

By Bill Renfro

I MISS YOU LOVE

JUNE 13, 2019





DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to our children, grandchildren,
and our great granddaughter, who, without the story
told in this book, would have never been.

Children

Grandchildren

Great Grandchildren

AND OTHERS WHO MAY FOLLOW





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ABOUT THIS BOOK

This book is a true story about two small town teenagers who were from the country and had lived just four miles apart from each other, down the same dusty country road. One had grown up going to a small country school, and the other had gone to a small country school in the opposite direction. They had also gone to separate churches located on the same church grounds, joined in the same functions by both churches ----- and had never really noticed each other. That is until the country schools were taken-in by the local city school district of the town of DAWSON, TEXAS. It was not until the junior year of high school did, they find each other, and fall in love on their first date. They were married as teenagers, in a marriage that lasted 70 years. This is their LOVE STORY.





I MISS YOU LOVE

THE DATE

The school bell rang loudly indicating that class was over and a new one would soon begin. Every door down the long classroom hallway suddenly sprang open to unleash what seemed to be a thousand ants, running and screaming, rushing to their next class. I was one of these little creatures.

This was my junior year of high school and I was headed to my English class. English was I must admit, was not one of my favorite subjects, after all I already spoke English, quite well I thought, but it was expected of me so I went.

The junior class had only 13 students this year and consisted of 8 girls and 5 boys. The boys always sat at or near the back of the class so that we could hide from view of the teacher and avoid being called on to mess with any of those verbs. The girls always sat towards or as near the front as they could.

Of course, the boys always listened! What do you think we were there for? I had done pretty good in this class because it was the last class before lunch time and the teacher had given me an “A” because I left class early each day to go and bring her milk for lunch, since she had a walking problem. This put me top dog.

However, this particular day was to change my entire life like it had never been changed before! One of the girls who I had not ever paid attention to, turned around from where she sat on the front row and looked directly at me! I thought, *are my pants not zipped or what?*, she had never paid any attention to me at any time, and now she was looking directly at me. I knew that I was a big football player and was as cute as could be, but that did not sound right. We had both grown up living just 4 miles or so from each other down the same country road and did not really know each other because she had gone to a small country school in one direction and me in the opposite direction. We had also gone to churches, which were on the same country road corner,

but had not really noticed each other. Well this was about to change!

Not being able to think of anything to do, I just winked at her and to my surprise, she winked back and turned back to look at the teacher. Wow! I thought, what was that all about? She must have realized what a stud I am. I thought to myself, I cannot let this chance go by, so I leaned over to the guy on the row next to me and asked him to pass a message up the row asking her if she would like to go to the picture show on Saturday night. Little did I think that the message would also pass over her then boyfriend, but he was a friend of mine (at the time) and so he sent the message through. Then to my complete surprise, she turned to look at me, and shook her head “yes.”

HEART ATTACK CITY

Well, the big night finally came, and I was not able to go because it had rained that day and we lived on a dirt country road. The old paved highway 31 was about a mile or so from our

old farmhouse, but my dad would not let me go that Saturday night.

The next morning the rain had stopped and the sun had come out and my dad said I could walk up the highway and have a friend pick me up and go into town. Little did I know that my date had spent Saturday night in town because it had looked like it might rain. Not only was she cute, she was also smart.

My friend picked me up at the highway, where I left my mud shoes, and started back to town to the friend's house where she had stayed the night. I must admit that as tough as I thought I was, my heart was thumping loud enough to be heard a mile away. When we finally arrived at her friend's house to pick her up, my friends date jumped out of the car and ran to the door to get her. They both came back from the house giggling only as girls can do, maybe about the excitement they were expecting on a first date. I opened the rear car door to let her in and as soon as she had sat down next to me, I grabbed her and **KISSED** her!!! Then I said hello. I think that she must have liked it because she did not fight back. We drove to the lake and spent the rest of the

time in small talk and kissing (mostly kissing). I fell in love with her and she with me this day! Our lives were changed forever, for I then realized that I had found the life mate that GOD had selected for me from the beginning of time.

NEW SCHOOL

We returned to school on Monday morning, but it was not the same one that we had left the last Friday, it was somehow lots brighter, more inviting, friendlier, and looked like it had just been freshly painted. Classes were not as boring as they once were and the sunlight seemed to enter all the spaces, this just had to be a GOD thing.

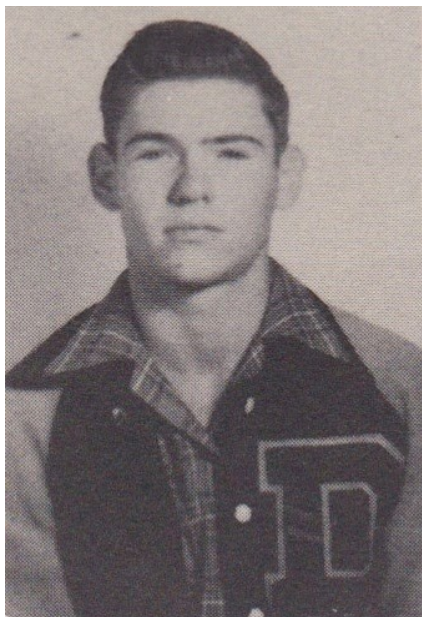
We had to remain in our old seats for all our classes but we were together as much as possible between classes and outside. We could not keep our eyes off each other and I wanted to hug her so much! Once one of the teachers saw me hug her when we were going up the stairwell and reported me to the Principal and he called me into his office. I pleaded guilty to the

charges but my defense was that she was going to be my wife. Since he was a friend of the family and also attended church with us, he accepted my plea and declared me “not guilty,” but warned me not to get caught again, and I accepted.

We had some different classes when we could not be together but could have lunch in the school cafeteria or could go off campus to town where we could get some of the world’s best hamburgers for only 25 cents and soda water for 10 cents. Those were the days. We dated each Tuesday when the local picture show changed to a new movie and on Saturday when there was a new movie, a western, a serial, a comedy, and a newsreel, all for 25 cents and popcorn was 10 cents. On Sundays I would go over to her house after church, she went to the country Baptist Church just down the road from our farm and I went to the Methodist Church in town, where we would sit on the bed in my bedroom and plan our future and just be with each other. I would always hope to be invited over to her house for Sunday dinner because her mother made the best chicken fried steak and gravy that you ever ate and her banana pudding was out of this world.

We finished our junior year in much the same way each week and went into our senior year still in love as much with each other but we decided that we should start saving some money for the time that we would be married, I made a wooden copy of a house we had seen in the next town and had decided that was our dream home. The little wooden box that I had built had an opening that we could put money through, so we began to save a portion of our lunch money each day until the time we were married (she always said that she had saved more than I did, but who was counting? The day finally came, close to the end of the school year, when my cousin and I went to Waco to look for a wedding set. We found a set that we could afford but it took all of our \$ 100.00 that we had saved. The diamond was small but it was really the thought, right? She said that she liked it and went to show her friends. I will never know if their laughter was about the size of the diamond or for their happiness for her. I did buy her a much larger one later. The first ring set is now put away in my lock box of memories. Four weeks later, we finished our senior year and graduated high school.





BILL J. RENFRO

WILMA L. POOL

TWO GRADUATES, AND STILL IN LOVE







OUR ORIGINAL WEDDING RINGS

IT IS NOT THE SIZE OF THE RING THAT COUNTS; IT IS
THE AMOUNT OF LOVE THAT IS BEHIND IT.

No. **3725**

Marriage License

Billy Joe Renfro
and
Wilma Poole

Issued the 4 day of
October 1949

J. Vernon Harwell

Clerk County Court Navarro County

By rswhite Deputy

Filed the 11 day of

Oct. 1949
J. Vernon Harwell

Clerk County Court Navarro County

By Jessie Cook Deputy

Recorded in Book 35 Page 262 of Marriage Records

MARRIAGE

Summer time came and we still saw each other three times when we were not working in our family farms, at least our regular 3 times a week routine. Time was growing close to the coming school year, but I had decided that I would not be going to the county Junior College in Corsicana and wanted to marry then. I now know that decision crushed her dreams of becoming an English teacher, but she said yes to marriage without ever telling me of her disappointment. We were married October 3, 1948. We lived the first two months of our life as man and wife in the home of my parents before we were able to move into an empty farm house owned by one of our neighbors. The next year we moved back into the old red house on my father's farm when he bought a house in town and he and mom moved there. The house was old but was a large two-story home with a double fireplace.

We called it the old red house because at one time it had been painted with an off red color used in those days, but it was

now almost all gone away, but the old home still showed the elegance that it had once known with large rooms and high ceilings, even the old gas lights remained on the walls where they were placed in a time long gone, by an owner who had class. The home had been remodeled and now had electricity, gas and running water in the kitchen, but without bathroom, but it was home to us.

We spent many warm nights out on the large front porch in the big porch swing. We would laugh, talk, hold each other tight, and even sometimes kiss a little, always letting each other know that they were loved. These times will always be frozen in my heart and mind. Life on the farm is not easy but since we both had grown up on a farm, we made it because we were together. My father and I worked the farms so we saw each other daily, so Babe had times that she could visit her parents just down the road from where we lived, so she did not feel all alone during the day. I loved the times when I was working in a field away from home and I would look up and see our car coming down the road to bring me a hot lunch. She would stop on the road at the end of

the row that I was plowing and we would eat lunch together in the hot car, laughing and talking, touching and just being with each other, just looking in each other's eyes and thinking they are mine forever. Just knowing that you had someone who was a part of you, who loved and depended on you, gave you a reason to want to be all you could be.

One day as she was backing the car out of the garage she turned too quickly and caught the front fender on the garage door, and bent it. She came crying to me about what she had just done, not knowing what I might do or say, but I saw the chance to get to pull her close to me, wipe the tears away and tell that it would be all right and that she could pay all the repair costs out of her next allowance, she stopped crying, not realizing that she did not have an allowance. These are the things I remember. Two kids in love, learning to be adults together.

I loved the times when our day of farm work was over and the nights were warm, we would ride over to her parents' home and all sit outside on the porch while her smaller brother and

sisters would run and play in the moonlit night, and just talk and enjoy just being together. Life is good where love abounds.





BABE (POOL) RENFRO AND HER
HUSBAND BILL J. RENFRO





BABE WITH OUR FIRST CHILD, DARRYL
We were living at the “old red house”



PARENTHOOD

One afternoon, when I finished my long hot day in the field, had finished all my chores at the barn, washed up, and was ready for supper, I saw a small grin on her face. What is the matter I asked? To this she replied, you are going to be a FATHER! “That is GREAT,” I replied, I will be 20 this year and that is old enough to be a father I think, as we danced around the room as happy as is if we knew what was about to happen.

All the grandparents were happy as we were and could not wait for the blessed event, which came on May 10, 1951, in the form of a beautiful little boy, which we had named Jackulin. Of course, we rushed to change that before it was printed on the birth certificate, to one more like Darryl, which seemed more to fit one of the male beings. We were so happy and finally felt like adults, and were now treated as such.

Our parents were the happiest that we had ever seen them, and were telling everyone about the blessed event. God is good. Our second child was a daughter, born in 1954 and was named Ronda Joy Renfro.



DARRYL L. RENFRO

OUR SON WAS THE MASCOT
FOR THE DAWSON HIGH SCHOOL BULLDOGS
FOOTBALL TEAM



We soon found out that one of the major parts of being married is the raising of a family. It also turns out to be one of the most rewarding and happiest parts. Our lives had suddenly gone from two kids in love to three. Now we found that we could not expect to each get all the others attention, but it now had to be shared. We also found that we had to spare the new baby with a lot of others who all were claiming to be grandparents and other relatives, some of whom we had not ever remembered seeing, but who all wanted to see the most adorable little boy in the county.

To say that we were proud parents would be putting it mildly. This was what life was all about. Now there were three people in love! I thought that at least school had taught me how to multiply. Babe was a good mother, but who often gave, what I felt should have been my attention to the little one, but I soon learned to join in the fun that was around who was without a doubt, the new one in charge of our lives. I think that our new son knew who was in charge and quickly took over control of all four grandparents and any others who got in his way. But what joy had come to our lives.

The happiness that we now enjoyed, we knew, was a gift from GOD and wanting to please him, we decided that our son needed someone to play with. That decision led to the birth of a beautiful little girl who we named Ronda Joy. Who did become a real joy in our lives, and a most Godly wife and mother. GOD is good. We continued to live and work on the farm, go to our church in the town of Dawson, which was really a small country town, but was our New York City, and was so much a part of our lives. It was where we shopped for most of our daily needs, where we met our friends, and where we went to the “picture show” on Tuesdays and Saturday nights. These times I believe, were the happiest of our lives and I would not trade those memories for all of New York.

My wife’s father had been the greatest influence on her life and she had adored him. She would always be the one to help him at the barn and do the outside chores, so she could be with him. But the greatest thing he had taught her was how to believe and trust in GOD. He had become a deacon at the small Baptist church that she had attended as a child, and had taught all his

children to pray and read the bible. They held nightly family alters and each child learned to read and pray. These were the times that bound us together. Babe and I had been brought up in church and had accepted the lord JESUS as our savior at the ages of around ten. I had been at church every Sunday that I could remember because my mother was the church pianist. She had started at age 13 and continued for 72 years, so I had plenty of church time, and it was a big part of our lives.

Babe's dad passed away and changed her family greatly, they were able to finish that farm year with the help of friends and neighbors but had to move into town where her mother went to work to feed the family, but after about a year had to move to Houston, where she had family. Babe's brother stayed with her sister to finish the school year and to play football, but the family was broken. Farm work was hard, and even at my young age had I begun to have back problems that made it extremely hard to drive a tractor and other farm labor. Therefore, after visiting her family members that were in Houston, we decided, after 5 years

of farming that we would move there to be close to them, and help as we could.

While this idea sounded good at the time, I am afraid that the loss of his grandchildren broke my father's heart, and my mothers. But the decision had been made, so I gave over my farming equipment to my father and we moved into another world.

THE MOVE TO HOUSTON

We moved to Houston in the spring of 1955 and found a house to rent next to her family. And I found a job at Montgomery Ward in the service department. I worked while she stayed home and raised the two children. They grew like weeds and soon Darryl was ready to start school. His mother was more anxious about it than he was, for he had become quite a little man. On the first day that she had to leave him at school, he had seen her anxiety and said to her "don't cry mom, I will be O.K." This was a time that she never forgot. She not only had become a

wife, stay at home mother, and housekeeper, but had to become a nurse to our little daughter who had become asthmatic. She spent many sleep-less nights rocking and holding our daughter.

Suddenly life had become real and close to home. But someone was watching and holding us in the palm of his hand, and with his help, we made it.

What we thought would be the Promised Land where we would find our fortune was not turning out that way, and I needed to make more money to support my growing family. I searched the papers for the type job, which would pay a wage that I needed. I took a drafting course at night and got a drafting job with an engineer whose last name happened to be Pool, the same as Babe's maiden name. I worked for Mr. Joe Pool for 8 years and we remained friends for 55 years.

I spent those 55 years to become a self-taught engineer, worked at some of the best offices in Houston, and was project engineer on some of the biggest projects around, including NASA.

Once I had earned a bigger paycheck, we were able to buy

our own home. Our new home was in a location of small wooden homes that were built for soldiers returning from WW2. It was a small home but had three bedrooms and one bath, but it was our first home and we were proud as we could be, although the monthly payments were a whopping \$49.52. This number has been forever burned into my memory. One of the reasons it has remained in my mind was because we had had taken up the first owners' equity and had to go by the realtor's office each month to make payment. The man who had sold us the house, and was the one I made the payments to for 2 years, had become a friend. This friend later became the President of U.S. HOMES.

We lived there beside good neighbors, went to church there, and shopped close by and the children went to school down the road. Babe was one of the schoolroom mothers and went to all the PTA meetings. It was at one of the room mothers' events that she learned how to fix her hair and to properly apply her makeup. This was what changed her from a country girl and into a beauty queen.





BABE AT HOME IN OUR FIRST HOUSE







BABE AND RONDA AT OUR NEW HOME

This city life had finally paid off, for now I could see a more confident woman who was pleased with herself and her looks, and I surely was. Who can't love a beautiful woman? We lived in this neighborhood for about 5 years before moving to a new home across town where we had a swimming pool of our own and close to the hot new Westbury Mall. Our son attended the Westbury High School from which he would later graduate. Our daughter went to a nearby Junior High School, it was at this home where our youngest son was born. We lived there until he, while still in his walker, followed his mom out the back door and pushed himself into the pool. That did it for mom, she decided then and there that we were selling that house!!

We did sell the house and after spending 6 months in an apartment found a new 4-bedroom home in a new neighborhood in Sharps-town and moved in. Ronda finished high school and started college while our youngest son began 1st grade. We now had two kids in college and one in grade school. I was still working and Babe had taken a job once our son had entered school.

Life was good, we were both working, and I was working my way up in the world of engineering and soon started my own business.





BABE AT HOME IN SHARPSTOWN



RONDA GRADUATED AT SHARPSTOWN HIGH



THE MOVE TO RICHMOND

Our daughter and her husband along with a new grandson had bought a home in a new subdivision outside Richmond Texas, and with our new grandson there, we decided it would be great for us to live nearby. We were able to find a home that Babe came to love the longer she lived there. This turned out to be the last home that we owned before moving to Dallas. We had selected a house that was located on a cul-de-sac and seemed to have children at every home. The kids all played in the street day and night.

They all soon came to know “Miss Babe” and would appear at our house at all hours to see and talk to Babe, who was delighted because she got to tell them all about Jesus. We joined the nearby Baptist Church and made many friends to who we are still in contact with. We were almost in a city in the country because we had all the type of businesses that one needs for everyday life. We were also close to our grandchildren.

We had obtained a granddaughter while we had been out here, which was another gift from God. Ronda and her husband built a new home just down the road where we lived, but was close by, had their children enrolled in a Christian school in nearby Sugarland, Texas, and after a few years of making the long drive each day to school, they had a new home built there. It was a beautiful home in a great neighborhood. By this time, the kids were older and were enrolled in a private church school from which they both would graduate and later go off to college. It was at this time that Ronda was told that her cancer had returned.



LOSS OF DAUGHTER

In the early 1990s, our only daughter was diagnosed with breast cancer and began treatment. Her mother went to each treatment with her for comfort and support. After several months, the doctors declared that the cancer was in remission and soon said that she had beat it. We were all overjoyed and thankful. Then her mother was told that she also had the same sickness. She also started the same treatments as Ronda and had the same results. They both had the cancer and both had beaten the odds.

But not for long! Within about two years, Ronda again was told that the cancer had returned, this time even worse. She was given treatments locally until the doctors told her that there was nothing else that they could do. The decision was made to take her to Mexico where a friend of hers had been treated. Her mother went with her and was prepared for a 6-week stay. One person always had to be in the hospital room, and her mother chose to be that one. They were more than mother and daughter; they were best friends. Ronda's husband and I went to San Diego

California, at a hotel where the Mexican hospital sent a bus each day for patients and their families. Babe came in for a much-needed rest, while her husband went in to relieve her. We spent three days there while Babe rested as best she could.

After the treatments were over, without any positive results, Bade and Ronda returned home. Ronda was now kept at home and had to have daily care. Her mother again took on this job. She left home early and came home late. Only with the help of our friends and neighbors did she get any rest. She spent the days caring for Ronda's every need, and always praying with her. I believe that the time and love that she put into caring for one we had put into this world, and dearly loved was at least, heroic. Finally, late in the night of May 9, 2005, we received the call that we knew would soon come and that our baby was now at home with the Lord.

If you have never lost a child yourself, you should know that it is only through the grace from God that you endure this time. Her name was Ronda JOY (Renfro) Goodier, and what a

JOY! Ronda, like her mother, was sweet, loving, outgoing and a delight to be around and made friends wherever she went.







RONDA JOY (RENFRO) GOODIER
August 1954 - May 2005





My Friend Ronda

My Friend Ronda died today.
The scourge of cancer at 50 took her life away.
Daughter of Bill and Babe, wife of Ronn,
Mother to Jace and Micah, daughter-in-law to Norma,
Sister to Darryl

My friend Ronda died today.
I cried out to God, “she's too young to die”
He reminded me, “It's not about how old you are, or how you die,
But what did you do with each day I gave you? “

Ronda, you loved your Lord Jesus
And you loved and served all those around you.
You made each day count.

My friend Ronda died today.
I cried out to God, “This is not fair.”
The Father said, “Was it fair that my Son who came to earth to save
Was rejected, despised, beaten, forsaken, tormented, and crucified?
Was it fair that my Son who knew no sin
Took and paid for your sin so you could be forgiven?”

My friend Ronda died today
Though the battle to cancer was lost, the victory in Christ is sure.
We desired God's healing hand that she might live and grow old
But the Father, who knows best, called her home.
“She's with me, my child. Her struggles are over. Her joy is made
complete.
Eternity in my paradise –
There's no better place to be

By a loving friend
May 9, 2005





THE MOVE TO DALLAS

We lived in the same home, went to the same church, shopped at the same places, and saw the same friends, but things were not the same as before our loss. The kids were away now in college, our son now lived and worked in Dallas, and we felt somehow all alone. We had lived and worked from this location for 5 years after Ronda had passed away, so we decided to sell the home that Babe had loved and was happy in, and move to Dallas where we would be close to our son Darryl.

We found a nice apartment, near our son Darryl, and beside a golf course, and across the road to a Baptist church, which we joined and where we went for the next 7 years before the passing of my dear wife of 70 years. The years seem to have gone so slowly but had now ended so suddenly.



LOSS OF WIFE

How are we to cope with the loss of the main one in our life? One that had stolen your heart at the age of 17 when she was only 16 years old herself. How does one go on with half a heart? How does one go on when your every thought is of the one who no longer shares your joy and your sorrows, who you see in everything around you? She has not left my heart or my home, for her clothes remain in their same location, all her things remain in their same drawers, and all her personal items are where they were left.

All the things that were hers, that remind me of her are still where she left them, as if I was expecting to see her walk in the door at any time. No, she is now with the Lord where she had long wanted to be. The vessel that holds her last remains now sits nearby in her bedroom, out of the weather and where it is a reminder to me that her memory is

not forgotten and still lives in my heart. She was the love of my life and will be the only wife I will ever have in this life. Wherever we went, in whatever the crowd, wherever she was, when she spoke, I heard her, whenever she moved, I saw her. She was always the only one that was there.

I MISS YOU LOVE.



PICTURES OF THE FAMILY



DARRYL L. RENFRO

OUR SON





RONDA JOY “RENFRO” GOODIER

OUR SECOND CHILD RONDA WITH HER HUSBAND
RONN, SON JACE, AND DAUGHTER MICAH





JACE GOODIER, HIS WIFE ASHLEY
OUR FIRST GREAT-GRANDCHILD
MISS SCOTTIE VALENTINE GOODIER







BILL AND BABE RENFRO

HUSBAND AND WIFE FOR 70 YEARS





A LAST GOODBYE

The story that I am going to tell you will, I know, be denied by both those in and out of the Christian Church. All I am doing is telling what has been revealed to me by what I believe was the Holy Spirit.

My wife and I have both been spoken to, over the years, by what we both believe was our Guardian Angel. We were both spoken to verbally in our minds. These revelations all came true as were they spoken.

I have also awakened in the middle of the night, to see who I believe was my Guardian Angel, standing beside our bed, near my side, but looking across the bed towards my wife. He was dressed with a pullover sweater and normal street dress. His eyes did not move from my wife when I opened my eyes and saw him. Neither of us had moved our bodies, but as he noticed that I had opened my eyes and saw him, he slowly faded away. I did not turn over to check my wife because I could hear her

breathing and felt that she was ok. How do I know that this was my Guardian Angel?

I believe that the normal response for one to have when they open their eyes in the middle of the night, in a locked house, and see a strange man standing beside their bed would be fear and panic. I believe this was both my and my wife's Guardian Angel, because of the fact that my heart never skipped a beat, my heart rate never increased, and my breathing never changed. This tells me that my Spirit had seen him for many years and knew exactly who he was. The Gospel says that once we believe, we are given a Guardian Angel. This I now know to be true and the Word of God is true in its entirety.

My precious wife of 70 years received her promotion to paradise in December, 2018. Since then, for approximately 3 weeks, her spirit called my name 3 times and once by my Guardian Angel (which had been his custom for several years).

The Scripture says that we pass away, our Spirit goes immediately before The Lord, but these occurred much later, and the time and dates were recorded in our calendar.

We know that God is time, and immediately to Him may not be the same thing to us. We also know that those who have crossed over cannot communicate with us in this world.

I say this because the things listed above, and recorded, happened 2 months 7 days after her death. The first time my wife, Babe's voice loudly called my name at 8:00 am on the morning of February 20, 2019. Two days later, at 8:00 am on the morning of Feb. 22, 2019, my Guardian Angel called my name. Not knowing his name, but having had him speak to me before, I said "Yes John, I hear you, tell me what you want me to know," but no answer. This made me begin to worry that something was wrong, because Babe's voice had seemed she was calling for help. Again, on Feb. 26, 2019, at 8:30 in the morning, Babe called my name again, this time her voice sounded softer and not afraid, but maybe concerned. Still calling my name only.

Then, the last call of "Billy" was on the morning of March 1, 2019, at 8:00 am. This time her voice was soft and sweet. This was the last time I have heard her call my name. These events occurred over 2 months, 16 days after she passed away. This

experience has haunted me day and night for many months and made the grief of losing my wife of 70 years even harder.

After much prayer and consultation with more spiritual friends, I believe that the Holy Spirit has given me an answer that has put my soul at peace. It is this:

I now believe that once her earthly body passed away, her spirit was released into the spirit realm, which also is an eternal time zone, which is not measured in hours and minutes, days, or weeks, where there is no time. I now believe that her spirit remained here, possibly at home, and when she first called my name that her spirit could have been afraid and perplexed, and that had worried me, but then my Guardian Angel called “Bill,” as if to say that he was with her and she was OK. Her second call to me seemed softer and less afraid. I now believe that her spirit had been at home all this time and she had seen her earthly remains placed in her own bedroom where it shall remain, and she was pleased. The last time she called “Billy,” her voice was soft and sweet, as if to say, my time has come to go to the Father.

I believe that she was giving me a last “goodbye,” and she now is with her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

She has no aching back, or hearing problems for she is new for eternity and I look forward to the time I can join her, and together we can walk the Streets of Gold in an eternal Paradise.

My soul is now at rest!







Wilma L. (Babe) Renfro

ONE CLASSY LADY





I MISS YOU LOVE

BY BILL RENFRO

THE SUN DIDN'T SHINE, AT MY HOUSE TODAY
ALL HAS BEEN DARK, SINCE YOU WENT AWAY

YOUR SMILE, YOUR LAUGHTER, YOUR LOVING TOUCH
THESE ARE THE THINGS, THAT I MISS SO MUCH

YOU STOLE MY HEART, WITH ONE SINGLE KISS
THESE ARE MORE OF THE THINGS THAT I WILL MISS

YOU OWNED MY HEART FOR MOST OF MY LIFE
GOD RICHLY BLESSED ME BY MAKING YOU MY WIFE

YOU FILLED MY LIFE AS NO ONE ELSE COULD
YOU RAN OUT THE BAD AND BROUGHT IN THE GOOD

WE WILL SOON BE TOGETHER IN A PLACE FAR AWAY
I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO THAT GLORIOUS DAY

WHERE WE WILL LIVE TOGETHER WITH PEOPLE OF
OLD
AND WALK TOGETHER DOWN STREETS MADE OF
GOLD

WE WILL TALK TO THE FATHER, AND TALK TO THE SON
WHEN WE HAVE BEEN THERE FOREVER, IT WILL HAVE
JUST BEGUN





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Darryl Renfro



In Memory of

Wilma L. (Babe) Renfro
March 8, 1932 -
December 13, 2018



Ephesians 5:25
Husbands, love your wives,
even as Christ also loved the church,
and gave himself up for it;