

May 15, 2023

UPCHURCH & ALLIED FAMILIES ASSOC.



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FROM THE EDITOR

UAFA received a couple of very lovely emails regarding our last issue, April 15, 2023.

Upchurch Author, Mae Cox wrote,

Absolutely, I got it! Wow, you guys must spend 20 hrs. a day to create all that! Quite impressive.... The data base I'm talking about.

I just browsed through part of the Harmon (Upchurch) link and am astounded by all the info you have. Wonderful. Researchers today will have it so much easier than we did having to dig through every piece of info we could find. And now, it's all in one place.

Thanks, Jay... job well done.

We also received such a nice letter from Debra Upchurch Heck. For sake of our new readers, she is a daughter of UAFA Founder Dr. Phil Upchurch. Debra wrote,

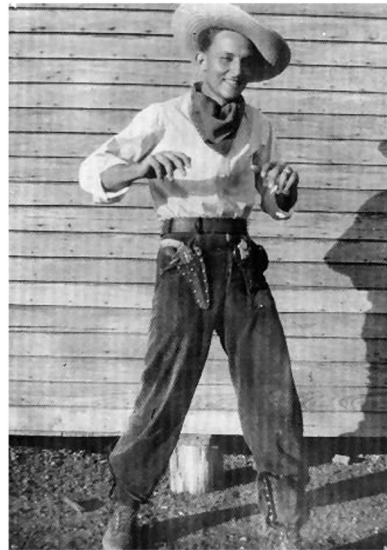
My father would have been so pleased and frankly astonished that all of the ongoing fabulous work/labor of love has produced so many contributions! I can see his wry smile now. So many people have continued to contribute to Upchurch and Allied family history.

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The Scar on His Leg from *Tales from a Texas Preacher* by Hal Upchurch

Shortly after Buddy had recuperated from his coal-and-horseshoe wounds, I became apprehensive about his personal security. Bonnie and Clyde, and Raymond Hamilton, were terrorizing our country in every direction. This forced me to the conclusion that I must devise some method or mark by which I could positively identify my little brother, even if they kidnapped and held him incommunicado for extended years.

And that explains why I stuck that hot branding iron to his leg.



But, wait, I have gotten ahead of my story. Let me back up and start all over. With a heavy piece of wire, I fashioned a branding iron with an S on one end and a crimped handle on the other, and called it my Crooked Lazy S. My conscience bothered me a little when it

kept on whispering that what I was planning would be painful to Buddy, but I squelched my conscience by repeatedly assuring myself that what I was about to do was the best thing that could be done for the long-term welfare of my little brother.

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What is your favorite way to honor the fallen heroes on Memorial Day?

- ☒ Attending a parade or ceremony
- ☒ Visiting a cemetery or memorial
- ☒ Wearing a poppy or flag pin
- ☒ Donating to UAFA to preserve our legacy

Over 35 videos featuring *Phil Upchurch* telling family stories, along with UAFA President, Dr. Tom Upchurch. These are available and FREE. Go to: <https://www.youtube.com>



After opening YouTube, enter "Upchurch and Allied Families" into the search box. This will open the UAFA channel and display the videos.



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[Upchurch & Allied Families on Facebook](#)

UAFA: A resource for linking, preserving, and supporting family history.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED: There are several kinds of coordinator or leadership roles available at UAFA! Contact UAFA today and let them know of your interests.

We Remember —Lynell Upchurch Massey

June 23, 1938 - April 19, 2023 (84 years old)

It is with great sadness that we announce the death of Lynell Upchurch Massey of Raleigh, North Carolina, who passed away on April 19, 2023, at the age of 84, leaving to mourn family and friends. Leave a sympathy message to the family on the memorial page of Lynell Upchurch Massey to pay them a last tribute.

Visitation will be held on Saturday, April 29th 2023 from 10:00 AM to 11:00 AM at the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (5060 Six Forks Rd, Raleigh, NC 27609). A funeral service was held on Saturday, April 29th 2023 at Raleigh Memorial Park & Mitchell Funeral Home (7501 Glenwood Ave, Raleigh, NC 27612).

Her Upchurch clan is still to be determined.





***The Scar on His Leg* from *Tales from a Texas Preacher* by Hal Upchurch**

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Thus it was that with cold deliberation I built a fire on the ground, poked my branding iron into it, coiled my rope, lassoed my little brother, bulldogged him to the ground, and stuck my Crooked Lazy S to one of his legs. I tried to comfort him by repeatedly telling him that it was hurting me far worse than it was him. Within about five minutes, his leg had sorta' stopped sizzling and smoking, and he was not screaming quite as fiercely as he had been a few minutes earlier.

Many years later, Buddy wrote the following poem to express his version of what happened, and how it happened on that long-ago day:

Big Brother

One day when we were left alone,
Hal thought t'would be quite grand
To burn upon my little leg
Some famous cattle brand.

He took a piece of heavy wire
And, much to my distress,
He shaped a brand and called the thing
A Crooked Lazy S.

He built a fire to heat the brand
And got his lasso down,
Then, like a veteran of the trail,
He tied me on the ground.

I cried and bawled and bleated,
I besought him with a beg:
"Oh, please don't put that red hot iron
On my poor little leg."

I fought and cried, I kicked and yelled,
But all my pleas he spurned.
He stuck that brander to my leg
And watched me as I burned.



Of all the things I've ever thought,
Just one will do to say:
"He did a fairly permanent job;
I bear that brand today."



You will notice that there are some variations in our reports of that branding episode. But in spite of the variations, I have always been, and still am, absolutely positive that the only reason Buddy was not kidnapped was because Bonnie and Clyde and Raymond somehow learned that I had put my Crooked Lazy S brand on him, and they were afraid to fool around with my little brother.

About the Author



Robert Harrell "Hal" Upchurch (May 4, 1918 - May 1, 2008) Born of humble beginnings as one of six children in a Central Texas sharecropping family, died in West Texas three days short of his 90th birthday. Between the dashes, he became husband to Jerry, father to Hal Rhea and Mary Kay, friend, pastor, teacher, and example to countless others. Responding to "The Whisper" that told him to "stand before the people with a Bible in your hand", he was admitted to Wayland Baptist College in 1940, a few years after completing only eight grades in a one-room country school. An endowed scholarship in his name continues to help equip Wayland students for their ministries. He served churches in Texas, Wyoming, and Colorado across the intervening decades. For more than twenty years, he preached in the summer Cowboy Camp Meetings throughout the western states. In 1963, he preached in the New Life Crusade in the Far East. In 1966, he went on a one-month Around the World preaching tour. He remained actively involved in preaching revivals and Bible studies in the Central and Western United States until retirement in the Hill Country near the place of his birth. Preacher Hal Upchurch and Family descend from Clan 4—Richard Upchurch III.

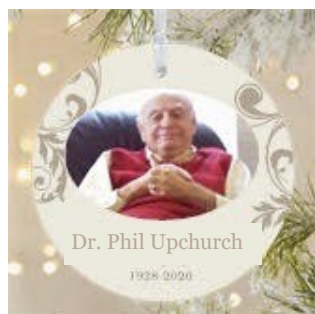


FROM THE EDITOR

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I think he would view documentation of our past as a gift to those in the future! The dream lives on!

Thank you all!



This stirred conversation in the mail room, so to speak and Linda Upchurch Sparks shared a recent experience with me.

Not long after the publication of March's newsletter, Linda received a direct contact from someone for the purpose of letting her know that she had discovered some errors in one of our trees.

It turned out to be Linda's very own William IV tree and the errors concerned a family, some of whom are

still living, that Linda had long suspected weren't quite right.

There were some conflicts in Phil's records surrounding this family and Linda had been unable to find any public information to help straighten it out.

So, Linda and her contact ended up talking on the phone and she gave Linda some information to help with the corrections. Within a matter of a few minutes Linda was able to make the corrections and her contact could see them immediately in the tree!

Her words to Linda were to this effect: *"When I sent you that first e-mail I never dreamed it would be this easy to get a correction made. I thought you might ask for all kinds of proof which I don't have. I just knew the people."*

Linda explained to her that much of our information—particularly for



the last 4-5 generations—had come from people just like her; who had close family ties and first-hand knowledge of the facts they were providing.

Please don't hesitate to contact UAFA with your own questions, corrections, first hand knowledge, concerns or additional information you may have. Linda and the nice folks at UAFA will be more than happy to speak with you!

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Allied Family Tree —Dr. Steve Terry sdterry@ncsu.edu

Jay Buck jay@alliedfamilies.org

Cindy Hale, Editor

How the Poppy Became a WWI Remembrance Symbol (history.com)



Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, a Canadian who served as a brigade surgeon for an Allied artillery unit, spotted a cluster of poppies that spring, shortly after the Second Battle of Ypres. McCrae tended to the wounded

and got a firsthand look at the carnage of that clash, in which the Germans unleashed lethal chlorine gas for the first time in the war. Some 87,000 Allied soldiers were killed, wounded or went missing in the battle (as well as 37,000 on the German side); a friend of McCrae's, Lieutenant Alexis Helmer, was among the dead.

Struck by the sight of bright red blooms on broken ground, McCrae wrote a poem, "In Flanders Field," in which he channeled the voice of the fallen soldiers buried under those hardy poppies. Published in Punch magazine in late 1915, the poem would be used at countless memorial ceremonies and became one of the most famous works of art to emerge from the Great War. Its fame had spread far and wide by the time McCrae himself died, from pneumonia and meningitis, in January 1918.

"In Flanders Fields"

by John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.