A vertical rectangular image featuring a night sky with the Milky Way galaxy visible. The sky is dark blue and black, filled with numerous stars. In the foreground, there is a silhouette of a large, leafy tree on the right side and a smaller tree on the left. A wooden fence runs across the bottom of the image, separating the trees from the viewer. The overall scene is peaceful and evocative of a rural night.

*STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT
THE ONLY STAR, I SEE
AT NIGHT*

BY BILL RENFRO

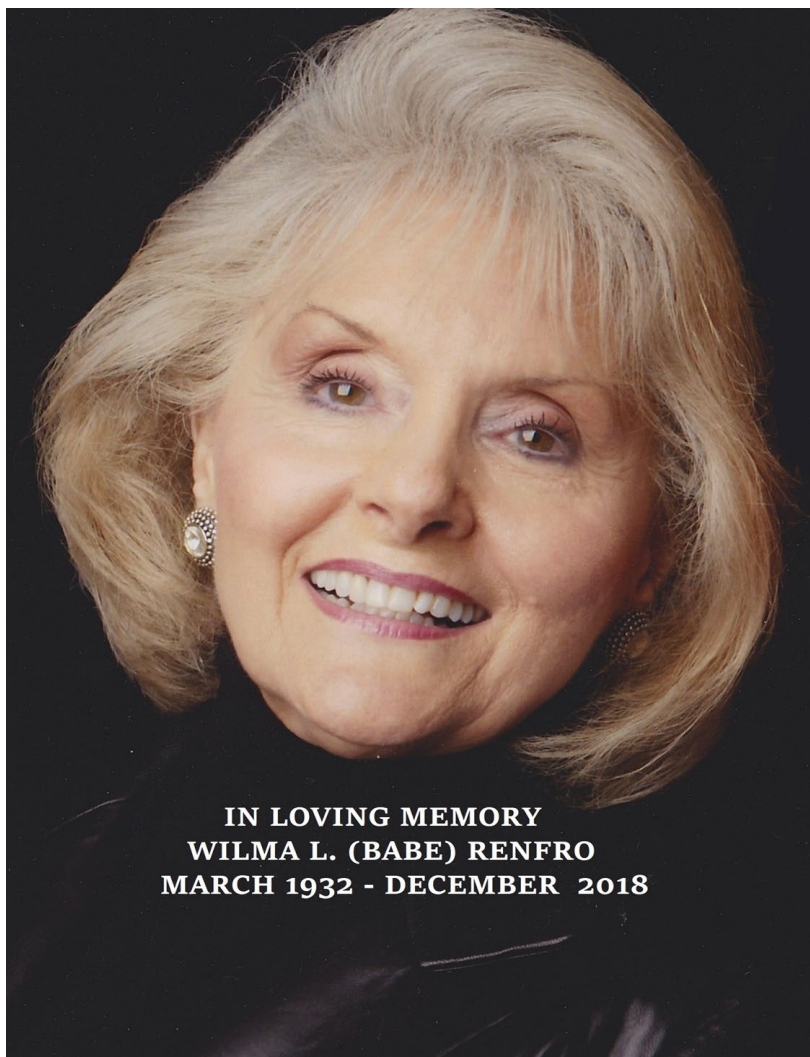
STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT
THE ONLY STAR, I SEE
AT NIGHT



August, 2019



DEDICATION



IN LOVING MEMORY
WILMA L. (BABE) RENFRO
MARCH 1932 - DECEMBER 2018





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WARNING

The things that you are about to read may bring back emotional feelings that you have repressed for years, as you see the inside of my own soul and feel the pain that the loss of a loved one has brought to me.

I was born to the family of share croppers. My mother worked in the fields for the first 13 years of their marriage . I grew up having never heard my parents ever tell each other that they loved them, never seeing them kiss, never hearing them pray or say grace at the table, nor read the Bible.

My mom was the church pianist for 72 years so this meant that I was in church every time that the doors opened.

I know that my parents loved me and my little brother because they showed it, but they placed a feeling in me that one did not dare to show your emotions. That curse was broken when I found the love of my life. I only hope that it came soon enough for her to know the depth of my love for her. I hope that the baring of my own heart will cause you to examine yours while you still have time.



SHE IS MY STAR

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT THE ONLY STAR, I SEE AT NIGHT

BY BILL RENFRO

WHEN THE LIGHT OF YOUR SUN GOES DOWN
AND YOUR DAYS ALL TURN BLACK
AND YOU CANT LET GO OF WHAT YOU CAN NEVER GET BACK
WHEN YOU FEEL THAT THE HOLE IN YOUR HEART ONLY GROWS
AND ALL THE PRAYERS YOU
SEND, GO NO FARTHER THAN THE END OF YOUR NOSE
THE MOON COMES UP AND LIGHTS UP THE SKY
AND MILLIONS OF STARS ALL TAKE THEIR PLACES NEARBY

YOU SEARCH THROUGH THE HEAVENS BOTH TO THE LEFT AND TO THE RIGHT
TO FIND THE ONE STAR
THAT HAD ONCE BRIGHTENED YOUR NIGHT

I SUDDENLY FIND ONE THAT YOU KNOW COULD ONLY BE MINE
IN A SPACE DETERMINED FROM THE BEGINNING OF TIME

YOU KNOW THAT THIS IS HER BY THE SPARKLE AND GLOW
SENDING KISSES TO SOMEONE STILL SHACKLED BELOW

BUT SOON HE WILL JOIN HER IN HIS OWN SPECIAL SPACE
PLACED THERE ONLY BY A SYSTEM OF GRACE

FOR SEVENTY PLUS YEARS THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE
CAME IN THE FORM OF A GOD GIVEN WIFE





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 ANOTHER OF THE THINGS THAT I WILL MISS

YOU OWNED MY HEART FOR MOST OF MY LIFE
GOD REALLY 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





LIFE

BY BILL BENFRO

WHEN THE RACE OF YOUR LIFE HAS ALMOST BEEN RUN
WHEN THE TWO OF YOU HAVE NOW BECOME ONE

WHERE DO YOU TURN, WHERE DO YOU LOOK
AND YOU SEARCH FOR ANSWERS IN GODS HOLY BO OK

THE PHONE STOPS TO RING, FRIENDS CANT BE FOUND
PEOPLE NOW ACT AS THO YOU ARE NOT AROUND

BUT THE PAIN IS STILL THERE AND WONT GO AWAY
YOU PRAY AND YOU WAIT FOR THAT GLORIOUS DAY

WHEN YOU CAN BE WITH THE ONE WHO HAD LEFT YOU
AND ONCE AGAIN ONE AND ONE MAKES TWO





THE POEM “REAL LOVE” WAS WRITTEN BY ME AS
PART OF OUR 50 YEAR ANNIVERSARY

REAL LOVE

BY BILL RENFRO

Real love is saying that you would LOVE to go to the mall

Real love is not giving her tools for her birthday

Real love is giving her the best car

Real love is explaining that she can be in charge of the remote

Real love is taking her to see her uncle Johnny

Real love is stopping to ask directions

Real love is letting her set the thermostat

Real love is saying that you think her friends are really nice

Real love is letting her pick the movie

Real love is listening 30 minutes to a 2 minute story

Real love is taking a shower when you don't really need it

Real love is taking out the garbage sometimes

Real love is doing the vacuuming on Saturday

Real love is saying that you would, really like to eat at Wok Bo

Real love is not being hungry when she doesn't want to cook

Real love is putting up the Christmas lights

Real love is leaving her the best piece

Real love is saying that her dumplings are better than your moms

Real love is cleaning up messes that you didn't make

Real love is letting her drink from the bottle first

Real love is saying that she always looks nice

Real love is still remembering that first kiss

Real love is seeing a 35 year old whenever you look at her

Real love is thinking she has never looked more beautiful

Real love is being married for 50 years





HER CHAIR

BY BILL RENFRO

HER CHAIR IS NOW EMPTY, AND IT IS HARD TO SEE
THAT NOW SHE NO LONGER SITS THERE BY ME

WHERE WE ONCE SAT THROUGH MOST OF THE DAY
NOW SETS EMPTY SINCE SHE WENT AWAY

AND WHEN WE GO TO PLACES WHERE WE USED TO EAT
I WANT TO TELL PEOPLE, YOU ARE IN BABES SEAT

HER PLACE ON THE COUCH, NEAR MY EASY CHAIR
IS NOW EMPTY WHEN I LOOK OVER THERE

BUT I STILL LOOK, MAYBE HOPPING TO SEE
AN IMAGE OF THE ONE WHO MEANT SO MUCH TO ME

WE ALWAYS SAT CLOSE TO EACH OTHER AS WE COULD BE
ENOUGH FOR ME TO TOUCH HER , AND SHE TOUCH ME

SOME TIMES I SIT THERE JUST TO FEEL CLOSE
TO THE ONE IN MY LIFE THAT I MISS THE MOST

HER PLACE AT THE TABLE, ALWAYS CLOSE TO MINE
IS FILED WITH THE MEMORIES THAT SHE LEFT BEHIND

GOD SAID THAT A MAN WHO FINDS A WIFE, FINDS A GOOD
THING

KNOW ALL THE JOY AND LOVE THAT ONLY SHE COULD
BRING





MY DAUGHTER RONDA AND I ENJOYED WRITING SILLY POEMS TO THE THREE OF US AND I HAVE ADDED THIS ONE TO GIVE THE READER A BREAK FROM ALL OF THE SERIOUS POEMS. THIS ONE IS FROM ME TO BABE.

IT WAS ME

BY BILL RENFRO

When we got married and started life together
Who told you you couldn't have it no better?

When we found us a farm and bought us a cow,
You said you couldn't milk , but who showed you how?

And when the work was hard, and, the days got longer,
Who told you that Geritol would make you feel stronger?

When the sun got so hot that your brain couldnt think,
Who came out at noontime and brought you a drink?

And when the country made you lonesome, and you'd cry
and you'd plead,
Who took notes at the movies so you'd have something
to read?

And when you nagged and nagged til you beat me down,
Who told you to load the furniture and wed move into town ?

And when the kids kept a coming, and you had all you
could do?
Who said, "Take off a day, honey, or maybe even two"?

And when times were hard and things got real bad,
Who was the best friend a girl ever had ?

And through all the thick---but mostly the thin,
Who always said he'd do it over again?

Though life was hard, honey, you did just fine.
So I'm going to buy you a new car --right after I get mine!

But when you get to Heaven, it'll be better, you'll see;
Cause Ill have saved you a place --right there next to me!



ALL MY LOVE, ALL MY LIFE

A PROMISE MADE, A PROMISE KEPT

BY BILL RENFRO

I STOOD BEFORE A PASTOR IN A SMALL COUNTRY TOWN
WITH A TREASURE OF LIFE THAT I HAD FOUND

SHE STOOD BESIDE ME, AS PRETTY AS COULD BE
THE ONE AND ONLY THAT GOD HAD SAVED FOR ME

I PROMISED TO LOVE AND TAKE CARE OF HER FOR ALL
OF MY LIFE
THE PASTOR THEN PRONOUNCES US HUSBAND AND WIFE

I KNEW BEFORE THE SERVICE HAD BEGUN
THAT WE HAD COME THERE AS TWO, BUT HAD LEFT
THERE AS ONE

WHILE LIFE WAS FULL OF OFFERS TO ROAM
I NEVER FORGOT WHAT I HAD WAITING AT HOME

WE WEATHERED THE STORMS FOR 70 PLUS YEARS
THE THOUGHT OF WHICH STILL BRING BACK A FEW TEARS

HER LIGHT NOW SHINES FROM CLOSE TO THE MOON
IT LASTED SO LONG BUT IT ENDED TOO SOON





MY STAR

BY BILL RENFRO

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR
SHINE TO SHOW ME WHERE YOU ARE

YOU SHINE YOUR LIGHT FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE
BUT WE KNOW THAT YOU SHINE FOR ME

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE A STAR TO ME
I MOURN NOT FOR YOU, I NOW MOURN FOR ME

YOU WERE MY LOVER, MY WIFE, MY FRIEND
AND I LONG FOR THE TIME WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER
AGAIN

IF OUR DAYS ABE NUMBERED FROM THE BEGINNING OF
TIME
THEN WHY HADN'T HERS BEEN NUMBERED THE SAME
AS MINE

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS NOW SEEM LONGER THAN YEARS
BUT THE LIGHT OF YOUR FACE WILL END ALL MY TEARS





FRIENDS

There comes a time in each of our lives when we all need a friend, I now know that in my own life that at this time I could use a real friend and I was reminded of a story of my friend John, that had been covered by the circumstances now filling my mind.

I met John when I had gone to work for another company. John was totally deaf. He had lost his hearing at an early age, so he had already learned to talk, but not being able to hear his own voice, he spoke in a sort of garbled way, but if you listened closely you could understand him.

He seemed protective and did not mingle much with others. I had decided that he was much more than he seemed and was determined to get to know the real John.

He began his day by arriving at the office at 5 am each morning, had lunch at his desk, worked to 4 pm when he left for home. I decided that if he could come in that early, I could come in at 7 am and maybe get to know him. I began the habit of stopping by a local drive-in each morning to get something to eat. I not only got something for myself, but I got the same thing for John. I remember the first I came in and gave his breakfast to him. He looked at me in disbelief, he could not understand why I had done something for him. After several days he began to warm up to me and soon we were friends.

He soon became comfortable with answering my questions about his life and work. It was then that he told me that he was very cautious around people, that he felt that they took advantage of him because of his handicap. I had long before realized that he was one of the best draftsmen that I had known, but he was a brilliant designer of electrical, mechanical and plumbing systems and was respected over all the towns engineers. His drawing was artistic, his lettering was great and he could write with either hand. Try that sometimes.



At this point I was compelled to inform John that he was not handicapped, but merely inconvenienced.

After about a year I left that company and opened my own. John helped me with projects whenever I needed him. Then came the recession of the 1990s and all of the engineers and builders lost most of their work. It was at this time that I found out that John's best friend, who was also deaf, was about to lose his house and car because he had lost his construction job. I also found out that John, because of his engineering and drafting ability, was able to get work from many of the engineers who knew him, including me. Another friend of John's asked me if I knew what he was doing. It was no surprise to me that John was working 60 and 70 hour weeks to pay his own bills but to also pay all the bills of his best friend. This was not a one month deal, he kept this work load up until his friend had found work almost a year later. This is what I call a real friend. I just wish that there were more of us willing to be like John. He will always be my hero.





THIS BOOK

I would like to inform you that this will be my last book. I think that I started writing this, the fifth book to date, because someone had mentioned that they had loved the poem that I had written as the closing page of the book "I MISS YOU LOVE". Which was named after the poem.

I thought that writing poems would be easier than writing a book. I soon learned that was not the case. I found that writing poems is much harder, because you can not force a poem, but must have some sort of inspiration to guide you. Writing a poem is more than just putting a couple of rhyming lines together.

This small book does however, contain 8 original poems, one of which was written for our 50th wedding anniversary. We liked to write silly notes and poems to each other and some were written at an earlier time in our lives, some were written as a way for me to cope with the loss of my wife, and some just to fill my long lonely days.

I realize that all of the other writings were not only to keep alive the person, and memories of the one who had been the center of most of my entire life, but were written also to get me through the tough days that lay ahead.

I was raised by a good and loving mother and father, but one who did not express or openly show loving and caring emotions. I had decided early on that I would not be that way, but I now find that I could have done much more, and I shall always regret that.

I shall always remember the last words that she ever said to me, as I kissed her as she was taken to the emergency room, from which she never returned, "YOU NEVER KISS ME ENOUGH"

If you have someone you love, let them know today, don't wait until it's too late.



While the hole in my heart will never completely heal, and the days and nights are forever endless, they provide my mind with the time I need to remember a time forever gone.

I also realize that these writings have also given me something that not many have had. A time to remember the people who had in some way or other played a part on the stage of the life of Babe and Bill Renfro. I wish there was a way that I could thank each and every one of you for sharing part of your lives to be a part of ours.

I hope that each and every one of you who have read the books that I have written, personally know Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior so that Babe and I can once again see you in Paradise. May God bless each and every one of you more than you ever deserve.

BABE AND BILL RENFRO





TREASURES



THIS WAS THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT
I GAVE TO BABE AFTER WE BEGAN DATING
DECEMBER 1947



TREASURES



THE WATCH THAT BABE'S MOM AND
DAD GAVE HER FOR HIGH
SCHOOL GRADUATION



TREASURES



OUR ORIGINAL WEDDING RINGS

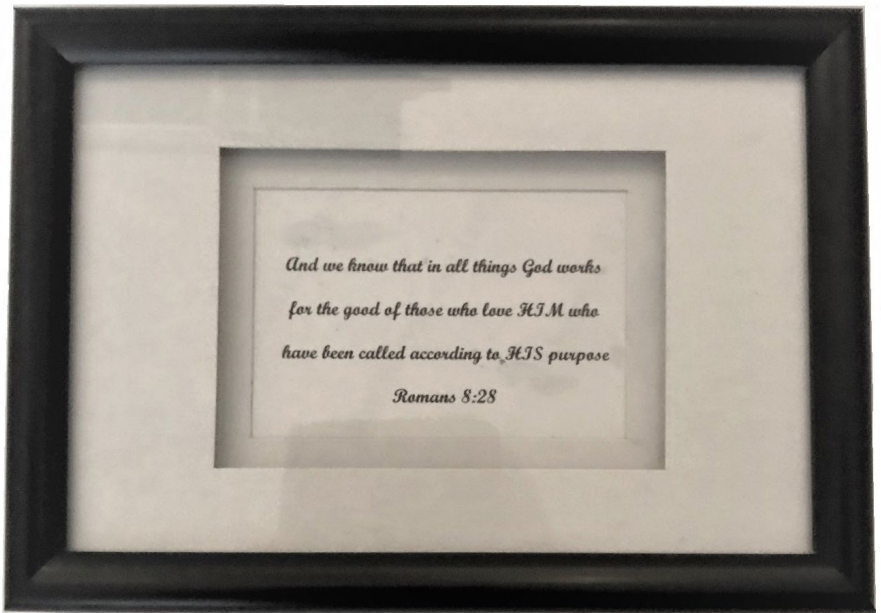


TREASURES

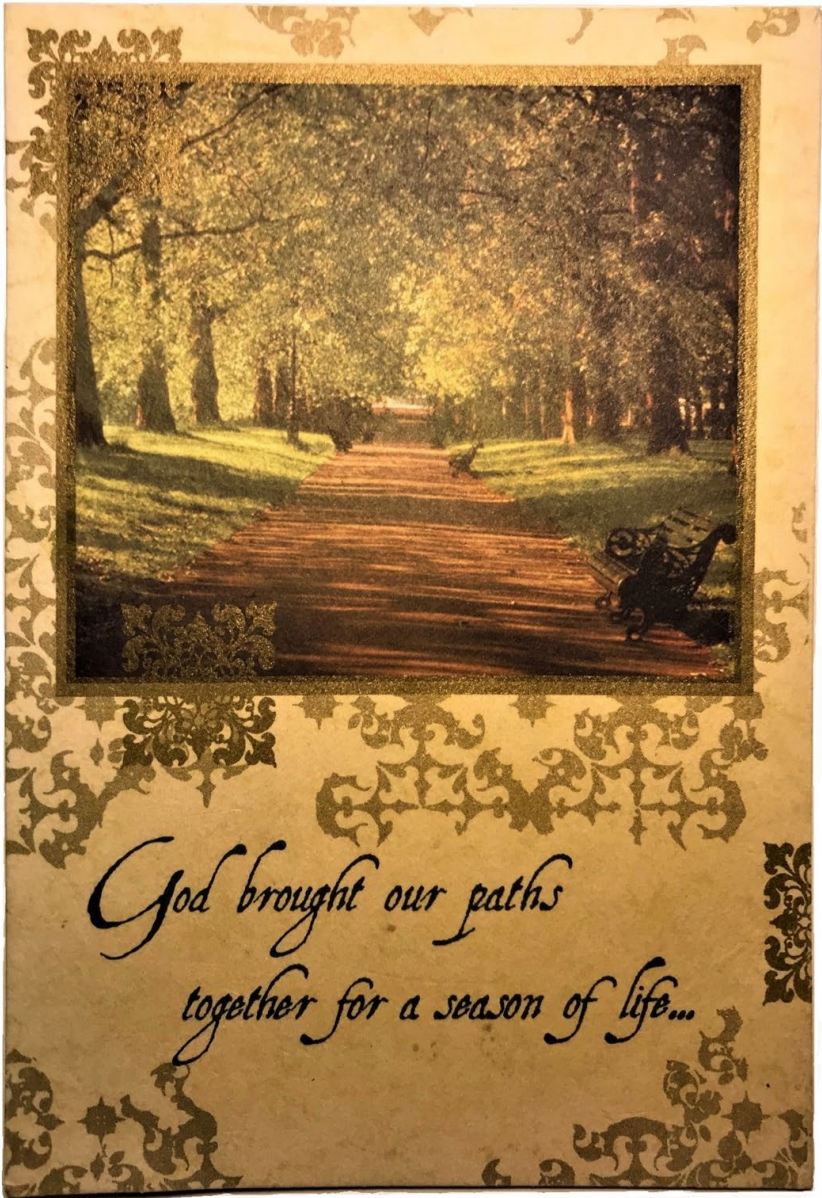


THE DAY THAT BABE HEARD
ABOUT HER FIRST GREAT
GRANDCHILD, SHE PUT THIS
FRAME OUT IN ANTICIPATION OF
THE GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER SHE
NEVER GOT TO SEE. I FILLED THE
FRAME FOR HER.









*God brought our paths
together for a season of life...*

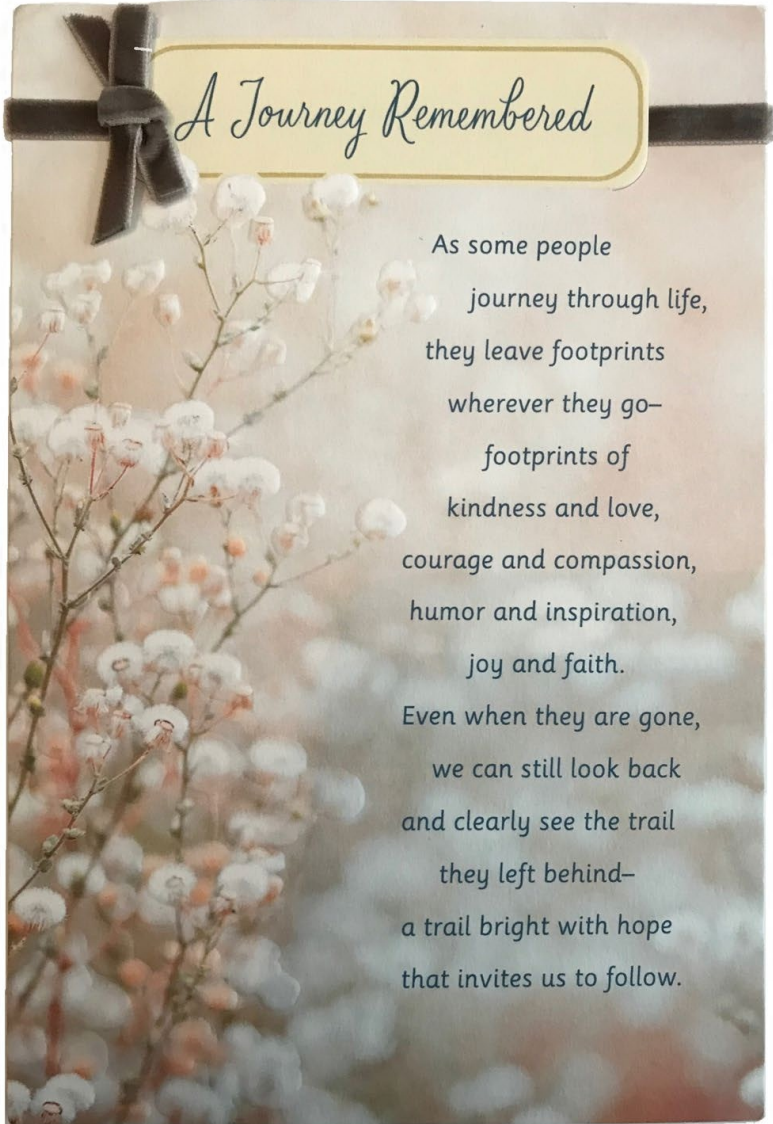
FROM SOMEONE WHO
LOVED HER





A GIFT FROM SOMEONE WHO
LOVED HER





A Journey Remembered

As some people
journey through life,
they leave footprints
wherever they go—
footprints of
kindness and love,
courage and compassion,
humor and inspiration,
joy and faith.
Even when they are gone,
we can still look back
and clearly see the trail
they left behind—
a trail bright with hope
that invites us to follow.

FROM SOMEONE WHO LOVED HER





Mark Strickland
Chairman of the Board
Dr. David R. Reagan
Founder & Senior Evangelist
Rachel Houck
Chief Operating Officer
Tim Moore
Associate Evangelist
Nathan Jones
Internet Evangelist
Trey Collich
Media Minister
Reva Frye
Director of Finance
Leo E. Houck
Director of Services
Brett Everett
Media Associate
Todd Hutchinson
Finance & Donor Relations
Associate
Suzanne Smith
Finance Associate
Cathie Grubb
Mailroom Supervisor
Jana Olivieri
Creative Designer
Steven Stafflebean
Web Associate
Joyce Shurtleff
Ministry Associate
Judy Nix
Ministry Associate

6/21/19

Bill -

I was so sorry to hear about the death of your sweet wife. Thanks for sending me the two books you have written about her. I look forward to reading them.

I'm enclosing a copy of one of our most popular presentations -

Yours in Jesus,
Dave Reagan



BABE AND HER BEST FRIENDS WITH TV MINISTER, DR. DAVID REAGAN OF LAMB & LION MINISTRIES





THIS WAS BABE'S BIBLE WHERE
SHE SPENT THE EARLY HOURS OF
EACH DAY IN TOUCH WITH HER
LORD





THE RENFROS ON VACATION





**BILL AND BABE RENFRO
HUSBAND AND WIFE FOR 70 YEARS
AND STILL IN LOVE**



A GIFT FROM SOMEONE WHO
LOVED HER

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to thank Darryl Renfro, without your help and support this book would have been a total mess





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;