# under the sun

### Still Preaching— After All These Years

Thomas H (Tom) Williams preached the gospel 66 of his 87 years, and probably has a few years behind the pulpit still ahead of burn.

But one supply aftermore hast week, that's not what he was doing. The Rev. Williams was sitting in a brown, wooden skiff, his red, billed cap pulled well over his eyes and eyeglasses. The angled sun glinted off the artificial "floater" be fuel flipped out across Lockwood's Folly River toward the bank and was leading back in short, expert tius

Tall green cypress leaned over the river and beds of pickerelweed congregated along both banks, blue spik-ed flowers tall above the leaves. Fiddler crabs rustied along the path that led to the little hoat and its occupant.

It wasn't a good afternoon for fishing; the wind was too strong from the south, Williams announced as he pulled closer to shore to continue the conversation. Something "went wrong" with his hearing a few years ago, he explained.

Picking up an artificial lure, he grinned like a part-

ner in mischief and said, "You fool 'em with this."
"You do that," he said, flipping the line out again,
"and before you know it, you've got a big bass on it or a jack and a jack fights harder than a bass

I've caught some mants of both on this river." Williams was a slip of a boy, in the fourth grade, when he first felt the stirrings of his call to the ministry. At first he wasn't sure what was happening. He discussed it with his preacher, who announced to anybody and everybody from the pulpit that Little Tom Williams was going to be a preacher.

Not everybody accepted the idea, said Williams. since he was a "good" little boy, shy, quiet-spoken and not one people (hought would ever have enough words or voice for preaching.

Today, he said, some of those same people speak highly of his preaching and come to turn for help in understanding "the deep questions" of the Bible.

He moved the boat again and pointed toward a curve on the bank behind him. "You can take a trot line and put hooks on it about four feet apart and run it between this point and that other one and let the line go in the curve," he said, "and you'll catch catfish." Williams returned only recently to Brunswick

County, to a mobile home near the C.O. Blanton place in Supply. The red clay and rocky fields of the Piedmont didn't suit him like the coast, though the ministry has often led him inland.

Williams grew up just above the Lockwood's Folly River on N.C. 211. He marks its length with descriptive terms such as the Glue Shed, Turkey Pen, Log Landing and Dinner Spring.

Still, he recollected, "there wasn't as much time for fishing as you might think. My father (Benjamin Frenklin Williams) kept me working either on the farm or at the mill."

The mill stood at a spot near the bridge where a natural ariesian flow piped to a surface apigot continues its steady drip.

From the time he went to wearing kneepants, said Williams, he helped fire the mill where board lumber and shingles were milled, cotton ginned and corn ground. On Saturdays, Williams worked with just Peyton Helden, a miller, grinding corn for people who came from miles and miles around

In between work he went to school and also to church at Mt. Pisgah Baptist.

At age 21, he was called to his first church, at Bolivia. It was for only three months; he had to return to school. His family not able to help out, Williams worked his way through Buies Creek Academy (now Campbell University) and Wake Forest College. Later he was minister at New Life Baptist Church in the coun-

Since leaving the area, recalled Williams, he has helped pull back together seven or eight splintered

churches before his retirement.
"I retired six times," he said with something resembling a laugh. "I tried to retire the first time in

But a church called him to "help out."

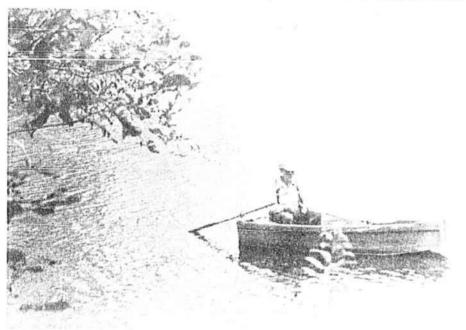


REV. TOM WILLIAMS, age 87, recently retired from the ministry-for the sixth time.

He was 80 years old when he took his last church (so far), a small and "sweet" Missionary Baptist congregation in the Broadway-Pittsboro area that he hated to leave.

"But I was worn out," said the minister. His nerves troubled him, he had lost his sight in one eye and in turn had cut a thumb off.

"I've got my eye fixed, the thumb put back on and my nerves are almost straight again," he said, straightening his shoulders as he moved the boat and tossed his fishing line toward another likely spot. "If I had felt as good as I do now, I wouldn't have quit."



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