

Noah Burchfield

The following obituary for **Noah Burchfield** was provided by "A Neighbor" in the February 11, 1935 edition of The Maryville Times. Uncle Noah and Aunt Sarah were among the most loved and respected residents of Cades Cove. Their home place was in the western end of the Cove, bordering Abrams Creek and near the **Elijah Oliver** home place.

Noah Burchfield was born March 1, 1849 and peacefully departed this life December 23, 1934, age 85 years, 9 months and 22 days. He was a son of **Robert Burchfield** and **Mary M. Gregory Burchfield**. He was a grandson of **Russell Gregory** from whom Gregory Bald took its name, among the early pioneer settlers of Cades Cove. The records show that **Robert Burchfield** and his first wife, **Elizabeth Burchfield**, joined the Old Baptist Church of Cades Cove by letters, as deacon and deaconess, January 17, 1835. This was before the Baptist Family divided. On September 15, 1838, the Baptist Family in Cades Cove divided and **Robert Burchfield** and **Elizabeth Burchfield** and others went with the side known as Missionary Baptists. Robert and Elizabeth came from Buncombe County, North Carolina. The records show that in those days of restlessness, when people were roaming over the mountains in search of new and fertile localities, that they carried in their possessions their church letters or credentials, which served as a good recommendation for them. This was true in many cases among the pioneer settlers of Cades Cove. This seems to have been a custom handed down by our fore fathers who came from Europe. We find in the emigration records of Boston, Massachusetts many proofs of this custom.

Robert Burchfield was married twice, first to **Elizabeth Hill**. To this union were born 8 children viz: **Jess, Nathan, Bert and Kie, Mrs. Marinda Fisher, Mrs. Nancy Adams, Mrs. Avery Riller Davis,** and **Mrs. Bascia Celier** and perhaps others whose names cannot be recalled. Second he was married to **Mary Moriah Gregory**. To this union were born 6 children viz: **John, Russell, Charles, Noah,** and **Drewry** and **Mrs. Susan Cable**, none of whom are living.

On February 25, 1869, **Noah Burchfield** was married to **Sarah Jane Brown**. To this union were born 9 children viz: **Mrs. Martha A. Myers** of Cades Cove, **Russell D. Burchfield**, deceased, **Mary J Burchfield**, deceased, **Charles A. Burchfield**, of Maryville, **Mrs. Susan Elizabeth Myers** of Rockford, **John H. Burchfield** of Cades Cove, **Mrs. Nancy A. Tipton** of Walland, **Jessie Y. Burchfield**, deceased, and **Mrs. Lula B. Tipton**, deceased. He leaves 35 grandchildren, 40 great grandchildren, and 2 or more great great grandchildren. He was the last surviving member of his father's large family. He had three full brothers who scouted through the Confederate lines into Kentucky and joined the Union Army at the beginning of the Civil War viz: **John, Russell** and **Charles**. Only one of these ever returned home again. John returned home and a few years later was drowned near Rockwood, Tennessee.

Uncle Noah was only 13 years old when the War broke out. His father, having died sometime before, left the responsibilities and care of his mother and other members of the family on his shoulders. He was faithful and true to the trust thus thrust upon him. Although at one time during this awful struggle, a band of Confederate soldiers came through the Cove and took the only horse left him and carried Uncle Noah, just a boy, to the outskirts of the Cove and there, at the bitter protests of an old man, released him to go back to his mother. Uncle Noah, though unlearned, had a most wonderful recollection and memory of past history of the Cove. He was one of the most interesting characters one ever met. His whole life was spent on the same farm on which he was born.

He was greatly disturbed and worried in his last years because of being forced to sell out his old historic home and the consequent loss of same in bank failure. This no doubt coupled with the infirmities of old age brought about his untimely end. In addition to the great host of relatives and wide circle of friends both far and near, Uncle Noah is survived by his pious, loving and most devoted wife who is 2 years his senior.

To meet and know this dear aged couple was an inspiration to a nobler and higher life. Their long, useful lives have been full of deeds of kindness to their neighbors and fellow men. The most eloquent tribute that could be paid to such lives would only be a futile attempt to honor their memory.

As a citizen and neighbor, Uncle Noah almost stood in a class by himself. His ideals and standards of living were far above board. From his lips no guile ever fell. He was looked upon and admired as a model character. His veracity, honesty, and integrity was never questioned. His highest standard was truth, honesty and law abiding. He could not sympathize with a willing violator. A more loyal citizen could not be found. He did not only talk these things but he practiced them every day of his long, useful life. As a neighbor, none better ever lived. He did not have to be sent for. He visited his neighbors regularly to learn of their necessities. He considered it not only a duty but a great privilege to go among his neighbors and administer to them in times of trouble and distress, at all times attending the funerals in his community and shedding a tear of sympathy. As a husband and father, none were more kind, loving and devoted.

He gained a hope in Christ in early life but never united with any church until September 1909, at which time he united with the First Baptist Church of Cades Cove and remained a loyal member until death. As a Christian and church member, he was most meek and humble, yet loyal and true as steel. He did his work in a very quiet, non-assuming manner, choosing the humblest office in the church. He chose to be a doorkeeper in the home of his God rather than dwell in the tents of wickedness. Thus a long and useful life has been spent. A model character has vanished from our mortal view.

His worried and faded body rests from all toil and pain. His immortal soul has gone back to God who gave it. His life stands as a great monument to his memory. Friends and relatives lift up your heads. Oh! Ye sorrowing ones and try to emulate the life that has just gone, and strive to meet all our loved ones on the Shining Shore.

Funeral services were conducted by **John W. Oliver** and the earthly remains were laid to rest in the cemetery of the First Baptist Church of Cades Cove (Missionary Baptist Church) beneath a beautiful blanket of flowers. Many friends and acquaintances from all over the County attended his burial.