

**“Tribute to Frank and Sue
from the Personal Diary of TDH
January 09”**

Mr. Thomas Doyle Hall Jr
Lufkin, TX



NOTE: In his original notes for this service, Frank had included his friend and colleague, Tom Hall, as one of the speakers. Because of health concerns of his own, Tom could not attend today, so we include this tribute written by Tom and shared with friends this past January.

Personal Diary TDH January 09

Dr. Bagby was reading the paper and there was an article about a leading politician “who had 1300 of his closest friends” at some auditorium for a gala. Bagby observed, “That’s nonsense. No one has that many close friends.” He was right, of course. Any one has actually only a few close friends in the course of a lifetime. One of mine, Frank Horton is seriously, critically ill. I had a long talk last night (New Year’s Day) with Sue, his loving wife, who has given the last full measure of devotion across these final years to her dear husband.

During the Second World War, London was a city under attack. Hitler had made a mistake in attacking Russia instead of England and events had strengthened the British resolve. Yet, the constant air raids took their toll on the spirit of the grand old city. Many Londoners went to churches for succor and some sense of peace. In central London there was a fine old Methodist Church, City Temple. During the Second World War, they had a remarkable minister by the name of Leslie Weatherhead. He himself had a curious background. He had begun his career as a missionary to the Middle East, in what is now Palestine. He was a quiet speaker with some excellent insights into the scriptures gained from his Eastern experience. He wrote a book, *The Transforming Friendship*, which influenced my own thought, then and now. The basic idea was that God uses friendship to bring us into discipleship. Jesus and his small group of comrades and one lady, were, in fact, friends and there is ample indication that they loved him more than they understood him. Had I never read the book, I would believe the idea because of my relationship with Frank Horton.

One of Southern Baptists’ good ideas was to establish the BSU or Baptist Student Union on every college campus. The buildings usually had a small chapel, meeting rooms, ping pong tables, a place to meet and to hang out. Each building had a director, sort of a chaplain actually. Frank was absolutely marvelous in his capacity as Director. He had an easy smile which was very non-threatening to others. His love for people came through and he was easily one of the most popular persons on a large campus. Charlie McClendon was one of the football coaches during Frank’s ministry [at LSU] and he told me once, “He (Frank) has one of the best personalities I have ever seen.” It was quite an experience to walk across the campus with him because students would stop him all along the way just to talk to him. Many a time I have seen him reach into his pocket and take out a five or ten dollar bill and give it to a student who was in need. I think he actually had more Catholic friends than Baptist and you did not have to even be a Christian to receive his love and attention. He was one of the few people I ever met who actually cared for persons as individuals. People were not numbers or objects to be manipulated or counted. He often said, “No one can tell how a person who today is a student will turn out in thirty years.” When he was at Mississippi State I think it was, he had a young student by the name of Ed Young who showed great promise. He had a lot of students who went on to great things, literally around the world.

He also had, as all saints do, a remarkable sense of humor. I cannot recall the occasion but I was invited to speak at a rather large gathering of the Baptist faithful and flew into Baton Rouge where Frank met me at the airport and we had a chance

“No Man Is an Island”

(Traditional Folk Song, Composer Unknown)

No man is an island,
No man stands alone,
Each man’s joy is joy to me,
Each man’s grief is my own.
We need one another,
So I will defend,
Each man as my brother,
Each man as my friend.

I saw the people gather, I heard the music start,
The song that they were singing, Is ringing in my heart.

No man is an island,
No man stands alone,
Each man’s joy is joy to me,
Each man’s grief is my own.
We need one another,
So I will defend,
Each man as my brother,
Each man as my friend.

to visit on the way to the large church downtown where the meeting was to be held. I was reviewing my manuscript and came to the end and I concluded my remarks with a quotation from the then popular Broadway play “Camelot”: “Each evening from December to December, remember on your cot”—now here I stopped and as a joke added a phrase, “remember dear old Doctor So-in-So who dyes his hair-a-lot.” The well known religious leader as a matter of fact did dye his hair and his eye-brows, which gave him a rather weird appearance. This particular man introduced me that evening and was gracious. Well, in due course, I presented my remarks and when I came to the end Frank, who was sitting on the front row of a packed auditorium, began to laugh and put his hands over his face and I recall I had to read the ending to keep myself under control. In every picture I have of him, he is smiling, God rest his heart.

First came the Parkinson’s and then his resignation. Students continued to come to their home in Baton Rouge as well as wandering sinners such as I. On one of his last times “out” he wanted to take me to dinner and so we went, just the two of us. It was pleasant. On the way out of the restaurant he stumbled and started to fall and I held him around the waist and said, “It’s all right, Frank, I’m holding you.” He said “Yes. That is what friends do.” God only knows the many times he held me and others up.

Sue was, of course, the wind beneath his wings, always a gracious hostess with the old Southern charm. I really must say that I have never witnessed support and care like she has given him across all these many years when he had been bed bound. I was telling their story to a friend, and the person I was talking with could not understand as year after year went by, “how she could give her very life in care giving.” I told my friend, “You would have to know their love to understand.”

In Frank, I found no malice, no intrigue, no hate of any kind, no ambition or ego. I did find love and forgiveness and came to see as so many others have, that God was in fact loving me through this gentle and dear man. Whatever else the Kingdom of God may be, it is certainly made up of the friends of Jesus and our Lord had no finer friend than Frank Horton and his wife Sue. -TDH

“To the Glory of God”



*A Celebration of the Life of Walter Frank Horton
September 17, 1928–June 18, 2009*

*University Baptist Church
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
September 20, 2009
2:00 P.M.*

“To the Glory of God”

A Celebration of the Life of Walter Frank Horton

September 17, 1928—June 18, 2009

September 20, 2009 • 2:00 P.M.

“For to me to live is Christ.” –Ephesians 1:21a
“No man is an island.” –John Donne

Preservice Music	Mildred Ann Henry, piano Dan Talbot, organ
Opening Sentences	Robert Guffey
Scripture and Prayer	George Haile
Remembering Frank	Weaver McCracken Gail Pugh Stephens Mike Young
Hymn Medley	Mike Penny
	“He Keeps Me Singing (Jesus, Jesus, Jesus)” “To God Be the Glory (Praise the Lord)” “He Lives”
New Testament Reading: 1 John 4:7–12	Susanna Guffey, Michael Tipton
Multimedia Reflection	Kendyl Tipton Kyle R. Guffey (song)
Prayer of Thanksgiving	Janice Haywood
Message	Ray Crawford
Song	“No Man Is an Island” Ensemble Mark Hamby, Joel Hilbun, Melanee Warren Horton, Mike Penny
Closing Words	Kenneth Tipton
Benediction	Michael Cavanaugh
Postlude from “Celebrate Life” and Hymns of Praise	



You are invited to attend the Dedication of the Frank Horton Chapel at 5:00 P.M. this afternoon at the LSU Baptist Campus Ministry Center, located at the corner of Highland Road and Chimes Street. The Center will be open all afternoon for an Open House hosted by current LSU BCM students. You are encouraged to drop by.

Hymn Medley

There's within my heart a melody
Jesus whispers sweet and low,
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still,
In all of life's ebb and flow.

Refrain

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,
Sweetest Name I know,
Fills my every longing,
Keeps me singing as I go.

Soon He's coming back to welcome me,
Far beyond the starry sky;
I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown,
I shall reign with Him on high.
(Repeat Refrain)

To God be the glory, great things He has done;
So loved He the world that He gave us His Son,
Who yielded His life an atonement for sin,
And opened the life gate that all may go in.

Refrain

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the earth hear His voice!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Let the people rejoice!

O come to the Father, through Jesus the Son,
And give Him the glory, great things He has done.

Great things He has taught us, great things He has done,
And great our rejoicing through Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.
(Repeat Refrain)

I serve a risen Savior, He's in the world today;
I know that He is living, whatever men may say.
I see his hand of mercy, I hear His voice of cheer
And, just the time I need Him, He's always near.

Refrain

He lives (He lives), He lives (He lives), Christ Jesus lives today!
He walks with me and talks with me along life's narrow way.
He lives (He lives), He lives (He lives), salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives? He lives within my heart.

In all the world around me I see His loving care,
And tho' my heart grows weary, I never will despair.
I know that He is leading thro' all the stormy blast;
The day of His appearing will come at last.
(Repeat Refrain)

Rejoice, rejoice, O Christian, lift up your voice and sing
Eternal hallelujahs to Jesus Christ the King!
The Hope of all who seek Him, the Help of all who find,
None other is so loving, so good and kind.
(Repeat Refrain)



You're Home

(A Song for Daddy Frank)
Words and Music • Kyle R. Guffey

Finally took in the news today, that you had gone on your way
I know you always lived in your heart, what we all saw in your face
Now you are there, where you lived your days
Finally in your rightful place

Chorus

Thank you for the mystery
Thank you for the words
That makes a day to day philosophy, of “putting others first”
Always in my heart and mind is where you're at
English Leather in the wind I breathe
In your London Fog and Chaps Regal hat
So, go, on now Home
So, go, now You're Home
You are Home

When I was young he sang to me, the one about “Amazing Grace”
And how I know now you've longed to be with Him face-to-face
I only hope I can walk a little in the way
That he did, he was, oh, all the lives he helped to save

Chorus

Bridge

I'm so glad the pain for you is gone, my friend
So now the memories can start to shine through (that way no end)
Of how you lived, and walked, and worked, and stayed
In a world of righteousness, love, truth and faith

Chorus