

## ANDREW JACKSON SATTERFIELD

The subject of this sketch was born in Caswell County, N. C., near the little town of Milton, June 11th, 1816, and departed this life at Roanoke City, Va., August 2d, 1889, consequently he was 73 years, 1 month, and 21 days old.

He was married twice, first to Miss Clementine Crutchfield, of Halifax County, Va., which event took place in his twenty first year. The exact date of his first marriage is not known to the writer. He was the father of nine children all by his first wife, four sons and five daughters. Three of his daughters are dead. The rest of his children survive him. In August 1868, his first wife died, and in the autumn of the year 1869 he was again married. His second wife was Miss Clementine Mullen of Carroll County, Va., who still lives to mourn her loss.

In his early married life, Bro. Satterfield moved to Henry County, Va., where he lived a number of years. Something over thirty years ago he moved to Surry County, N. C. and settled at the wellknown Martin place on the Ward's Gap road, four miles north of Mt. Airy, and a few hundred yards south of the Virginia State line. Here he lived until the spring of 1889 when he went to Roanoke City to live with his stepson, John W. Mullen. His sojourn in this young city was of short duration. He died the August following his removal.

Bro. Satterfield was converted at a campmeeting held near his boyhood home. This great event took place in his 29th year. He joined the M.E. Church soon afterward. This was before the division of the Methodist Church. When that event took place, of course he fell on the Southern side.

Bro. Satterfield was an impulsive man. He was of the nervous temperament with a large share of the sanguine. A man of a sallow complexion, but of great physical endurance, much more so than his appearance would indicate. Through his life he did a great deal of hard work, and underwent many hardships. He was a man of great industry and untiring energy. I think it might be safely said of him that he did all he could with whatever he undertook. He did not believe in doing things by halves. He threw his whole being into everything he undertook to do.

In his religious life he exhibited the traits of character just described. He was an official member of the church for many years. He dearly loved the class meeting of which he was the leader for a number of years. He was punctual to meet his class and faithful in the discharge of the duties which developed upon him. He loved to tell his own Christian experience, which was full and satisfactory. He loved to hear others relate theirs. He loved the songs of Zion. His favorite hymn was that grandest of all poetic descriptions of the new born soul:

"How happy are they who their Savior obey,  
And have laid up their treasures above;  
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love," etc.

Many hearts have been thrilled by this sweet hymn from the sweet singer of Methodism-- Charles Wesley. But none ever loved it better than Bro Satterfield. I can hear him now, as he raises the tune, always the same one, on a high key, and sings it through until his whole being is overcome with emotion.

Doubtless he sings now with the hosts of the skies that new song, which none ~~by~~ but the redeemed can sing.

Bro. Satterfield was a strong Southern man, from principal, and in thorough sympathy with the side of the lost confederacy, but was too old to go to the war. He was a considerable loser by the freedom of the slaves. But he cheerfully came back unto the Union and was a loyal citizen to the new order of things after the war.

His last illness lasted six weeks, but he had been a diseased suffering man for many years. His move to Roanoke City was perhaps against him. The exertion and the change of climate proved too much for his strength.

In his confinement he talked a great deal. A goodly number of people called on him and he bore strong testimony to his preparation to go. He said in the first of his sillness that he would not recover said he did not wish to. Life had no charms to compare with those across the river. He would call for prayers, and rejoice with his friends who visited him. He sung a great deal while he was able. His pastor Rev. Wm. Boyd, called one day and he said, "Bro Boyd, almost home! almost home!"

His work is done. He 'rests from his labor and his work follows him." He is doubtless among the redeemed ones singing on the other shore. He is "waiting and watching at the beautiful gate" for his loved ones who are left behind. There the mists and clouds will be gone, and all will see eye to eye, and "know as they are known." May we all get there.

R. M. Taylor.

West Plains, Mo. Feb'y 6th, 1890

*Note\**

*He is mentioned in our history book as the one Rev. Marquis Wood was going home with to spend the night, after preaching at Salem in February, 1858.*

*This took place in our first church building.*

*Mr. Satterfield was important to our history.*

*Decendents include Margie Boyd Ayers, Jim Boyd, and Mary Frances McMillian.*

*The obituary was donated by Margie Ayers.*