

**Todd Kube, Pastor**  
**Mark Morgan, Minister to Students**  
**Pam Brinklow, Office Manager / Editor**  
**Ruth Titsworth, Custodian**  
**(540) 469-4646**      **www.kgshiloh.org**

The Shiloh visitor is published monthly as an official communications medium for Shiloh Baptist Church. The deadline for submission is the 15<sup>th</sup> of each month. Address all comments and submissions to:

Pam Brinklow, Editor, The Shiloh Visitor,  
Shiloh Baptist Church  
13457 Kings Highway  
King George, VA 22485-3015  
telephone (540) 469-4646  
fax (540) 469-4500  
or email [office@kgshiloh.org](mailto:office@kgshiloh.org)



## The Shiloh Visitor

A monthly newsletter from Shiloh Baptist Church

May 2009

*Glorifying God by ... Reaching, Building, Serving*

## In the Spotlight ...



**PCF William Clifton Jenkins,  
February 19, 1943 to March 24, 1968**

### Remembering Those Who Gave All and A Mother's Love for Her Son by Cindy Miller



**William Jenkins  
(center) at VBS in  
the early 1950s.**

attended Sunday School and Vacation Bible School at Shiloh. He made a public profession of faith in Jesus Christ right after VBS in 1951. I can still see him in that 1954-era VBS photo taken on the front steps of the church. He was one of the tall, skinny boys standing near the back.

Bubby lived in a modest bungalow with his mother and sisters right next door to my family. One day he came over to our house and asked my daddy to give him a ride to the bus station in Fredericksburg; Bubby had been drafted in the Army and would soon ship out to Vietnam. His mother did not want him to go; she needed him at home.

While Bubby was in Vietnam, Ellen, his mother, wrote a letter to the Army requesting that he be released. She was experiencing a hardship and needed her son, the only male member of the family, to help out at home.

On a March day in 1968, Ellen looked out her front window and saw two Army persons in a car. As they approached her house, she thought they were coming to deliver good news. Instead, they informed her that her son, PFC William Clifton Jenkins, had died in Vietnam on March 24. Some members of my family were out in our yard. They say they can still hear "Ellen's blood-curdling screams."

My father attended the military funeral of PFC Jenkins at Shiloh, where his body lies at rest in the cemetery there. My father, a World War II veteran, felt badly that, "not

enough people attended that funeral." Vietnam was a difficult Era, and people somehow acted strangely about it all. The Jenkins's were ordinary people; Bubby never finished high school. He never married. He never had children. His duty to country cut his life short.

When we place that wreath on Bubby's grave each year, I wonder if we don't have more people honoring him now than when he paid the ultimate sacrifice. I pray we bring a smile to his face, as he looks down upon us as we express our gratitude for his service.

Ellen died years later and went to her grave grieving the loss of her son. She is buried alongside him in the church cemetery, and mother and son are united once again. ☩

### DOWN MEMORY LANE

In the October 4, 1988, meeting, Frank Moore, Sunday School Director, stated that the average attendance for the 1987-88 Sunday School year was 187. He stated that new goals had been set for the new year as follows: an increase of 10 percent in the average attendance; identify people on the church rolls who are not on the Sunday School roll and encourage their attendance, continue an active bus ministry, provide opportunity for teacher training, and have one Sunday School Fellowship activity per quarter.

(from Shiloh Baptist Church minutes)

**M**ay God bless our troops in Iraq and Afghanistan as we remember those who gave everything for their country.

Memorial Day Sunday is a special, humbling time at Shiloh when we honor those who gave everything for their country. On Memorial Day Sunday, the color guard presents and retires the colors; we listen to veterans' stories; we sing somber songs; and we follow a procession to the grave of a fallen soldier. We listen to the reading of the names and stand at attention while the musician plays Taps.

Each year as the JNROTC cadet places the wreath on the grave of William Clifford Jenkins, I can't help but think about his short life and wonder what he would have become had he lived. Some called him Bubby. He was born in 1943. Here's what I remember about Bubby. He rode the same school bus I rode. He