

Into the air (sway side to side), Junior Birdmen, (bend over) noses to the ground."



Glenn and Peggy 1942

To Dick Barker and His Family

from Betty (daughter of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley)

At this time, I want to send my deepest sympathy to Pastor Dick Barker and his family in their loss of Peggy. Praise the Lord that we will all be together in Heaven. What a Tingley reunion that will be!

Mixed Emotions

As I pause to reflect on Peggy's leaving Earth, I am especially sad for Dick (her husband), Alice, Ruthie, and Glenn (her siblings), and very sad for Denise, Della, Debbie, Rick, Derilyn, Robert, and Joe (her children). It is so sad to know that you won't hear her voice again, see her smile again, or hear her laugh again here. Her absence

leaves a feeling of emptiness. You may have the voice recorded and pictures to see (and what a blessing), but what about her laugh and being in her presence? This saddens me.

Yet I am happy because she is alive. She is Christian. She is in Paradise. She is healthy. She is happy. There is no tear in Heaven. We will be with her again!

This makes me happy. I have mixed emotions.

15/1 Florene Turner

(daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley)



Tingley Times *Dates, Volumes, and Issues*

Date	Volume, Issue Labeled	Volume, Issue Should Have Been
Prior to July 1991	(none)	Volume 1, Issue 1
July 1991	(none)	Volume 1, Issue 2
October 1991	(none)	Volume 1, Issue 3
December 1991	(none)	Volume 1, Issue 4
December 1991 (Special Edition)	(none)	Volume 1, Issue 5
January 1992	(none)	Volume 2, Issue 1
March 1992	(none)	Volume 2, Issue 2
May 1992	(none)	Volume 2, Issue 3
July 1992	(none)	Volume 2, Issue 4
September 1992	(none)	Volume 2, Issue 5
December 1992	(none)	Volume 2, Issue 6
March 1993	(none)	Volume 3, Issue 1
May 1993	(none)	Volume 3, Issue 2
November 1993	(none)	Volume 3, Issue 3
December 1993	(none)	Volume 3, Issue 4
(undated) [probably Spring 1994]	Volume 1	Volume 4, Issue 1
Spring 1994	(none)	Volume 4, Issue 2
Fall 1994	(none)	Volume 4, Issue 3
December 1994	(none)	Volume 4, Issue 4
Summer 1995	(none)	Volume 5, Issue 1
November 20, 1995	(none)	Volume 5, Issue 2
April 1996	(none)	Volume 6, Issue 1
(undated) [mailed November 2, 1996]	(none)	Volume 6, Issue 2
(undated) [mailed March 17, 1997]	(none)	Volume 7, Issue 1
December 1997	(none)	Volume 7, Issue 2
Spring 1998 (early edition)	(none)	Volume 8, Issue 1
Spring 1998 (late edition)	(none)	Volume 8, Issue 2
December 1998	Volume 6, Issue 1	Volume 8, Issue 3
August 1999	Volume 7, Issue 1	Volume 9, Issue 1
December 2000	Volume 8, Issue 1	Volume 10, Issue 1
December 2001	Volume 9, Issue 1	Volume 11, Issue 1
December 2002	Volume 10, Issue 1	Volume 12, Issue 1
June 2003	Volume 11, Issue 1	Volume 13, Issue 1
June 2004	Volume 12, Issue 1	Volume 14, Issue 1
December 2004	Volume 12, Issue 2	Volume 14, Issue 2
December 2005	Volume 13, Issue 1	Volume 15, Issue 1
November 2006	Volume 14, Issue 1	Volume 16, Issue 1
March 2007	Volume 15, Issue 1	Volume 17, Issue 1
October 2007	CORRECTED TO	Volume 17, Issue 2



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DESCENDANTS OF
EDITH GERTRUDE GAGE TINGLEY
AND
NELSON EUGENE TINGLEY

Betty Crowell, Editor Florene Turner, Editor



From the Editors

- *Betty Crowell (daughter of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley)*
- *Florene Turner (daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley)*

For three years, Alice Schafer and her son, David Schafer, continued the professional dimension to their publications of *Tingley Times*. Their issues were colored, at great expense to them. (Color costs about five times more than black, and our donations to *Tingley Times* probably covered about 15 percent of the cost, at most.)

These were such great jobs that they will be tough acts to follow. Dimensions that they added in addition to color are lines between some articles, rectangles around some articles, shaded boxes for some articles, "From the Kids of . . .", and no mistake. Great stuff, Alice and David! Thanks for the job excellently done and thanks for the cost that you bore.

Thanks to the continuation of the professional standard of Alice and David, it is no longer a newsletter; it is now a newspaper, *Tingley Times*.

151 Betty and Florene