



Rev. Lee Faulknor

August 14, 1917 - April 15, 2008

VIEW VIDEO TRIBUTE Reverend Auther Lee Faulknor was welcomed by his Lord and Savior on Tuesday April 15, 2008. He was born in Mt. Pleasant, Texas on August 14, 1917 to Charlie and Effie Faulknor. He married his sweetheart Virgie Elizabeth Lawson on June 14, 1939. Auther surrendered to the ministry in August of 1954. His prayer to God was "Let me tell the gospel story one more time." Through his ministry he preached in 108 churches in six states. Survivors include his wife of 68 years, Virgie Elizabeth Lawson Faulknor; their five children Doris Ogle of Jacksboro, Texas; Mary Ogle of New Braunfels, Texas, Margaret Myers of Rockwall, Texas; Raymond Faulknor of Kyle, Texas and Martha Locke of Dallas, Texas; ten grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren. Memorials may be sent to the Alzheimer's Association, PO Box 9709, Ft. Worth, Texas 76147. Friends and family are welcome to a time of remembrance at Coker Funeral Home in Jacksboro, Texas from 4-5 pm and 6-7 pm on Wednesday April 16, 2008. Graveside services and interment will be held 2 pm Thursday April 17, 2008 at the Itasca Cemetery in Itasca, Texas.

Tribute Wall



“ *Rev. Lee Faulknor*

October 09, 2023 at 04:16 AM



“ *Rev. Lee Faulknor*

January 28, 2023 at 12:10 PM



“ *When I was ordained both as deacon and minister Bro., Faulknor questioned me and I will never forget him for that.*

He will be missed, but heaven is sweeter with him there.

*Bro. Don Ivey, Pastor
Long Creek Baptist Church
Sunnyvale, Texas*

Donald Ivey - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

“ OH WHAT A DAY THAT WILL BE

I never hear those words or sing that song without Bro. Faulknor coming to my mind or heart. The first time I can remember that, was at the old Rose Hill church house when he requested that song. I really can't say how or why I remember that, but I do. Somehow on down the way it has become our family's song we always sing together or part with.

Bro. & Mrs. Faulknor have been a beacon to all of us in our lives. Not just as children or youth, but in our adult lives too. How often have we referred to the way it used to be and wished so many times we could return to those days. Bro. Faulknor not only preached what he believed the Lord taught us and required of us, but he lived by those very convictions.

There was a time when like any other youth I remember thinking that no one to could live up to all of that. I'm glad that I had so many giants like he and his wife to lay down a real foundation and example for me in my life. I have a real treasure chest of memories in my heart, and when I feel that life is just too hard, and I can't keep going, I and the Lord go back and remember those in my life that gave so much to and for us. I can only hope and pray that one day some child can look back and see the same love and example that I left for them. Anyway, there is a day coming and

I know when we all get home there is going to be a reunion for all of eternity.

I know that my mother along with many others are having a wonderful and loving reunion in Heaven now.

For the family, our hearts are full of love for each of you during this time of loss now. You will be in our prayers and thoughts in the days to come. But, I can tell you now that the Lord is going through all of this with you now, and even though you may be sad the walk just gets sweeter every day. We love you all.

*Until that day, May God Bless
Karen Bolton and families*

David & Karen Bolton - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

NB

“*Brother Faulknor was my "other Daddy". He and Mrs. Faulknor took me in and allowed me to be a part of their family, while Mother & Daddy were out of town on a job assignment for two summers and part of one school year. He never knew how many lives he has changed and what a blessing his life and ministry were to everyone he met. The last time I saw him, he asked me if I thought we would ever meet again this side of Glory. I told him I sure hoped so, but if not, to be sure and hold the gate open for me, if he got there first. He said I could count on that for sure. If he meets all his "little lost ducks" at the gate, he'll be busy for a long, long time. Because of Brother Faulknor's life and ministry, the way Home is a clear path right down that "Roman Road" into the arms of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.*

Nelda Anderson Baker - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

SK

“ A true man of the faith to be missed by all who encountered him - for sure!

He absolutely was Pastor to the Rose Hill Community whether they were part of the Baptist Church or not.

When I think of Bro Faulknor I replay the words he declared many times over with his strong, authoritative voice:

"For the Lord Himself will descend from heaven with a shout, (this is where you're startled) with the voice of an archangel, and with the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ will rise first. Then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And thus we shall always be with the Lord. Therefore comfort one another with these words." I Thes.4:16-18

Unlike today's pastors, he wasn't afraid of offending the parents of misbehaving children in church. Like the many times he called Roger and Raymond down to sit up front behind the pulpit facing the congregation while he finished his sermon. That was classic!

About 4-5 yrs ago we corresponded by mail until he was unable to write. I had written him of my ordination into the ministry - knowing that he would not approve...but he never discouraged me or questioned my heart. He gave me a scripture that I was very familiar with.

(something like women need to be quiet)I loved him for that!

He also wrote how difficult it was to see Ms Vergie in the condition that she is in. He said he loved her so very much and that she was his "sweetheart" and always would be.

Faulknor Family you are in our hearts and in our prayers. We love you all and are so much better for having known you all in that great little community of Rose Hill.

*Here...there...or in the air...
I'll be seeing you!*

To GOD be all the glory!

*Pastor/Friend Sally Keonitzer
John 8:31-32*

Sally M Edgar Keonitzer - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

C)

“ *Just want to say that you will be greatly miss. You have been a great grandpa a girl could ever have. Enjoyed the time we had together and can't wait until we meet again. I know you will be up in heaven watching over my family with great arms. Until we meet again oh and also I'll bring Where the Red Fern Grows so we can watch it one more time.. Love you Justin, Cindy and Chance Hand*

Cindy Hand (Christian) - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

BC

“ *I just want to tell y'all how sorry I am to hear about your loss. I love you all very much.*

Barbara Curtis - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

NS

“ *My thoughts and prayers are with each of you.*

Childhood memories of growing up in Rose Hill and knowing your Dad are fond ones.

Caroly Pike Carner

Nancy A. Edgar Sperling - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

JM

“ I wasn’t as close to Grandpa over the past few years as I should have been. In retrospect, I wish I had been able to spend a few more afternoons with him listening to his stories. I’ll also never forget the fact that he could make something out of virtually nothing. He could see the purpose in any pile of what the rest of us would call “junk.” I guess there’s a life-lesson in there somewhere! At any rate, it doesn’t seem like I could leave his house without him giving me one his creations. And sometimes Mom and Dad would even come back from one of their trips to his house bearing an item he’d sent back for me. The little “disappearing dollar” trick “nothing more than two pieces of wood connected together by strips of ribbon” is one I’ll always remember. The last creation I received was a woodpecker doorknocker “it was quite a work of art. I’ve been looking all over the house for that thing the last two days!” Anyway, I was never as good to him as he was to me. I don’t think that’s very different from most grandparent-grandchild relationships. The immaturity of youth keeps you from realizing the importance of relationships until sometimes it’s too late. But I think most of the time you end up repaying those who went before you by the sacrifices you make for those who follow in your footsteps. If I fulfill my end of the bargain, my kids and grandkids will reap the benefits of the road my parents and grandparents forged ahead of me. I am eternally grateful to them all “and that certainly includes Grandpa.

James Myers - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

JF

“ Brother Faulknor was a pastor to the entire community. He was kind and had a wonderful sense of humor. He raised great kids, and he was a friend to all children. Only in retrospect do I truly understand the generosity of spirit and the patience he had, when I recall, as a child, banging tunelessly on his wonderful old Gibson guitar. Rather than complain, he showed me a couple of chords. He could preach Hell so hot it would burn your toes, and Heaven so sweet you could hear the music. He led me to the Lord, and baptised me. Later, he joined Karri and me in matrimony. I love him like a second father. At times, I have failed to live up to the example Brother Faulknor set, but I believe I will see him again someday, and he will be with Jesus, whom he served every day of his life.

Jim Anderson and Family - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

SA

“ I never had the privilege of meeting Rev. Faulknor in person, but knew of him only through Martha and her sisters as they affectionately referred to him as "Daddy". I can tell from my 8-yr friendship with Martha, my interactions with Mary, Doris and stories I've heard about the other siblings, that he must have been a good father, husband, preacher and a fine, faithful man.

My words today speak to the legacy of life, faith and hope he leaves behind. "Well done our good and faithful servant Arther! May you rest from the well-fought fight. Because of who you were and how you lived your life, others (like me who never knew you) are touched."

Peace and comfort to the family from those you don't know but love you and are praying for you.

Sydney & Bobby Allen - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM

EL

“ Grandpa - I know it's a little too late to say goodbye, and I hadn't seen you in a while but just knowing that you're gone brings a sadness to my heart that I can't express except for the tears in my eyes. I'm more sure of your place in heaven than I am of anything else in my life, and I'm happy that you are able to be with all of your family that has also passed. Thank you so much for my mom, for helping my dad open his eyes and for everything that you ever said to me. Every word was a wise gift from one of the wisest men I've ever had the privilege of knowing. I love you, grandpa. I always will and I will never forget about you. I'm sure that you'll be keeping an eye on me. I'm so proud that you are a part of my family and my life.

Emily Locke - April 15, 2008 at 12:00 AM