

"It's shoutin' time in heaven" is a gospel song by The Hoppers-- but an appropriate statement for another saint who has gone home today, August 17, 2013.

Jessie Kirk, 98, was born on November 24, 1920 (which just happened to be my wedding anniversary in 1967 and she celebrated her birthday at my wedding), and now she's safe at home with the love of her life, Jesus. Cooke Funeral Home in Nitro, West Virginia, posted her obituary. My brother-in-law, Pastor James Wright, has been asked by Jessie's sons to do the service. Jessie had watch Pastor Wright grow up, become a Christian, and follow God's call to the pastorate.

Obituary and funeral details:

Jessie Ola Kirk, 98, of Nitro, went home to be with the Lord on Saturday, August 17, 2013. She was preceded in death by her husband, Thurman V. Kirk, sister Ethyl Lindamood; and brother, Roy Richmond. Jessie was a devout Christian and a long-time member of the Nitro Church of God where she was an adult Sunday School teacher. She mentored many people in their Christian walk.



Surviving are sons James Daniel (Carolyn) Kirk of Nitro; Ronald R. (Janie) Kirk of Lewisburg, WV; grandchildren, Jim (Anita) Kirk of Culloden; Jeff (Sue) Kirk of Covington, VA; Peggy (Danny) Bigler of Phoenix, AZ; John D. Kirk of Naples, FL; three great-grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren.

A celebration of Jessie's life will be held at 2:00 PM Tuesday, August 20, 2013 at Cooke Funeral Home, 2002 20th Street, Nitro with Pastor James Wright officiating. Burial will follow in Cunningham Memorial Park, St. Albans. The family will receive friends one hour prior to the service at the funeral home.

The family wishes to express appreciation to Hospice Care and Angel Avenue Assisted Living and to her many faithful friends who visited her during her illness.

Memorial contributions in Jessie's memory may be made to the Nitro Church of God, 2nd Ave and 15th Street, Nitro, WV 25143 or HospiceCare, 1606 Kanawha Blvd. W, Charleston, WV 25387-2536.

<http://www.cookefuneralhome.com/obitsingle.asp?id=1054>

From Yvonne:

As long as I can remember Jessie Kirk was a smiling saint at Nitro Church of God. She exuded joy. Every now and then, she would even let out a shout. Some people thought she was too spiritual, but her source of joy was her communion with Jesus for she had devoted her life to being led by the Holy Spirit.

She lived a couple of blocks from the church. Occasionally, friends would pick her up, but for the most part she walked to all services through all seasons. Sometimes friends would leave the church to attend elsewhere, but she declined all invitations to join them. She said God had told her to stay put; and stay put in her home church she did. As pastors came and left, I never heard her utter a word of criticism about any one of them.

Often people could be seen coming and going from her house. She prayed with them individually or in groups, giving counsel from scripture. She was a spiritual mother to many and a mentor to both young men and young women--many of whom ended up in ministry. She also took good care of her husband who did not attend church services with her and raised two sons of whom she was very proud.

My most memorable time with Jessie was the summer of 1962. I had just completed my first year of teaching and had my own car. Jessie and Mabel Trout, both 25 years my senior, asked me if I would take them to Craigsville Camp Meeting if they paid my gas and other expenses. What an opportunity for me! We had a marvelous time attending the services all day each day and laughing a lot at night. They picked out a boyfriend for me. Toward the end of the week, they happened upon me crying out to God in prayer behind the washing machine in the dormitory

laundry room. Unknown to them, I had taken them seriously, come into agreement with them, and was praying for the boy to notice me. He didn't; and I was sad. "Never mind," Jessie said; "the Lord will bring the perfect husband for you at the right time." (And He did--four years later.) In the years that followed, whenever I went back to visit, she never failed to say, "Remember Craigsville!" She loved to talk about our week together that summer.

After I moved hundreds of miles away, she wrote to me often. When my husband and I were pastoring a church, she would request that I send her recordings of my Bible teaching. She always responded with encouraging and specific comments letting me know she had listened intently.

Her smile and her joy were contagious as you can see in this picture when I visited her in 2009. The second picture was taken at a birthday party at Geraldine's for my Michigan missionary friend, Donna. What a wonderful time Jessie had singing some old favorite hymns.

Oh may we live so close to Jesus that, like Jessie, His joy is ours!

