

What, you don't already know us? Then how did you find this page?

:-)

**Oh well, get comfortable,
pop open a Dew,
have I got a tale for you.**

Dan & JoBeth were both born in the 60's, just one of us earlier than the other. We were separated for about 20 years or so, but brought together by the World's Greatest Sister, mine, in 1984. Introduced in January but kept separated again until April due to sickness, our world wind romance really got started in May. We did it all, movies, dinner, gospel meetings, automobile wreck. Yes I tried everything to keep us together and it worked. In August of 1984 JoBeth agreed to spend the rest of her life with me. We are both preacher's kids so we made an agreement. We would never go into full time preaching. November 22, 1984 was the beginning date for the final joining of two souls who were made for each other.

We thought life could not be better. I had a steady job, she went to college. We ate regularly. Life was grand. Nothing could ever be better. Then it happened, our life would never be the same. October 4, 1986, 2 am, "Dan, wake up, I had a contraction." "We need to get you to the hospital." "No, I'm not going until 7." To myself, "Then why did you wake me at 2 am?" All day long we waited, pacing the hospital maternity ward. One first time dad, two first time grandfathers, I think even two first time great grandfathers were there sometime, but my memory is hazy on some parts. Don't worry though, in this family where there were fathers, grandfathers, & great grandfathers, mothers, grandmothers, & great grandmothers were nearby. There was an incident with a doctor, a cousin on another floor in ICU because of a wreck, but mainly it was waiting all day. Then sometime around 6 pm I became a Dad. Of course JB (that's JoBeth) became a Mom at the same time. Rachel Lee was certainly worth the wait.

Our Life

Written by Dan Henderson

But wait until you hear what happened next.....

Before I continue let me expand a little on the World's Greatest Sister. Some of you may feel compelled to assert that I am wrong, but rest assured I am right.

Two things will be wrong about anyone else you may propose.

1. She is not my sister.
2. She did not introduce me to the most wonderful woman on earth.

Case closed.

Now, on with our tale.

Once again life was grand. Every family should have a baby. They bring wonders into your world you would not imagine. The sights, sounds, & smells are certainly different. Diapers, clothes, food, seats, chairs, beds, milk, toys. One of the best parts, I now had a good excuse to watch cartoons. Somewhere there is a picture of Rachel and me sitting in the recliner watching cartoons. It is one of the times I shall treasure all my life.

But I learned quickly that two girls were going to be hard to support on my Walmart salary. Why I did not even have room in the budget to include a teddy bear allowance! How was I going to afford the closets full of clothes they would never wear? Ok, so I joke a little, but seriously, I knew a Walmart future was not for us. What do I do? I consider going back to school, but this

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time to get training to work on vehicles. I enjoyed that kind of work. In fact my cousin and I did a good bit of it from time to time.

My quest was solved by something I had not expected, an Uncle Paul. I know, you are thinking what good is an Uncle Paul? You obviously have not met JB's Uncle Paul. He is a big guy with a beard who cooks fantastic steaks, scares little girls with a gorilla mask, and, from time to time has been known to let folks live with him. He invited us to Dallas, yes, the one in Texas. He knew this school nearby that would teach me about auto mechanics while I worked in a nearby dealership. Along with Uncle Paul was a Jeffrey as well. He is a brother that learned a lot about helping others, maybe from Uncle Paul. We moved to Texas. I went to school and worked. JB cooked, cleaned, and took care of Rachel. Uncle Paul, well, he was just Uncle Paul. I think he worked, but it seemed to be more of a "when I want to" sort of thing. Just over two years later, I graduated with a degree too long to type here that made me an Auto Technician. I was even a Certified Master Technician. Really, I have a card that says so.

Here is where the tale takes a turn. We really wanted to move to a smaller city. Dallas was alright for a visit, but as my Grandmother said, "People were living on top of one another" because there was not enough room. We wanted a little space. Enter some old friends and a little town in Arkansas, Malvern, to be exact. Oh, also about this time JB told me our triple was about to become a quad. So a move, a new job, and a baby. Malvern was great. Three houses in four months. Glad we knew a realtor. But when November 11, 1990 came around, we had a nice home for our new daughter, Rebekah LeAnne. Wow, now I had three girls to support, but that was fine. I was a Certified Master Technician and things were going to be great.

They were. We bought a house just outside of town. We had a garden, dogs, cats and a clothesline. I worked on cars in a local dealership and did a few side jobs at home, from time to time. JB took care of the house and the girls. Things were going just right but, remember that promise we made to each other about preaching? Well, I felt like something was not just right. I think JB felt it too. I had done a little fill in work back while we were in Dallas and did some more in Malvern. We began to wonder if our plans for avoiding full time preaching were the right way to go. Then our local preacher moved away and I got to do a lot of regular preaching.

Wow, this tale is taking longer than I thought and there are still many great twists and turns ahead. And I have not even included many parts of the tale, vacations, birthdays, cars, school, parties, moves, etc. There is a big turn just up ahead. You better fasten your seat belt and hold on tight. Or maybe its time to take a break and stretch your legs. Don't worry, I'll be back soon for part three.....

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